The Presbyterian Book of Praise

Tunes

Mrs. Daniel Smith
Sydney, C.B.
N. S.

Dominion Tar and Chemical Co's. Residen

THE PRESBYTERIAN

BOOK OF PRAISE.

Oxford
HORACE HART, PRINTER TO THE UNIVERSITY

THE

PRESBYTERIAN

Book of Praise

APPROVED AND COMMENDED BY THE

GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN CANADA

With Tunes

PART I. SELECTIONS FROM THE PSALTER

PART II. THE HYMNAL, REVISED AND ENLARGED

Oxford

PRINTED AT THE UNIVERSITY PRESS

LONDON: HENRY FROWDE

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS WAREHOUSE, AMEN CORNER, E.C

1903

Entered, according to the Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year Eighteen Hundred and Ninety-seven, by the Rev. JOHN JENKINS, D.D., LL.D., the Rev. WILLIAM GREGG, D.D., and WILLIAM B. MCMURRICH, M.A., Q.C., at the Department of Agriculture.

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PREFACE

The Presbyterian Book of Praise is divided into two parts. The first part contains Selections from Metrical Versions of the Psalter; the second part is a new edition of the Hymnal of the Presbyterian Church in Canada, first published in 1880.

The Selections consist of those portions of the Book of Psalms which are most usually sung, and which contain, in large measure, the sum and substance of Old Testament Sacred Song. They are, for the most part, taken from the Scottish Metrical Version. Some changes have been made in order to bring the meaning into closer conformity with the original text, and to remove imperfections in the metre. Instead of, or besides the common metres, various other metres have been introduced, so that a greater variety of suitable music may be employed.

In preparing the Selections the Hymnal Committee, on behalf of the Presbyterian Church in Canada, gratefully acknowledge the valuable assistance derived from the Revised Metrical Version of the Psalter of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland, the use of which has been generously granted by their Psalmody Committee. The Committee also gratefully acknowledge the valuable assistance obtained from the more recently revised versions of the Psalms published by the United Presbyterian Church of North America and the Reformed Presbyterian Church in America.

In the preparation of this new and enlarged edition of the HYMNAL it has been the aim of the Hymnal Committee to provide a comprehensive collection of hymns suitable for the worship of God in Congregations, in Sabbath Schools and Bible Classes, in Prayer Meetings, in Families, in Home and Foreign Missionary Meetings, in Young People's Societies, and in Special Evangelistic Services.

It will be observed that in this edition a large number of the 'Paraphrases' has been incorporated, that Indexes of Subjects and Texts have been provided, that Marks of Expression have been employed, and that to each hymn the name of the author if known, has been appended.

During the years in which this edition has been in course of preparation, the Hymnal Committee enjoyed the valuable co-operation of the Presbyteries of the Church, and in general conformity with their views, as embodied in their Reports, the Hymnal has been revised and enlarged. During these years, also, the Committee obtained, and gratefully acknowledge, valuable assistance from Conferences and correspondence with the Joint Committee of the Scottish Churches in their labors to provide a Common Hymnal for all the Presbyterian Churches in the British Empire.

On behalf of the General Assembly the Hymnal Committee offer their grateful acknowledgements to the following Authors and Proprietors for their generous permission to insert in this collection certain copyright Hymns, viz.:—

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Great care has been taken not to trespass on the rights of Authors and Proprietors. To any whose rights have been unintentionally infringed the Committee tender sincere apologies.

WILLIAM GREGG, *Convener,* } *of Hymnal*
W. B. McMURRICH, *Secretary,* } *Committee.*

MUSIC

The Committee entrusted with the selection of tunes and preparation of the Music Editions of the Presbyterian Book of Praise, would herein present the result of their labors.

In the work of the choice of tunes for the Selections from the Psalter, the Committee have preserved the historic Psalm tunes, as at once intrinsically of great value, and as hallowed by many sacred associations. The particular tunes have, in most instances, been set to the words to which they have by long association been wedded. The Committee would emphasize the fact that no tunes are more fully fitted to express the aspirations of worshippers, than those strong and simple strains, handed down to us from the past.

Besides these historic tunes, a few of a more recent and somewhat different type have been included. These will be found to be well worthy of a place beside those great tunes with which the Church has been long familiar. Versions of psalms different in metre from those to which our people have been accustomed, have claimed the careful attention of the Committee; and their hope is that those new versions of very familiar psalms will the more readily find their way to the hearts of our people, because of the tunes which have been chosen for them.

In selecting tunes for the Hymns, the Committee have sought at once to preserve that dignity and solemnity befitting the service of praise; to present, in abundance, simple and attractive melodies readily within the reach of all; and to meet the steady growth of musical knowledge, by presenting an ample selection from the wealth of church music of the past and present.

It will frequently be found that, when more than one tune has

been set to a hymn, one of the tunes is of a more simple character than the other.

It will also be noted that, immediately beneath the tune set to a particular hymn, reference is from time to time made to another tune, which will be found either upon the opposite page or in some other part of the book. This system of indicating other tunes suited to the particular hymns has been adopted in order that congregations may be supplied with a choice of tunes as wide as possible.

It is greatly to be desired that all sing with the understanding as well as with the heart. To aid in securing this end more fully, marks of expression have been placed at the Selections from the Psalms and at the Hymns in all editions of the PRESBYTERIAN BOOK OF PRAISE. It is not intended that these be followed mechanically, but that they be looked upon as a series of suggestions to be used as a general guide in interpreting and expressing the meaning of the words.

The marks of expression are :—

p. Piano, soft.
mp. Mezzo piano, moderately soft.
pp. Pianissimo, very soft.
f. Forte, loud.
mf. Mezzo forte, moderately loud.
ff. Fortissimo, very loud.
cr. Crescendo, gradually growing louder.
dim. Diminuendo, gradually becoming softer.

In making acknowledgement of permission to use copyright tunes, the following extract from the preface to the former edition of the Hymnal, issued in 1881, is here inserted :—

"The Committee . . . tender their grateful acknowledgements to the following proprietors for their generous permission to use the copyright tunes named below :—

THE QUEEN'S MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY, for the late PRINCE CONSORT'S tune 'Gotha.'

E. J. HOPKINS, Esq., Mus. Doc. : 'Feniton Court,' 'Haddo,' 'Temple,' 'Toronto.'

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Sir Herbert Oakeley, Mus. Doc.: 'Abends.'

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Mr. C. H. Purday: 'Sandon.'

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The Representatives of the late Dr. Lowell Mason: 'Boylston,' 'Cyprus,' 'Excelsior,' 'Hebron,' 'Missionary Hymn,' 'Naomi,' 'Olivet,' 'Olmutz.'

"The Committee have used their best endeavours to ascertain who are the owners of copyright in tunes, and they can only express their regret if in any case rights have been overlooked."

The Committee renew their expression of thanks to those owners of copyright or their representatives; and would further thank the following composers and proprietors of copyright tunes for their courtesy in generously granting permission for the insertion of copyright tunes in the enlarged and revised edition of the *Hymnal*:—

The Presbyterian Board of Publication and Sabbath School Work, Philadelphia: 'Angel Choir,' 'Beebe,' 'Cantus,' 'Christos,' 'Devotion,' 'Laus Deo,' 'Woodman.'

The Proprietors of 'Hymns Ancient and Modern': 'Come unto Me,' 'Dominus regit me,' 'Laudes Domini,' 'Paradise' (Smart), 'Paradise' (Dykes), 'Pilgrims' (Smart), 'Requiescat,' 'St. Columba,' 'St. Cross.'

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The Rev. R. R. CHOPE (from his *Hymn and Tune Book*) : 'Gethsemane,' 'St. Aëlred,' 'St. Anatolius,' 'St. Mary Magdalene,' all composed by the late Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus. Doc.

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CHARLES VINCENT, Esq., Mus. Doc. : 'St. Jude,' 'Southwick.'

The Rev. F. G. WESLEY : 'Trinity,' 'Wimbledon.'

The utmost effort has in every instance been made to communicate with owners of copyright tunes, but in a very few cases without success. To any who may thus have been involuntarily overlooked, an apology is hereby tendered.

The Committee desire to tender hearty thanks to HIS EXCELLENCY THE EARL OF ABERDEEN, Governor General of Canada, for substantial aid so willingly rendered, and for interest taken in the whole work of the Committee.

The Music Committee would express hearty appreciation of the courteous action of the Sister Presbyterian Church in the United States, in that, at a special meeting held for the purpose, the Presbyterian Board of Publication and Sabbath School Work, Philadelphia, unanimously and cordially placed at the disposal of our Hymnal Committee, any or all of the copyright tunes in the valuable *Hymnal* of the Church, recently issued. The Committee would also make special reference to their indebtedness to the Proprietors of *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, and to F. W. DYKES, Esq., brother of the late Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus. Doc., for granting, in addition to those already granted for the former edition, copyright tunes of the highest importance.

Cordial thanks are due to J. O. ANDERSON, Esq., Edinburgh, for earnest and skilful labor; also to the Rev. JOHN ALISON, D.D., Edinburgh, the Rev. JAMES BONAR, Greenock, the Rev. ANDREW HENDERSON, LL.D., Paisley, the Rev. ARCHIBALD HENDERSON, D.D., Crieff, and HENRY THACKER, Esq., of the Congregational Union of England and Wales, for important assistance which greatly furthered the work.

Thanks are also tendered to the Rev. Professor A. B. BRUCE, D.D., Glasgow; the AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN BOARD OF PUBLICATION, Philadelphia; the CENTURY CO., New York; THOMAS NELSON & SONS, Edinburgh; JAMES NISBET & CO.; and HENRY THACKER, Esq., for the occasional use of harmonies of non-copyright tunes in the respective Psalters and Hymnals with which their names are associated.

The Music Committee would place on record their profound sense of the loss sustained in the very midst of the work, in the removal by death of their beloved Convener, the Rev. D. J. MAC-

DONNELL, B.D. They remember, with gratitude to God, those qualities which rendered him so valuable a member; notably a sensitive perception of the qualities of tunes, together with an unfailing devotion to a work in which he ever felt a peculiar interest.

The Committee now present the result of their labors, in the earnest hope that the Church may be able, more worthily than ever, to fulfil the injunction: '*Both young men, and maidens; old men, and children: Let them praise the name of the* LORD: *for His name alone is excellent; His glory is above the earth and heaven.*'

In the name of the Committee,

ALEXANDER MACMILLAN, *Convener.*

TORONTO,
April, 1897.

ALPHABETICAL INDEX OF TUNES

PART I—SELECTIONS FROM THE PSALTER

NAME OF TUNE.	NO. OF SELECTION.	COMPOSER OR SOURCE OF TUNE.	METRE OF TUNE.
Adeste Fideles .	22 . .	Webbe's Antiphons, 1792	12. 11. 12. 11, with repeat.
Albano . . .	82 . .	Vincent Novello, 1781–1861	C.M.
Angel Choir. .	88 . .	John Henry Gower, Mus. Doc., 1855– .	8.7.8.7.
Arnold . . .	63, 98 .	Samuel Arnold, Mus. Doc., 1740–1802 .	C.M.
Artaxerxes . .	87 . .	From Thomas Augustine Arne, Mus. Doc., 1710–1778	C.M.
Aspurg . . .	45 . .	Johann Georg Frech, 1790–1864 . . .	C.M.
Balerma . . .	29 . .	Melody of 18th century. Arranged by Robert Simpson, –1832	C.M.
Batty	102 . .	Johann Thommen's Choralbuch, 1745 .	8.7.8.7.
Bedford . . .	4, 91 .	William Wheall, Mus. Bac., –1727 . .	C.M.
Broughton . .	113 . .	Thomas Hastings, Mus. Doc., 1784–1872	6.6.6.6. D.
Chant:			
Boyce . . .	52 . .	William Boyce, Mus. Doc., 1710–1779.	
Dupuis . .	10 . .	Thomas Sanders Dupuis, Mus. Doc., 1730–1796.	
Handel . .	44 . .	Georg Friedrich Handel, 1685–1759. Adapted by William Knyvett.	
Hayes . . .	64 . .	William Hayes, Mus. Doc., 1706–1777.	
Langdon . .	76 . .	Richard Langdon's Divine Harmony, 1774.	
Mornington .	29, 57 .	Garret Wellesley, Mus. Doc., Earl of Mornington, 1735–1781.	
Norris . . .	34 . .	Thomas Norris, Mus. Bac., 1741–1790.	
Randall . .	32 . .	John Randall, Mus. Doc., –1799.	
Robinson . .	66 . .	John Robinson, 1682–1762.	
Christos . . .	69 . .	Irvin James Morgan, 1869–	C.M. D.
Coleshill . . .	103 . .	Altered form of 'Dundee' in William Barton's Psalms, Dublin, 1706	C.M.
Crediton . . .	10, 66 .	Thomas Clark, 1775–1859	C.M.

NAME OF TUNE.	NO. OF SELECTION.	COMPOSER OR SOURCE OF TUNE.	METRE OF TUNE.
Darwall	120	Rev. John Darwall, 1731–1789	6 6.6.6.8.8.
Denfield	68	From Carl Gotthelf Gläser, 1784–1829	C.M.
Downs	43	Lowell Mason, Mus. Doc., 1792–1872	C.M.
Duke Street	74, 114	John Hatton, –1793	L.M.
Dundee	38, 109	As adapted from Christopher Tye, Mus. Doc., –1572, in Este's Psalter, 1592	C.M.
Dunfermline	25, 52, 78	Scottish Psalter, 1615	C.M
Eagley	53	James Walch, 1837–	C.M.
Eastgate	105	Robert Bennett, 1788-1819	C.M., with repeat.
Ernan	86	Lowell Mason, Mus. Doc., 1792–1872	L.M.
Evan	40, 56	Rev. William Henry Havergal, M.A., 1793–1870. Adapted by Lowell Mason	C.M.
Farrant	20, 38, 64, 92	Richard Farrant, *c.* 1530–1580, or John Hilton, Mus. Bac., –1657	C.M.
Felix	94	Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy, 1809–1847. Adapted by Lowell Mason	C.M.
French	96	Scottish Psalter, 1615	C.M.
Gainsborough	85	Isaac Smith. Died about 1800	C.M.
Glasgow	79	Thomas Moore's Psalm Singer's Pocket Companion, 1756	C.M.
Gräfenberg	3, 93	From Johann Crüger, 1598–1662	C.M.
Harington	57	Henry Harington, M.D., 1727-1816	C.M.
Holy Cross	119	Adapted by James Clifft Wade. Source uncertain	C.M.
Howard	42	John Wilson's Selection of Psalm Tunes, 1825	C.M.
Huddersfield	95	Rev. Martin Madan, 1726–1790	C.M.
Hull	107	American Musical Miscellany, 1798. S. Chandler?	8.8.6.8.8.6.
Invocation	31	Robert Archibald Smith, 1780–1829	Special setting.
Irish	24,68,69	Dublin Hymn Book, 1749	C.M.
Jackson	43,52,76	Thomas Jackson, *c.* 1715–1781	C.M.
Kilmarnock	111	Neil Dougall, 1776–1862	C.M.
Leuchars	113	Thomas Legerwood Hately, 1815–1867	6.6.6.6.
Linton	5	H. J. E. Holmes, 1852–	8.6.8.4.
London New	27	Scottish Psalter, 1635, and Playford's Psalter, 1677	C.M.
Luther's Hymn	83	Joseph Klug's Gesangbuch, 1535. Luther?	8.7.8.7.8.8.7.

NAME OF TUNE.	NO. OF SELECTION.	COMPOSER OR SOURCE OF TUNE.	METRE OF TUNE.
Mainzer	116	Joseph Mainzer, Ph. Doc., 1801–1851	L.M.
Manchester	110	Robert Wainwright, Mus. Doc., –1782	C.M.
Martyrdom	23, 103, 112	Hugh Wilson, 1764–1824	C.M.
Melcombe	116	Samuel Webbe, 1740–1816	L.M.
Meribah	41	Lowell Mason, Mus. Doc., 1792 1872	8.8.6.8.8.6.
Minto	106	Conrad Kocher, Ph. Doc., 1786–1872	7.6.7.6.
Morlaix	58	Justin Heinrich Knecht, 1752–1817	7.6.7.6.
Nativity	121, 122	Henry Lahee, 1826–	C.M.
New Saxony	104	From Georg Friedrich Handel, 1685–1759	C.M., with repeat.
Newton Ferns	77, 118	Samuel Smith (Windsor), 1821–	8.7.8.7.
Northrepps	32	Josiah Booth, 1852–	C.M.
Old Hundredth	72	Genevan Psalter, 1551	L.M.
Old Saxony	70	German Chorale of the 16th century. Harmonized by Rev. W. H. Havergal	L.M.
Old 124th	99	Genevan Psalter, 1551	10.10.10.10.10.
Palestrina	90	Arranged from Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina, *c.* 1524–1594	C.M.
Peterborough	18	Rev. Ralph Harrison's Sacred Harmony, 1791	C.M.
Philadelphia	65	William Batchelder Bradbury, 1816–68	L.M.
Prague	17	Rev. Lewis Renatus West, 1753–1826	S.M.
Rest	14	Lowell Mason's Hallelujah, 1854. Adapted by William Carnie	C.M.
St. Alphege	47, 73	Henry John Gauntlett, Mus. Doc., 1805–1876	7.6.7.6.
St. Andrew	100, 101	William Tansur's New Harmony of Sion, 1764	C.M.
St. Ann	61, 84	William Croft, Mus. Doc., 1678–1727	C.M.
St. Bernard	57	Tochter Sion, 1741. Adapted by John Richardson, 1816–1879	C.M.
St. David.	80	Thomas Ravenscroft's Psalter, 1621, and John Playford's Psalter, 1677	C.M.
St. Flavian	39	John Day's Psalter, 1562	C.M.
St. George's, Edinburgh	16	Rev. Andrew Mitchell Thomson, D.D., 1778–1831	Special setting.
St. Gregory	48	Robert Wainwright, Mus. Doc., –1782	C.M.
St. John	36, 108	Old English Melody. Congregational Church Music, 1853	6.6.6.6.8.8.
St. Leonard	51, 71	Henry Smart, 1813–1879	C.M.
St. Magnus	19, 35	Jeremiah Clark, 1670–1707	C.M.
St. Michael (Old 134th)	33, 67	Genevan Psalter, 1543, and John Day's Psalter, 1563	S.M.

NAME OF TUNE.	NO. OF SELECTION.	COMPOSER OR SOURCE OF TUNE.	METRE OF TUNE.
St. Neot	64	John and James Green's Collection, 1715	C.M.
St. Olave	37	Henry John Gauntlett, Mus. Doc., 1805–1876	S.M.
St. Paul	8, 31, 87	James Chalmers' Collection, 1748 or 1749	C.M.
St. Saviour	50	Frederick George Baker, 1840–	C.M.
St. Stephen	16,26 44	Isaac Smith. Died about 1800	C.M.
St. Theodulph	73	Melchior Teschner	7.6.7.6. D.
St. Thomas	55	Charles Ashworth's Collection, *c.* 1760	C.M.
Salzburg	9	From Johann Michael Haydn, 1737–1806	C.M.
Sandon	97	Charles Henry Purday, 1799–1885	10.4.10.4.10.10.
Sawley	89	James Walch, 1837–	C.M.
Saxony (New)	104	From Georg Friedrich Handel, 1685–1759	C.M., with repeat
Scott	21	Johann Georg Nageli, 1768-1836. Adapted by Lowell Mason	S.M.
Selma	46	R. A. Smith's Sacred Harmony of the Church of Scotland, 1825	S.M.
Serenity	17	Cornelius Bryan, –1840	S.M.
Sheffield	49	William Mather, 1756–1808	C.M.
Solomon	28	From Georg Friedrich Handel, 1685–1759	C.M.
Spohr	30	From Ludwig Spohr, 1784–1859	C.M.
Stanley	15	John Stanley, Mus. Bac., 1713–1786	11.11.11.11.
Stella	59	H. F. Hemy's Crown of Jesus Music. *c.* 1864	8.8.8.8.8.8.
Stowe	11	Lowell Mason, Mus. Doc., 1792–1872	6.6.6.6.8.8.
Stroudwater	6, 34	Matthew Wilkins' Book of Psalmody, *c.* 1730	C.M.
Tallis	1, 7, 90	Thomas Tallis, –1585	C.M.
Tiverton	81	'Grigg,' in Rev. John Rippon's Collection, 1806	C.M.
Walton	12, 115	Thomas Cotterill's Christian Psalmody, 1831. From Beethoven (?)	L.M.
Wareham	75	William Knapp, 1698 or 1699–1768	L.M.
Wiltshire (New St. Ann)	14, 60	Sir George Thomas Smart, 1776–1867	C.M.
Winchester	54	Hamburger Musikalisches Handbuch, 1690	L.M.
Winchester Old	13,34 62	As adapted from Christopher Tye, Mus. Doc., –1572, in Este's Psalter, 1592	C.M.
York	2, 117	Scottish Psalter, 1615	C.M.

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All people that on earth do dwell.....	72	C	Old Hundredth.
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Behold, all ye that serve the LORD	107	CXXXIV	Hull.
Behold, how good and pleasant.....	106	CXXXIII	Minto.
Behold, how good a thing it is	105	CXXXIII	Eastgate.
Be merciful to me, O God	39	LVII	St. Flavian.
Blessèd are they that undefiled.....	90	CXIX	(1) Tallis, (2) Palestrina.
Bless God, my soul. O LORD my God...	78	CIV	Dunfermline.
Blest the man who fears Jehovah	102	CXXVIII	Batty.
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By what means shall a young man learn	91	CXIX	Bedford.
For evil-doers fret thou not	28	XXXVII	Solomon.
From heaven the LORD confess.....	120	CXLVIII	Darwall.
Give ear unto me when I call	3	IV	Gräfenberg.
Give ear unto my words, O LORD	4	V	Bedford.
Give praise and thanks unto the LORD...	80	CVI	St. David.
Give thanks to God, call on his name...	79	CV	Glasgow.
Give ye to Jehovah, O sons of the mighty	22	XXIX	Adeste Fideles.
God is of mine inheritance.....	8	XVI	St. Paul.
God is our refuge and our strength	34	XLVI	(1) Stroudwater, (2) Winchester Old, (3) Chant.
God's mercies I will ever sing	62	LXXXIX	Winchester Old.
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Great is the LORD, and greatly he	35	XLVIII	St. Magnus.
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Hear, Israel's Shepherd! like a flock ...	56	LXXX	Evan.
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Praise ye the Lord, who do him fear ...	13	XXII	Winchester Old.
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Sing praise to God, prepare his way ...	48	LXVIII	St. Gregory.
Teach me, O Lord, the perfect way	92	CXIX	Farrant.
That in thee may thy people joy	60	LXXXV	Wiltshire (New St. Ann).
That man hath perfect blessedness	1	I	Tallis.
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Thou, with thy counsel, while I live ...	53	LXXIII	Eagley.
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Thy word forever is, O Lord	94	CXIX	Felix.
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We'll to God's tabernacles go	104	CXXXII	New Saxony.
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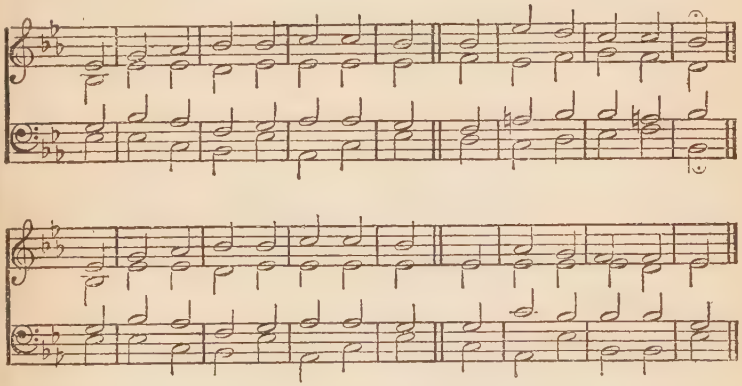
Ye righteous, in the LORD rejoice.....	24	XXXIII	Irish.

Part I

SELECTIONS FROM THE PSALTER

1 TALLIS. C. M.

Thomas Tallis.



Psalm I.

tf THAT man hath perfect blessedness
Who walketh not astray
In counsel of ungodly men,
Nor stands in sinners' way,

2 Nor sitteth in the scorner's chair;
mf But placeth his delight
Upon God's law, and meditates
On his law day and night.

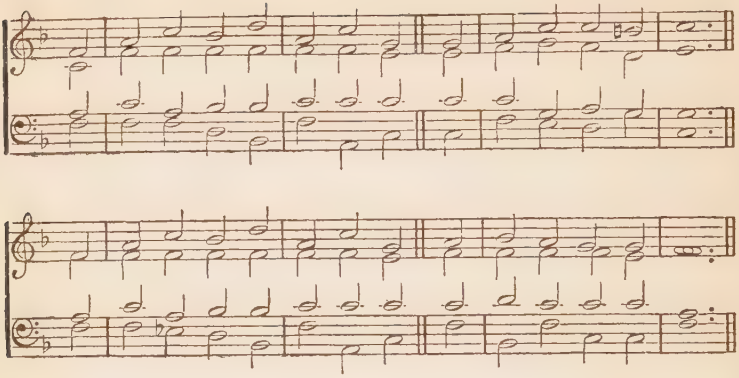
3 He shall be like a tree that grows
Set by a river's side,
Which in its season yields its fruit,
And green its leaves abide;

4 And all he doth shall prosper well.
mp The wicked are not so;
But like they are unto the chaff,
Which wind drives to and fro.

5 In judgment therefore shall not stand
Such as ungodly are;
Nor in the assembly of the just
Shall wicked men appear.

mf 6 Because the way of godly men
Is to Jehovah known;
Whereas the way of wicked men
Shall quite be overthrown.

2 YORK. C. M. 'Scottish Psalter,' 1615.



Psalm II.

mp WHY rage the heathen? and vain things
Why do the peoples mind?
Kings of the earth do set themselves,
And princes are combined,

2 To plot against the Lord and his Anointed, saying thus,
'Let us asunder break their bands,
And cast their cords from us.'

mf 3 He that in heaven sits shall laugh;
The Lord shall scorn them all.
Then shall he speak to them in wrath,
In rage he vex them shall:

4 'Yet I my King appointed have
Upon my holy hill;
On Zion mount his throne is set,
Established by my will.'

5 The sure decree I will declare;
The Lord hath said to me,
'Thou art mine only Son; this day
I have begotten thee.

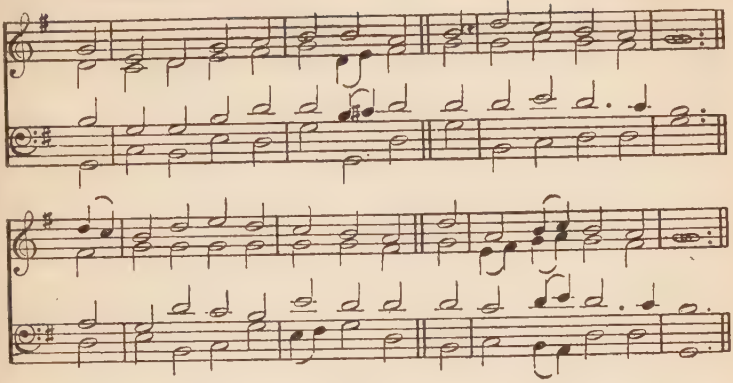
6 'Ask of me, and for heritage
The heathen I'll make thine;
And, for possession, I to thee
Will give earth's utmost line.

f 7 'Thou with a rod of iron shalt
Beat down and break them all;
Them, as a potter's vessel, thou
Shalt dash in pieces small.'

mp 8 Now therefore, kings, be wise; be taught,
Ye judges of the earth;
Serve ye the Lord in holy fear;
Join trembling with your mirth.

9 Kiss ye the Son, lest in his ire
Ye perish from the way,
If once his wrath begin to burn.
Blessed all that on him stay.

3 GRÄFENBERG. C. M. JOHANN CRÜGER.



PSALM IV.

mp GIVE ear unto me when I call,
God of my righteousness;
Have mercy, hear my prayer; thou hast
cr Enlarged me in distress.

mp 2 O ye the sons of men! how long
Will ye love vanities?
How long my glory turn to shame,
And will ye follow lies?

mf 3 But know, that for himself the LORD
The godly man doth choose;
The LORD, when I on him do call,
To hear will not refuse.

mp 4 Fear, and sin not; talk with your heart
On bed, and silent be.
Offerings present of righteousness,
cr And in the LORD trust ye.

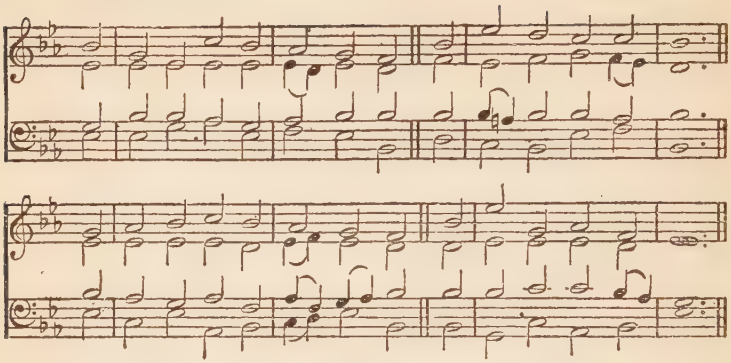
5 'O who will show us any good?'
Is that which many say;
f But of thy countenance the light,
LORD, lift on us alway.

6 Upon my heart, bestowed by thee,
More gladness I have found
Than they, even then, when corn and wine
Did most with them abound.

mp 7 I will both lay me down in peace,
And quiet sleep will take;
Because thou only me to dwell
f In safety, LORD, dost make.

4 BEDFORD. C. M.

WILLIAM WHEALL.



PSALM V.

mp GIVE ear unto my words, O LORD,
My meditation weigh,
cr Hear my loud cry, my King, my God;
For I to thee will pray.

2 LORD, thou shalt early hear my voice:
I early will direct
My prayer to thee; and, looking up,
An answer will expect.

3 For thou art not a God that doth
In wickedness delight;
Neither shall evil dwell with thee,
Nor fools stand in thy sight.

mp 4 All evil-doers thou dost hate,
Destroyed shall liars be;
The bloody and deceitful man
Shall be abhorred by thee.

mf 5 But I into thy house will come
In thine abundant grace;
And I will worship in thy fear
Toward thy holy place.

6 Because of those mine enemies,
LORD, in thy righteousness
Do thou mè lead; do thou thy way
Make straight before my face.

5 LINTON. 8. 6. 8. 4. PSALM VIII.

f O LORD, our Lord, how excellent
In all the earth thy name!
Who hast thy glory set above
The starry frame.

2 From infants' and from sucklings' mouths
Is strength by thee ordained,
That so the avenger may be quelled,
The foe restrained.

mp 3 When I behold thy spacious heavens,
The work of thine own hand,
The moon and stars in order set
By thy command;

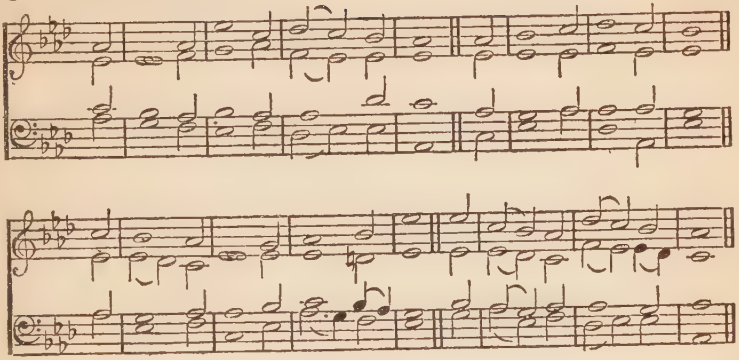
p 4 O, what is man, that thou shouldst him
In kind remembrance bear?
Or what the son of man, that thou
For him shouldst care?

mp 5 For thou a little lower hast
Him than the angels made;
mf With honor and with glory thou
Hast crowned his head.

6 Lord of thy works thou hast him made;
All unto him must yield,
All sheep and oxen, yea, and beasts
Which roam the field,

7 Fowl of the air, fish of the sea,
All that pass through the same,
ff O Lord, our Lord, in all the earth
How great thy name!

6 **STROUDWATER.** C. M. WILKINS'S PSALMODY, *c.* 1730.



PSALM IX. 7–11.

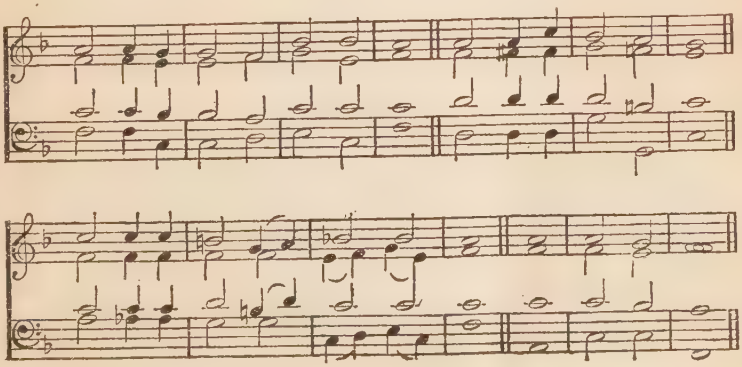
mf THE LORD forever sits as king;
For judgment sets his throne;
In righteousness to judge the world,
And justice give each one.

2 So shall the LORD a refuge be
For those that are oppressed;
A refuge will he be for them,
What time they are distressed.

cr 3 And they that know thy name in thee
Their confidence will place:
For thou hast not forsaken them
That truly seek thy face.

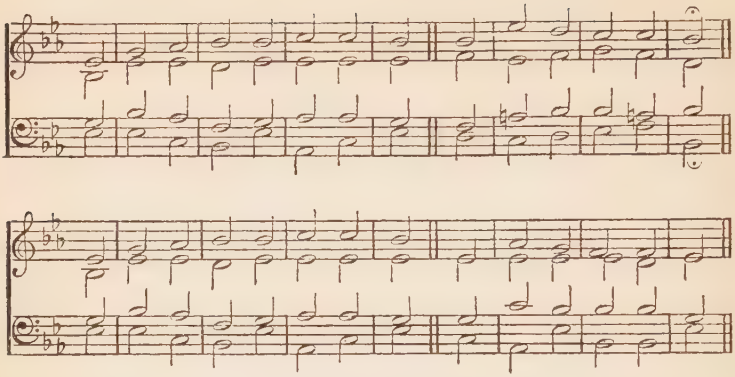
f 4 O sing ye praises to the LORD
That dwells in Zion hill;
Among the peoples everywhere
His deeds declare ye still.

LINTON. 8. 6. 8. 4. H. J. E. HOLMES.



7 TALLIS. C. M.

THOMAS TALLIS.



PSALM XV.

mp WITHIN thy tabernacle, LORD,
Who shall abide with thee?
cr And in thy high and holy hill
Who shall a dweller be?

mf 2 The man that walketh uprightly,
And worketh righteousness,
And as he thinketh in his heart,
So doth he truth express.

3 Who doth not slander with his tongue,
Nor to his friend doth hurt;
Nor yet against his neighbor doth
Take up an ill report.

4 In whose eyes vile men are despised;
But those that God do fear
He honoreth; and changeth not,
Though to his hurt he swear.

5 His coin puts not to usury,
Nor take reward will he
Against the guiltless. (*f*) Who doth thus
Shall never movèd be.

8 ST. PAUL. C. M. PSALM XVI. 5–11.

mf GOD is of mine inheritance
And cup the portion sure;
The lot that fallen is to me
Thou dost maintain secure.

2 Unto me happily the lines
In pleasant places fell;
Yea, the inheritance I have
In beauty doth excel.

3 I bless the LORD, because he doth
By counsel me conduct;
And in the seasons of the night
My reins do me instruct.

4 Before me still the LORD I set:
Since it is so that he
Doth ever stand at my right hand,
I shall not movèd be.

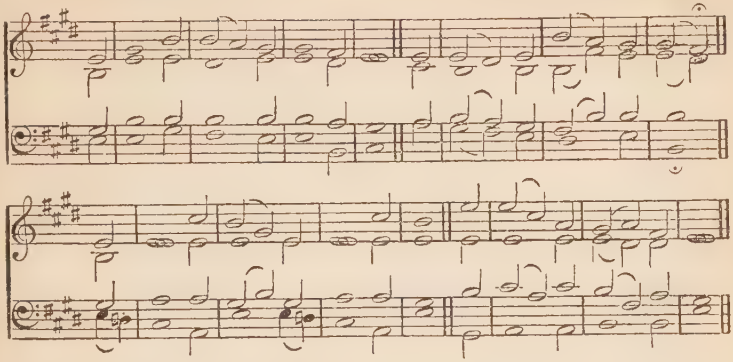
mf 5 Because of this my heart is glad,
And joy shall be exprest
Even by my glory; and my flesh
In confidence shall rest.

6 Because my soul unto the grave
Shall not be left by thee;
And thou wilt not thine holy one
Corruption give to see.

f 7 Thou wilt me show the path of life;
Of joys there is full store
Before thy face; at thy right hand
Are pleasures evermore.

9 SALZBURG. C. M.

ARRANGED FROM MICHAEL HAYDN.



PSALM XVII. 1, 4–9.

mp LORD, hear the right, attend my cry,
Unto my prayer give heed,
That doth not in hypocrisy
From feignèd lips proceed.

cr 2 As for men's works, I, by the word
That from thy lips doth flow,
Did me preserve out of the paths
Wherein destroyers go.

mp 3 Hold up my goings, Lord, me guide
In those thy paths divine,
So that my footsteps may not slide
Out of those ways of thine.

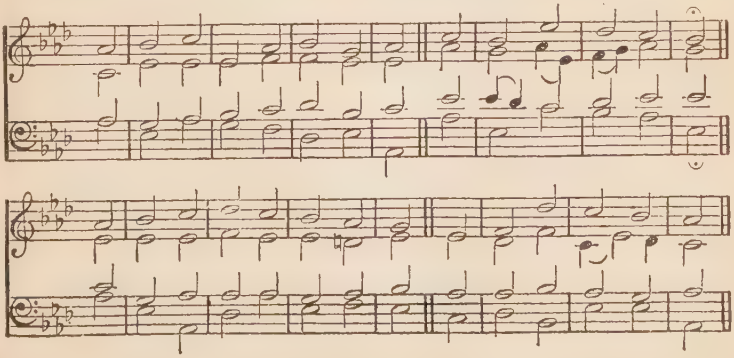
cr 4 I callèd have on thee, O God,
Because thou wilt me hear:
That thou may'st hearken to my
To me incline thine ear. [speech,

mf 5 Thy wondrous lovingkindness show,
Thou who, by thy right hand,
Dost save all those who trust in thee
From such as them withstand.

mp 6 As the apple of the eye me keep,
In thy wings' shade me hide
From wasting deadly foes, who me
Beset on every side.

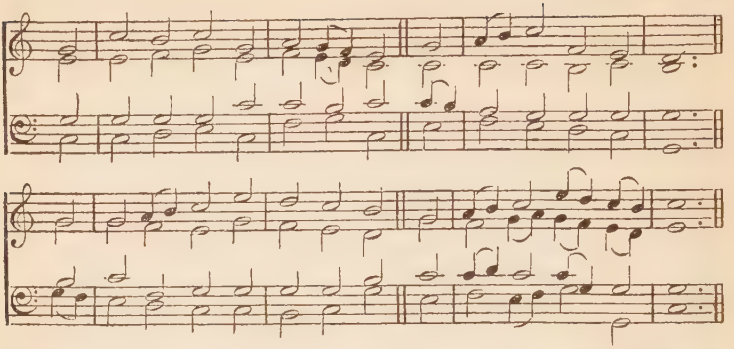
ST. PAUL. C. M.

JAMES CHALMERS' COLLECTION, 1748 or 1749.



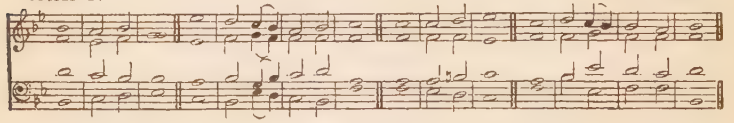
10 CREDITON. C. M.

THOMAS CLARK.



CHANT.

T. S. DUPUIS.



PSALM XIX.

mf THE heavens God's glory do declare,
The skies his hand-works preach:
Day utters speech to day, and night
To night doth knowledge teach.

dim 2 There is no speech nor tongue to which
Their voice doth not extend:
Their line is gone through all the earth,
Their words to the world's end.

mf 3 In them he set the sun a tent;
Who, bridegroom-like, forth goes
From 's chamber, as a strong man doth
To run his race rejoice.

4 From heaven's end is his going forth,
Circling to the end again;
And there is nothing from his heat
That hidden doth remain.

mf 5 God's law is perfect and restores
The soul in sin that lies:
God's testimony is most sure,
And makes the simple wise.

6 The statutes of the LORD are right,
And do rejoice the heart:
The LORD's command is pure, and doth
Light to the eyes impart.

7 Unspotted is the fear of God,
And ever shall endure;
The judgments of the LORD are truth
And righteousness most pure.

8 They more than gold, yea, much
To be desirèd are: [fine gold,
Than honey, honey from the comb
That droppeth, sweeter far.

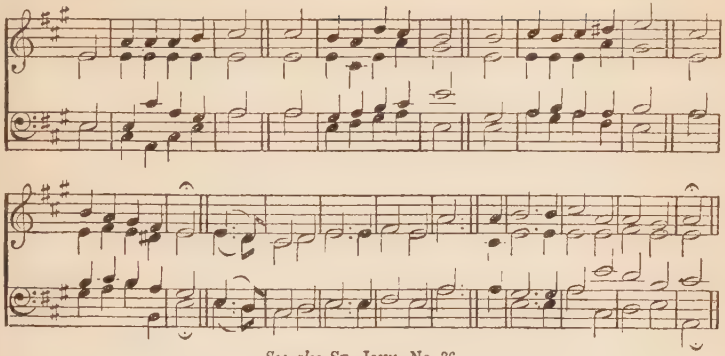
dim 9 Moreover, they thy servant warn
How he his life should frame:
cr A great reward provided is
For them that keep the same.

p 10 Who can his errors understand?
O cleanse thou me within
From secret faults. Thy servant keep
From all presumptuous sin:

11 And do not suffer them to have
Dominion over me:
mf Then, righteous and innocent,
I from much sin shall be.

dim 12 The words which from my mouth
proceed,
The thoughts sent from my heart,
mf Accept, O LORD, for thou my Rock
And my Redeemer art.

11 STOWE. 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8. LOWELL MASON.



See also ST. JOHN, No. 36.

PSALM XIX.

mf THE glory of the Lord
The heavens declare abroad;
The firmament displays
The handiwork of God;
Day unto day declareth speech,
And night to night doth knowledge teach.

dim 2 Aloud they do not speak,
They utter forth no word,
Nor into language break;
Their voice is never heard.
Their line through all the earth extends,
Their words to earth's remotest ends.

mf 3 In them he for the sun
Hath set a dwelling-place;
Rejoicing as a man
Of strength to run a race,
He, bridegroom-like in his array,
Comes from his chamber, bringing day.

4 His daily going forth
Is from the end of heaven;
The firmament to him
Is for his circuit given—
His circuit reaches to its ends,
And everywhere his heat extends.

f 5 God's perfect law restores
The soul in sin that lies;
His testimony sure
Doth make the simple wise;
His precepts right rejoice the heart,
His pure commandments light impart.

6 The fear of God is clean,
And ever doth endure;
His judgments all are truth,
And righteousness most pure:
To be desired are they far more
Than finest gold in richest store.

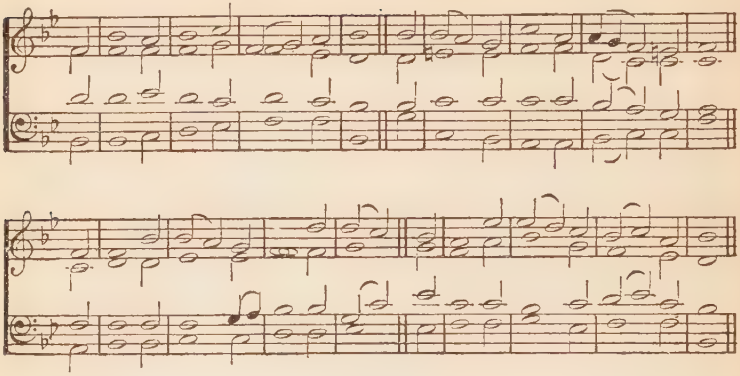
7 God's judgments to the taste
More sweet than honey are,
Than honey from the comb
That droppeth, sweeter far.
dim With counsel they thy servant guard;
cr In keeping them is great reward.

p 8 Who can his errors know?
From secret faults me cleanse;
Thy servant keep thou back
From all presumptuous sins:
O let them not my way control,
Nor gain dominion o'er my soul.

mf 9 Then in thy righteous way
My life shall upright be;
I shall be innocent—
From great transgression free.
dim Accept my words, and thoughts of heart;
mf Lord, thou my Rock and Saviour art.

12 WALTON. L. M.

COTTERILL'S 'CHRISTIAN PSALMODY,' 1831.



PSALM XX.

mp THE Lord thee hear in time of grief,
Let Jacob's God defend thee still;
Send from his holy place relief;
And strengthen thee from Zion hill.

cr 2 May he thy sacrifice regard,
And all thy offerings bear in mind;
Thy heart's desire to thee accord,
Fulfilling all thou hast designed.

f 3 In thy salvation we'll rejoice,
In our God's name our banners rear;
The Lord Jehovah hear thy voice,
And evermore fulfil thy prayer.

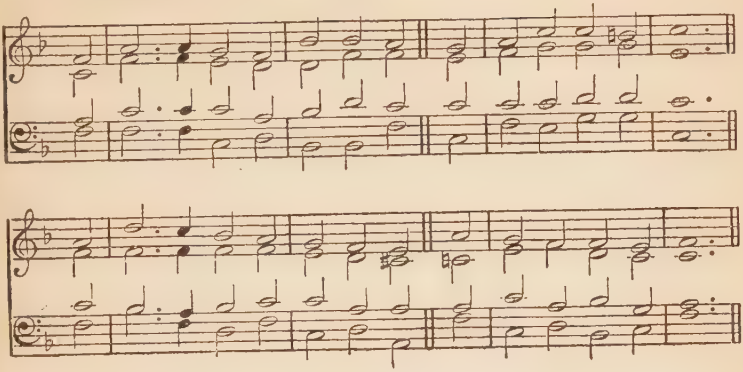
4 I know Jehovah doth defend,
And save his own anointed King;
He will from heaven an answer send;
His right hand saving power shall bring.

mf 5 In chariots some put confidence,
And others on their steeds rely;
f But we remember for defence
The name of God, our God Most High.

6 Now we arise, and upright stand,
Whilst they brought down in ruin fall.
dim Lord, save us by thy mighty hand.
Hear us our King when we do call.

13 WINCHESTER OLD. C. M.

'Este's Psalter,' 1592.



Psalm XXII. 23-28.

mf PRAISE ye the Lord, who do him fear;
Him glorify all ye
The seed of Jacob; fear him all
That Israel's children be.

2 For he despised not nor abhorred
The afflicted's misery;
Nor from him hid his face, but heard
When he to him did cry.

3 Within the congregation great
My praise shall be of thee;
My vows before them that him fear
Shall be performed by me.

mf 4 The meek shall eat, and shall be filled;
They also praise shall give
Unto the Lord that do him seek;
Your heart shall ever live.

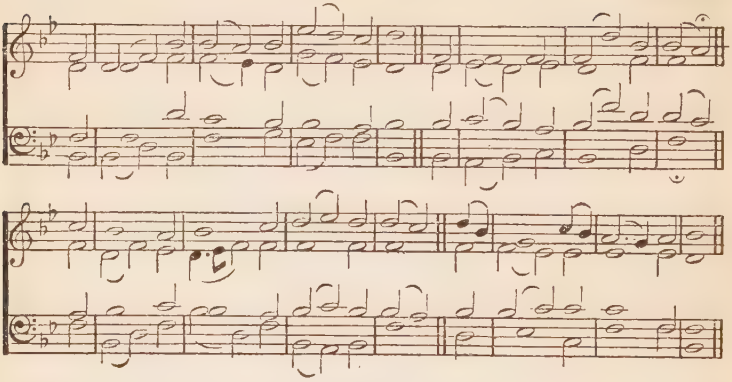
5 All ends of the earth remember shall,
And turn unto the Lord;
The kindreds of the nations all
Thee homage shall accord.

6 Because the kingdom evermore
To God Most High pertains;
And o'er the nations of the earth
As Governor he reigns.

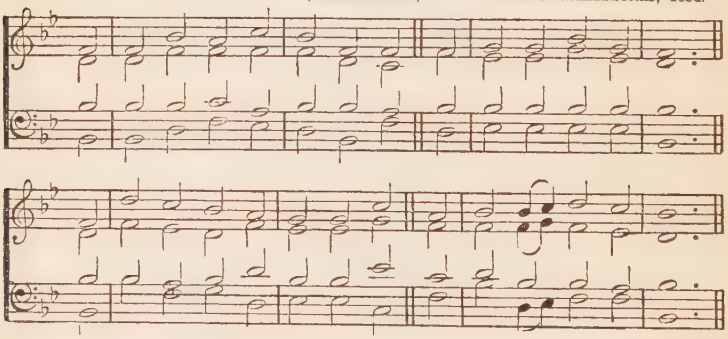
14 WILTSHIRE (New St. Ann). C. M.

Sir George Smart.

(First Tune.)



REST. C. M. (Second Tune.) Mason's 'Hallelujah,' 1854.



Psalm XXIII.

mf *dim* THE Lord's my shepherd, I'll not [want.
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green; he leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

mf 2 My soul he doth restore again;
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
Even for his own name's sake.

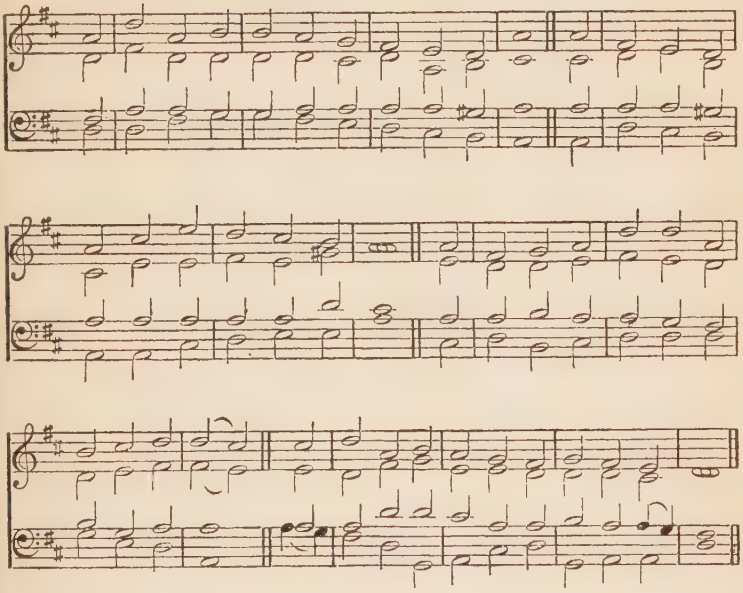
p 3 Yea, though I walk through death's dark vale,
cr Yet will I fear none ill;

mp For thou art with me; (*cr*) and thy rod
cr And staff me comfort still.

mf 4 My table thou hast furnishèd
In presence of my foes;
My head thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.

5 Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me;
f And in God's house for evermore
My dwelling-place shall be.

15 STANLEY. 11.11.11.11. JOHN STANLEY.



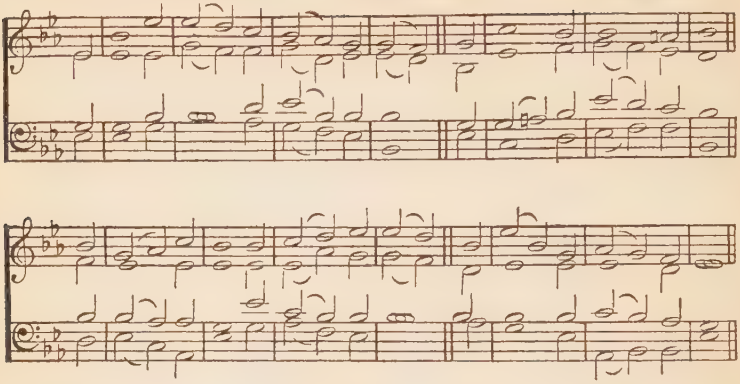
PSALM XXIV. 1-6.

mf THE earth and the fulness with which it is stored,
The world and its dwellers belong to the LORD;
cr For he on the seas its foundation hath laid,
And firm on the waters its pillars hath stayed.

p 2 What man shall the hill of Jehovah ascend?
cr And who in the place of his holiness stand?
mf The man of pure heart, and of hands without stain,
Who swears not to falsehood, nor loves what is vain.

f 3 He shall from Jehovah the blessing receive,
The God of salvation shall righteousness give;
For this is the people, yea, this is the race,
The Israel true who are seeking thy face.

16 ST. STEPHEN. C. M. (First Tune.) Isaac Smith.



Psalm XXIV. 7–10.

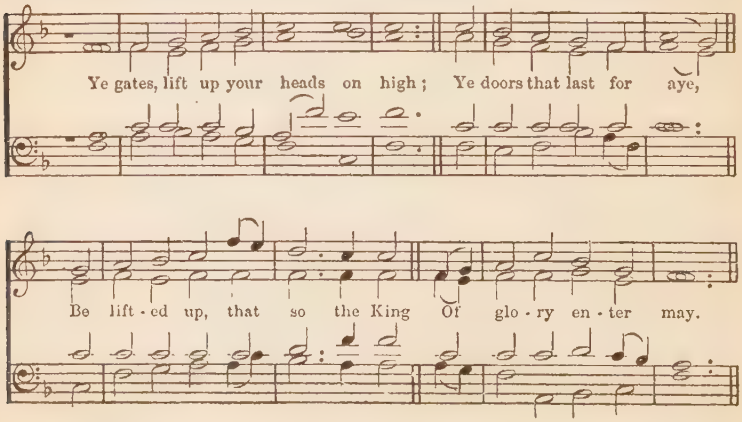
f YE gates, lift up your heads on high;
Ye doors that last for aye,
Be lifted up, that so the King
Of glory enter may.

p 2 But who of glory is the King?
f The mighty Lord this is;
Even that same Lord that great in
ff And strong in battle is. [might

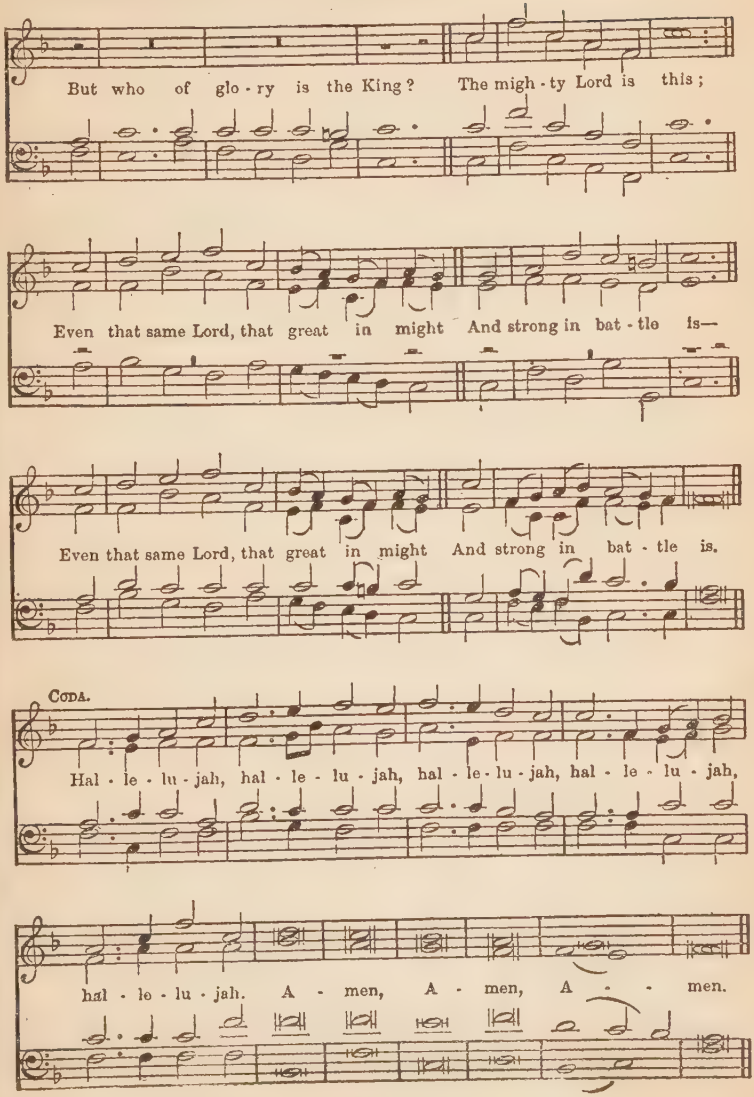
f 3 Y gates, lift up your heads on high;
Ye doors that last for aye,
Be lifted up, that so the King
Of glory enter may.

p 4 But who is he that is the King
Of glory? Who is this?
f The Lord of hosts, and none but he,
ff The King of glory is.

ST. GEORGE'S, EDINBURGH. (Second Tune.) Andrew Thomson.

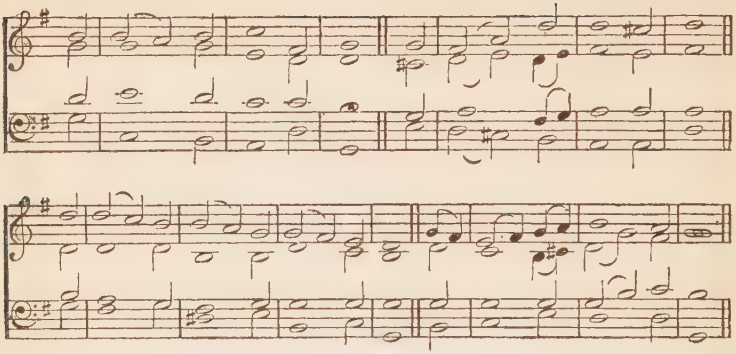


ST. GEORGE'S, EDINBURGH, (*continued.*)


But who of glo - ry is the King? The migh - ty Lord is this;
Even that same Lord, that great in might And strong in bat - tle is—
Even that same Lord, that great in might And strong in bat - tle is.
Coda.
Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah,
hal - le - lu - jah. A - men, A - men, A - - men.

17 SERENITY. S. M.

CORNELIUS BRYAN.



PSALM XXV. 1–15.

mp TO thee I lift my soul:
O LORD, I trust in thee:
My God, let me not be ashamed,
Nor foes triumph o'er me.

cr 2 Yea, none that wait on thee
Shall be ashamed at all; [gress,
dim But those that without cause trans-
On them the shame shall fall.

mp 3 Show me thy ways, O LORD;
Thy paths, O teach thou me:
And do thou lead me in thy truth,
Therein my teacher be:

mf 4 For thou art God that dost
To me salvation send,
And I upon thee all the day
Expecting do attend.

mp 5 Thy tender mercies, LORD,
To mind do thou recall,
And lovingkindnesses; for they
Have been through ages all.

p 6 My sins of youth, and faults,
Do thou, O LORD, forget:
After thy mercy think on me,
And for thy goodness great.

mp 7 God good and upright is:
The way he'll sinners show.
cr The meek in judgment he will guide,
And make his path to know.

PRAGUE. S. M.

mp 8 The whole paths of the LORD
Are truth and mercy sure,
To those that do his covenant keep,
And testimonies pure.

p 9 Now, for thine own name's sake,
O LORD, I thee entreat
To pardon mine iniquity;
For it is very great.

mp 10 What man is he that fears
The LORD, and doth him serve?
Him shall he teach the way that he
Shall choose, and still observe.

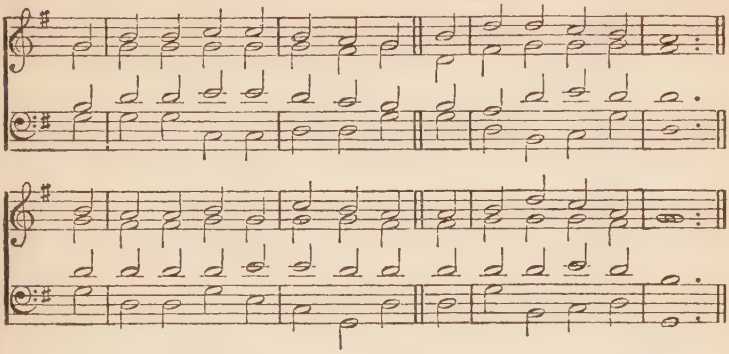
cr 11 His soul shall dwell at ease;
And his posterity
Shall flourish still, and of the earth
Inheritors shall be.

12 With those that fear him is
The secret of the LORD;
The knowledge of his covenant
He will to them afford.

mf 13 Mine eyes upon the LORD
Continually are set;
For he it is that shall bring forth
My feet out of the net.

18 PETERBOROUGH. C. M.

HARRISON'S 'SACRED HARMONY,' 1791.



PSALM XXVI. 1-8.

mp JUDGE me, O LORD, for I have
In mine integrity: [walked
I trusted also in the LORD;
Slide therefore shall not I.

2 Examine me, and do me prove;
Try heart and reins, O God:
For thy love is before mine eyes,
Thy truth's paths I have trod.

p 3 With persons vain I have not sat,
Nor with dissemblers gone:
The assembly of ill men I hate;
To sit with such I shun.

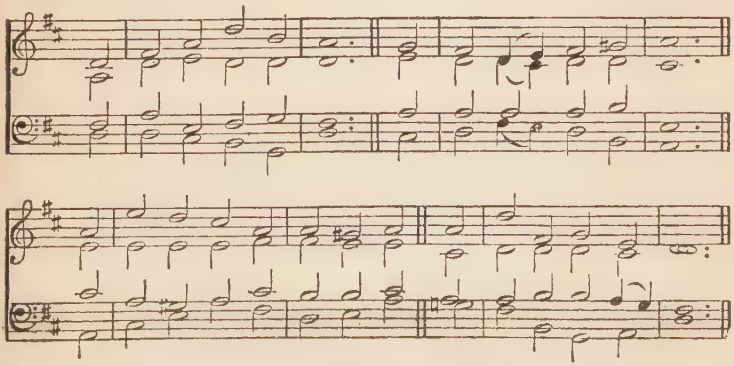
4 Mine hands in innocence, O LORD,
I'll wash and purify;
So to thine holy altar go,
And compass it will I:

f 5 That I, with voice of thanksgiving,
May publish and declare,
And tell of all thy mighty works
That great and wondrous are.

6 The habitation of thy house,
LORD, I have loved well;
Yea, in that place I do delight
Where doth thine honor dwell.

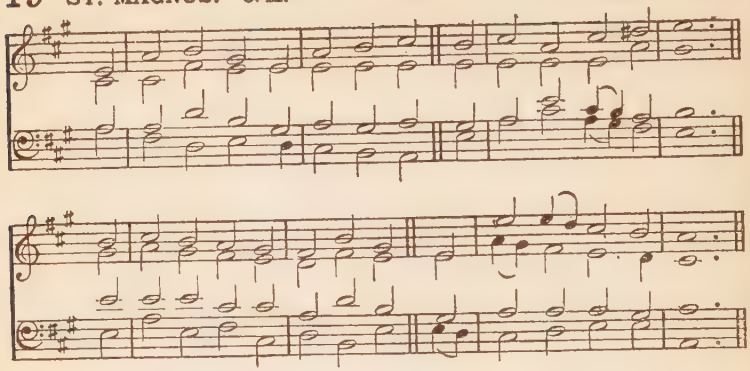
PRAGUE. S. M.

L. R. WEST.



19 ST. MAGNUS. C.M.

JEREMIAH CLARK.



PSALM XXVII. 1, 3–5.

f THE LORD's my light and saving health,
Who shall make me dismayed?
My life's strength is the LORD; of whom
Then shall I be afraid?

2 Against me though an host encamp,
My heart yet fearless is:
Though war against me rise, I will
Be confident in this.

mf 3 One thing I of the LORD desired,
And will seek to obtain,
That all days of my life I may
Within his house remain;

4 That I the beauty of the LORD
Behold may and admire,
dim And that I in his holy place
May reverently inquire.

f 5 For he in his pavilion shall
Me hide in evil days;
In secret of his tent me hide,
And on a rock me raise.

20 FARRANT. C.M. PSALM XXVII. 7–10, 13, 14.

mp O LORD, give ear unto my voice,
When I do cry to thee;
Upon me also mercy have,
And do thou answer me.

2 When thou didst say, 'Seek ye my face,'
Then unto thee reply
cr Thus did my heart, 'Above all things
Thy face, LORD, seek will I.'

mp 3 Far from me hide not thou thy face;
Put not away from thee
Thy servant in thy wrath: (*cr*) thou hast
An helper been to me.

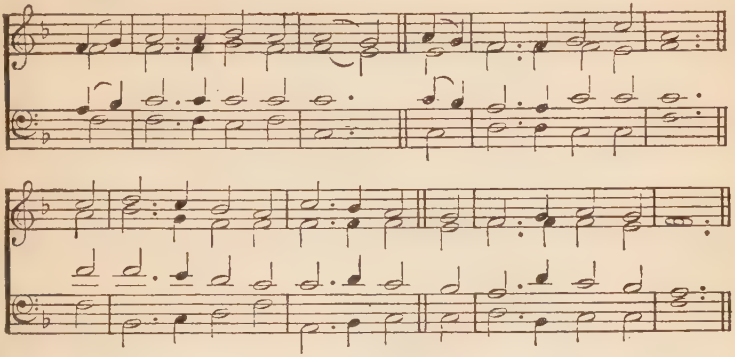
mp 4 O God who my salvation art,
Me leave not, nor forsake:
Though father, mother, both me leave,
The LORD me up will take.

5 I should have fainted had I not
cr Believed that I would see
Jehovah's goodness in the land
Of them that living be.

f 6 Wait on the LORD, and be thou strong,
And he shall strength afford;
And let thine heart fresh courage take,
Yea, wait thou on the LORD.

21 SCOTT. S. M.

ARRANGED BY LOWELL MASON FROM J. G. NAGELI.



PSALM XXVIII. 1, 2, 6, 7.

p O LORD, to thee I cry,
Thou art my rock and trust;
O be not silent, lest I die
And slumber in the dust.

2 O hear my earnest cry,
Thy favor I entreat;
Hear, while I lift imploring hands
Before thy mercy-seat.

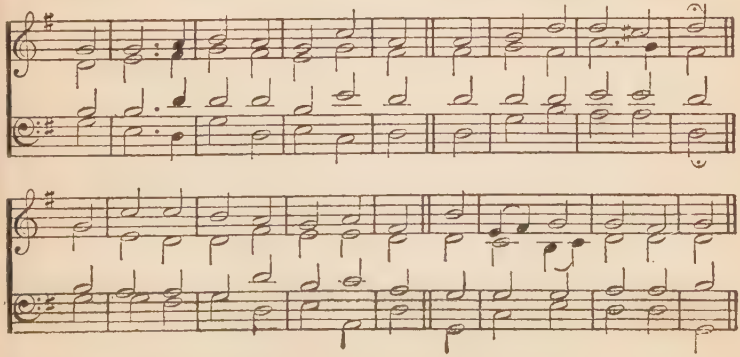
mf 3 Now blessèd be the LORD,
He heard me when I cried;
Jehovah is my strength and shield,
On him my heart relied.

f 4 I help from him obtained,
And therefore give him praise;
And while my heart exults with joy,
My song to him I raise.

5 God is his people's strength,
And his anointed's power;
Save, bless, and feed thy heritage,
Exalt them evermore.

FARRANT. C. M.

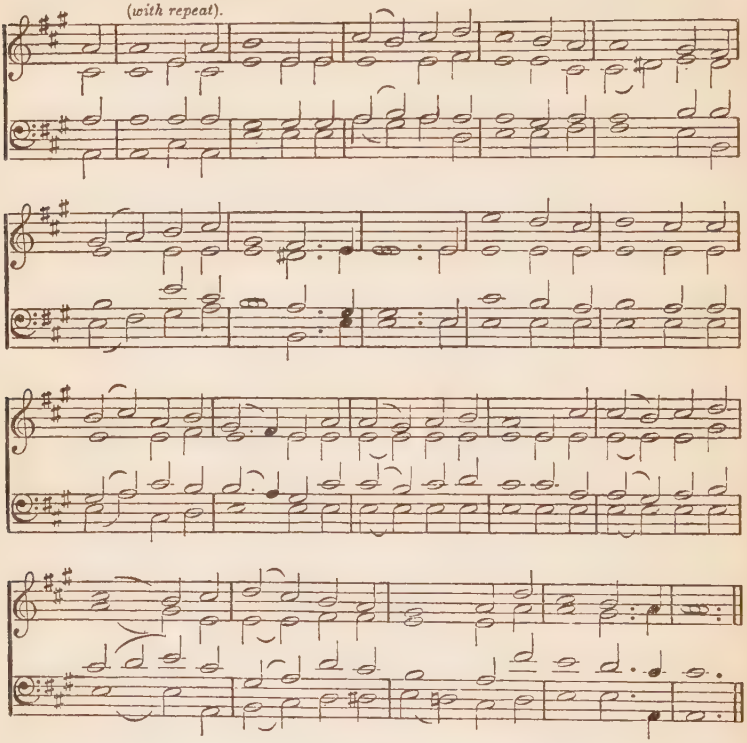
RICHARD FARRANT OR JOHN HILTON.



22 ADESTE FIDELES. 12.11.12.11.

WEBBE'S 'ANTIPHONS,' 1792.

(*with repeat*).



PSALM XXIX.

f GIVE ye to Jehovah, O sons of the mighty,
Give ye to Jehovah the glory and power;
O give to the name of Jehovah due glory;
mf In beauty of holiness kneel and adore.

f 2 The voice of Jehovah comes down on the waters;
In thunder the God of the glory draws nigh.
Lo, over the waves of the wide-flowing waters
Jehovah as king is enthronèd on high!

3 The voice of Jehovah is mighty, is mighty;
The voice of Jehovah in majesty speaks:
The voice of Jehovah the cedars is breaking;
Jehovah the cedars of Lebanon breaks.

Psalm XXIX (*continued*).

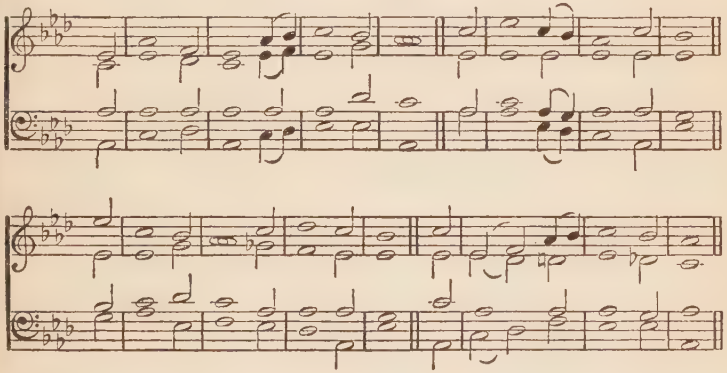
mf 4 Like young heifers sporting, they skip when he speaketh;
Lo, Lebanon leaps at the sound of his name!
Like son of the unicorn Sirion is skipping;
f The voice of Jehovah divideth the flame.

f 5 The voice of Jehovah, it shaketh the desert;
The desert of Kadesh it shaketh with fear:
The hind of the field into travail-pangs casteth:
The voice of Jehovah the forest strips bare.

6 Each one, in his temple, his glory proclaimeth.
He sat on the flood; he is king on his throne.
Jehovah all strength to his people imparteth;
Jehovah with peace ever blesseth his own.

23 MARTYRDOM. C. M.

Hugh Wilson.



Psalm XXXII. 1, 2, 5-7.

O BLESSÈD is the man whose sins
The Lord hath covered o'er;
And the transgressions of whose life
Remembered are no more.

2 Blest is the man to whom the Lord
Imputeth not his sin,
And in whose spirit is no guile,
Nor fraud is found therein.

mp 3 I will confess unto the Lord
My trespasses, said I;
mf And of my sin thou freely didst
Fŏrgive the iniquity.

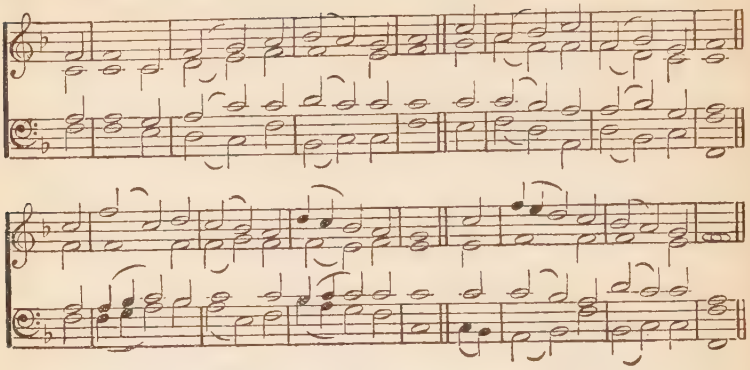
4 For this shall every godly one
His prayer direct to thee;
In such a time he shall thee seek,
As found thou mayest be.

5 Surely, when floods of waters great
Do swell up to the brim,
f They shall not overwhelm his soul,
Nor once come near to him.

6 Thou art my hiding-place, thou shalt
From trouble keep me free;
Thou with songs of deliverance
About shalt compass me.

24 IRISH. C. M.

'Dublin Hymn Book,' 1749.



Psalm XXXIII. 1-5.

f YE righteous, in the Lord rejoice;
It comely is and right,
That upright men with thankful voice
Should praise the Lord of might.

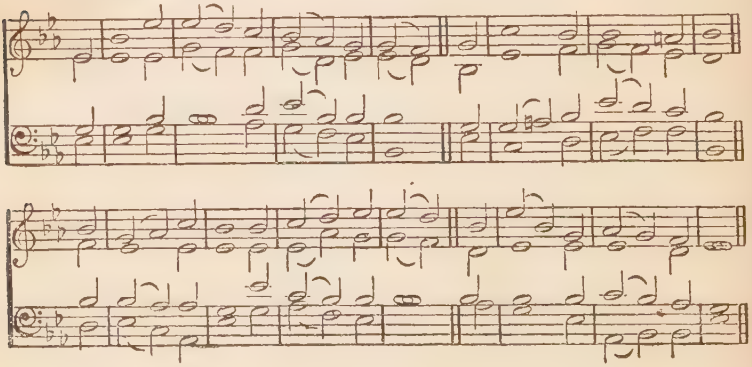
2 Jehovah praise with harp, to him
Sing with the psaltery;
dim Upon a ten-stringed instrument
Make ye sweet melody.

f 3 A new song to him sing, and play
With loud noise skilfully;
For right 's the Lord's word, all his work
Is done in verity.

mf 4 To judgment and to righteousness
A love he beareth still;
er The lovingkindness of the Lord
The earth throughout doth fill.

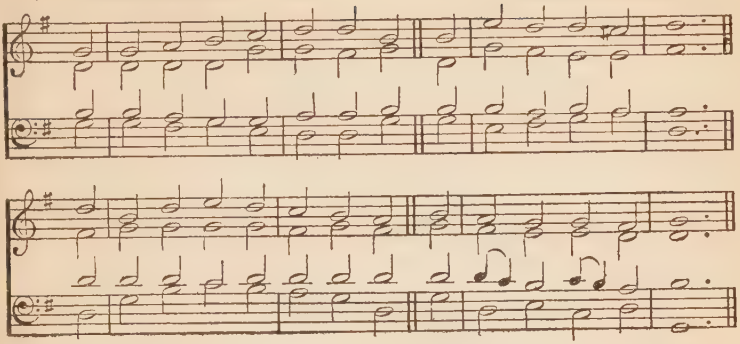
ST. STEPHEN. C. M.

Isaac Smith.



25 DUNFERMLINE. C. M.

'Scottish Psalter,' 1615.



Psalm XXXIII. 8–12.

mp LET earth, and all that live therein,
With reverence fear the Lord;
Let all the world's inhabitants
Dread him with one accord.

mf 2 For he did speak the word, (*f*) and done
It was without delay;
Established it firmly stood,
Whatever he did say.

mp 3 The Lord the counsel brings to nought
Which heathen folk do take;
And what the peoples do devise
Of none effect doth make.

f 4 O but the counsel of the Lord
Doth stand for ever sure;
And of his heart the purposes
From age to age endure.

5 That nation blessèd is, whose God
Jehovah is, and those
A blessèd people are, whom for
His heritage he chose.

26 ST. STEPHEN. C. M. Psalm XXXIV. 1–10.

f THE Lord will I at all times bless;
With praise my mouth employ:
My soul shall in Jehovah boast,
The meek shall hear with joy.

2 Extol the Lord with me, let us
His name together praise;
mp I sought the Lord, (*cr*) he heard, and
Above all fears me raise. [did

f 3 They looked to him, and lightened were;
Their faces were not shamed;
mp This poor man cried, (*cr*) God heard, and him
cr From all distress redeemed.

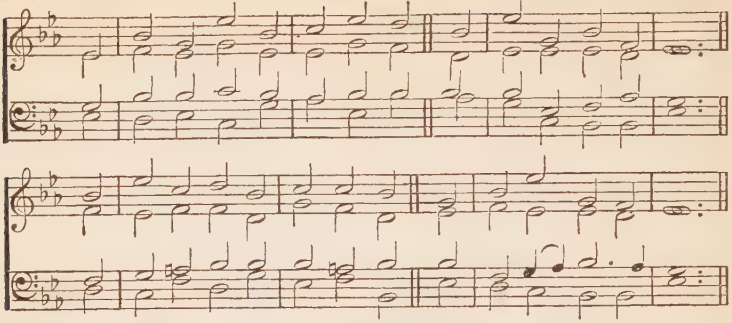
f 4 The angel of the Lord encamps,
And round encompasseth
All those about that do him fear,
And them delivereth.

mf 5 O taste and see that God is good;
Who trusts in him is blessed.
Fear God his saints: (*f*) none that him fear
Shall be with want oppressed.

dim 6 The lions young may hungry be,
And they may lack their food;
f But they that truly seek the Lord
Shall not lack any good.

27 LONDON NEW. C. M.

'Scottish Psalter,' 1635.



Psalm XXXVI. 5-9.

f THY mercy, Lord, is in the heavens;
Thy truth doth reach the clouds;
Thy justice is like mountains great;
Thy judgments deep as floods.

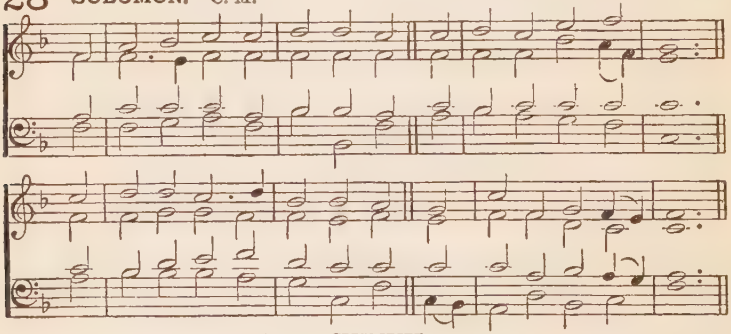
mf 2 Lord, thou preservest man and beast.
How precious is thy grace!
Therefore in shadow of thy wings
Men's sons their trust do place.

3 They with the fatness of thy house
Shall be well satisfied;
From rivers of thy pleasures thou
Wilt drink to them provide.

f 4 Because of life the fountain pure
Remains alone with thee;
And in that purest light of thine
We clearly light shall see.

28 SOLOMON. C. M.

From G. F. Handel.



Psalm XXXVII. 1-7.

mf FOR evil-doers fret thou not
Thyself unquietly;
Nor do thou envy bear to those
That work iniquity.

mp 2 For, even like the fading grass,
Soon be cut down shall they;
And, like the green and tender herb,
They wither shall away.

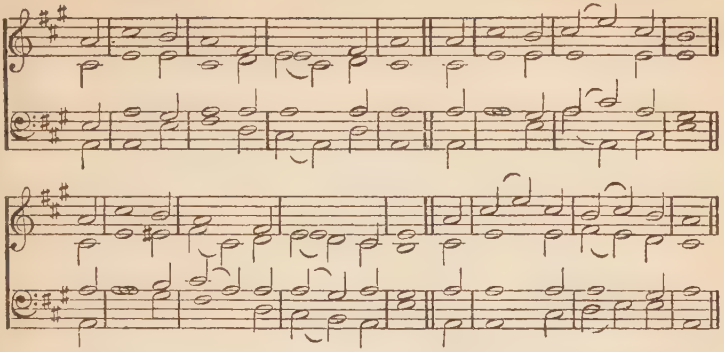
mf 3 Set thou thy trust upon the Lord,
And be thou doing good;
And so thou in the land shalt dwell,
And verily have food.

4 Delight thyself in God; he'll give
Thine heart's desire to thee.
Thy way to God commit, him trust,
It bring to pass shall he.

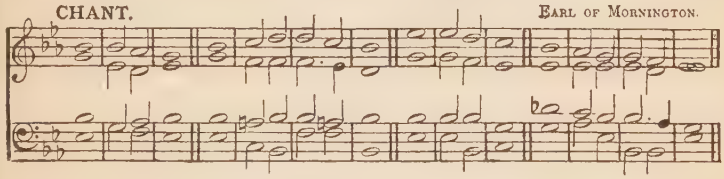
5 And, like the morning light, he shall
Thy righteousness display;
cr And he thy judgment shall bring
Like noon-tide of the day. [forth

mp 6 Rest in the Lord, and patiently
Wait for him: do not fret
cr For him who, prospering in his way,
Success in sin doth get.

MELODY OF EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. ADAPTED BY R. SIMPSON.



CHANT. EARL OF MORNINGTON.

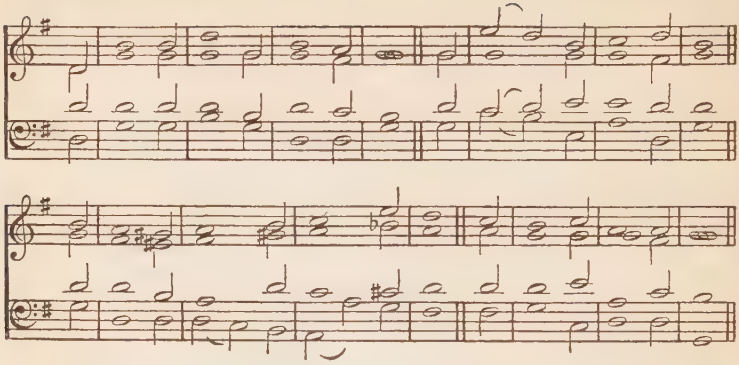


PSALM XL. 1-11.

cap I WAITED for the LORD my God,
And patiently did bear;
cr At length to me he did incline
My voice and cry to hear.
2 He took me from a fearful pit,
And from the miry clay,
cr And on a rock he set my feet,
Establishing my way.
mf 3 He put a new song in my mouth,
Our God to magnify:
Many shall see it, and shall fear,
And on the LORD rely.
4 O blessèd is the man whose trust
Upon the LORD relies;
Respecting not the proud, nor such
As turn aside to lies.
mp 5 O LORD my God, full many are
The wonders thou hast done;
cr Thy gracious thoughts to us-ward far
Above all thoughts are gone:
mf 6 In order none can reckon them
To thee: if them declare,
And speak of them I would, they more
Than can be numbered are.
dim 7 No sacrifice nor offering
Didst thou at all desire;
[thou
Mine ears thou bored: sin-offering
And burnt didst not require:
mf 8 Then to the Lord these were my
I come, behold and see; [words,
Within the volume of the book
It written is of me:
9 To do thy will I take delight,
O thou my God that art;
Yea, that most holy law of thine
I have within my heart.
10 Within the congregation great
I righteousness did preach:
Lo, thou dost know, O LORD, that I
Will not refrain my speech.
11 I never did within my heart
Conceal thy righteousness;
I thy salvation have declared,
And shown thy faithfulness:
12 Thy kindness, which most loving is,
Concealèd have not I,
Nor from the congregation great
Have hid thy verity.
mp 13 Thy tender mercies, LORD, from me
O do thou not restrain:
cr Thy lovingkindness, and thy truth,
Let them me still maintain.

30 SPOHR. C. M.

From Ludwig Spohr.



Psalm XLII. 1–4, 7, 8, 11.

mp AS pants the hart for water-brooks
My soul pants, Lord, for thee;
For God, the living God, I thirst;
God's courts when shall I see?

p 2 My tears have unto me been meat,
Both in the night and day,
While unto me continually,
Where is thy God? they say.

3 My soul within me I pour out
When this I think upon;
mp Because that with the multitude
I heretofore had gone;

4 With them into God's house I went
With voice of joy and praise;
Yea, with the multitude that kept
The solemn holy days.

p 5 At noise of thy great water-spouts
Deep unto deep doth call;
Thy breaking waves pass over me,
Yea, and thy billows all.

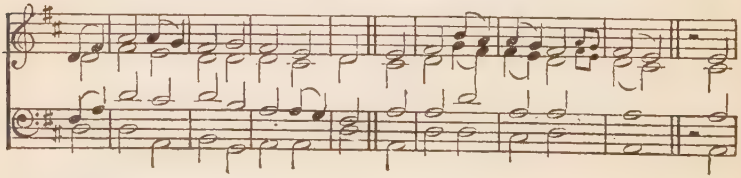
mp 6 His lovingkindness yet the Lord
Command will in the day;
cr His song is with me in the night,
To God, my life, I'll pray.

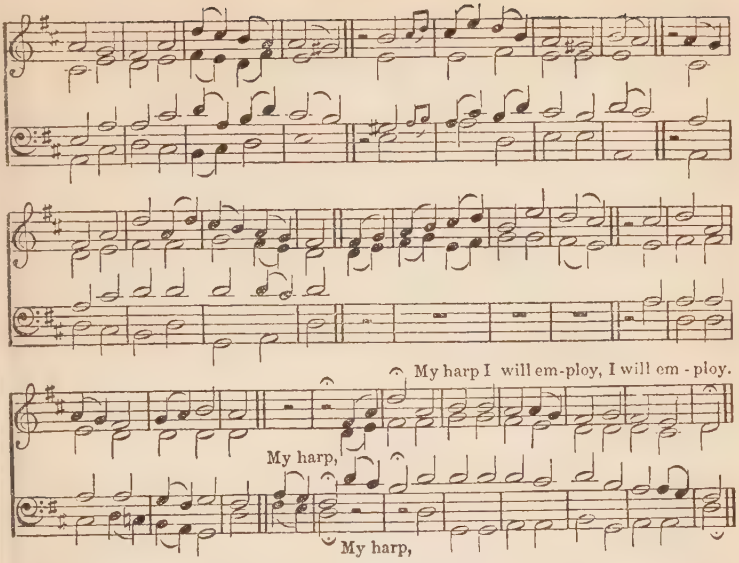
p 7 Why art thou then cast down, my soul?
What should discourage thee?
And why with vexing thoughts art
Disquieted in me? [thou

mf 8 Still trust in God; for him to praise
Good cause I yet shall have:
f He of my countenance is the health,
My God that doth me save.

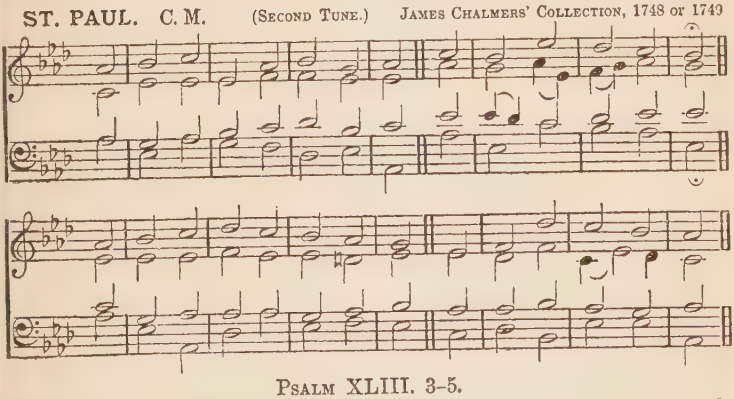
31 INVOCATION. C. M. (First Tune.)

R. A. Smith.





ST. PAUL. C. M. (Second Tune.) James Chalmers' Collection, 1748 or 1749



Psalm XLIII. 3-5.

O SEND thy light forth and thy truth;
Let them be guides to me,
And bring me to thy holy hill,
Even where thy dwellings be.

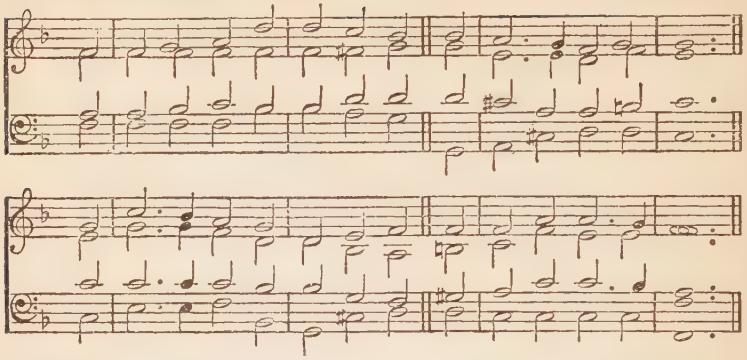
f 2 Then will I to God's altar go,
To God my chiefest joy;
Yea, God, my God, thy name to praise
My harp I will employ.

p 3 Why art thou then cast down, my soul?
What should discourage thee?
And why with vexing thoughts art thou
Disquieted in me?

mf 4 Still trust in God; for him to praise
Good cause I yet shall have:
f He of my countenance is the health,
My God that doth me save.

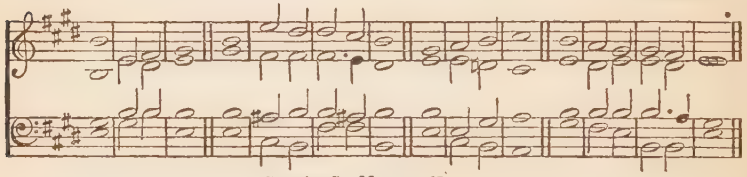
32 NORTHREPPS. C. M.

JOSIAH BOOTH.



CHANT.

JOHN RANDALL.



See also ST. MAGNUS, No. 35.

PSALM XLV.

mf MY heart brings forth a goodly thing;
My words that I indite
Concern the king: my tongue's a pen
Of one that swift doth write.

2 Thou fairer art than sons of men:
Into thy lips is store
Of grace infused; God therefore thee
Hath blessed for evermore.

f 3 O thou that art the mighty one,
Thy sword gird on thy thigh;
Even with thy glory excellent,
And with thy majesty.

mf 4 For meekness, truth, and righteousness,
Ride prosperously in state;
And thee thine own right hand shall teach
Things terrible and great.

f 5 Thine arrows sharply pierce the heart
Of those that hate the king;
And under thy dominion they
The peoples down do bring.

ff 6 Forever and forever is,
O God, thy throne of might;
The sceptre of thy kingdom is
A sceptre that is right.

f 7 Thou lovest right, and hatest ill;
Hence God, thy God, even he
Above thy fellows hath with oil
Of joy anointed thee.

mf 8 Of aloes, myrrh, and cassia,
A smell thy garments had,
Out of the ivory palaces,
Whereby they made thee glad.

9 Among thy women honorable
Kings' daughters are at hand:
Upon thy right hand doth the queen
In gold of Ophir stand.

dim 10 O daughter, hearken and regard,
And do thine ear incline;
Likewise forget thy father's house,
And people that are thine.

Psalm XLV (*continued*).

f 11 And then the king thy beauty shall
Desire most fervently:
Because he is thy Lord, do thou
Him worship reverently.

12 The daughter there of Tyre shall be
With gifts and offerings great:
Those of the people that are rich
Thy favor shall entreat.

13 Behold, the daughter of the king
All glorious is within;
And with embroideries of gold
Her garments wrought have been.

f 14 She shall be brought before the king
In robes with needle wrought;
Her fellow-virgins following
Shall unto thee be brought.

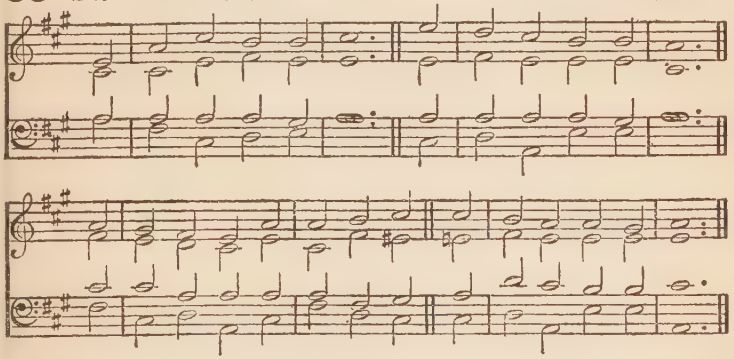
f 15 They shall be brought with gladness
And mirth on every side, [great,
Into the palace of the king,
And there they shall abide.

mf 16 Instead of those thy fathers dear,
Thy children thou shalt take,
And in all places of the earth
Them noble princes make.

17 Thy name remembered I will make
Through ages all to be:
f The peoples therefore evermore
Shall praises give to thee.

33 ST. MICHAEL. S. M.

'Genevan Psalter,' 1543.



Psalm XLV. 10–17.

O DAUGHTER, take good heed,
Incline, and give good ear;
Thou must forget thy kindred all,
And father's house most dear.

f 2 Thy beauty to the king
Shall then delightful be:
And do thou humbly worship him,
Because thy Lord is he.

3 The daughter then of Tyre
There with a gift shall be,
And all the wealthy of the land
Shall make their suit to thee.

4 The daughter of the king
All glorious is within;
And with embroideries of gold
Her garments wrought have been.

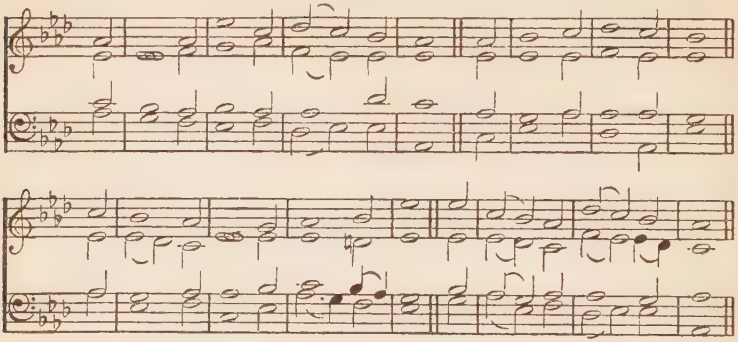
mf 5 She cometh to the king
In robes with needle wrought;
The virgins that do follow her
Shall unto thee be brought.

f 6 They shall be brought with joy,
And mirth on every side,
Into the palace of the king,
And there they shall abide.

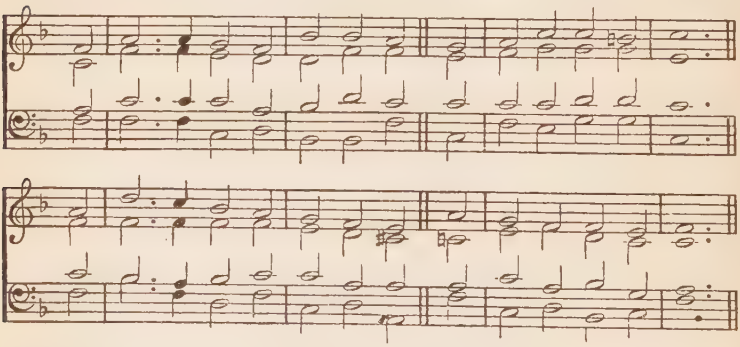
mf 7 And in thy fathers' stead,
Thy children thou may'st take,
And in all places of the earth
Them noble princes make.

8 I will show forth thy name
To generations all:
f Therefore the people evermore
To thee give praises shall.

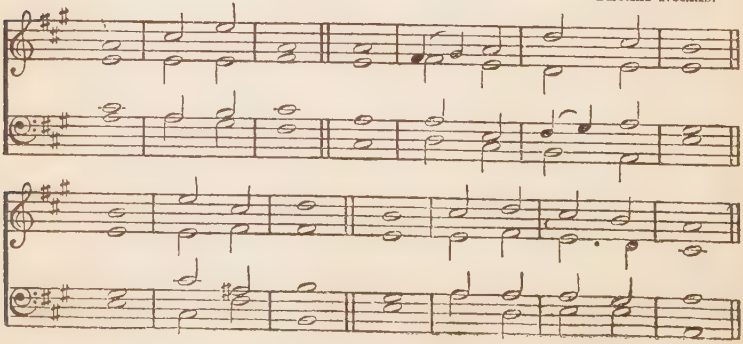
34 STROUDWATER. C. M. (First Tune.) Wilkins's Psalmody, c. 1730.



WINCHESTER OLD. C. M. (Second Tune.) 'Este's Psalter,' 1592.



CHANT. Thomas Norris.



Psalm XLVI.

f GOD is our refuge and our strength,
In straits a present aid;
cr Therefore, although the earth remove,
ff We will not be afraid.

f 2 Though hills amidst the seas be cast;
Though waters roaring make,
And troubled be; yea though the hills
By swelling seas do shake.

mf 3 A river is, whose streams make glad
The city of our God;
The holy place, wherein the Lord
Most High hath his abode.

4 God in the midst of her doth dwell;
And nothing shall her move;
cr God unto her an helper will,
And that right early, prove.

mf 5 The heathen raged in tumult great,
And moved the kingdoms were;
The Lord Most High sent forth his voice,
dim The earth did melt for fear.

mf 6 The Lord of hosts is on our side
Our safety to maintain:
cr The God of Jacob doth for us
A refuge high remain.

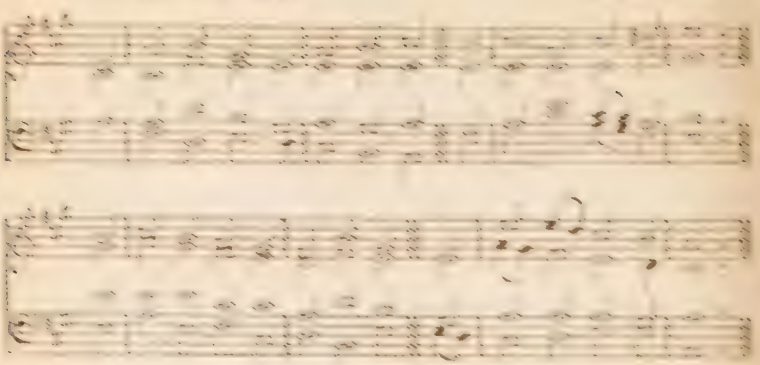
mp 7 Come, and behold what wondrous works
Have by the Lord been wrought;
Come, see what desolations he
Upon the earth hath brought.

8 Unto the ends of all the earth
Wars into peace he turns:
cr The bow he breaks, the spear he cuts,
In fire the chariot burns.

p 9 Be still, and know that I am God;
mp Among the heathen I
cr Will be exalted; I on earth
f Will be exalted high.

10 The Lord of hosts is on our side
Our safety to maintain;
ff The God of Jacob doth for us
A refuge high remain.

35 ST MAGNUS C.M.



PSALM XLVIII. 1, 2, 12-14.

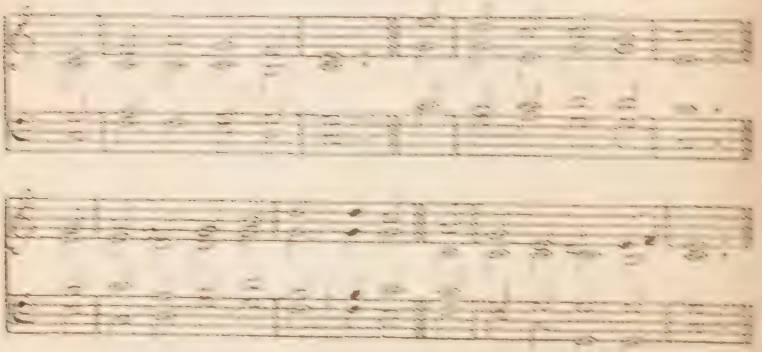
GREAT is the Lord and greatly
to be praised still,
Within the city of our God,
Upon his holy hill.

Mount Zion stands most beautiful,
The joy of all the lands;
The city of the mighty King,
Upon the north side stands.

Walk about Zion, and go round
The high towers thereof;
Consider ye her palaces,
And mark her bulwarks well:

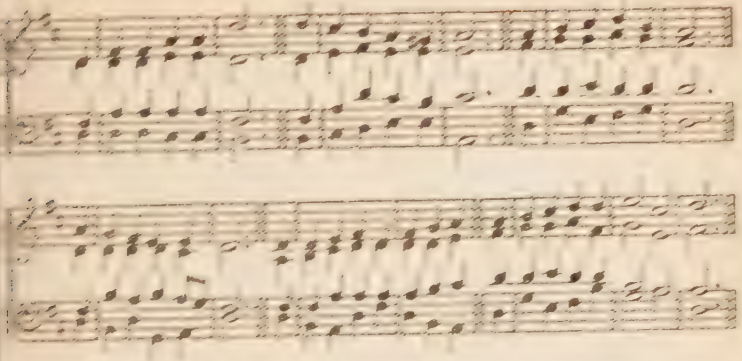
That ye may tell posterity,
For this God doth abide
Our God for evermore, he will
Even unto death us guide.

ST OLAVE S.M.



36 ST. JOHN. 6 7 6 6 6 7 6.

Old Version Metrical.



Psalm XLVIII. 1-14.

WITHIN thy temple, Lord,
We on thy mercies dwell;
As is thy name adored,
So let thy praise be spread:
Thy praises reach through every land,
Nor night thy empire shall command.

f 2 Let Zion's mount rejoice,
Let Judah's daughters praise
The Lord with cheerful voice,
For judgments he displays:
Go round the walls of Zion's towers
Go round her splendours to recount.

mf 3 The towers of Zion tell,
or Her palaces survey,
Mark all her bulwarks well,
And to your children say:
f 'This God forever shall abide,
Even unto death our God and guide.'

37 ST. OLAVE. S. M. Psalm L. 1-6.

JEHOVAH, God of gods,
Hath spoken from his seat,
From rising to the setting sun,
He sends forth his call.

2 From Zion, the seat of his
Where perfect beauty dwells,
Jehovah hath the glory shone,
In brightness that excels.

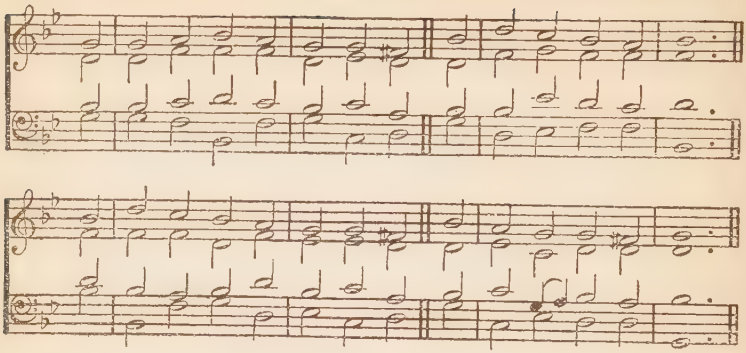
3 Our God shall surely come,
And silence shall not keep;
Before him fire shall waste and storms
Tempestuous round him sweep.

mf 4 He to the heavens above
Shall unto earth call
And likewise to the world that is
May judge his people all.

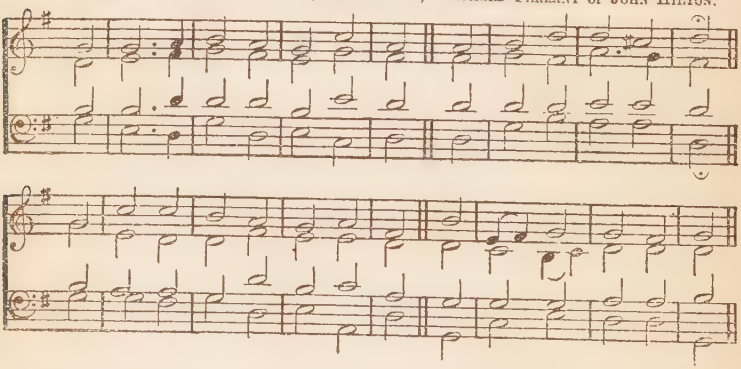
cres 5 'Together let my saints
Unto me gathered be,
Those that by sacrifice have made
A covenant with me.'

mf 6 And then the heavens shall
His righteousness declare;
Because the Lord himself is he
By whom men judged are.

38 DUNDEE. C. M. (First Tune.) 'Este's Psalter,' 1592.



FARRANT. C. M. (Second Tune.) Richard Farrant or John Hilton.



Psalm LI.

mp AFTER thy lovingkindness, Lord,
Have mercy upon me:
For thy compassions great, blot out
All mine iniquity.

p 2 Me cleanse from sin, and throughly
From mine iniquity: [wash
For my transgressions I confess;
My sin I ever see.

3 'Gainst thee, thee only, have I sinned,
In thy sight done this ill;
That when thou speak'st thou may'st be
And clear in judging still. [just,

4 Behold, I in iniquity
Was formed the womb within;
My mother also me conceived
In guiltiness and sin.

mp 5 Behold, thou in the inward parts
With truth delighted art;
And wisdom thou shalt make me
Within the hidden part. [know

p 6 Do thou with hyssop sprinkle me,
I shall be cleansèd so;
mp Yea, wash thou me, and then I shall
Be whiter than the snow.

PSALM LI *(continued)*.

7 Of gladness and of joyfulness
Make me to hear the voice;
That so these very bones which thou
Hast broken may rejoice.

8 All mine iniquities blot out,
Thy face hide from my sin.
Create a clean heart, Lord, renew
A right spirit me within.

p 9 Cast me not from thy sight, nor take
Thy Holy Spirit away.
Restore me thy salvation's joy;
With thy free Spirit me stay.

10 Then in thy ways will I instruct
Those that transgressors be;
f And those that sinners are shall then
Converted be to thee.

11 O God, of my salvation God,
Me from blood-guiltiness
Set free; (*cr*) then shall my tongue aloud
Sing of thy righteousness.

p 12 My closèd lips, O Lord, by thee
Let them be openèd;
cr Then shall thy praises by my mouth
Abroad be publishèd.

p 13 No sacrifice dost thou desire,
Else would I give it thee;
Nor wilt thou with burnt-offering
At all delighted be.

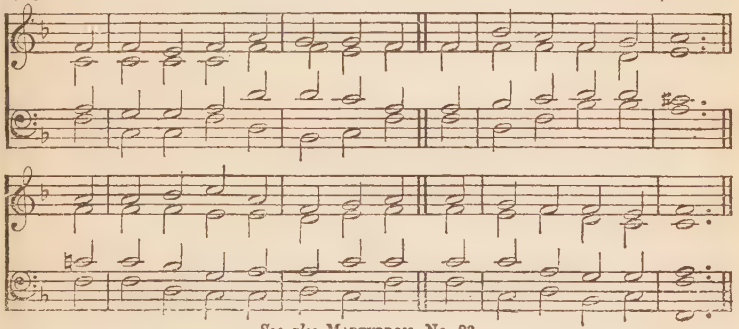
mp 14 A broken spirit is to God
A pleasing sacrifice:
A broken and a contrite heart,
Lord, thou wilt not despise.

cr 15 Show kindness, and do good, O Lord,
To Zion, thine own hill: [please,
The walls of thy Jerusalem
Build up of thy good will.

mf 16 Then righteous offerings shall thee
And offerings burnt, which they
With whole burnt-offerings, and with calves,
Shall on thine altar lay.

39 ST. FLAVIAN. C. M.

'DAY'S PSALTER,' 1562.



See also MARTYRDOM, No. 23.

PSALM LVII. 1, 2, 7–11.

BE merciful to me, O God;
Be merciful to me;
Because my soul in confidence
Doth refuge take in thee;

2 Yea, in the shadow of thy wings
For refuge I will stay
Until these sad calamities
Do wholly pass away.

3 I'll cry to God who is Most High,
To God the mighty one;
Who finisheth in my behalf
What he hath once begun.

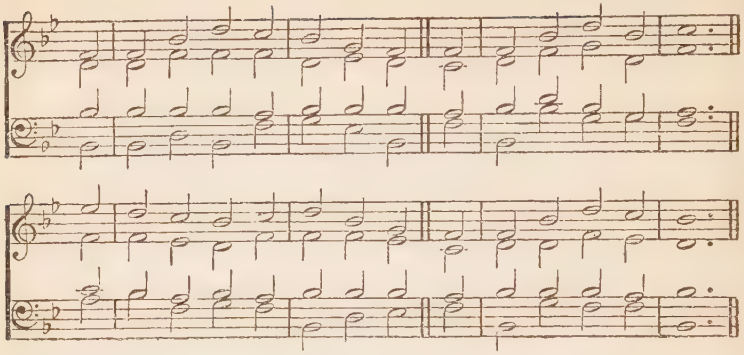
mf 4 My heart, O God, is fixed, is fixed,
To thee I'll sing and praise.
My glory wake; wake psaltery,
Myself I'll early raise. [harp;

cr 5 I'll thank thee 'mong the peoples,
'Mong nations sing will I; [LORD;
For great to heaven thy mercy is,
Thy truth is to the sky.

f 6 O Lord, exalted be thy name
Above the heavens to stand;
Do thou thy glory far advance
Above both sea and land.

40 EVAN. C. M.

W. H. Havergal.



Psalm LXI. 1–5.

p O GOD, give ear unto my cry;
Unto my prayer attend.
From the utmost corner of the land
My cry to thee I'll send.

mp 2 What time my heart is overwhelmed,
And in perplexity,
cr Do thou me lead unto the Rock
That higher is than I.

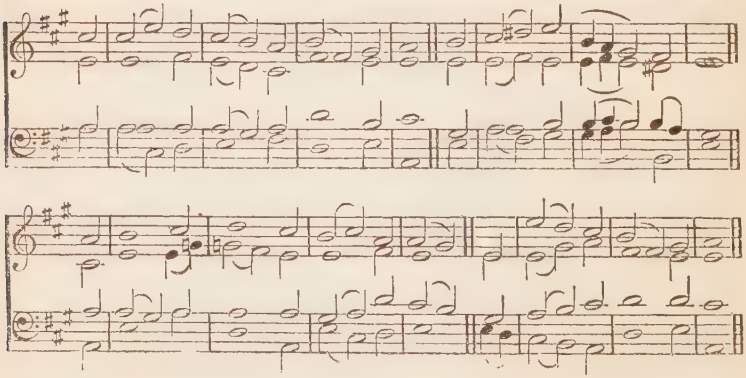
mf 3 For thou hast for my refuge been
A shelter by thy power;
f And for defence against my foes
Thou hast been a strong tower.

mf 4 Within thy tabernacle I
Forever will abide;
And under covert of thy wings
With confidence me hide.

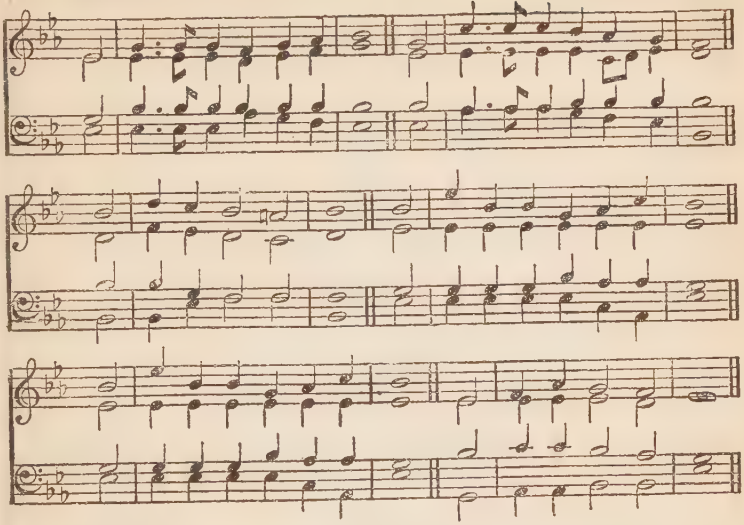
5 For thou the vows that I did make,
O Lord my God, didst hear:
Thou hast given me the heritage
Of those thy name that fear.

HOWARD. C. M.

John Wilson's 'Selection of Psalm Tunes,' 1825.



41 MERIBAH. 8.8.6.8.8.6. LOWELL MASON.



PSALM LXI.

LORD, hear my voice, my prayer attend,
From earth's remotest bound I send
My supplicating cry.
p When troubles great o'erwhelm my breast,
Then lead me on the Rock to rest
That higher is than I.

ff 2 In thee my soul hath shelter found,
And thou hast been from foes around
The tower of my defence;
ff My home shall thy pavilion be;
To covert of thy wings I'll flee,
And find deliverance.

mf 3 For thou, O LORD, my vows hast heard,
On me their heritage conferred
That fear thy holy name.
Long life thou to the king wilt give,
Through generations he shall live,
From age to age the same.

4 Before the LORD shall he abide:
dim O, do thou truth and grace provide
To guard him in the way.
mf So I thy praises will make known
And humbly bending at thy throne,
My vows will daily pay.

42 HOWARD. C. M. PSALM LXII. 1, 6-8.

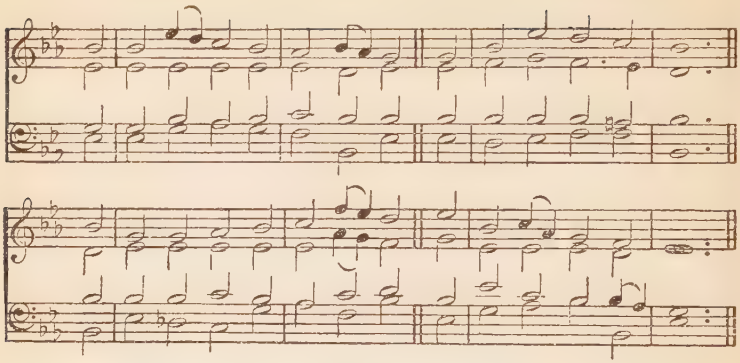
f MY soul with expectation doth
Depend on God indeed;
My strength and my salvation do
From him alone proceed.

f 2 He only my salvation is,
And my strong rock is he;
He only is my sure defence:
I shall not movèd be.

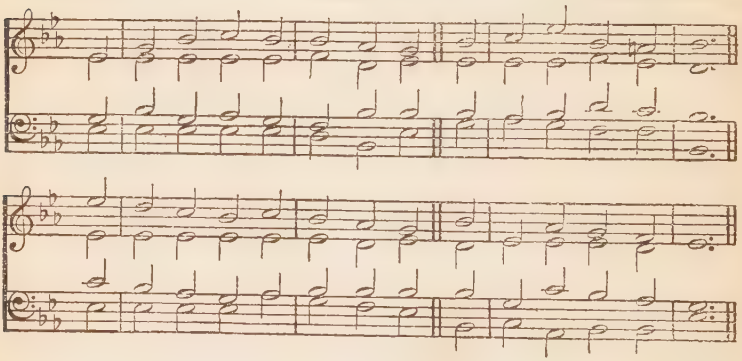
3 In God alone my glory is
And my salvation sure;
In God the rock is of my strength,
My refuge most secure.

mf 4 Ye people place your confidence
In him continually;
cr Before him pour ye out your heart:
f God is our refuge high.

43 JACKSON. C. M. (First Tune.) Thomas Jackson.



DOWNS. C. M. (Second Tune.) Lowell Mason.



Psalm LXIII. 1–8.

mp LORD, thee, my God, I'll early seek:
My soul doth thirst for thee;
My flesh longs in a dry parched land,
Wherein no waters be:

cr 2 That I thy power may behold,
And brightness of thy face,
As I have seen thee heretofore
Within thy holy place.

mf 3 Since better is thy love than life,
My lips thee praise shall give.
I in thy name will lift my hands,
And bless thee while I live.

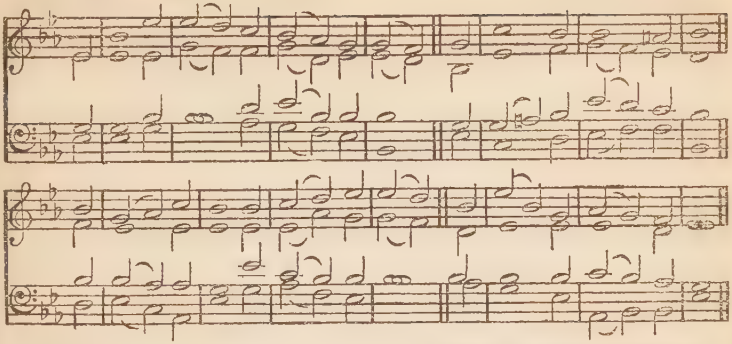
4 Even as with marrow and with fat
My soul shall filled be:
cr Then shall my mouth with joyful
Sing praises unto thee: [lips

5 When I do thee upon my bed
Remember with delight,
dim And when on thee I meditate
In watches of the night.

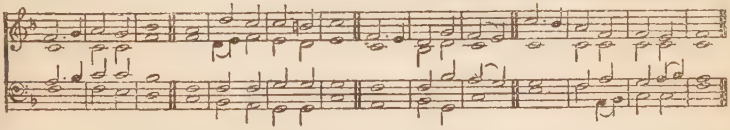
mf 6 In shadow of thy wings I'll joy;
For thou my help hast been.
My soul thee follows hard; and me
Thy right hand doth sustain.

44 ST. STEPHEN. C. M.

ISAAC SMITH.



CHANT. ADAPTED BY KNYVETT FROM HANDEL.



PSALM LXV.

pf PRAISE waits for thee in Zion, Lord:
To thee vows paid shall be.
dim O thou that hearer art of prayer,
All flesh shall come to thee.

pp 2 Iniquities, I must confess,
Prevail against me do:
cr But as for our transgressions all,
Them purge away shalt thou.

3 Blest is the man whom thou dost choose,
And mak'st approach to thee,
That he within thy courts, O Lord,
May still a dweller be:

4 We surely shall be satisfied
With thy abundant grace,
And with the goodness of thy house,
Even of thy holy place.

pp 5 O God, who our salvation art,
Thou, in thy righteousness,
By fearful works unto our prayers
Thine answer wilt express:

6 And so the ends of all the earth,
And those upon the sea
Who dwell afar, their confidence,
O Lord, do place in thee.

mf 7 Who, being girt with power, sets fast
By his great strength the hills;
Who roar of seas, and roar of waves,
And peoples' tumult, stills.

dim 8 Those in the utmost parts that dwell
Are at thy signs afraid:
cr The goings forth of morn and eve
By thee are joyful made.

mf 9 Earth thou dost visit, watering it;
Thou mak'st it rich to grow
With God's full flood; thou givest corn,
When thou preparest so.

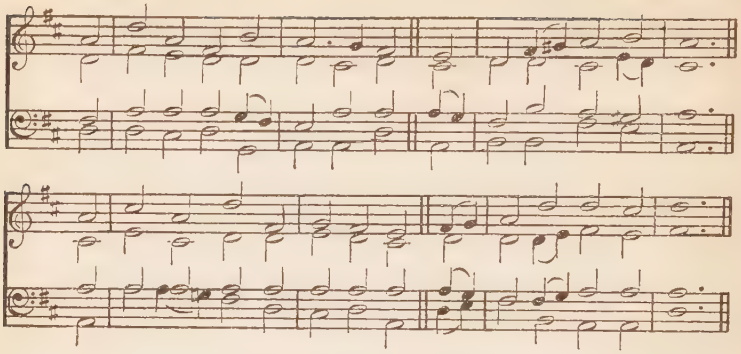
10 Its furrows thou dost water well,
Its ridges down dost press;
Thou mak'st it soft with plenteous rain,
Its springing thou dost bless.

cr 11 With goodness thou dost crown the year,
Thy paths drop fatness still;
They drop on desert's pastures wide,
And gladness girds each hill.

12 With flocks the pastures clothèd are,
The vales with corn are clad;
f And now they shout and sing to thee,
For thou hast made them glad.

45 ASPURG. C. M.

J. G. Frech.



Psalm LXVI. 1–4, 16–20.

f ALL lands to God, in joyful sounds,
Aloft your voices raise.
Sing forth the honor of his name,
And glorious make his praise.

mp 2 Say unto God, How terrible
In all thy works art thou!
cr Through thy great power thy foes to thee
Shall be constrained to bow.

mf 3 All on the earth shall worship thee,
cr They shall thy praise proclaim
In songs: they shall sing cheerfully
Unto thy holy name.

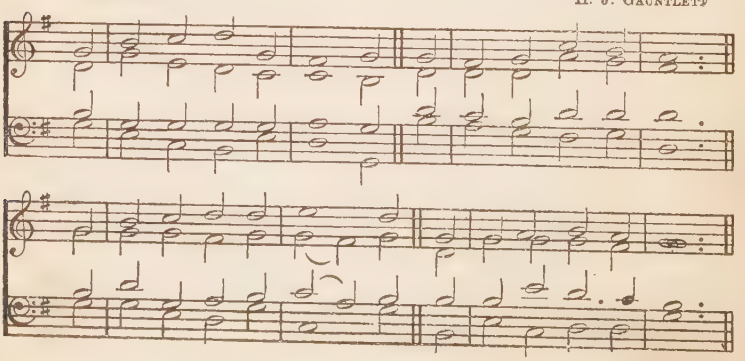
mf 4 All that fear God, come, hear, I'll tell
What he did for my soul.
I with my mouth unto him cried,
My tongue did him extol.

mp 5 If in my heart I sin regard,
Jehovah will not hear;
cr But surely God hath heard my voice,
Attending to my prayer.

mf 6 O let the Lord, our gracious God,
Forever blessèd be,
Who hath not turned my prayer from him,
Nor yet his grace from me.

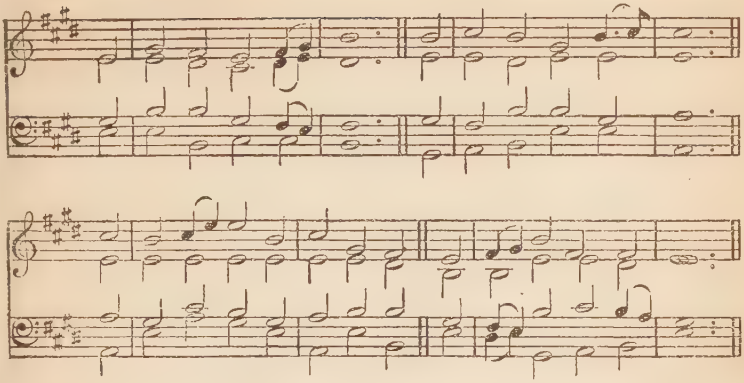
ST. ALPHEGE. 7. 6. 7. 6.

H. J. Gauntlett



46 SELMA. S. M.

R. A. Smith's Collection, 1825.



See also Franconia, Hymn 63.

Psalm LXVII.

p LORD, bless and pity us,
Shine on us with thy face;
That th' earth thy way, and nations all
May know thy saving grace.

2 Let peoples praise thee, Lord;
Let peoples all thee praise.
O let the nations all be glad,
In songs their voices raise:

3 Thou'lt justly peoples judge,
On earth rule nations all.
f Let peoples praise thee, Lord; let them
Praise thee, both great and small.

4 The earth her fruit hath given;
Our God shall blessing send.
God shall us bless; men shall him fear
To earth's remotest end.

47 ST. ALPHEGE. 7. 6. 7. 6.

Psalm LXVII.

p O GOD, to us show mercy,
And bless us in thy grace,
Cause thou to shine upon us
The brightness of thy face.

2 That so throughout all nations
Thy way may be well known,
And unto every people
Thy saving health be shown.

3 O God, let peoples praise thee,
Let all the peoples praise;
O, let the nations joyful
Their songs of gladness raise.

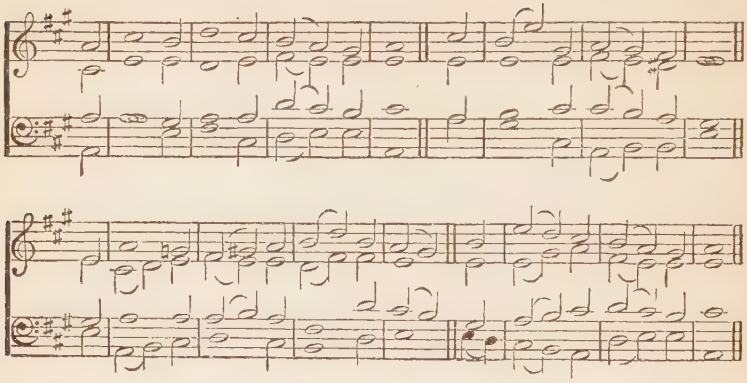
4 For thou shalt judge the peoples
In truth and righteousness;
And on the earth all nations
Shall thy just rule confess.

f 5 O God, let peoples praise thee;
Thy praises let them sing;
And then in rich abundance
The earth her fruit shall bring.

6 The Lord our God shall bless us:
God shall his blessing send;
And peoples all shall fear him
To earth's remotest end.

48 ST. GREGORY. C. M.

ROBERT WAINWRIGHT.



PSALM LXVIII. 4, 5, 7–10.

f SING praise to God, prepare his way;
His name is Jah adored,
Who through the desert rideth forth;
Exult before the LORD.

mf 2 Because the LORD a father is
Unto the fatherless;
God is the widow's judge, within
His place of holiness.

3 O God, what time thou didst go forth
Before thy people's face;
And when through the great wilderness
Thy glorious marching was;

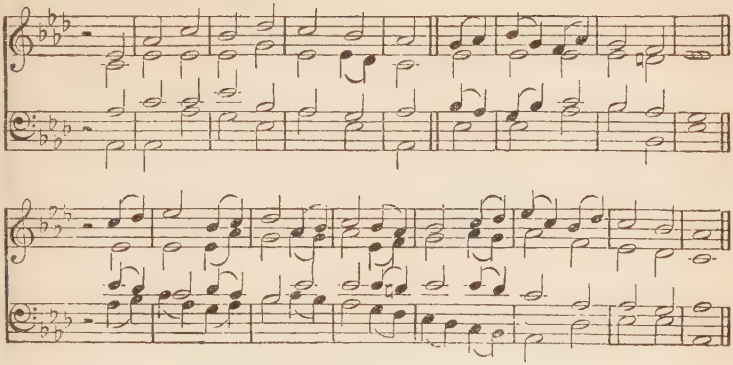
4 Then at God's presence shook the earth,
Then drops from heaven fell;
Yon Sinai shook before the LORD,
The God of Israel.

mp 5 O God, thou to thine heritage
Didst send a plenteous rain,
Whereby thou, when it weary was,
Didst it refresh again.

6 Thy congregation then did make
Their habitation there:
Of thine own goodness for the poor,
O God, thou didst prepare.

49 SHEFFIELD. C. M.

WILLIAM MATHER.



PSALM LXVIII. 11, 12, 17-20.

mf THE LORD himself doth give the word,
The mighty word of God;
The women are an army great
That tell the news abroad.

2 The kings of armies vanquished are,
And forced to flee away;
And she that tarrieth at home
Distributeth the prey.

3 God's chariots twenty thousand are,
Yea, myriads wait his will;
He 's with them now in Zion's towers
As once on Sinai's hill.

4 Thou hast, O LORD, most glorious,
Ascended up on high;
And in triumph victorious led
cr Captive captivity:

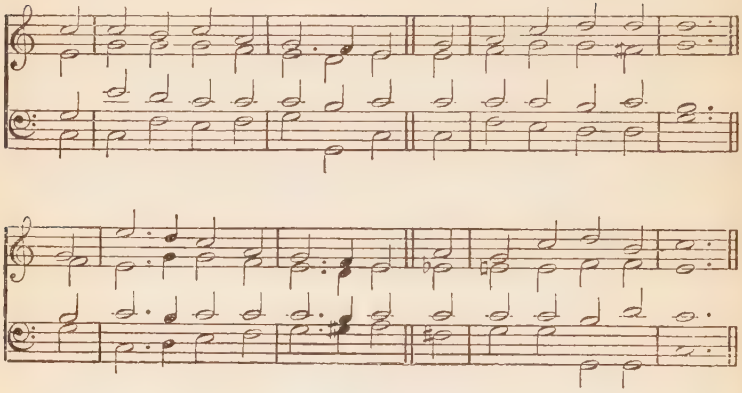
mf 5 Thou hast receivèd gifts for men,
For such as did rebel;
cr Yea, even for them, that God the LORD
In midst of them might dwell.

mf 6 Blessed be the LORD, who is to us
Of our salvation God;
Who daily with his benefits
Us plenteously doth load.

f 7 He of salvation is the God,
Who is our God most strong;
And unto God the Lord from death
The issues do belong.

50 ST. SAVIOUR. C. M.

F. G. Baker.



Psalm LXVIII. 32–35.

f O ALL ye kingdoms of the earth,
Sing praise to God our King;
For he is Lord that ruleth all,
Unto him praises sing.

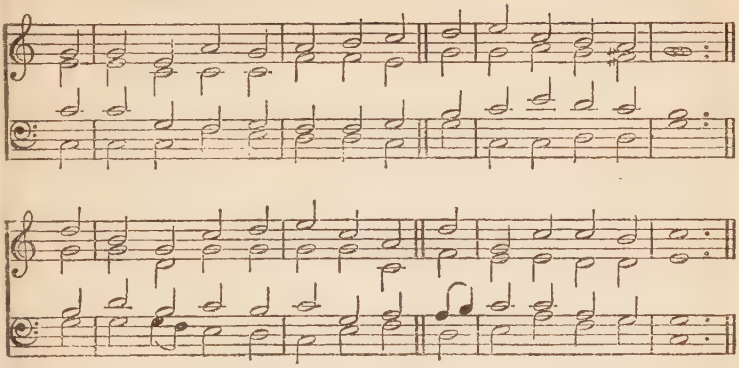
mf 2 To him that rides on heavens of heavens,
Which he of old did found;
Lo, he sends out his voice, a voice
cr In might that doth abound.

3 All strength to God do ye ascribe;
His glorious majesty
Is over Israel, his strength
Is in the clouds most high.

mp 4 How dreadful from thy temple, Lord:
mf Israel's own God is he,
Who gives his people strength and power
f O let God blessèd be.

51 ST. LEONARD. C. M.

HENRY SMART.



PSALM LXXI. 15–20.

mf THY justice and salvation, Lord,
My mouth abroad shall show,
Even all the day; for I thereof
The numbers do not know.

2 And I will constantly go on
In strength of God the LORD;
And thine own righteousness, even thine
Alone, I will record.

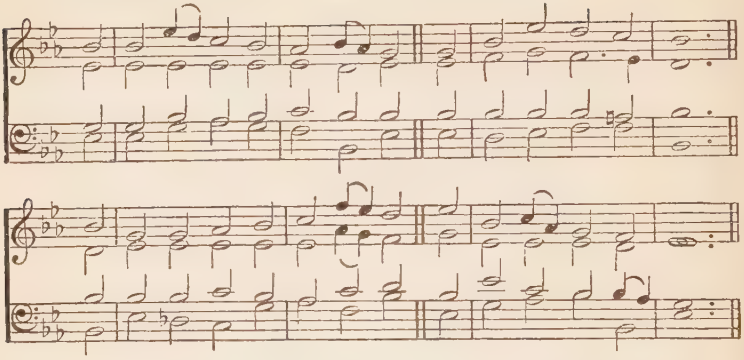
3 For even from my youth, O God,
By thee I have been taught;
And hitherto I have declared
The wonders thou hast wrought.

mp 4 Forsake me not, O God, when I
Old and grey-headed grow;
cr Till to this age thy strength, thy power
To all to come, I show.

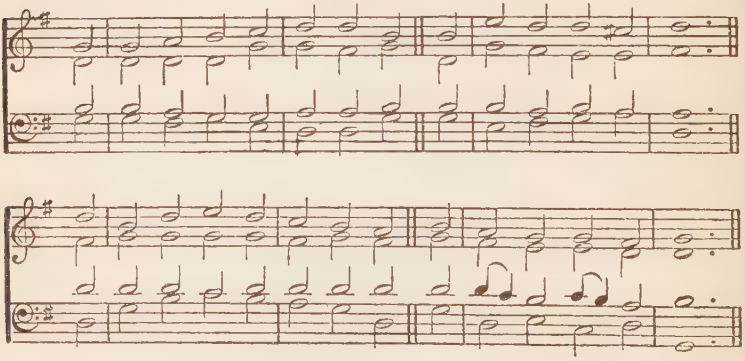
mf 5 And thy most perfect righteousness,
O Lord, is very high,
Who hast so great things done; O God,
Who is like unto thee?

mp 6 Thou, Lord, who great adversities,
And sore, to me didst show,
mf Shalt me revive, and bring again
From depths of earth below.

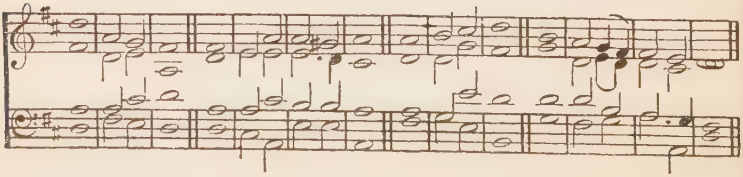
52 JACKSON. C. M. (First Tune.) Thomas Jackson.



DUNFERMLINE. C. M. (Second Tune.) 'Scottish Psalter,' 1615.



CHANT. William Boyce.



Psalm LXXII.

mf O LORD, thy judgments give the king,
His son thy righteousness.
With right he shall thy people judge,
Thy poor with uprightness.

2 The lofty mountains shall bring forth
Unto the people peace;
Likewise the little hills the same
Shall do by righteousness.

mp 3 The people's poor ones he shall judge,
The needy's children save;
mf He also shall in pieces break
Those who oppressed them have.

mp 4 They shall thee fear, while sun and moon
Do last, through ages all.
Like rain on mown grass he shall come,
As showers on earth that fall.

mf 5 The just shall flourish in his days,
And prosper in his reign:
And while the moon endures he shall
Abundant peace maintain.

6 His large and great dominion shall
From sea to sea extend:
It from the river shall reach forth
To earth's remotest end.

7 They in the wilderness that dwell
Bow down before him must;
And they that are his enemies
Shall lick the very dust.

8 The kings of Tarshish, and the isles,
To him shall presents bring;
And unto him shall offer gifts
Sheba's and Seba's king.

f 9 Yea, all the mighty kings on earth
Before him down shall fall;
And all the nations of the world
Do service to him shall.

mp 10 For he the needy will set free,
When he on him shall call;
He'll save the poor and those for whom
There is no help at all.

11 The poor man and the indigent
In mercy he shall spare;
He shall preserve alive the souls
Of those that needy are.

12 Both from deceit and violence
Their soul he shall set free;
And also in his sight their blood
Shall very precious be.

mf 13 Yea, they shall live, and given to him
Shall be of Sheba's gold:
For him shall constant prayer be made,
His praise each day be told.

14 On earth, even to the mountain tops,
Abundant corn shall grow;
His fruit shall shake like Lebanon
When winds upon it blow.

15 The city shall be flourishing,
Her citizens abound
In number shall, like to the grass
That grows upon the ground.

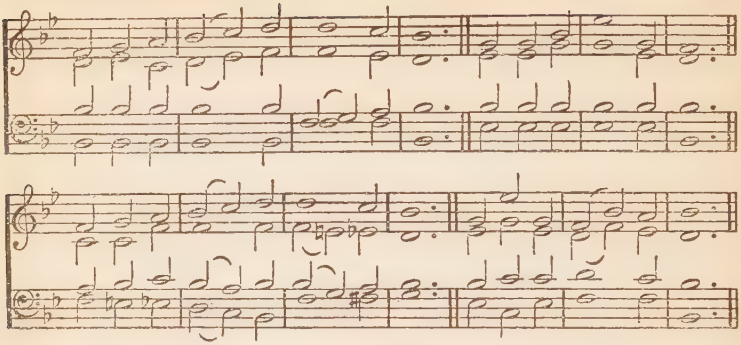
f 16 His name forever shall endure;
Last like the sun it shall:
Men shall be blessed in him, and blessed
All nations shall him call.

mf 17 Now blessèd be the LORD our God,
The God of Israel,
cr For he alone doth wondrous works,
In glory that excel.

f 18 And blessèd be his glorious name
To all eternity:
The whole earth let his glory fill
Amen, so let it be.

53 EAGLEY. C. M.

JAMES WALCH.



PSALM LXXIII. 24–28.

mf THOU, with thy counsel, while I live,
Wilt me conduct and guide;
And to thy glory afterward
Receive me to abide.

2 Whom have I in the heavens high
But thee, O Lord, alone?
And in the earth whom I desire
Beside thee there is none.

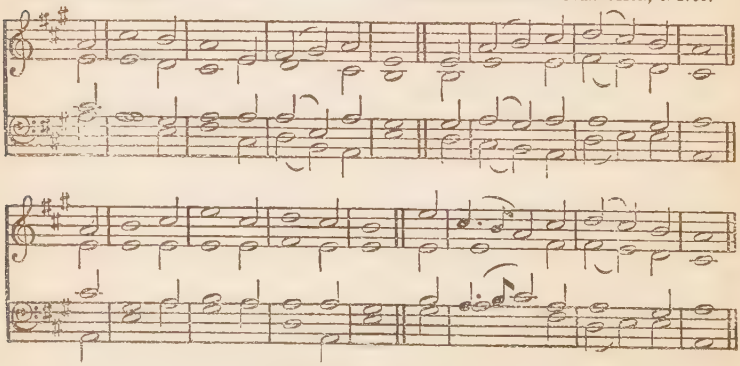
p 3 My flesh and heart do faint and fail;
mf But God doth fail me never;
For of my heart God is the strength;
My portion sure forever.

mp 4 For, lo, they that are far from thee
Forever perish shall;
Them that forsake thee wantonly
Thou hast destroyèd all.

f 5 But surely it is good for me
That I draw near to God;
In God I trust, that all thy works
I may declare abroad.

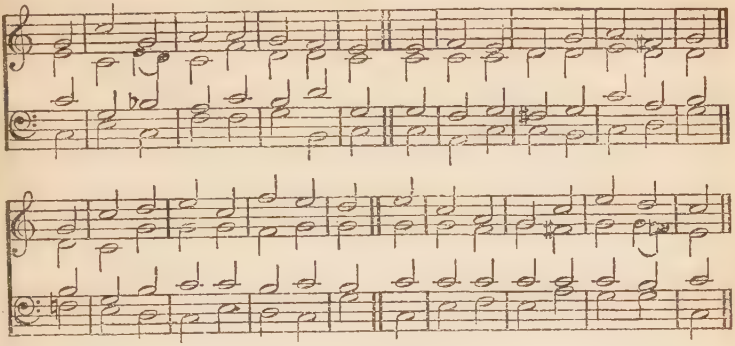
ST. THOMAS. C. M.

CHARLES ASHWORTH'S COLLECTION, *c.* 1760.



See also TALLIS, No. 90.

54 WINCHESTER. L. M. Hamburger Musikalisches Handbuch, 1690.



Psalm LXXVI.

IN Judah God is known and feared,
In Israel his name is great,
His tent in Salem he hath reared,
In Zion fixed his royal seat.

2 He there brake arrows of the bow,
The shield, the sword, and war's array;
How excellent, O Lord, art thou,
How glorious from the hills of prey.

p 3 The stout of heart are spoiled in fight,
A deadly sleep the warrior slept;
No hand of all the men of might
Its wonted strength or cunning kept.

4 O Jacob's God, at thy command
The chariot and the horse went down; [stand
dim For thou art dreadful; who can
Before the tempest of thy frown?

mp 5 From heaven Jehovah judgment gave; [and feared,
The trembling earth stood still
cr When all the meek on earth to save,
For righteous judgment God appeared. [bring,

mf 6 The wrath of man thee praise shall
Remaining wrath thy hand shall stay. [King,
Vow to the Lord your God and
Be faithful all your vows to pay.

7 Let all around their presents bring
To him whom all the world should fear:
He cuts off princes; God the King
Shall dreadful to earth's kings appear.

55 ST. THOMAS. C. M. Psalm LXXVIII. 4-7.

f THE praises of the Lord our God,
And his almighty strength,
The wondrous works that he hath done,
We will show forth at length.

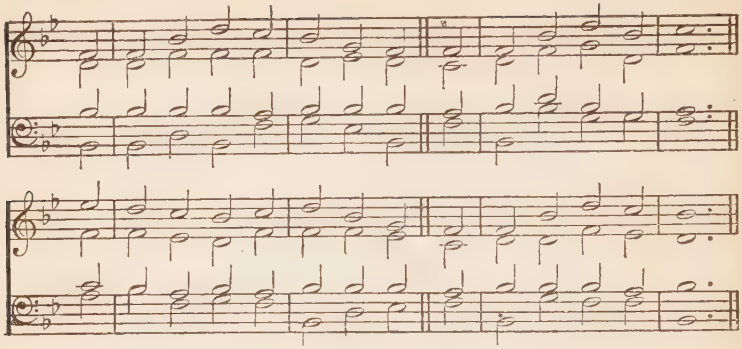
2 His testimony and his law
In Israel he did place,
And charged our fathers it to show
To their succeeding race;

3 That so the race which was to come
Might well them learn and know,
And sons unborn, who should arise,
Might to their sons them show:

4 That they might set their hope in God,
And suffer not to fall
His mighty works out of their mind
But keep his precepts all.

56 EVAN. C. M.

W. H. Havergal.



See also Holy Cross, No. 119.

Psalm LXXX. 1, 17–19.

mp HEAR, Israel's Shepherd! like a flock
Thou that dost Joseph guide;
cr Shine forth, O thou that dost between
The cherubim abide.

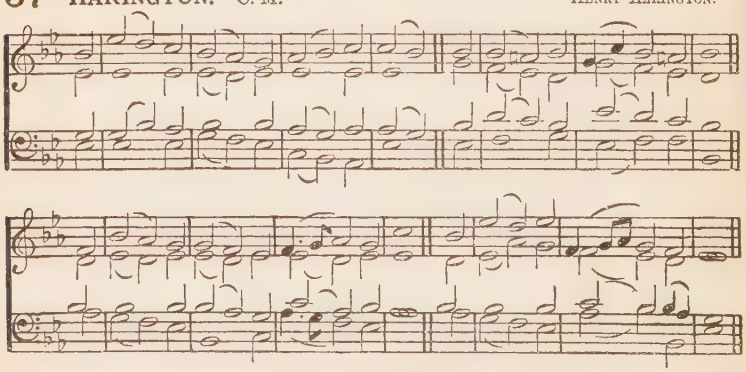
mf 2 O let thy hand be still upon
The man of thy right hand,
The son of man, whom for thyself
Thou madest strong to stand.

3 So henceforth we will not go back,
Nor turn from thee at all;
O do thou quicken us, and we
Upon thy name will call.

mp 4 O thou that art the Lord of hosts,
Turn us again to thee;
mf O cause thy face to shine on us,
And so we saved shall be.

57 HARINGTON. C. M.

Henry Harington.



Psalm LXXXIV.

mf HOW lovely is thy dwelling-place,
O Lord of hosts, to me!
The tabernacles of thy grace
How pleasant, Lord, they be.

mp 2 My soul doth long, yea even faint,
Jehovah's courts to see;
cr My very heart and flesh cry out,
O living God, to thee.

Psalm LXXXIV (*continued*).

mp 3 Behold, the sparrow findeth out
An house wherein to rest;
The swallow also for herself
Provided hath a nest;

4 Even thine own altars, where she safe
Her young ones forth may bring,
O thou almighty Lord of hosts,
Who art my God and King.

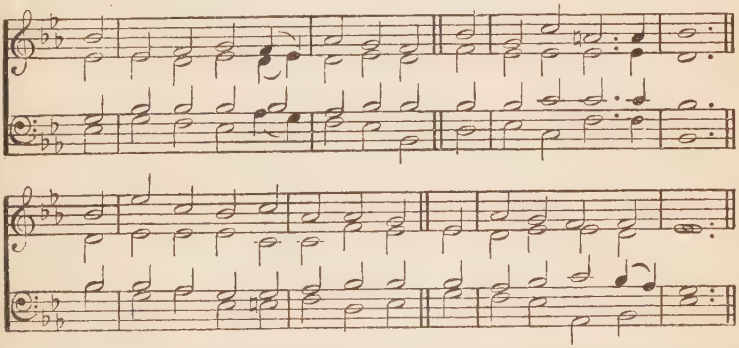
mf 5 Blest are they in thy house that dwell,
They ever give thee praise,

cr Blest is the man whose strength
thou art,
In whose heart are thy ways:

mf 6 Who as they pass through Baca's
vale,
Make it a place of springs;
The early rain descending there
Rich blessing to it brings.

f 7 So they from strength unwearied go
Still forward unto strength,
Until in Zion all appear
Before the Lord at length.

ST. BERNARD. C. M. John Richardson.



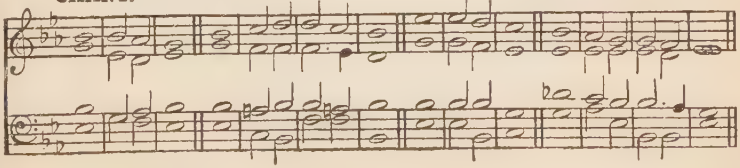
mp 8 Lord God of hosts, O hear my
prayer;
O Jacob's God, give ear,
cr See, God, our shield, look on the face
Of thine Anointed dear.

mf 9 For in thy courts one day excels
A thousand; rather in
My God's house will I keep a door,
Than dwell in tents of sin.

f 10 For God the Lord's a sun and
shield;
He'll grace and glory give;
And will withhold no good from
That uprightly do live. [them

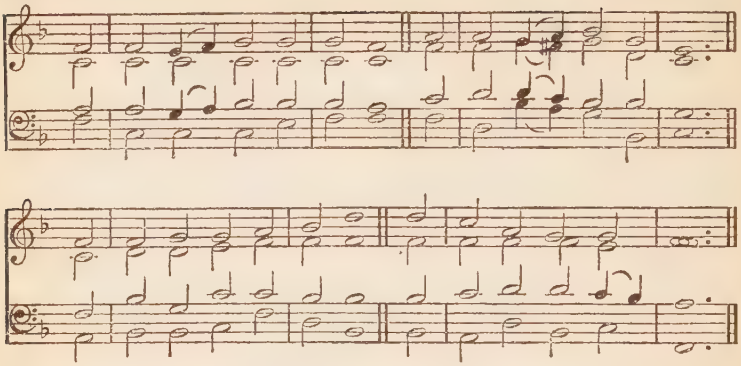
mp 11 O thou that art the Lord of hosts,
mf That man is truly blest,
f Who with assured confidence
On thee alone doth rest.

CHANT. Earl of Mornington.



58 MORLAIX. 7. 6. 7. 6.

J. H. Knecht.



Psalm LXXXIV.

mf LORD God of hosts, how lovely
The place where thou dost dwell!
Thy tabernacles holy
In pleasantness excel.

mp 2 My soul is longing, fainting,
Jehovah's courts to see;
cr My heart and flesh are crying,
O living God, to thee.

mp 3 Behold, the sparrow findeth
A house in which to rest,
The swallow hath discovered
Where she may build her nest;

4 And where, securely sheltered,
Her young she forth may bring:
So, Lord of hosts, thy altars
I seek, my God, my King.

mf 5 Blest who thy house inhabit,
They ever give thee praise;
cr Blest all whom thou dost strengthen,
Who love the sacred ways.

mf 6 Who pass through Baca's valley,
Make it a place of springs,
The early rain descending
Rich blessing to it brings.

f 7 So they from strength unwearied
Go forward unto strength,
Till all appear in Zion,
Before the Lord at length.

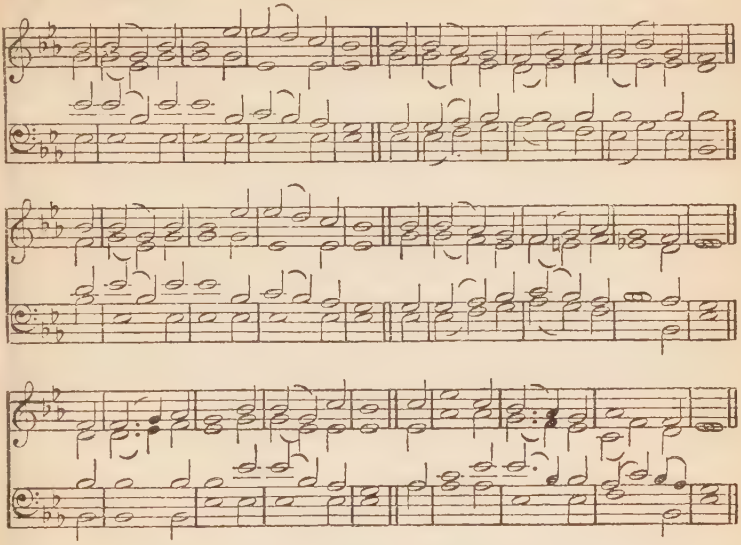
mp 8 O hear, Lord God of Jacob,
To me an answer yield;
cr The face of thy Anointed,
Behold, O God, our shield.

mf 9 One day excels a thousand,
If spent thy courts within;
I'll choose thy threshold rather
Than dwell in tents of sin.

f 10 Our sun and shield, Jehovah,
Will grace and glory give;
No good will he deny them
That uprightly do live.

mp 11 O God of hosts, Jehovah,
mf How blest is every one
f Who confidence reposes
On thee, O Lord, alone.

59 STELLA. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 'Crown of Jesus Music,' 1864.



Psalm LXXXV.

LORD, thou hast favor shown thy land,
And brought back Jacob's captive band;
Thy people's sins thou pardoned hast,
And all their guilt hast covered o'er,
Removed from them thine anger sore,
All thy fierce wrath behind thee cast.

2 Turn us, O God our Saviour, turn,
Nor longer let thine anger burn.
Wilt thou forever angry be?
Through ages shall thy wrath survive?
Wilt thou not us again revive,
That so we may rejoice in thee?

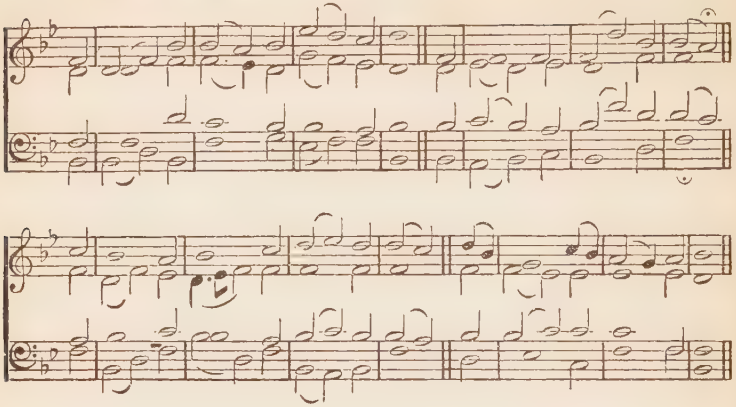
cr 3 O Lord, to us thy mercy show,
And thy salvation now bestow;
I'll hear what God the Lord will say;
Peace to his people he will speak,
And to his saints, but let them seek
No more in folly's path to stray.

mf 4 His saving help is surely near
To those his holy name that fear;
Thus glory dwells in all our land.
Now heavenly truth unites with grace,
And righteousness and peace embrace,
In full accord they ever stand.

f 5 Truth springing forth the earth shall crown,
And righteousness from heaven look down,
Jehovah shall his goodness shed:
Our land shall then with plenty flow;
Before him righteousness shall go,
And cause us in his steps to tread.

60 WILTSHIRE (New St. Ann). C. M.

Sir George Smart.



See also Dunfermline, No. 25.

Psalm LXXXV. 6-13.

mp THAT in thee may thy people joy,
Wilt thou not us revive?
or Show us thy mercy, Lord, to us
Do thy salvation give.

mf 2 I'll hear what God the Lord will speak:
To his folk he'll speak peace,
And to his saints; but let them not
Return to foolishness.

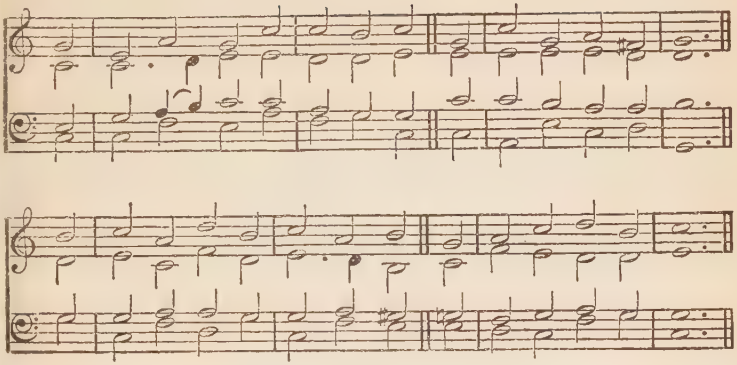
3 Surely to them that fear the Lord
Is his salvation near;
That glory in our land again
A dweller may appear.

4 Truth meets with mercy, righteousness
And peace kiss mutually:
Truth springs from earth, and righteousness
Looks down from heaven high.

f 5 Yea, what is good the Lord will give,
Our land shall yield increase:
Justice, to set us in his steps,
Shall go before his face.

61 ST. ANN. C. M.

WILLIAM CROFT.



PSALM LXXXVI. 8–12.

mf LORD, there is none among the gods
That may compare with thee;
And to the works which thou hast done,
No works can likened be.

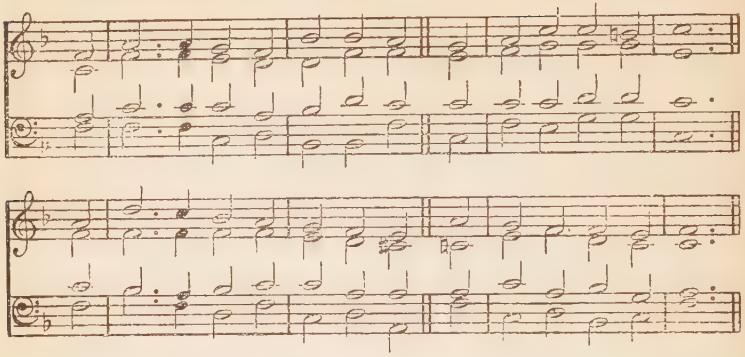
2 All nations whom thou mad'st shall come
And worship reverently
Before thy face; and they, O Lord,
Thy name shall glorify.

3 Because thou art exceeding great,
And works by thee are done
Which are to be admired; and thou
Art God thyself alone.

mp 4 Teach me thy way, and in thy truth,
O LORD, then walk will I;
Unite my heart, that I thy name
May fear continually.

mf 5 O Lord my God, with all my heart
To thee will I give praise;
And I the glory will ascribe
Unto thy name always.

62 WINCHESTER OLD. C. M. 'Este's Psalter,' 1592.



Psalm LXXXIX. 1-7.

mf GOD'S mercies I will ever sing;
And with my mouth I shall
Thy faithfulness make to be known
To generations all.

f 2 For mercy shall be built, said I
Forever to endure;
Thy faithfulness, even in the heavens,
Thou wilt establish sure.

mf 3 I with my chosen one have made
A covenant graciously;
And to my servant, whom I loved,
To David sworn have I;

cr 4 That I thy seed establish shall
Forever to remain,
And will to generations all
Thy throne build and maintain.

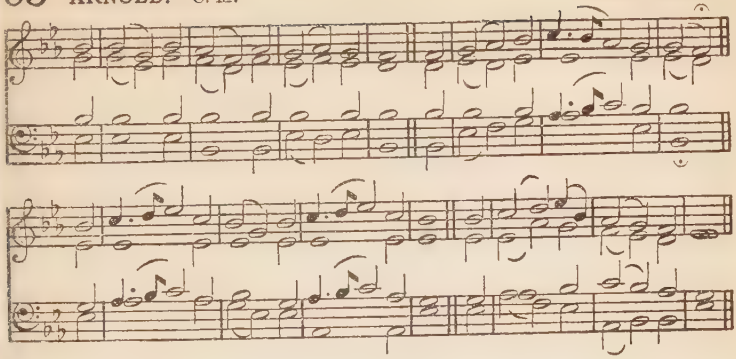
f 5 The praises of thy wonders, Lord,
The heavens shall express;
The congregation of thy saints
Shall praise thy faithfulness.

mp 6 For who in heaven with the Lord
May once himself compare?
cr Who is like God among the sons
Of those that mighty are?

mp 7 Great fear in meeting of the saints
Is due unto the Lord;
cr And he above all round him should
With reverence be adored.

63 ARNOLD. C. M.

SAMUEL ARNOLD.



PSALM LXXXIX. 8, 13-18.

mf O LORD, the God of hosts, who can
To thee compared be?
The mighty One, the LORD, whose truth
Doth round encompass thee.

2 Thou hast an arm that's full of power:
Thy hand is great in might;
cr And thy right hand exceedingly
Exalted is in height.

3 Justice and judgment of thy throne
Are made the dwelling-place;
Mercy, accompanied with truth,
Shall go before thy face.

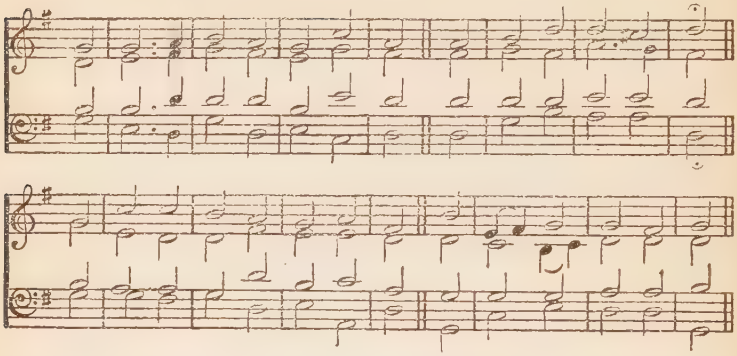
f 4 O greatly blessed the people are
The joyful sound that know;
In brightness of thy face, O LORD,
They ever on shall go.

mf 5 They in thy name shall all the day
Rejoice exceedingly;
And in thy righteousness shall they
Exalted be on high.

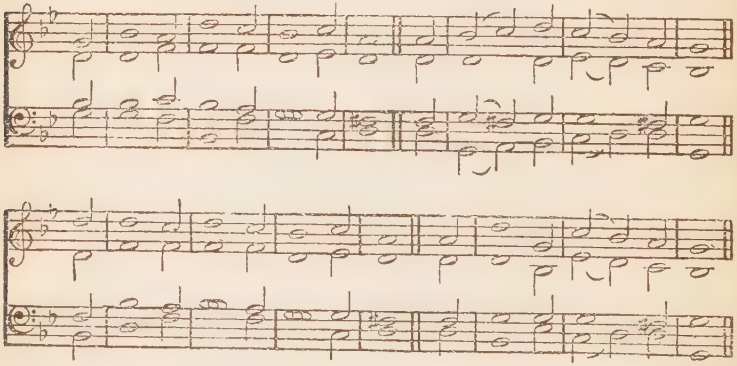
6 Because the glory of their strength
Doth only stand in thee;
And in thy favor shall our horn
And power exalted be.

f 7 For God is our defence; and he
To us doth safety bring:
The holy one of Israel
Is our almighty King.

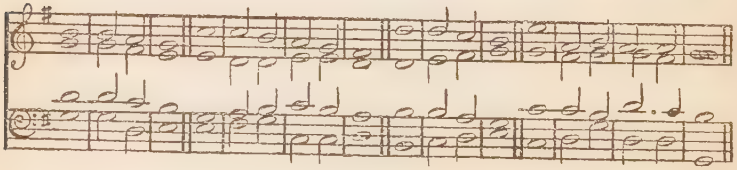
64 FARRANT. C. M. (First Tune.) Richard Farrant or John Hilton.



ST. NEOT. C. M. (Second Tune.) John and James Green's Collection, 1715.



CHANT. William Hayes.



Psalm XC.

LORD, thou hast been our dwelling-
place
In generations all.
Before thou ever hadst brought forth
The mountains great or small;

2 Ere ever thou hadst formed the
earth,
And all the world abroad;
Even thou from everlasting art
To everlasting God.

3 Lord, thou unto destruction dost
Man that is mortal turn;
And unto them thou sayest, Again,
Ye sons of men, return.

4 Because a thousand years appear
No more before thy sight
Than yesterday, when it is past,
Or than a watch by night.

5 As with an overflowing flood
Thou carriest them away:
They like a sleep are, like the grass
That grows at morn are they.

6 At morn it flourishes and grows,
Cut down at even doth fade.
For by thine anger we 're consumed,
Thy wrath makes us afraid.

7 Our sins thou and iniquities
Dost in thy presence place,
And set our secret faults before
The brightness of thy face.

8 For in thine anger all our days
Do pass on to an end;
And as a tale that hath been told,
So we our years do spend.

9 Threescore and ten years do sum up
Our days and years, we see;
mp Or if, by reason of more strength,
In some fourscore they be:

p 10 Yet doth the strength of such
old men
But grief and labor prove;
For it is soon cut off, and we
Fly hence, and soon remove.

mp 11 Thy wrath 's according to thy fear;
Who knows its power great?
Teach us that we our days may
count,
Our hearts on wisdom set.

p 12 Turn yet again to us, O LORD,
How long thus shall it be?
Let it repent thee now for those
That servants are to thee.

mp 13 O with thy tender mercies, LORD,
Us early satisfy;
cr So we rejoice shall all our days,
And still be glad in thee.

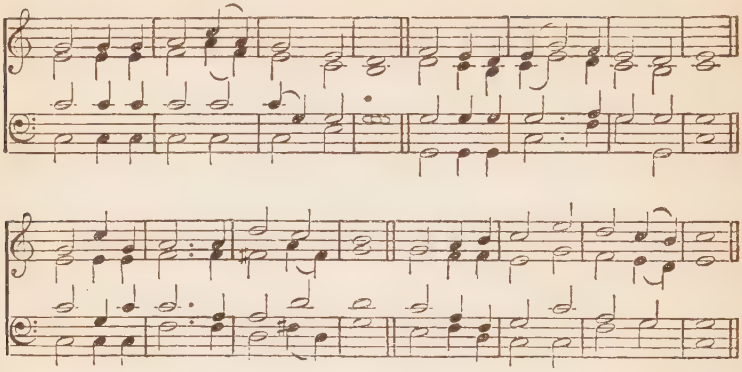
mp 14 According as the days have been,
Wherein we grief have had,
And years wherein we ill have seen,
cr So do thou make us glad.

mf 15 O let thy work and power appear
Thy servants' face before;
Upon their children also show
Thy glory evermore:

f 16 And let the beauty of the LORD
Our God be us upon:
Our handiworks establish thou,
Establish them each one.

65 PHILADELPHIA. L. M.

W. B. Bradbury.



Psalm XCI. 1–5, 7.

mf THE man who once has found abode
Within the secret place of God,
Shall with Almighty God abide,
And in his shadow safely hide.

2 I of the Lord my God will say,
He is my refuge and my stay;
To him for safety I will flee;
My God, in him my trust shall be.

3 He shall with all protecting care
Preserve thee from the fowler's snare,
When fearful plagues around prevail,
No fatal stroke shall thee assail.

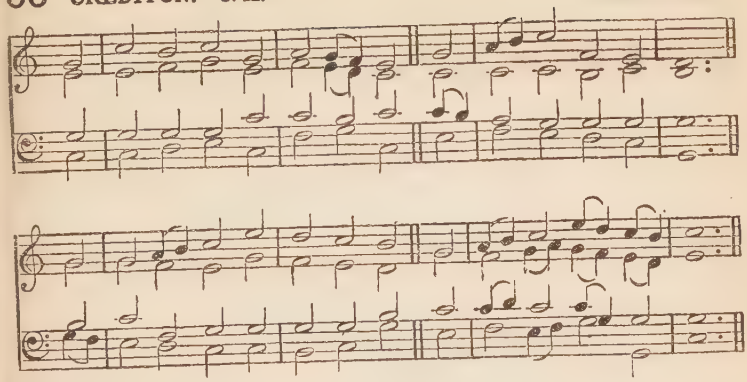
mp 4 His outspread pinions shall thee hide;
Beneath his wings shalt thou confide;
His faithfulness shall ever be
A shield and buckler unto thee.

5 No nightly terrors shall alarm,
No deadly shaft by day shall harm,
Nor pestilence that walks by night,
Nor plagues that waste in noon-day light.

mf 6 Because thy trust is God alone,
Thy dwelling-place the Highest One,
No evil shall upon thee come,
Nor plague approach thy guarded home.

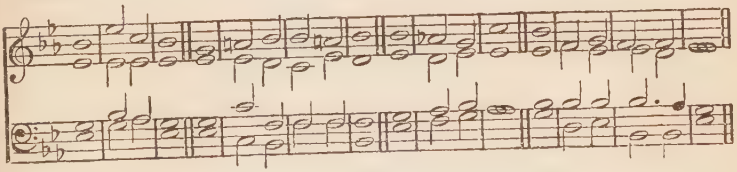
66 CREDITON. C. M.

THOMAS CLARK.



CHANT.

JOHN ROBINSON.



PSALM XCII. 1–4, 13–15.

TO render thanks unto the LORD
It is a comely thing,
And to thy name, O thou Most High,
Due praise aloud to sing.

2 Thy lovingkindness to show forth
When shines the morning light;
And to declare thy faithfulness
With pleasure every night,

mf 3 Upon a ten-stringed instrument,
And on the psaltery,
Upon the harp with solemn sound,
And grave sweet melody.

4 For thou, LORD, by thy mighty deeds
Hast gladness to me brought;
And I will triumph in the works
Which by thy hands are wrought.

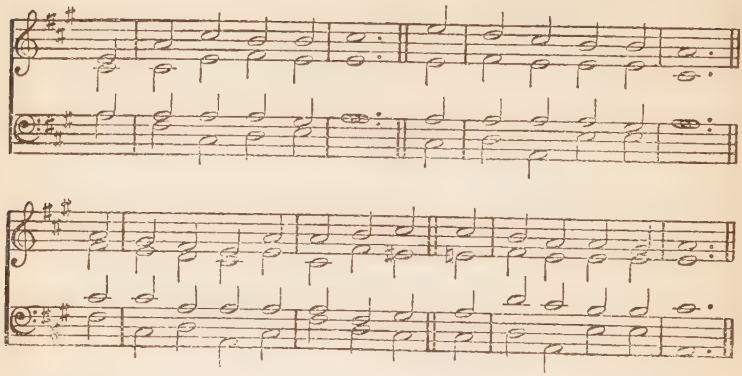
5 Like to the palm-tree flourishing
Shall be the righteous one;
He shall like to the cedar grow
That is in Lebanon.

6 Those that within the house of God
Are planted by his grace,
cr They shall grow up, and flourish all
In our God's holy place.

7 And in old age, when others fade,
They fruit still forth shall bring;
They shall be fat and full of sap,
And aye be flourishing.

f 8 To show that upright is the LORD:
He is a rock to me;
And he from all unrighteousness
Is altogether free.

67 ST. MICHAEL. (Old 134th.) S. M. 'Genevan Psalter,' 1543.



Psalm XCIII.

GOD reigneth, he is clothed
With majesty most bright;
Himself Jehovah clothes with strength,
And girds about with might.

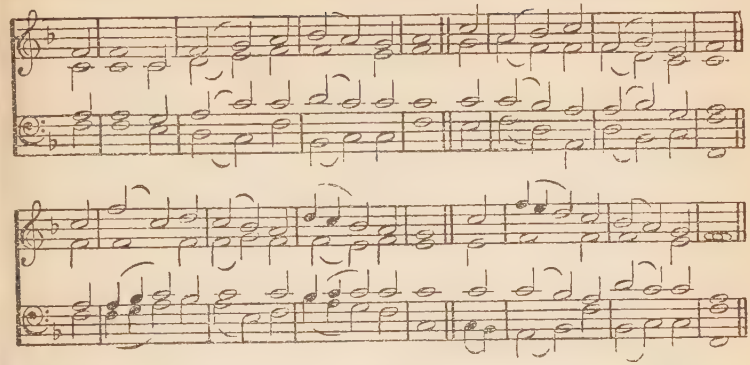
mf 2 The world established is,
That it can not depart;
cr Thy throne is fixed of old, and thou
From everlasting art.

f 3 The floods have lifted up,
They lifted up their voice,
The floods have lifted up their waves
And made a mighty noise.

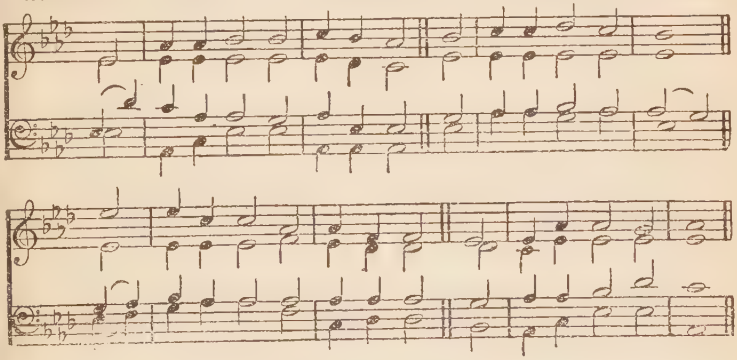
ff 4 But yet the Lord on high
Is more of might by far
Than voice of many waters is,
Or great sea-billows are.

f 5 Thy testimonies all
In faithfulness excel;
And holiness forever, Lord,
Thy house becometh well.

68 IRISH. C. M. (First Tune.) 'Dublin Hymn Book,' 1749.



DENFIELD. C. M. (Second Tune.) Adapted from C. G. Gläser.



Psalm XCV. 1–6.

O COME, let us sing to the Lord,
To him our voices raise,
With joyful noise let us the rock
Of our salvation praise.

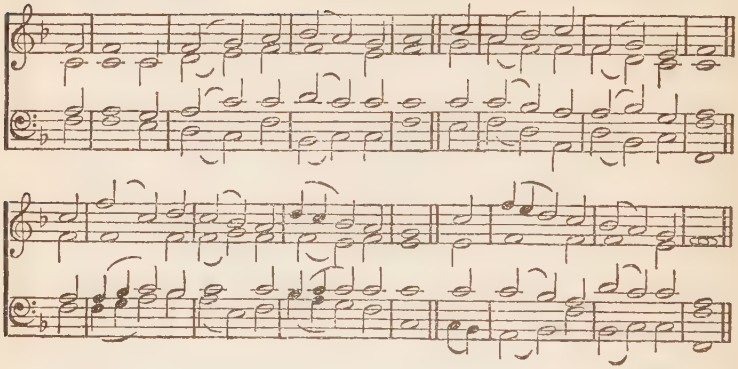
2 Let us before his presence come
With praise and thankful voice;
Let us sing psalms to him with grace,
And make a joyful noise.

mf 3 The Lord's a great God and great
Above all gods he is. [King,
The depths of earth are in his hand,
The heights of hills are his.

4 To him the spacious sea belongs,
For he the same did make;
The dry land also from his hands
Its form at first did take.

mp 5 O come, and let us worship him,
Let us bow down withal,
dim And on our knees before the Lord
Our Maker let us fall.

69 IRISH. C. M. (First Tune.) 'Dublin Hymn Book,' 1749.



Psalm XCVI.

f O SING a new song to the Lord:
Sing all the earth to God.
To God sing, bless his name, show still
His saving health abroad.

mf 2 Among the heathen nations all
His glory do declare;
And unto all the peoples show
His works that wondrous are.

f 3 For great's the Lord, and greatly he
Is to be magnified;
Yea, worthy to be feared is he
Above all gods beside.

mp 4 For all the gods are idols dumb,
Which blinded nations fear;
f But our God is the Lord, by whom
The heavens created were.

mf 5 Great honor is before his face,
And majesty divine;
cr Strength is within his holy place,
And there doth beauty shine.

f 6 Do ye ascribe unto the Lord,
Of peoples every tribe,
Glory do ye unto the Lord,
And mighty power ascribe.

mf 7 Give ye the glory to the Lord
That to his name is due;
Come ye into his courts, and bring
An offering with you.

mp 8 And beautified with holiness,
O do the Lord adore;
Likewise let all the earth throughout
Tremble his face before.

Psalm XCVI (*continued*).

CHRISTOS. C.M.D. (Second Tune.) Irvin J. Morgan.

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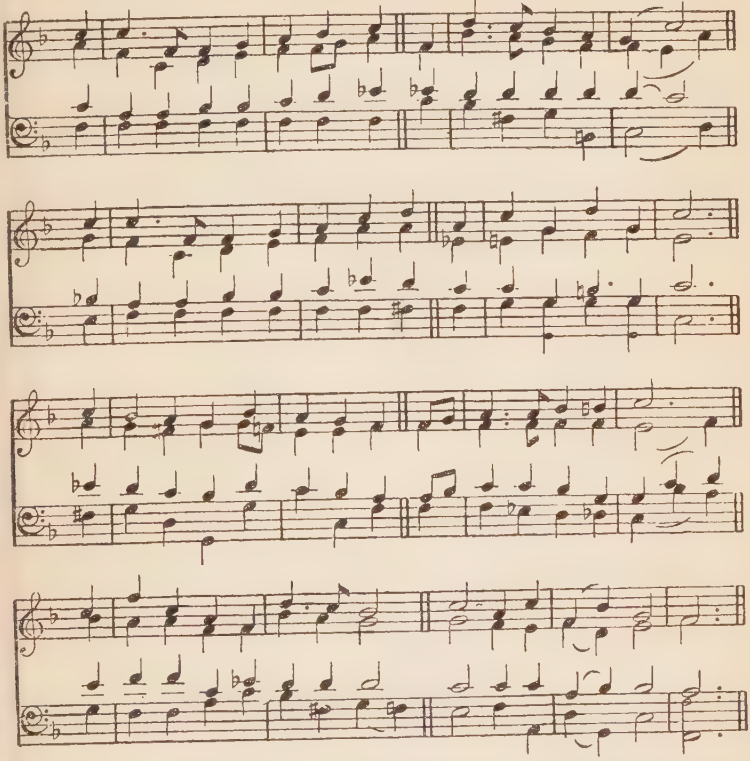


9 'Mong heathen say, Jehovah reigns:
The world shall steadfastly
Be fixed from moving; he shall judge
The peoples righteously.

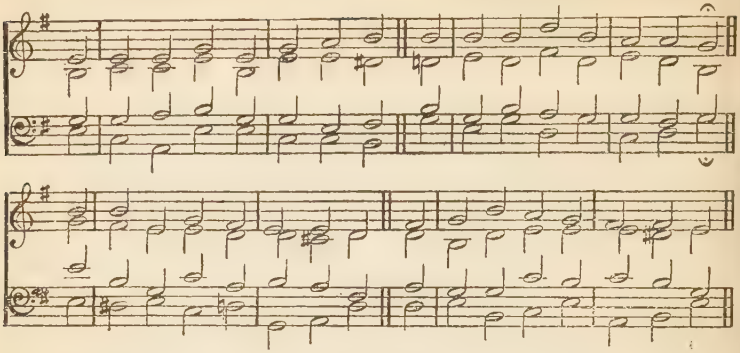
f 10 Let heavens be glad before the Lord,
And let the earth rejoice:
Let seas, and all their fulness roar,
And make a mighty noise.

f 11 Let fields rejoice, and every thing
That springeth of the earth:
Then woods and every tree shall sing
With gladness and with mirth

12 Before the Lord; because he comes,
To judge the earth comes he:
He'll judge the world with righteousness,
The peoples faithfully.

70 OLD SAXONY. L. M.

ANCIENT GERMAN CHORALE.
HARMONIZED BY W. H. HAVERGAL.



PSALM XCVII.

f JEHOVAH reigns; let earth be glad,
And all her islands clap their hands;
With clouds and darkness he is clad,
His throne in right and judgment stands.

2 A fiery stream before him goes,
And burns around him all his foes;
His lightning shafts, in vengeance hurled,
Blaze lurid o'er the trembling world.

mp 3 Like wax the mountains melt away,
Before his majesty divine;
mf The heavens his righteousness display,
All nations see his glory shine.

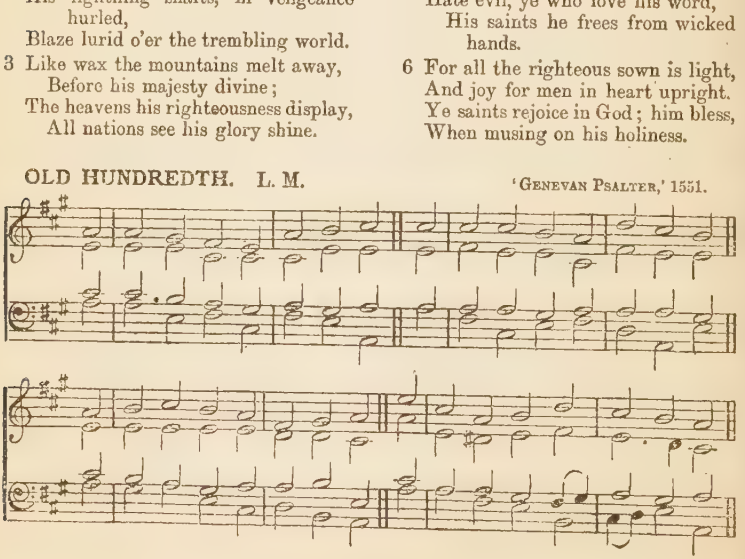
mp 4 Be shamed who idols serve and boast,
Fear him, ye gods, with all your host;
mf When Zion glad thy judgments heard,
Then Judah's daughters praised the Lord.

f 5 Exalted is thy throne, O LORD,
Above all gods, above all lands;
Hate evil, ye who love his word,
His saints he frees from wicked hands.

6 For all the righteous sown is light,
And joy for men in heart upright.
Ye saints rejoice in God; him bless,
When musing on his holiness.

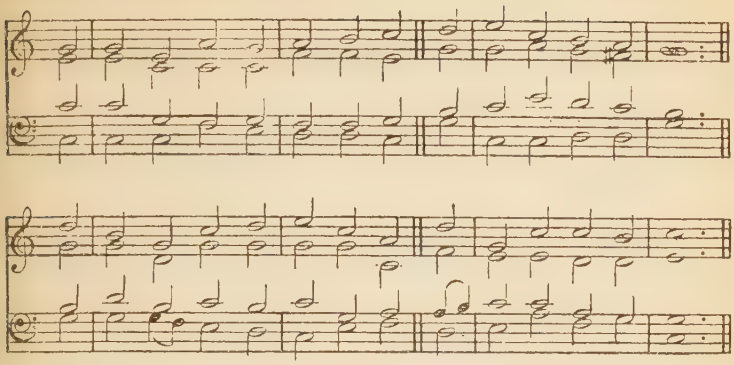
OLD HUNDREDTH. L. M.

'GENEVAN PSALTER,' 1551.



71 ST. LEONARD. C. M.

HENRY SMART



See also JACKSON, No. 52.

PSALM XCVIII.

nf O SING a new song to the LORD,
For wonders he hath done:
cr His right hand and his holy arm
Him victory hath won.

f 2 Jehovah his salvation hath
Now caused to be known;
His justice in the heathen's sight
He openly hath shown.

3 He mindful of his grace and truth
To Israel's house hath been;
And the salvation of our God
All ends of th' earth have seen.

f 4 Let all the earth unto the LORD
Send forth a joyful noise;
Lift up your voice aloud to him,
Sing praises, and rejoice.

5 With harp, with harp, and voice of psalms,
Unto Jehovah sing:
With trumpets, cornets, gladly sound
Before the LORD the King.

6 Let seas and all their fulness roar;
The world, and dwellers there;
Let floods clap hands, and let the hills
Together joy declare

7 Before the LORD; because he comes,
To judge the earth comes he;
He'll judge the world with righteousness,
The peoples uprightly.

72 OLD HUNDREDTH. L. M.

PSALM C.

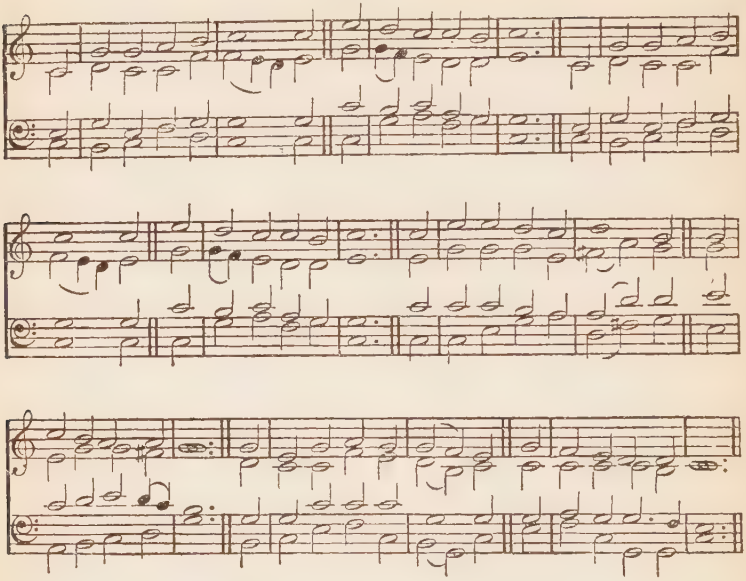
f ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the LORD with cheerful voice.
Him serve with mirth, his praise forth tell,
Come ye before him and rejoice.

mf 2 Know that the LORD is God indeed,
Without our aid he did us make;
We are his flock, he doth us feed,
And for his sheep he doth us take.

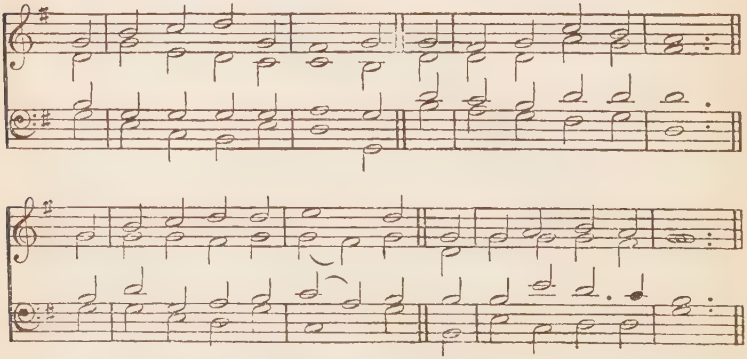
f 3 O enter then his gates with praise,
Approach with joy his courts unto: always
Praise, laud, and bless his name
For it is seemly so to do.

mf 4 For why? the LORD our God is good,
cr His mercy is forever sure;
f His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

73 ST. THEODULPH. 7.6.7.6. D. (First Tune.) Melchior Teschner.



ST. ALPHEGE. 7.6.7.6. (Second Tune.) H. J. Gauntlett.



Psalm CI.

mf OF mercy and of judgment,
O Lord, I'll sing to thee.
In wisdom and uprightness
Shall my behavior be.

mp 2 O when wilt thou, Jehovah,
To me in kindness come ?
With heart sincere and perfect
I'll walk within my home.

3 No work of sin I'll suffer
Before my eyes to be:
I hate the work of sinners,
It shall not cleave to me.

4 The man whose heart is froward,
Shall from my presence go.
None who in sin takes pleasure
Will I consent to know.

5 The tongue of secret slander
Shall from my sight depart;
High looks I will not suffer,
Nor yet the haughty heart.

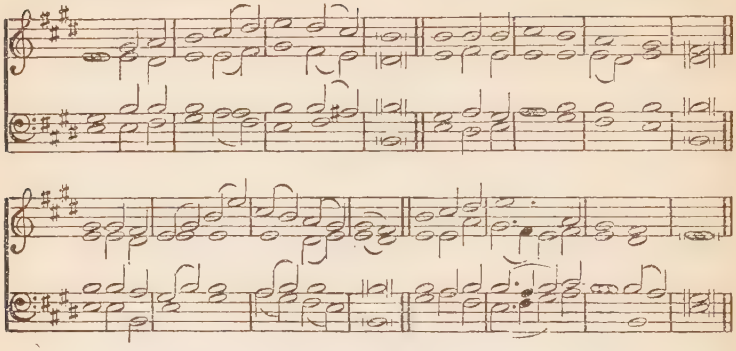
mf 6 My eyes shall seek the faithful,
That they may dwell with me;
The man who walks uprightly,
He shall my servant be.

mp 7 No man of works deceitful
Within my house shall dwell;
Nor in my sight shall tarry
The man who lies doth tell.

8 I'll everywhere on sinners
Inflict a swift reward;
To free from evil-doers
The city of the Lord.

74 DUKE STREET. L. M.

JOHN HATTON.



See also WAREHAM, No. 75.

PSALM CII. 13-22.

mf THOU shalt arise, and mercy yet
Thou to mount Zion shalt extend:
The time is come, the time that 's set,
When thou shalt favor to her send.

2 Thy saints take pleasure in her stones,
Her very dust to them is dear,
All heathen lands and kingly thrones
On earth thy glorious name shall fear.

f 3 For God in glory shall appear,
When Zion he builds and repairs;
dim He shall regard and lend his ear
Unto the needy's humble prayers:

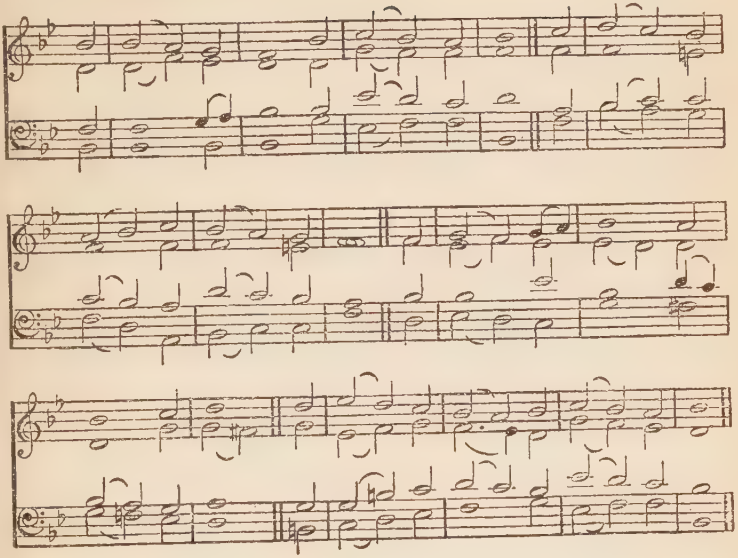
mp 4 The needy's prayer he will not scorn.
All times this shall be on record:
cr And generations yet unborn
f Shall praise and magnify the LORD.

mp 5 He from his holy place looked down,
The earth he viewed from heaven on high;
To hear the prisoner's mourning groan,
And free them that are doomed to die;

mf 6 That Zion, and Jerusalem too,
His name and praise may well record,
cr When peoples and the kingdoms do
f Assemble all to praise the LORD.

75 WAREHAM. L. M.

WILLIAM KNAPP.



PSALM CII. 25–28.

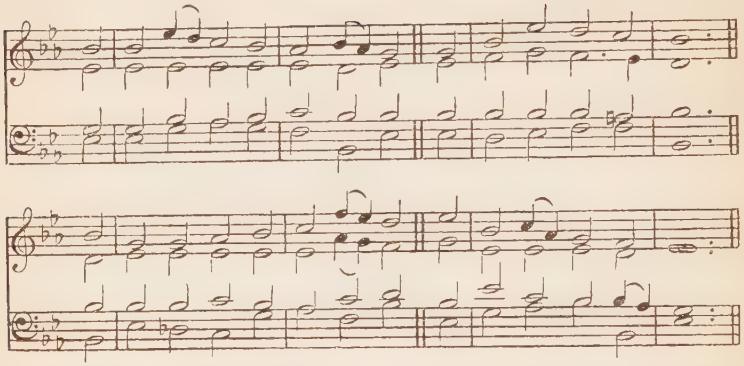
mf THY years, O God, through ages last,
And thou thyself of old hast laid
The earth's foundations firm and fast;
f Thy mighty hands the heavens have made.

mp 2 They perish shall, thou shalt abide;
They all like garments shall decay;
Thou shalt as robes them lay aside;
They shall be changed and pass away.

f 3 But from all changes thou art free,
Thy years forever shall endure;
Thy servants and their seed shall be
Before thee stablished ever sure.

76 JACKSON. C. M.

THOMAS JACKSON.



See also KILMARNOCK, No. 111, for Stanzas 11 to 15.

PSALM CIII.

mf O THOU my soul, bless God the LORD;
And all that in me is
Be stirrèd up his holy name
To magnify and bless.

mf 2 Bless, O my soul, the LORD thy God,
And not forgetful be
Of all his gracious benefits
He hath bestowed on thee.

mp 3 All thine iniquities who doth
Most graciously forgive:
cr Who thy diseases all and pains
Doth heal, and thee relieve.

4 Who doth redeem thy life, that thou
To death may'st not go down;
mf Who thee with lovingkindness doth
And tender mercies crown:

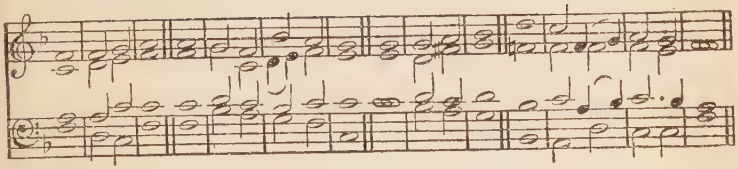
5 Who with abundance of good things
Doth satisfy thy mouth;
So that, even as the eagle's age,
Renewèd is thy youth.

6 God righteous judgment executes
For all oppressèd ones.
His ways to Moses, he his acts
Made known to Israel's sons.

mp 7 The LORD is of compassion full,
And gracious he is found;
To anger he is very slow,
In mercy doth abound.

8 He will not chide continually,
Nor keep his anger still.
With us he dealt not as we sinned,
Nor did requite our ill.

CHANT. RICHARD LANGDON.



PSALM CIII (*continued*).

9 For as the heaven in its height
The earth surmounteth far;
mf So great to those that do him fear
His tender mercies are:

cresc. 10 As far as east is distant from
The west, so far hath he
From us removèd, in his love.
All our iniquity.

p 11 Such pity as a father hath
Unto his children dear;
cresc. Like pity shows the LORD to such
As worship him in fear.

p 12 For he remembers we are dust,
And he our frame well knows.
Frail man, his days are like the grass,
As flower in field he grows:

p 13 For over it the wind doth pass,
And it away is gone;
And of the place where once it was
pp It shall no more be known.

mf 14 But unto them that do him fear
God's mercy never ends;
And to their children's children still
His righteousness extends:

15 To such as keep his covenant,
And mindful are alway
Of his commandments just and good,
That they may them obey.

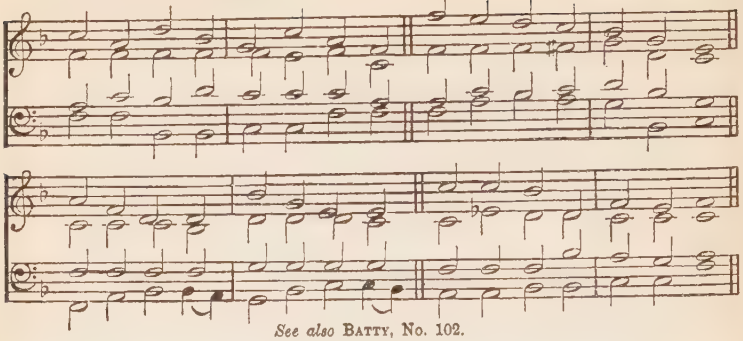
f 16 The LORD preparèd hath his throne
In heavens firm to stand;
And everything that being hath
His kingdom doth command.

17 O ye his angels, that excel
In strength, bless ye the LORD;
Ye who obey what he commands,
And hearken to his word.

ff 18 O bless and magnify the LORD,
Ye glorious hosts of his;
Ye ministers, that do fulfil
Whate'er his pleasure is.

f 19 O bless the LORD, all ye his works,
Wherewith the world is stored
In his dominions everywhere.
My soul, bless thou the LORD.

77 NEWTON FERNS. 8.7.8.7. SAMUEL SMITH.



See also BATTY, No. 102.

PSALM CIII.

mf O MY soul, bless thou Jehovah,
All within me bless his name;
Bless Jehovah, and forget not
All his mercies to proclaim.

mp 2 Who forgives all thy transgressions,
Thy diseases all who heals;
cr Who redeems thee from destruction,
Who with thee so kindly deals.

mf 3 Who with tender mercies crowns thee,
Who with good things fills thy mouth,
So that even like the eagle
Thou hast been restored to youth.

4 In his righteousness Jehovah
Will deliver those distressed;
He will execute just judgment
In the cause of all oppressed.

5 He made known his ways to Moses,
And his acts to Israel's race;
God is plentiful in mercy,
Slow to anger, rich in grace.

mp 6 He will not for ever chide us,
Nor keep anger in his mind,
Hath not dealt as we offended,
Nor rewarded as we sinned.

cr 7 For as high as is the heaven,
Far above the earth below;
mf Ever great to them that fear him
Is the mercy he will show.

8 Far as east from west is distant,
He hath put away our sin;
mp Like the pity of a father
Hath the LORD's compassion been.

p 9 Well he knows our frame, remembering
We are dust, our days like grass;
Man is like the flower blooming,
Till the hot winds o'er it pass.

pp 10 Then 'tis gone, and is remembered
By its former place no more;
mf But on them that fear Jehovah
Rests his mercy evermore.

11 As it was without beginning,
So it lasts without an end:
To their children's children ever
Shall his righteousness extend;

12 Unto such as keep his covenant,
And are steadfast in his way;
Unto those who still remember
His commandments and obey.

f 13 In the heavens high, Jehovah
Hath for him prepared a throne,
And throughout his vast dominion
All his works his power shall own.

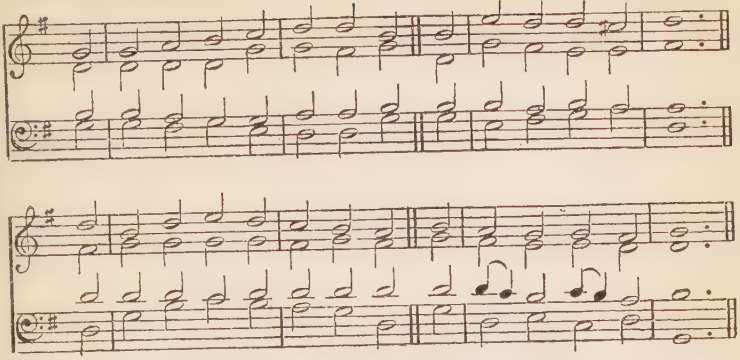
14 Bless Jehovah, ye his angels,
Spirits that excel in might;
Ye who hear what he commands
Ye that do it with delight. [you,

ff 15 Bless and magnify Jehovah,
All ye hosts that do his will;
Ye his servants, ever ready
All his pleasure to fulfil.

f 16 Bless Jehovah, all his creatures
Ever under his control;
All throughout his vast dominion.
dim Bless Jehovah, O my soul.

78 DUNFERMLINE. C. M.

'Scottish Psalter,' 1615.



Psalm CIV. 1–5, 31, 33.

f BLESS God, my soul. O Lord my God,
Thou art exceeding great;
With honor and with majesty
Thou clothèd art in state.

mf 2 With light, as with a robe, thyself
Thou coverest about;
And, like the curtain of a tent,
The heavens thou stretchest out.

3 Who of his chambers doth the beams
Within the waters lay;
Who doth the clouds his chariot make,
On wings of wind make way.

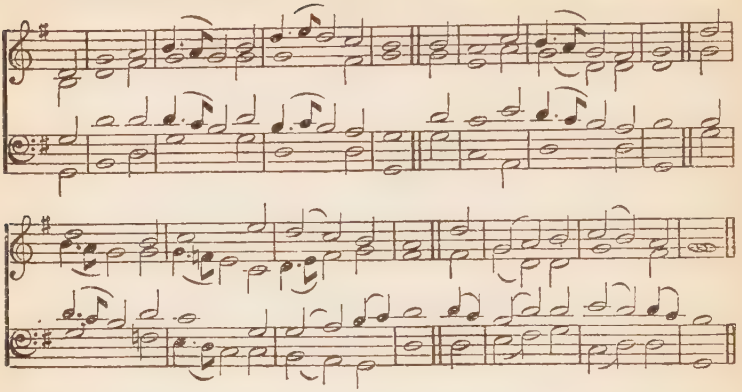
cr 4 Who doth the flames his ministers,
The winds his angels make;
Who earth's foundations firm did lay,
That it should never shake.

f 5 The glory of Jehovah shall
Endure while ages run;
The Lord Almighty shall rejoice
In all that he hath done.

6 I to the Lord will gladly sing
As long as I shall live;
And while I being have, I will
To my God praises give.

79 GLASGOW. C. M.

Moore's 'Psalm Singer's Pocket Companion,' 1756.



Psalm CV. 1–6.

f GIVE thanks to God, call on his name;
To men his deeds make known.
Sing ye to him, sing psalms; proclaim
His wondrous works each one.

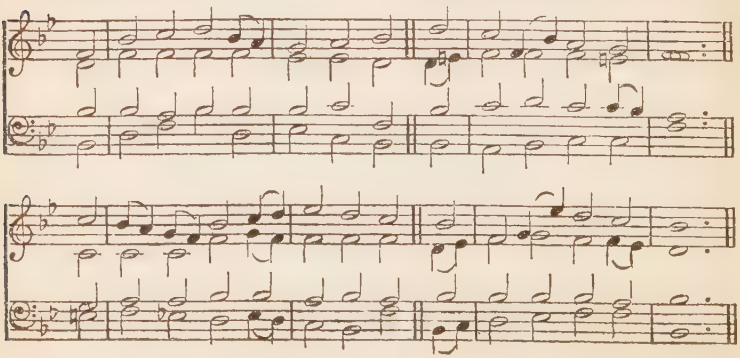
mf 2 To glory in his holy name
Unite with one accord;
cr And let the heart of every one
Rejoice that seeks the Lord.

mf 3 The Lord Almighty, and his strength,
With steadfast hearts seek ye:
His blessèd and his gracious face
Seek ye continually.

4 Remember all his wondrous works,
The marvels he hath done,
cr The righteous judgments of his mouth
Remember them each one.

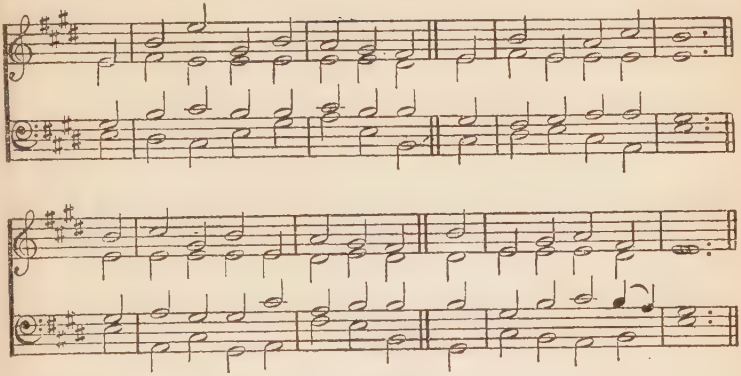
TIVERTON. C. M.

'Grigg,' in Rippon's Collection, 1806.



80 ST. DAVID. C. M.

PLAYFORD'S 'WHOLE BOOK OF PSALMS,' 1677.



PSALM CVI. 1–5.

GIVE praise and thanks unto the LORD,
For bountiful is he;
His tender mercy doth endure
To all eternity.

f 2 God's mighty works who can express?
Or show forth all his praise?
Blessèd are they that judgment keep,
And justly do always.

mp 3 Remember me, LORD, with that love
Which thou to thine dost bear;
cr With thy salvation, O my God,
To visit me draw near:

mf 4 That I thy chosen's good may see,
And in their joy rejoice;
cr And may with thine inheritance
Triumph with cheerful voice.

81 TIVERTON. C. M.

PSALM CVII. 1–9.

PRAISE ye the LORD, for he is good,
His mercies lasting be.
Let his redeemed say so, whom he
From hand of foes did free;

2 And gathered them out of the lands,
From north, south, east, and west.
im They strayed in desert's pathless way
No city found to rest.

mp 3 Their weary soul within them faints,
When thirst and hunger press;
In trouble then they cry to God,
He frees them from distress.

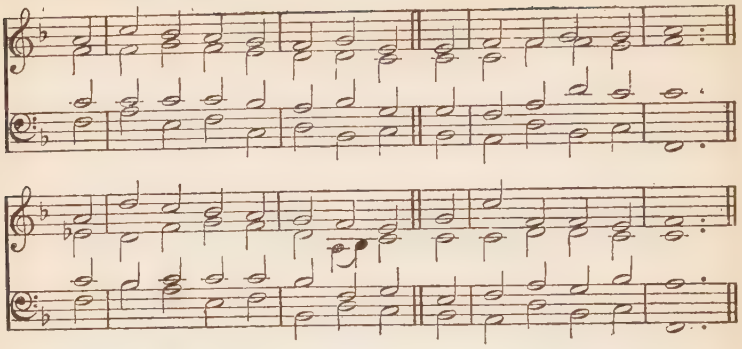
4 Them also in a way to walk
That right is he did guide,
mf That they might to a city go,
Wherein they might abide.

f 5 O that men to the LORD would give
Praise for his goodness then,
And for his works of wonder done
Unto the sons of men!

6 For he the soul that longing is
Doth fully satisfy;
With goodness he the hungry soul
Doth fill abundantly.

82 ALBANO. C. M.

VINCENT NOVELLO.



PSALM CVII. 23–31.

mf TO those who go to sea in ships,
And in great waters trade,
Jehovah's works and wonders great
Are in the deep displayed.

2 For he commands, and forth in haste
The stormy tempest flies,
Which makes the sea with rolling waves
Aloft to swell and rise.

3 They mount to heaven, then to the depths
They downward go again;
dim Their soul doth faint and melt away
With trouble and with pain.

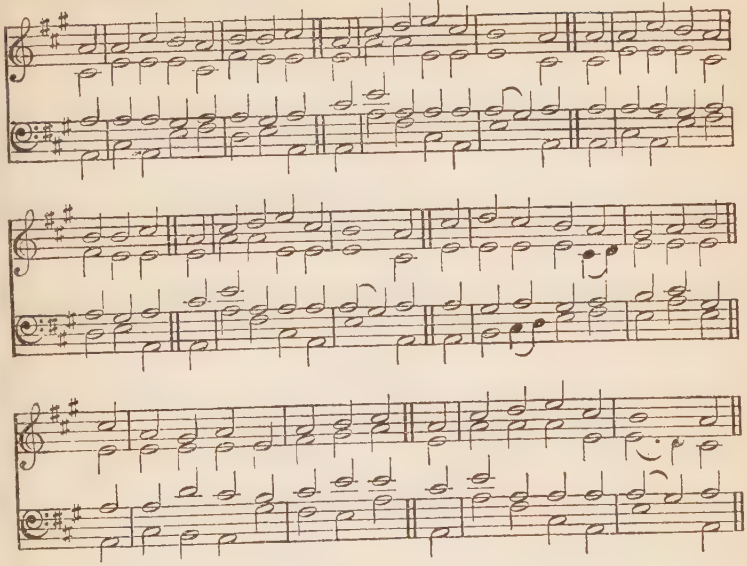
mp 4 They reel and stagger like one drunk.
They are at their wit's end;
cr Then they to God in trouble cry,
And he relief doth send.

mp 5 The storm is changed into a calm
At his command and will;
And so the waves which raged before
Now quiet are and still.

cr 6 Then they are glad, because at rest
And quiet now they be:
So to the haven he them brings
Which they desired to see.

f 7 O that men to the LORD would give
Praise for his goodness then,
And for his works of wonder done
Unto the sons of men!

83 LUTHER'S HYMN. 8.7.8.7.8.8.7. MARTIN LUTHER.



PSALM CX.

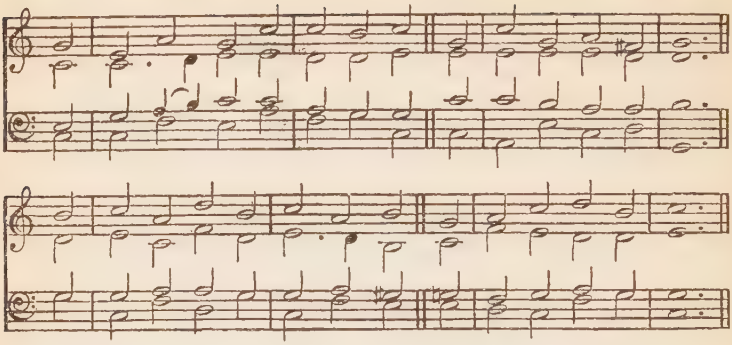
mf UNTO my lord Jehovah said,
At my right hand I throne thee,
cr Till at thy feet, in triumph laid,
Thy foes their ruler own thee.
f From Zion hill the LORD shall send
Thy sceptre, till before thee bend
The knees of proud rebellion.

mf 2 Thy saints, to greet thy day of might,
In holy raiment muster:
mp As dew drops in the morning light
Thy youths around thee cluster.
f The LORD hath sworn and made decree,
Thou, like Melchizedek, shalt be
A kingly priest forever.

3 The Lord at thy right hand shall bring
On rulers desolation;
The Lord shall smite each heathen king,
And judge each rebel nation.
cr He, swiftly marching in his wrath,
Shall quaff the brook upon his path,
And lift his head in glory.

84 ST. ANN. C. M.

WILLIAM CROFT.



PSALM CX.

mf THE LORD did say unto my lord,
Sit thou at my right hand,
cr Until I make thy foes a stool,
Whereon thy feet may stand.

f 2 The LORD shall out of Zion send
The rod of thy great power:
In midst of all thine enemies
Be thou the governor.

mf 3 A willing people in thy day
Of power shall come to thee,
mp In holy beauties from morn's womb;
Thy youth like dew shall be.

f 4 The LORD hath sworn, and from his oath
He never will depart,
Of the order of Melchizedek
A priest thou ever art.

5 The glorious and mighty Lord,
That sits at thy right hand,
Shall, in his day of wrath, strike through
Kings that do him withstand.

mf 6 He shall among the heathen judge,
He shall with bodies dead
The places fill; o'er many lands
He wound shall every head.

7 The brook that runneth in the way
With drink shall him supply;
f And, for this cause, in triumph he
Shall lift his head on high.

85 GAINSBOROUGH. C. M.

PSALM CXI. 1–4.

f PRAISE ye the LORD; with my whole heart
The LORD's praise I'll declare,
Where the assemblies of the just
And congregations are.

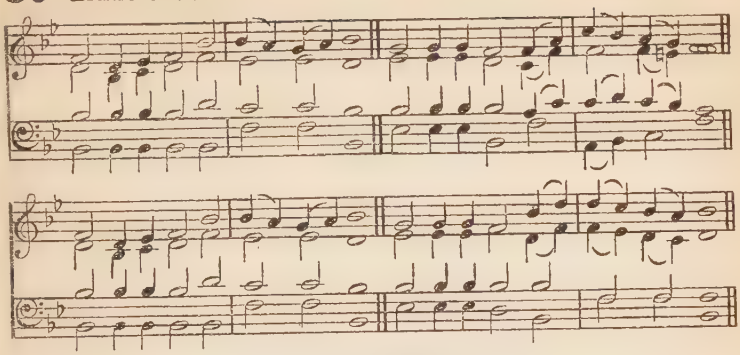
2 The doings of Jehovah are
Exceeding great in might;
Sought out they are of every one
That doth therein delight.

3 His work most honorable is,
Most glorious and pure,
And his untainted righteousness
Forever doth endure.

4 His works most wondrous he hath made
Remembered still to be;
mf The LORD is most compassionate,
And merciful is he.

86 ERNAN. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.



PSALM CXII.

HOW blest the man that fears the LORD,
And makes his law his chief delight;
His seed shall share his great reward,
And on the earth be men of might.

2 A bounding wealth shall bless his home,
His righteousness shall still endure,
To him shall light arise in gloom;
He's kind, compassionate and pure.

3 The good will favor show, and lend,
And his affairs discreetly guide;
Unmoved he stands till life shall end,
His name and honor shall abide.

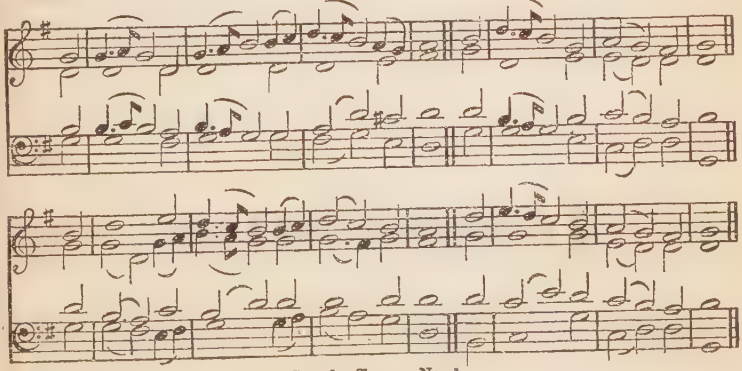
4 No evil tidings shall he fear:
His heart doth on the LORD repose;
He stands unmoved by dangers near,
Till he shall see his prostrate foes.

5 Dispersing gifts among the poor,
His liberal hands their want supply;
His righteousness shall still endure,
His power shall be exalted high.

p 6 The wicked shall his honor see,
Consume with grief, and gnash and wail;
Their hopes shall disappointed be,
And their desires forever fail.

GAINSBOROUGH. C. M.

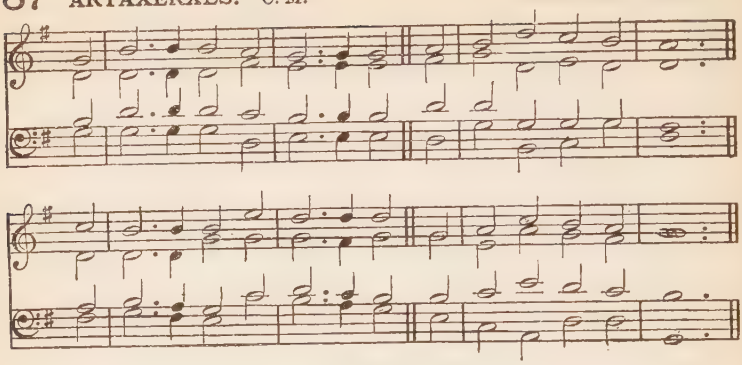
ISAAC SMITH.



See also TALLIS, No. 1.

87 ARTAXERXES. C. M.

ALTERED FROM DR. ARNE.



See also Chant No. 57.

PSALM CXVI.

mf I LOVE the LORD, because my voice
And prayers he did hear.
I, while I live, will call on him,
Who bowed to me his ear.

p 2 The cords of death on every side
Encompassed me around;
pp The sorrows of the grave me seized,
I grief and trouble found.

mp 3 Then on the LORD's name did I call
And unto him did say,
p Deliver thou my soul, O LORD,
cr I do thee humbly pray.

mf 4 God merciful and righteous is,
Yea, gracious is our LORD.
God saves the meek: (*p*) I was brought low,
cr He did me help afford.

mp 5 O thou my soul, do thou return
Unto thy quiet rest;
cr For largely unto thee the LORD
His bounty hath exprest.

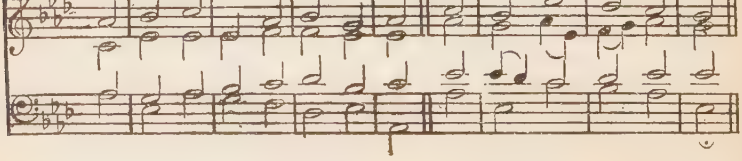
mf 6 For mine afflicted soul from death
Delivered was by thee;
cr Thou didst my mourning eyes from tears,
My feet from falling, free.

7 I in the land of those that live
Will walk the LORD before.
I did believe, I therefore spake:
mp I was afflicted sore.

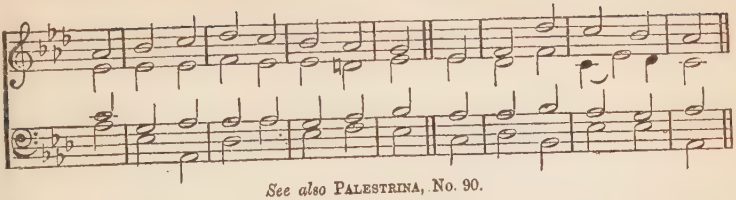
8 I said, when I was in my haste,
That all men liars be.
cr What shall I render to the LORD
For all his gifts to me?

ST. PAUL. C. M.

JAMES CHALMERS' COLLECTION, 1748 or 1749.



PSALM CXVI (*continued*).



See also PALESTRINA, No. 90.

f 9 I'll of salvation take the cup,
And on the LORD's name call;
I'll pay my vows unto the LORD
Before his people all.

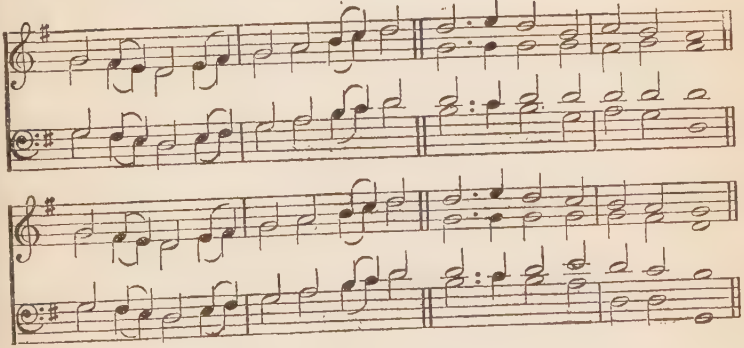
p 10 Dear in his sight is his saints' death,
Thy servant, LORD, am I;
Thy servant and thine handmaid's son;
My bands thou didst untie.

mf 11 Thank-offerings I to thee will give,
And on the LORD's name call.
cr I'll pay my vows now to the LORD
Before his people all,

f 12 Within the courts of God's own house,
Within the midst of thee,
O city of Jerusalem.
ff Praise to the LORD give ye!

88 ANGEL CHOIR. 8.7.8.7.

JOHN H. GOWER.



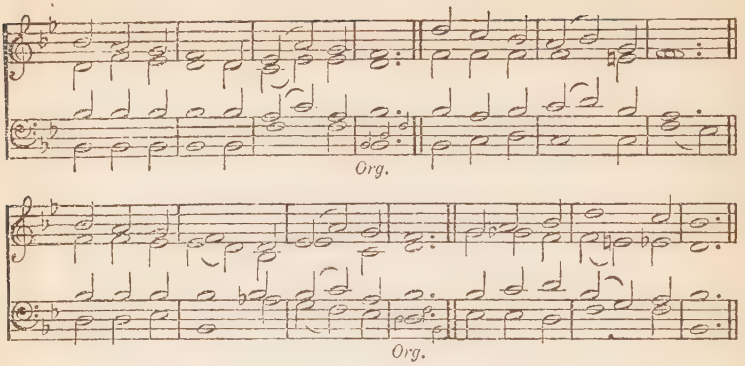
PSALM CXVII.

f PRAISE Jehovah, all ye nations,
All ye people praise proclaim;
For his grace and lovingkindness,
O sing praises to his name.

mf 2 Great to us hath been his mercy,
Ever faithful is his word;
cr Through all ages it endureth.
ff Hallelujah, praise the LORD!

89 SAWLEY. C.M.

JAMES WALCH.



PSALM CXVIII. 19–29.

mf OPEN ye open unto me
The gates of righteousness;
Then will I enter into them,
And I the LORD will bless.

2 This is the gate of God, by it
The just shall enter in.
cr Thee will I praise, for thou me heard'st
And hast my safety been.

mf 3 That stone is made head corner-stone,
Which builders did despise;
cr This is the doing of the LORD,
And wondrous in our eyes.

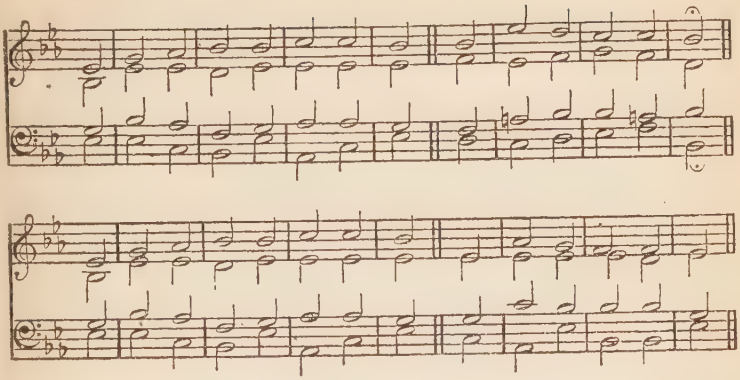
f 4 This is the day the LORD hath made,
In it rejoice will we.
dim Save, LORD, I pray thee; LORD, I pray,
Send now prosperity.

f 5 Blest in the LORD's great name is he
That cometh us among;
We bless you from the house which doth
Unto the LORD belong.

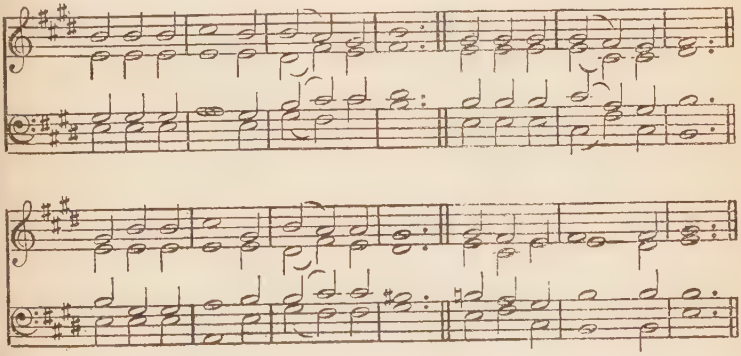
mf 6 The LORD is God, and he to us
Hath made the light arise;
Bind ye unto the altar's horns
With cords the sacrifice.

f 7 Thou art my God, I'll thee exalt;
My God, I will thee praise.
Praise ye the LORD, for he is good:
His mercy lasts always.

90 TALLIS. C. M. (First Tune.) Thomas Tallis.



PALESTRINA. C. M. (Second Tune.) From Palestrina.



Psalm CXIX. 1–6.

f BLESSÈD are they that undefiled
And straight are in the way;
Who in the Lord's most holy law
Do walk, and do not stray.

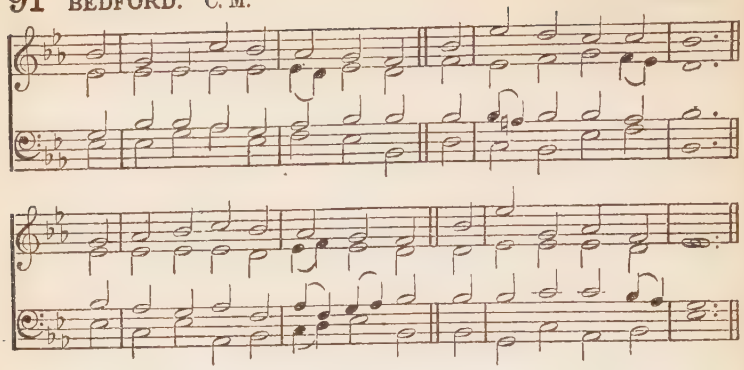
2 Blessèd are they who to observe
His statutes are inclined;
And who do seek the living God
With their whole heart and mind.

3 Such in his ways do walk, and they
Do no iniquity.
Thou hast commanded us to keep
Thy precepts carefully.

mp 4 O that thy statutes to observe
Thou wouldst my ways direct!
cr Then shall I not be shamed, when I
Thy precepts all respect.

91 BEDFORD. C. M.

WILLIAM WHEALL.



PSALM CXIX. 9–16.

mp BY what means shall a young man [learn
His way to purify?
cr If he according to thy word
Thereto attentive be.

2 Unfeignèdly thee have I sought
With all my soul and heart:
O let me not from the right path
Of thy commands depart.

3 Thy word I in my heart have hid,
That I offend not thee.
O LORD, thou ever blessèd art,
Thy statutes teach thou me.

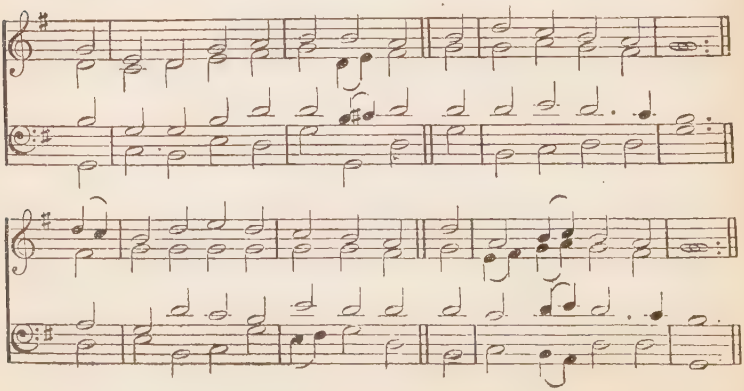
mf 4 The judgments of thy mouth each [one
My lips declarèd have:
cr More joy thy testimonies' way
Than riches all me gave.

mp 5 I will thy holy precepts make
My meditation still;
And have respect to all thy ways
Most carefully I will.

mf 6 Upon thy statutes my delight
Shall constantly be set:
And, by thy grace, I never will
Thy holy word forget.

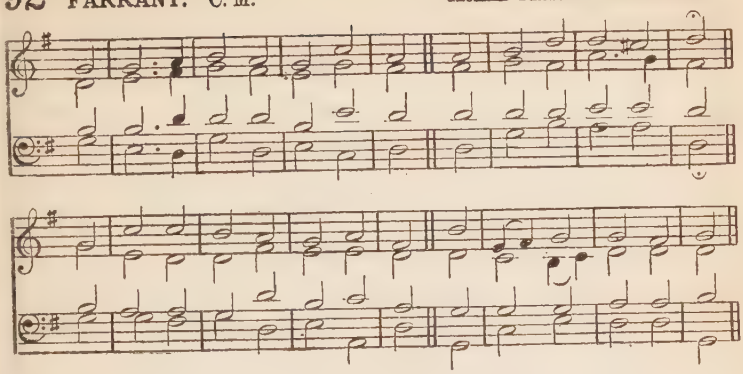
GRÄFENBERG. C. M.

JOHANN CRÜGER.



92 FARRANT. C. M.

RICHARD FARRANT or JOHN HILTON.



PSALM CXIX. 33-37.

p TEACH me, O LORD, the perfect way
Of thy precepts divine,
And to observe it to the end
I shall my heart incline.

p 2 Give understanding unto me,
So keep thy law shall I;
Yea, even with my whole heart I shall
Observe it carefully.

mf 3 In thy law's path make me to go;
For I delight therein.
My heart unto thy precepts turn,
And not to greed incline.

mp 4 O do thou turn away mine eyes
From viewing vanity;
cr And in thy good and holy way
Be pleased to quicken me.

93 GRÄFENBERG. C. M.

PSALM CXIX. 57-60.

mf THOU my sure portion art alone,
Which I did choose, O LORD:
I have resolved, and said, that I
Would keep thy holy word.

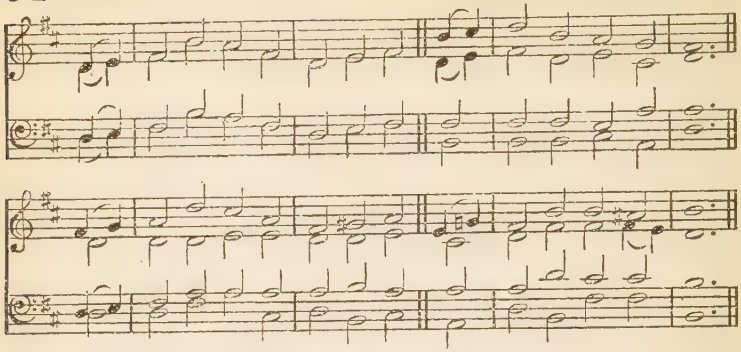
2 With my whole heart I did entreat
Thy face and favor free:
dim According to thy gracious word
Be merciful to me.

mp 3 I thought upon my former ways,
And did my life well try;
cr And to thy testimonies pure
My feet then turnèd I.

4 I did not stay, nor linger long,
As those that slothful are;
mf But hastily thy laws to keep
Myself I did prepare.

94 FELIX. C. M.

ARRANGED FROM MENDELSSOHN.



PSALM CXIX. 89–94, 129, 133.

mf THY word forever is, O LORD,
In heaven settled fast;
And unto generations all
Thy faithfulness doth last:

2 The earth by thee established was,
By thee it doth remain.
This day they stand thy servants all,
For thou didst so ordain.

mp 3 Unless in thy most perfect law
My soul delights had found,
I should have perished at the time
My troubles did abound.

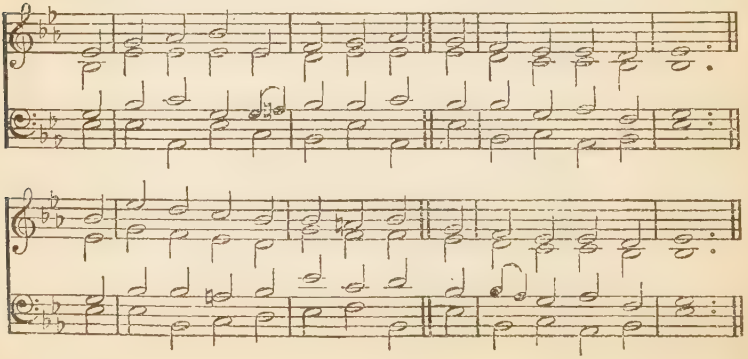
mf 4 Thy precepts I will ne'er forget;
They quickening to me brought.
Lord, I am thine; O save thou me:
Thy precepts I have sought.

5 Thy statutes, LORD, are wonderful,
My soul them keeps with care.
The entrance of thy words gives light,
Makes wise who simple are.

mp 6 O let my footsteps in thy word
Aright still ordered be:
Let no iniquity obtain
Dominion over me.

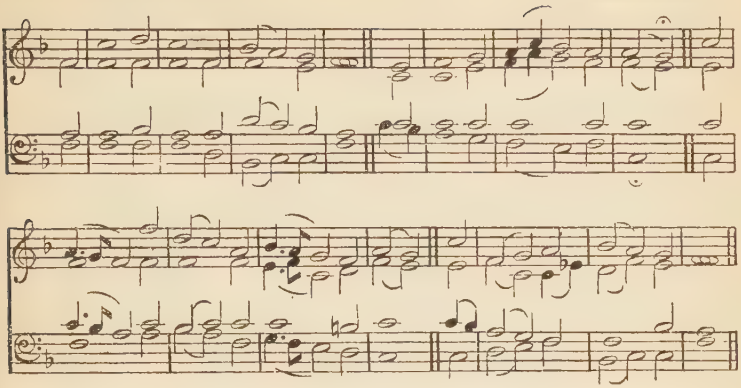
FRENCH. C. M.

'SCOTTISH PSALTER,' 1615.



95 HUDDERSFIELD. C. M.

MARTIN MADAN.



See also FARRANT, No. 38.

PSALM CXIX. 169–176.

mp O LET my earnest prayer and cry
Come near before thee, LORD:
Give understanding unto me,
According to thy word.

2 Let my request before thee come:
After thy word me free.
cr My lips shall utter praise, for thou
Hast taught thy laws to me.

mf 3 My tongue of thy most blessèd word
Shall speak, and it confess;
For truly thy commandments all
Are perfect righteousness.

4 Let thy strong hand be near to help,
Thy precepts are my choice.
I longed for thy salvation, LORD,
And in thy law rejoice.

5 Let my soul live, and then it shall
cr Give praises unto thee;
And let thy judgments gracious
Be helpful unto me.

mp 6 I, like a lost sheep, went astray;
Thy servant seek, and find:
cr For thy commands I suffer not
To slip out of my mind.

96 FRENCH. C. M. PSALM CXXI.

mf I TO the hills will lift mine eyes,
From whence doth come mine aid.
My safety cometh from the LORD,
Who heaven and earth hath made.

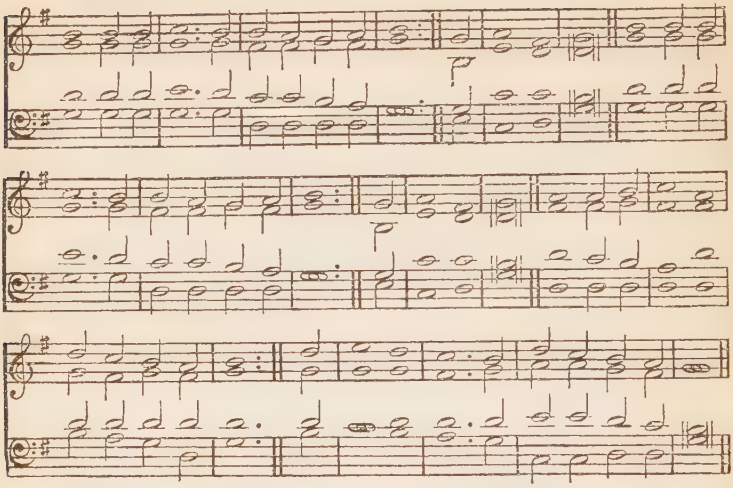
mp 2 Thy foot he'll not let slide, nor will
He slumber that thee keeps.
cr Behold, he that keeps Israel,
He slumbers not, nor sleeps.

mf 3 The LORD thee keeps, the LORD thy shade
On thy right hand doth stay:
cr The moon by night thee shall not smite,
Nor yet the sun by day.

4 The LORD shall keep thy soul; he shall
Preserve thee from all ill.
f Henceforth thy going out and in
God keep for ever will.

97 SANDON. 10. 4. 10. 4. 10. 10.

C. H. Purday.



Psalm CXXI.

mp UNTO the hills around do I lift up
My longing eyes,
Oh whence for me shall my salvation come,
From whence arise?
mf From God the Lord doth come my certain aid,
From God the Lord, who heaven and earth hath made.

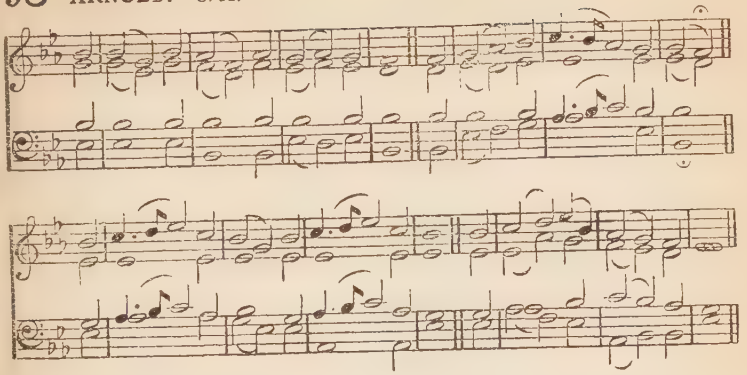
mp 2 He will not suffer that thy foot be moved:
Safe shalt thou be.
No careless slumber shall his eyelids close,
Who keepeth thee.
mf Behold, he sleepeth not, he slumbereth ne'er,
Who keepeth Israel in his holy care.

3 Jehovah is himself thy keeper true;
Thy changeless shade
Jehovah evermore on thy right hand
Himself hath made.
And thee no sun by day shall ever smite,
No moon shall harm thee in the silent night.

4 From every evil shall he keep thy soul,
From every sin:
Jehovah shall preserve thy going out,
Thy coming in.
Above thee watching, he whom we adore
cr Shall keep thee henceforth, yea, for evermore.

98 ARNOLD. C. M.

SAMUEL ARNOLD.



PSALM CXXII.

f I JOYED when to the house of God,
Go up, they said to me.
Jerusalem, within thy gates
Our feet shall standing be.

mf 2 Jerusalem, as a city is
Compactly built together:
Unto that place the tribes go up,
The tribes of God go thither,—

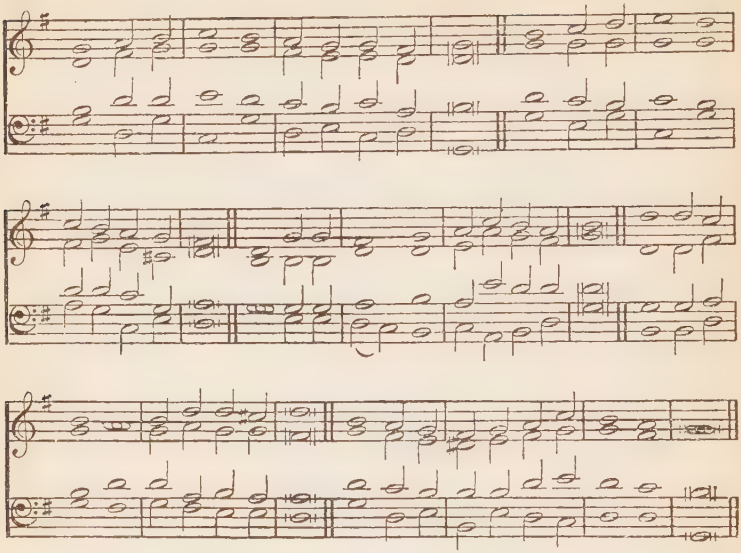
3 A statute this for Israel,—
To God's name thanks to pay.
For thrones of judgment, even the thrones
Of David's house, there stay.

p 4 Pray that Jerusalem may have
Peace and felicity:
cr Let them that love thee and thy peace
Have still prosperity.

mp 5 Therefore I wish that peace may still
Within thy walls remain,
cr And ever may thy palaces
Prosperity retain.

mf 6 Now, for my friends' and brethren's sakes,
Peace be in thee, I'll say.
cr And for the house of God the LORD
I'll seek thy good alway.

99 **OLD 124TH.** 10.10.10.10.10. GENEVAN PSALTER,' 1551.



PSALM CXXIV.

mf NOW Israel
May say, and that truly,
If that the LORD
Had not our cause maintained;
If that the LORD
Had not our right sustained,
mp When cruel men
Against us furiously
cr Rose up in wrath,
To make of us their prey;

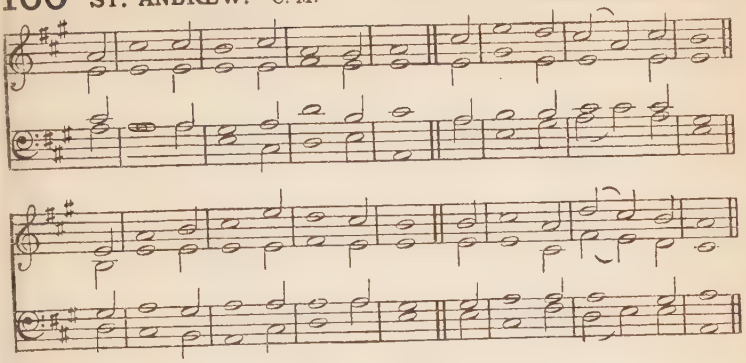
mp 2 Then certainly
They had devoured us all,
And swallowed quick,
For ought that we could deem;
cr Such was their rage,
As we might well esteem.
mf And as fierce floods
Before them all things drown,
dim So had they brought
Our soul to death quite down.

mp 3 The raging streams,
With their proud swelling waves,
Had then our soul
O'erwhelmèd in the deep.
mf Blest be the LORD,
Who doth us safely keep,
cr And hath not given
Us for a living prey
Unto their teeth,
And bloody cruelty.

mp 4 Even as a bird
Out of the fowler's snare
cr Escapes away,
mf So is our soul set free:
f Broke is their net,
And thus escaped are we.
ff Therefore our help
Is in the LORD's great name,
Who heaven and earth
By his great power did frame.

100 ST. ANDREW. C. M.

TANSUR'S 'NEW HARMONY OF SION,' 1764.



PSALM CXXV.

THEY in the LORD that firmly trust
Shall be like Zion hill,
Which at no time can be removed,
But standeth ever still.

f 2 As round about Jerusalem
The mountains stand alway,
The LORD his folk doth compass so,
From henceforth and for aye.

mp 3 For ill men's rod upon the lot
Of just men shall not lie;
Lest righteous men stretch forth their hands
Unto iniquity.

mf 4 Do thou to all those that be good
Thy goodness, LORD, impart;
And do thou good to those that are
Upright within their heart.

mp 5 But as for such as turn aside
After their crooked way,
God shall lead forth with wicked men;
mf On Israel peace shall stay.

101 ST. ANDREW. C. M. PSALM CXXVI.

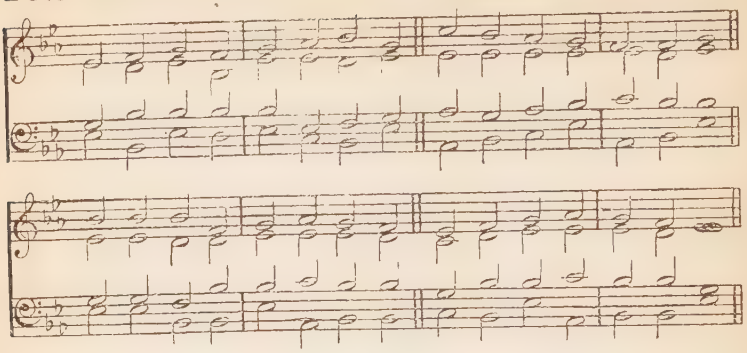
mp WHEN Zion's bondage God turned back,
As men that dreamed were we.
cr Then filled with laughter was our mouth,
Our tongue with melody:

mf 2 They 'mong the heathen said, The LORD
Great things for them hath wrought.
cr The LORD hath done great things for us,
Whence joy to us is brought.

mp 3 As streams of water in the south,
Our bondage, LORD, recall.
cr Who sow in tears, a reaping time
Of joy enjoy they shall.

mf 4 That man who, bearing precious seed,
In going forth doth mourn,
cr He, doubtless, bringing back his sheaves,
f Rejoicing shall return.

102 BATTY. 8.7.8.7. Johann Thommen's 'Choralbuch,' 1745.



Psalm CXXVIII.

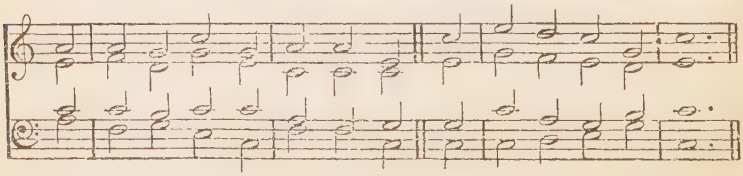
mf BLEST the man who fears Jehovah,
Walking ever in his ways;
Thou shalt eat of thy hands' labor,
And be happy all thy days.

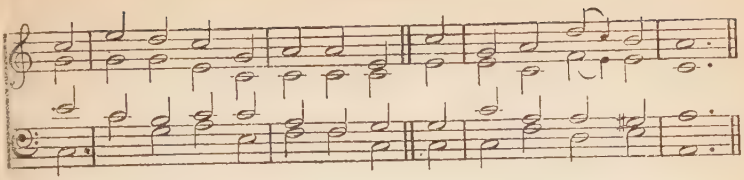
2 Like a vine in fruit abounding,
In thy house thy wife is found;
And like olive-plants, thy children
Compassing thy table round.

f 3 Lo, on him that fears Jehovah
Shall this blessedness attend;
Thus Jehovah out of Zion
Shall to thee his blessings send.

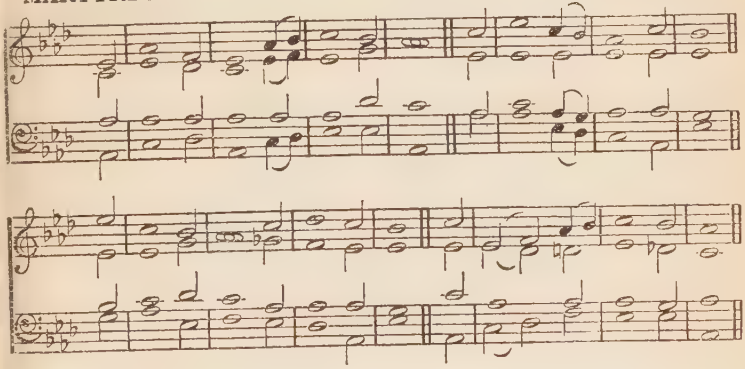
4 Thou shalt see Jerusalem prosper,
Long as thou on earth shalt dwell;
Thou shalt see thy children's children,
And the peace of Israel.

103 COLESHILL. C. M. (First Tune.) William Barton's Psalms, 1706.





MARTYRDOM. C. M. (Second Tune.) Hugh Wilson.



Psalm CXXX.

p LORD, from the depths to thee I cried,
My voice, Lord, do thou hear:
Unto my supplication's voice
Give an attentive ear.

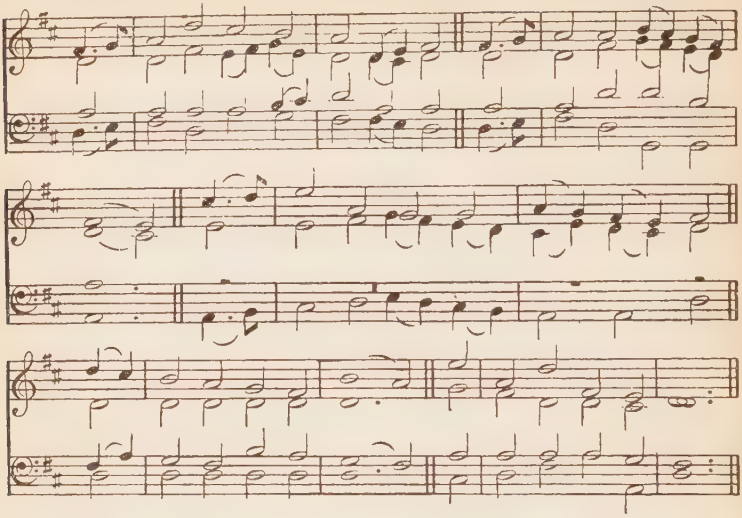
p 2 Lord, who shall stand, if thou, O Lord,
Shouldst mark iniquity?
cr But yet with thee forgiveness is,
That feared thou mayest be.

mp 3 I wait for God, my soul doth wait,
My hope is in his word.
cr More than they that for morning watch,
My soul waits for the Lord;

mf 4 I say, more than they that do watch
The morning light to see.
cr Let Israel hope in the Lord,
For with him mercies be;

f 5 Redemption also plenteous
Is ever found with him.
And from all his iniquities
He Israel shall redeem.

104 NEW SAXONY. C. M. (*with repeat*). ADAPTED FROM HANDEL



PSALM CXXXII. 7–9, 13–16.

mp WE'LL to God's tabernacles go,
And at his footstool bow.
cr Arise, O LORD, into thy rest,
Th' ark of thy strength, and thou.
Th' ark of thy strength, and thou.

mf 2 O let thy priests be clothèd, Lord,
With truth and righteousness;
cr And let all those that are thy saints
f Shout loud for joyfulness.

mf 3 For God of Zion hath made choice:
There he desires to dwell.
This is my rest, here still I'll stay;
For I do like it well.

4 Her food I'll greatly bless; her poor
With bread will satisfy.
Her priests I'll with salvation clothe,
f Her saints shall shout for joy.

mf 5 And there will I make David's horn
To bud forth pleasantly;
For him that mine anointed is
A lamp ordained have I.

mp 6 As with a garment I will clothe
With shame his enemies all:
mf But yet the crown that he doth wear
cr Upon him flourish shall.

105 EASTGATE. C. M. PSALM CXXXIII.

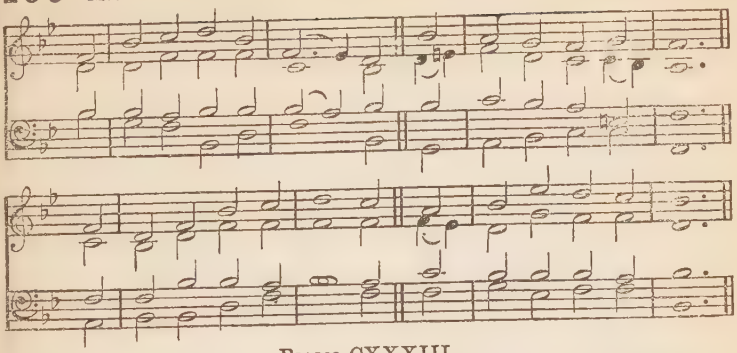
mf BEHOLD, how good a thing it is,
And how becoming well,
Together such as brethren are
In unity to dwell!
In unity to dwell!

2 Like precious ointment on the head,
That down the beard did flow,
Even Aaron's beard, and to the skirts
Did of his garments go.

3 As Hermon's dew, the dew that doth
On Zion hills descend:
cr For there the blessing God commands,
Life that shall never end.

106 MINTO. 7.6.7.6.

CONRAD KOCHER.



PSALM CXXXIII.

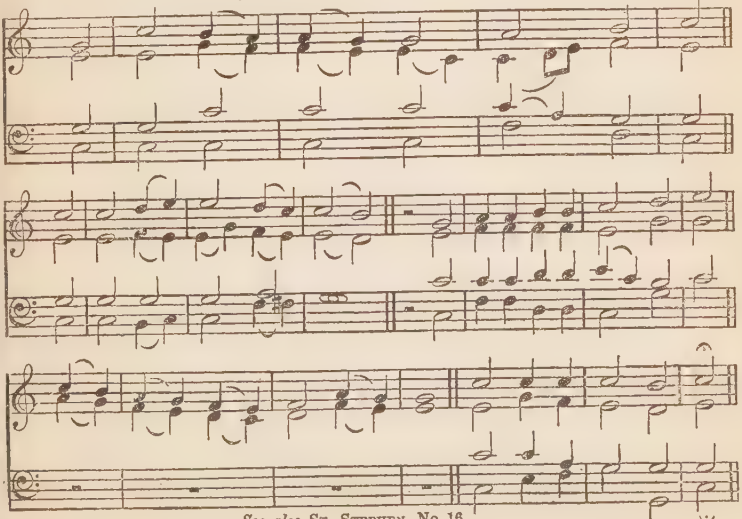
BEHOLD, how good and pleasant,
And how becoming well,
Where brethren all united
In peace together dwell.

2 'Tis like the precious ointment
That on the head did flow,
Which down the beard of Aaron
Did o'er his vesture go.

3 Like dews which on Mount Hermon
And Zion hills descend;
or There God commands the blessing,
Life that shall never end.

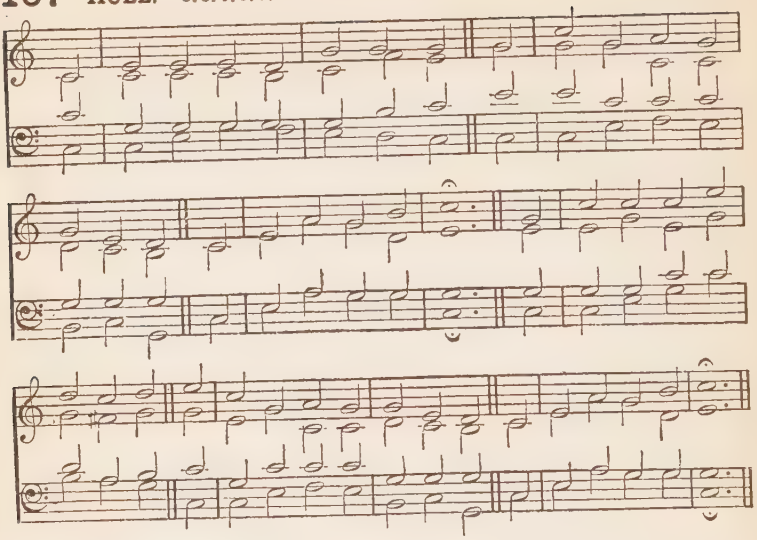
EASTGATE. C. M. (*with repeat*).

ROBERT BENNETT.



See also ST. STEPHEN, No. 16.

107 HULL. 8.8.6.8.8.6.



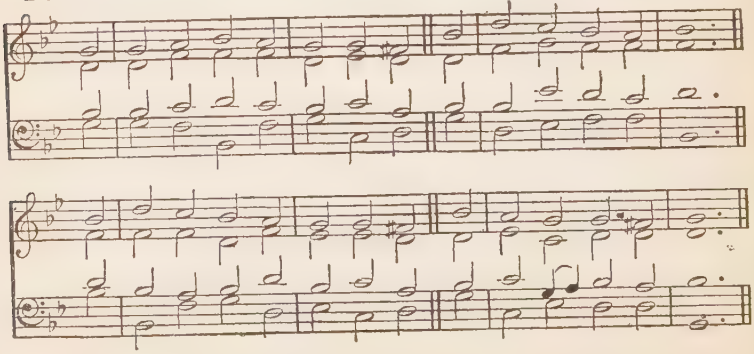
Psalm CXXXIV.

mf BEHOLD, all ye that serve the Lord,
Lift up your voice with one accord,
Jehovah's name to bless.
To bless his holy name unite,
Ye that are standing night by night
Within his holy place.

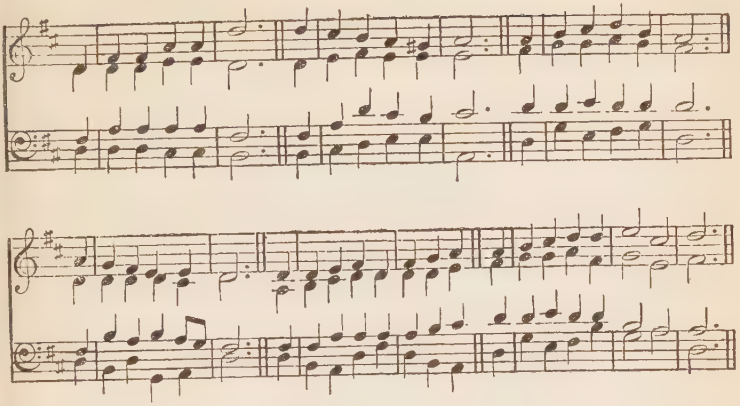
f 2 Yea, in his place of holiness,
Lift up your hands the Lord to bless;
And unto you be given,
From out of Zion, by the Lord,
His blessing rich, who by his word
Created earth and heaven.

DUNDEE. C. M.

'Este's Psalter,' 1592.



108 ST. JOHN. 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8. Old English Melody.



Psalm CXXXVI. 1–5, 25, 26.

mf PRAISE God, for he is kind:
His mercy lasts for aye.
Give thanks with heart and mind
To God of gods alway:
For certainly his mercies dure
Most firm and sure eternally.

mf 2 The Lord of lords praise ye,
Whose mercies still endure.
Great wonders only he
Doth work by his great power:
For certainly, etc.

mf 3 Praise him the heavens who made,
Whose wisdom doth abide.
Praise him who earth did spread
Above the waters wide:
ff *For certainly, etc.*

mp 4 Who to all flesh gives food;
cr For his grace faileth never.
mf Give thanks to God most good,
cr The God of heaven for ever:
ff *For certainly, etc.*

109 DUNDEE. C. M. Psalm CXXXVII. 1–6.

mp BY Babel's streams we sat and wept,
When Zion we thought on;
In midst thereof we hung our harps
The willow trees upon.

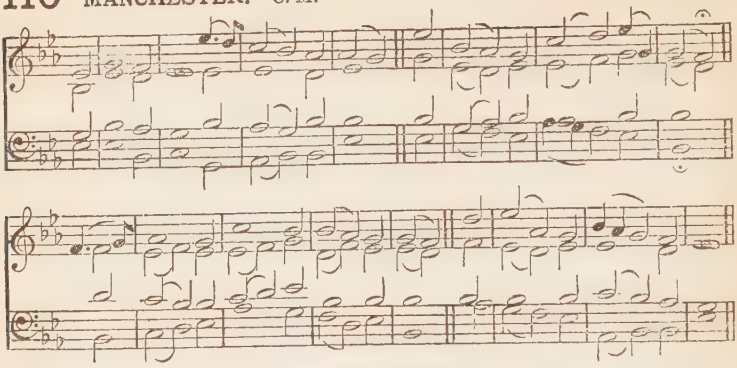
2 For there a song requirèd they
Who did us captive bring,
Our spoilers called for mirth, and said,
A song of Zion sing.

p 3 O how the Lord's song shall we sing
Within a foreign land?
mp If thee, Jerusalem, I forget
Skill part from my right hand.

4 My tongue to my mouth's roof let cleave,
cr If I do thee forget,
mf Jerusalem, and thee above
My chief joy do not set.

110 MANCHESTER. C. M.

ROBERT WAINWRIGHT.



PSALM CXXXVIII.

f THEE will I praise with all my heart,
I will sing praise to thee
Before the gods: and worship will
Toward thy sanctuary.

mf 2 I'll praise thy name, even for thy truth,
And kindness of thy love;
cr For thou thy word hast magnified
All thy great name above.

mp 3 Thou didst me answer in the day
When I to thee did cry;
cr And thou my fainting soul with strength
Didst strengthen inwardly.

mf 4 All kings upon the earth that are
Shall give thee thanks, O LORD;
When as they from thy mouth shall hear
Thy true and faithful word.

f 5 Yea, of the righteous ways of God
With gladness they shall sing:
For great 's the glory of the LORD,
Who is forever king.

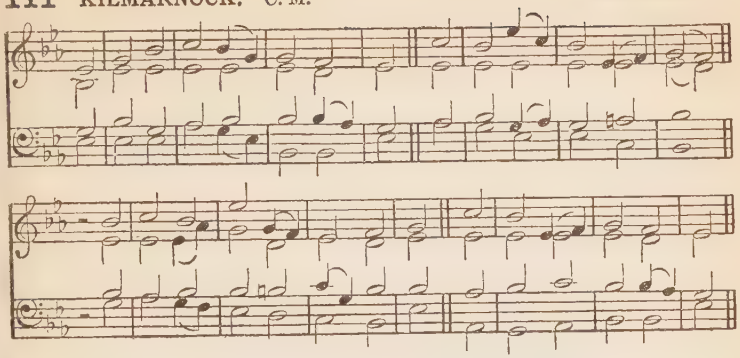
mp 6 The LORD is high, yet he regards
cr All those that lowly be;
mp Whereas the proud and lofty ones
Afar off knoweth he.

7 Though I in midst of trouble walk,
cr I life from thee shall have:
'Gainst my foes' wrath thou 'lt stretch thy hand:
Thy right hand shall me save.

mf 8 All that which me concerns, the LORD
Will surely perfect make;
Lord, still thy mercy lasts; do not
Thine own hands' works forsake.

111 KILMARNOCK. C. M.

NEIL DOUGALL.



PSALM CXXXIX. 1–12.

mp O LORD, thou hast me searched and known
Thou knowest my sitting down,
And rising up; yea, all my thoughts
Afar to thee are known.

2 My footsteps, and my lying down,
Thou compassest always;
cr Thou also most entirely art
Acquaint with all my ways.

mp 3 For in my tongue, before I speak,
Not any word can be,
cr But altogether, lo, O LORD,
It is well known to thee.

mp 4 Behind, before, thou hast beset,
And laid on me thine hand.
Such knowledge is too strange for me,
Too high to understand.

p 5 Where from thy Spirit shall I go?
Or from thy presence fly?
Ascend I heaven, lo, thou art there;
There, if in hell I lie.

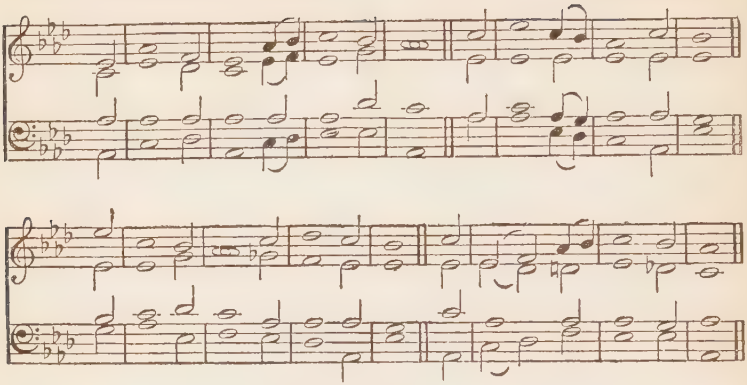
mp 6 Take I the wings of morn, and dwell
In utmost parts of sea;
cr Even there, Lord, shall thy hand me lead,
Thy right hand hold shall me.

p 7 Or if I say that darkness shall
Me cover from thy sight,
cr Then surely shall the very night
About me be as light.

mp 8 Yea, darkness hideth not from thee,
cr But night doth shine as day;
mf To thee the darkness and the light
Are both alike alway.

112 MARTYRDOM. C. M.

Hugh Wilson.



Psalm CXLI. 1-4.

mp O LORD, I unto thee do cry,
Do thou make haste to me,
And give an ear unto my voice,
Whene'er I cry to thee.

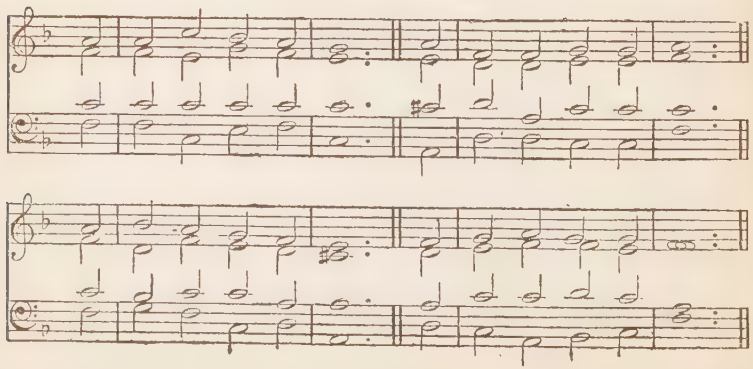
cr 2 As incense let my prayer, O Lord,
Be ordered in thine eyes;
Accept the lifting of my hands
As th' evening sacrifice.

mp 3 Set, Lord, a watch before my mouth,
Keep of my lips the door.
Nor let my heart be turned aside
To sins I should abhor.

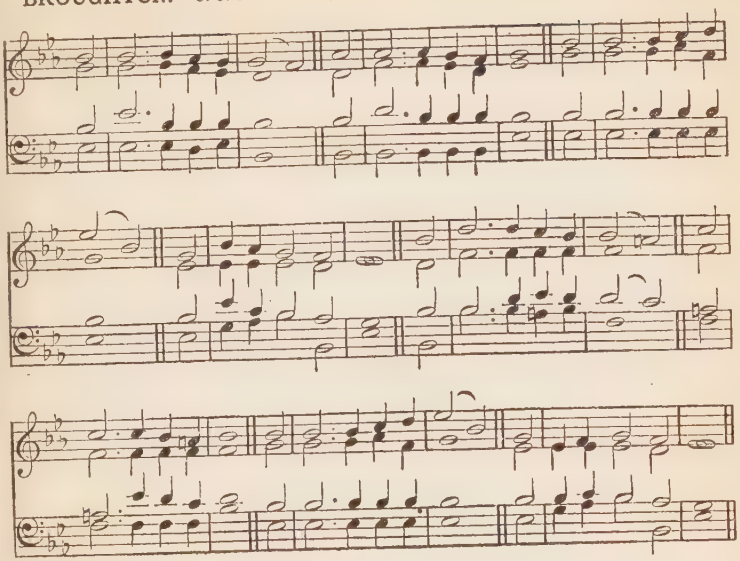
4 To practise wicked works with men
That work iniquity;
And of their dainties let me not
With them partaker be.

113 LEUCHARS. 6. 6. 6. 6. (First Tune.)

T. L. Hately.



BROUGHTON. 6. 6. 6. 6. D. (Second Tune.) Thomas Hastings.



Psalm CXLIII. 1, 2, 6-8, 10.

O LORD, my prayer hear,
And to my suppliant cry
In faithfulness give ear,
In righteousness reply.
In judgment call not me
Thy servant to be tried,
No living man can be
In thy sight justified.

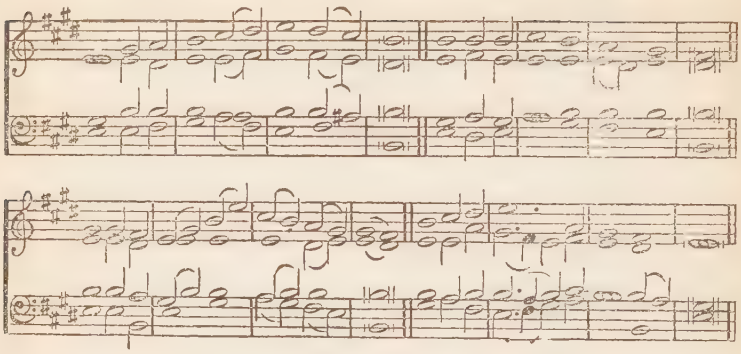
mp 2 To thee I stretch my hands;
Do thou my helper be;
cr My soul like thirsty lands
Is longing after thee.
mp Lord, let my prayer prevail,
To answer it make speed;
My spirit quite doth fail;
Hide not thy face in need:

p 3 Lest I be like to those
That do in darkness sit,
Or him that downward goes
pp Into the dreadful pit.
Because I trust in thee,
mf Do thou cause me to hear
Thy lovingkindness free
When morning doth appear.

mp 4 Make me to know the way
Wherein my path should be;
cr Because my soul each day
I do lift up to thee.
mp Teach me to do thy will;
cr Thou art my God indeed,
mf Me to the perfect land
Let thy good Spirit lead.

114 DUKE STREET. L. M.

JOHN HATTON.



See also WALTON, No 115.

PSALM CXLV. 1–7.

f O LORD, thou art my God and King:
Thee will I magnify and praise:
I will thee bless, and gladly sing
Unto thy holy name always.

2 Each day I rise I will thee bless,
And praise thy name time without end.
Much to be praised, and great God is;
His greatness none can comprehend.

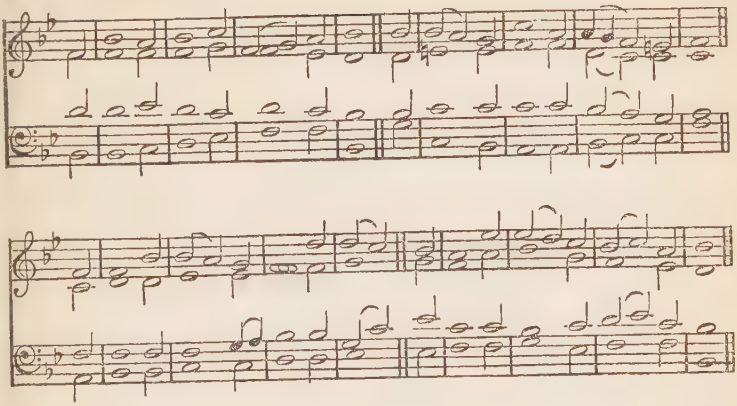
3 Race shall thy works praise unto race,
The mighty acts show done by thee.
I will speak of the glorious grace,
And honor of thy majesty;

mf 4 Thy wondrous works I will record.
cr By men the might shall be extolled
Of all thy dreadful acts, O Lord:
And I thy greatness will unfold.

mf 5 They utter shall abundantly
The memory of thy goodness great;
f And shall sing praises cheerfully,
Whilst they thy righteousness relate.

115 WALTON. L. M.

COTTERILL'S 'CHRISTIAN PSALMODY,' 1831.



See also DUKE STREET, No. 114.

PSALM CXLV. 8-16.

mp JEHOVAH very gracious is,
And he doth great compassion show;
Abundant mercy too is his,
And unto anger he is slow.

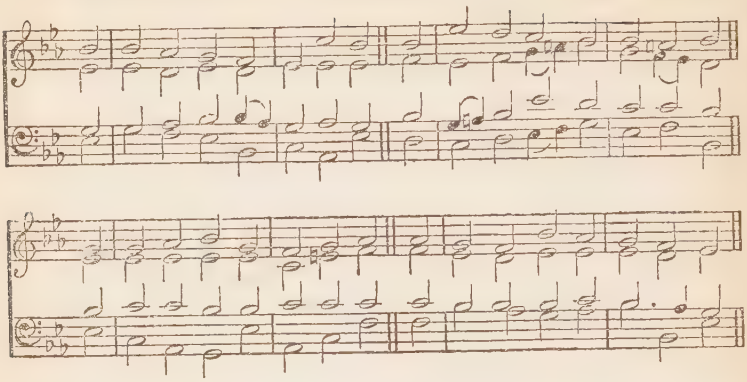
cr 2 Good unto all men is the LORD:
O'er all his works his mercy is.
mf Thy works all praise to thee afford:
cr Thy saints, O Lord, thy name shall bless.

f 3 The glory of thy kingdom show
Shall they, and of thy power tell;
That so men's sons his deeds may know,
His kingdom's grace that doth excel.

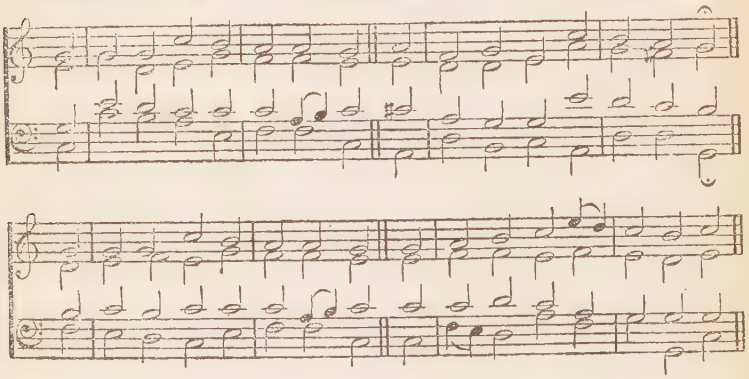
4 Thy kingdom hath none end at all,
It doth through ages all remain.
mp The LORD upholdeth all that fall,
cr The cast-down raiseth up again.

mf 5 The eyes of all upon thee wait;
In season thou their food dost give;
Thine opened hand, with bounty great,
Supplies the wants of all that live.

116 MELCOMBE. L. M. (First Tune.) Samuel Webbe



MAINZER. L. M. (Second Tune.) Joseph Mainzer.



Psalm CXLV. 17-21.

mf THE Lord is just in his ways all,
And gracious in his works each one.
He's near to all that on him call,
Who call in truth on him alone.

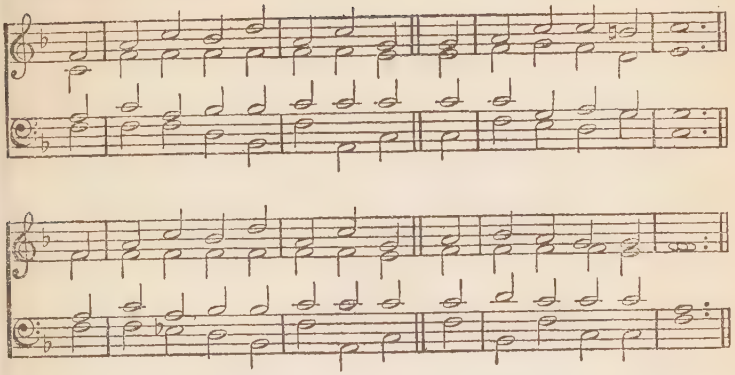
2 God will the just desire fulfil
Of such as do him fear indeed:
Their cry regard, and hear he will,
cr And save them in the time of need.

mf 3 The Lord keeps all continually
That bear to him a loving heart:
mp But all who work iniquity
Destroy will he, and clean subvert.

f 4 Therefore my mouth and lips I'll frame
To speak the praises of the Lord:
ff To magnify his holy name
Forever let all flesh accord.

117 YORK. C. M.

'Scottish Psalter,' 1615.



Psalm CXLVI.

PRAISE God. The Lord praise,
O my soul.
I'll praise God while I live;
While I have being to my God
In songs I'll praises give.

p 2 Trust not in princes, nor man's son,
In whom there is no stay:
His breath departs, to 's earth he turns;
That day his thoughts decay.

3 O happy is that man and blest,
Whom Jacob's God doth aid;
Whose hope upon the Lord doth rest,
And on his God is stayed:

4 Who made the earth and heavens high,
Who made the swelling deep,
And all that is within the same;
Who truth doth ever keep:

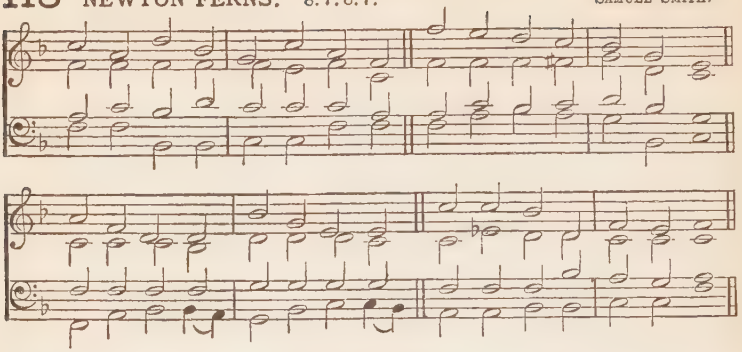
mf 5 Who righteous judgment executes
For those oppressed that be,
Who to the hungry giveth food;
God sets the prisoners free.

6 The Lord doth give the blind their sight,
The bowèd down doth raise:
cr The Lord doth dearly love all those
That walk in upright ways.

mf 7 The stranger's shield, the widow's stay,
The orphan's help, is he:
dim But yet by him the wicked's way
Turned upside down shall be.

f 8 The Lord shall reign for evermore:
Thy God, O Zion, he
Doth reign to generations all.
ff Praise to the Lord give ye.

118 NEWTON FERNS. 8.7.8.7. SAMUEL SMITH.



PSALM CXLVI.

f HALLELUJAH! praise Jehovah,
O my soul, Jehovah praise;
While I live I'll praise Jehovah,
To my God sing all my days.

mp 2 Put no trust in earthly princes,
Nor man's son, whose help is vain;
Soon his breath and thoughts forsake
Back to dust he turns again. [him,

f 3 He that hath the God of Jacob
For his help is truly blest;
He whose hope is in Jehovah,
And upon his God doth rest;

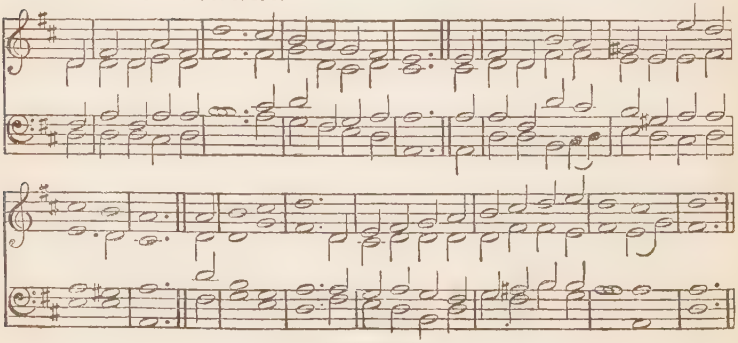
4 On the LORD who made the heaven,
Earth and sea, and all therein;
Who will keep his truth forever,
Rights of all oppressed maintain.

mf 5 He gives food to those that hunger,
To the blind restoreth sight;
He gives freedom to the prisoner,
Makes the bowed to stand upright.

cr 6 He the righteous loves, and safely
Keeps the stranger; he's a stay
To the fatherless and widow,
mp But subverts the sinner's way.

f 7 Evermore Jehovah reigneth,
Through all ages he is King.
Even he, thy God, O Zion.
ff To Jehovah praises sing.

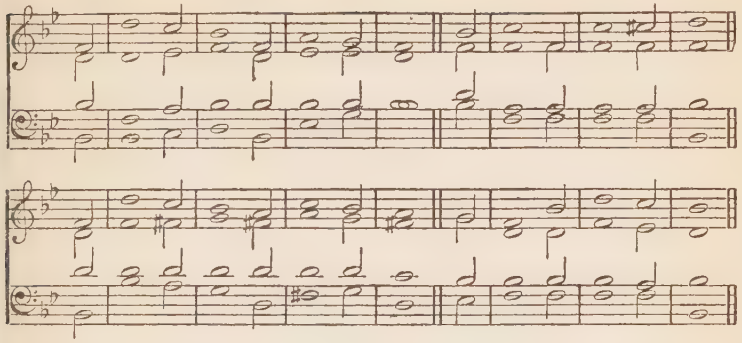
DARWALL. 6.6.6.6.8.8. JOHN DARWALL.



See also STOWE, No. 11.

119 HOLY CROSS. C. M.

ADAPTED BY J. C. WADE.



PSALM CXLVII. 1–5.

PRAISE ye the LORD; for it is good
Praise to our God to sing:
For it is pleasant, and to praise
It is a comely thing.

2 The LORD builds up Jerusalem;
And he it is alone
That the dispersed of Israel
Doth gather into one.

mp 3 Those that are broken in their heart,
And grievèd in their minds
cr He healeth, and their painful [wounds
He tenderly up-binds.

mf 4 He counts the number of the stars;
He names them every one.
cr Great is our LORD, and of great power;
f His wisdom search can none.

120 DARWALL. 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.

PSALM CXLVIII.

FROM heaven the LORD confess,
In heights his glory raise:
Him let all angels bless,
Him all his armies praise.
Him glorify
Sun, moon, and stars;
Ye higher spheres,
And cloudy sky.

2 Jehovah gave you birth,
Him therefore famous make;
Ye all created were
When he the word but spake.
And from that place,
Where fixed you be
By his decree,
You cannot pass.

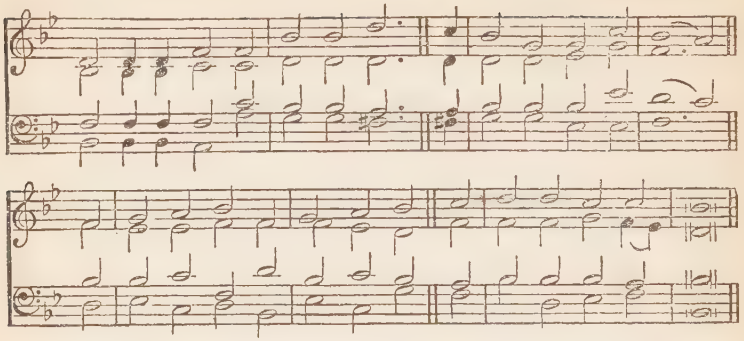
3 Praise him from earth below,
Ye dragons, and ye deeps;
Fire, hail, clouds, wind, and snow,
Which in command he keeps.
Praise ye his name,
Hills great and small,
Trees low and tall,
Beasts wild and tame.

4 All things that creep or fly,
Kings, tribes of every tongue;
All princes mean or high,
Both men and virgins young.
Even young and old,
Exalt his name;
For much his fame
Should be extolled.

ff 5 Jehovah's name be praised
Above both earth and sky;
For he his saints hath raised,
And set their horn on high:
Even those that be
Of Israel's race,
Near to his grace.
The LORD praise ye.

121 NATIVITY. C. M.

HENRY LAHEE.



PSALM CXLIX.

f PRAISE ye the LORD: unto him sing
A new song, and his praise
In the assembly of his saints
In sweet psalms do ye raise.

2 Let Israel in his Maker joy,
And to him praises sing:
ff Let all that Zion's children are
Be joyful in their King.

f 3 O let them unto his great name
Give praises in the dance;
Let them with timbrel and with harp
In songs his praise advance.

mf 4 For God doth pleasure take in those
That his own people be;
f And he with his Salvation free
The meek will beautify.

5 And in his glory excellent
Let all his saints rejoice:
Let them to him upon their beds
Aloud lift up their voice.

122 NATIVITY. C. M. PSALM CL.

f PRAISE ye the LORD. God's praise within
His sanctuary raise;
And to him in the firmament
Of his power give ye praise.

2 Because of all his mighty acts,
With praise him magnify:
ff O praise him, as he doth excel
In glorious majesty.

mf 3 Praise him with trumpet's sound; his praise
With psaltery advance:
cr With timbrel, harp, stringed instruments,
With organs, and the dance.

f 4 Praise him on cymbals loud: him praise
On cymbals sounding high.
cr Let each thing breathing praise the LORD.
ff Praise to the LORD give ye.

PART II

THE HYMNAL

Part II

THE HYMNAL

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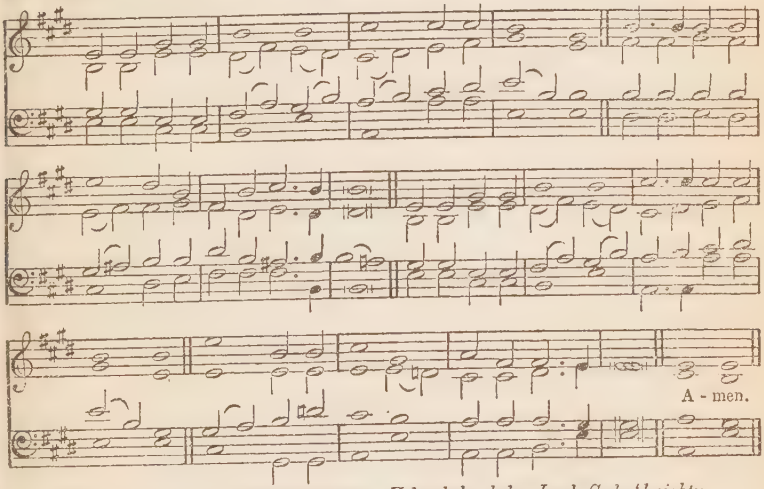
PART II

THE HYMNAL

I. GOD: HIS ATTRIBUTES, WORKS AND WORD

1. The Holy Trinity

1 **NICAEA.** 11. 12. 12. 10. (FIRST TUNE.) J. B. DYKES.



They rest not day and night, saying, Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty.

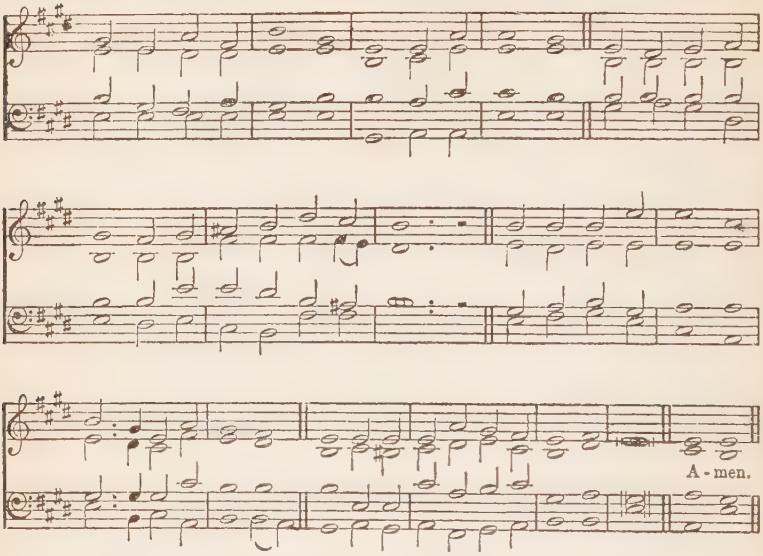
p HOLY, holy, holy, (*mf*) Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee;
p Holy, holy, holy, (*mf*) merciful and mighty,
f God in Three Persons, blessèd Trinity!

p 2 Holy, holy, holy! (*cr*) all the saints adore Thee,
mf Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

p 3 Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see;
mf Only Thou art holy; there is none beside Thee
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

p 4 Holy, holy, holy, (*mf*) Lord God Almighty!
ff All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in earth and sky and sea;
mf Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty,
f God in Three Persons, blessèd Trinity! Amen. REGINALD HEBER.

1 **TRINITY.** 11.12.12.10. (Second Tune.) S. S. Wesley.



They rest not day and night, saying, Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty.

p HOLY, holy, holy, (*mf*) Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee;
p Holy, holy, holy, (*mf*) merciful and mighty,
f God in Three Persons, blessèd Trinity!

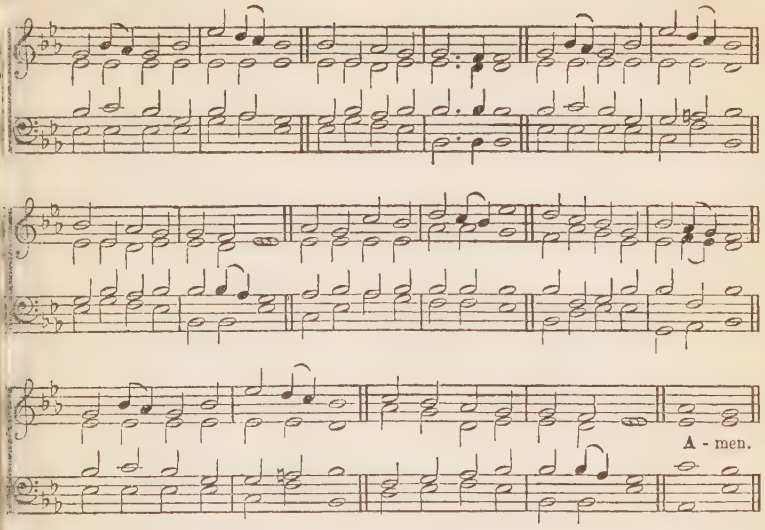
p 2 Holy, holy, holy! (*cr*) all the saints adore Thee,
mf Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

p 3 Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see;
mf Only Thou art holy; there is none beside Thee
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

p 4 Holy, holy, holy, (*mf*) Lord God Almighty!
ff All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in earth and sky and sea;
mf Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty,
f God in Three Persons, blessèd Trinity! Amen.

Reginald Heber.

2 **TICHFIELD.** 7.7.7.7. D. JOHN RICHARDSON.



Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord of hosts.

p HOLY, holy, holy Lord
God of hosts! when heaven and earth
Out of darkness, at Thy word,
Issued into glorious birth,
mf All Thy works before Thee stood,
And Thine eye beheld them good,
dim While they sang with sweet accord,
p Holy, holy, holy Lord!

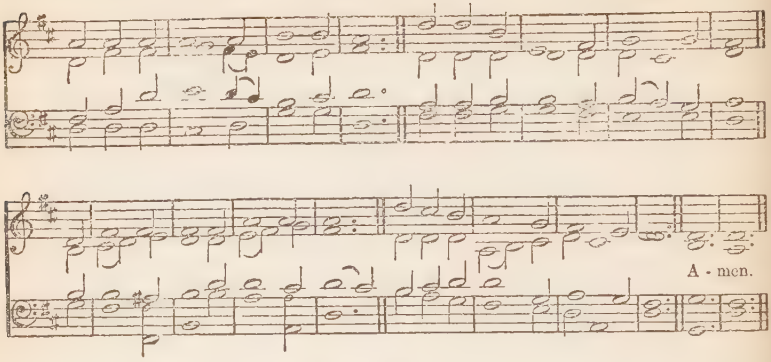
mf 2 Holy, holy, holy! Thee,
One Jehovah evermore,
Father, Son, and Spirit! we,
p Dust and ashes, would adore;
Lightly by the world esteemed,
From that world by Thee redeemed
mf Sing we here, with glad accord,
dim Holy, holy, holy Lord!

mf 3 Holy, holy, holy! all
cr Heaven's triumphant choir shall sing,
When the ransomed nations fall
At the footstool of their King;
f Then shall saints and seraphim,
Hearts and voices, swell one hymn,
Round the throne with full accord,
Holy, holy, holy Lord! Amen.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

3 RIVAULX. L. M.

J. B. Dykes.



Through Him we both have our access in one Spirit unto the Father.

mf FATHER of heaven, whose love profound
A ransom for our souls hath found,
p Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
cr To us Thy pardoning love extend.

mf 2 Almighty Son! Incarnate Word!
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,
p Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
cr To us Thy saving grace extend.

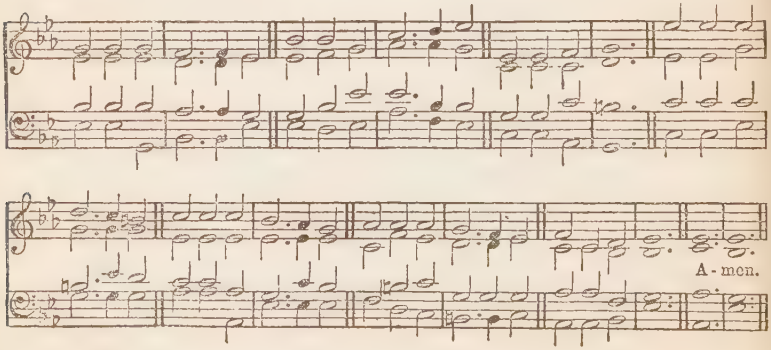
mf 3 Eternal Spirit! by whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,
p Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
cr To us Thy quickening power extend.

mf 4 Jehovah,—Father, Spirit, Son,
Mysterious Godhead, Three in One!—
p Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
mf Grace, pardon, life to us extend.
Amen.

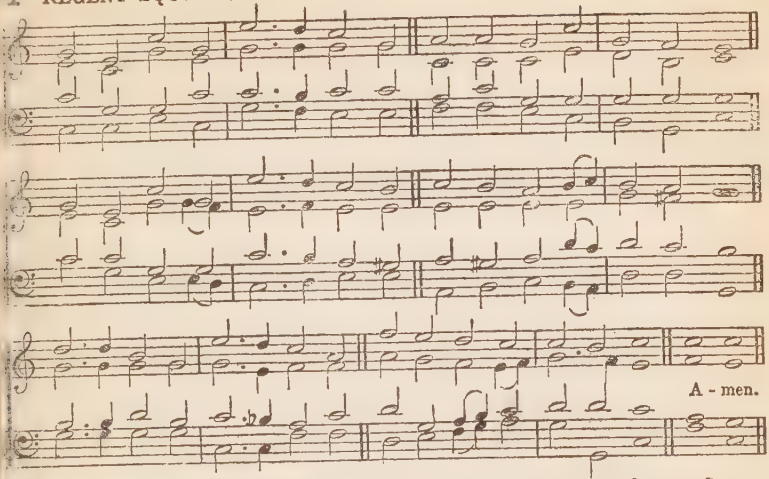
Edward Cooper.

LEBANON. 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

J. G. Braun.



4 **REGENT SQUARE.** 8.7.8.7.8.7. HENRY SMART.



Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb forever and ever.

f GLORY be to God the Father,
Glory be to God the Son,
Glory be to God the Spirit,
Great Jehovah, Three in One;
ff Glory, glory,
While eternal ages run!

mf 2 Glory be to Him who loved us,
Washed us from each spot and stain;
Glory be to Him who bought us,
Made us kings with Him to reign;
f Glory, glory,
To the Lamb that once was slain!

mf 3 Glory to the King of angels,
Glory to the Church's King;
Glory to the King of nations,
Heaven and earth your praises bring;
f Glory, glory,
To the King of glory bring!

4 Glory, blessing, praise eternal!
Thus the choir of angels sings;
Honor, riches, power, dominion!
Thus its praise creation brings;
ff Glory, glory,
Glory to the King of kings! Amen.

HORATIUS BONAR.

5 **LEBANON.** 6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

The Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.

p THOU, Lord, art God alone,
Veiling Thy burning throne
From mortal sight:
mf Yet Thou our Father art,
From whose all-pitying heart
Nor life nor death can part,
Nor depth, nor height.

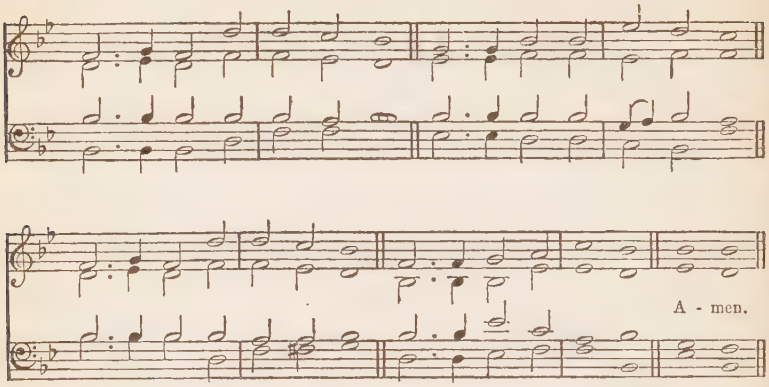
mf 2 We praise Thee, Holy One,
The Father's only Son,—
His image bright.
Our Prophet, Priest, and King,
Who dost redemption bring,
f Thy matchless grace we sing,
Thy saving might.

mf 3 We praise Thee, Heavenly Guest,
Thou great and last bequest
Of Love to man.
p O blessèd Paraclete,
cr Guide Thou our pilgrim feet,
mf Till glory shall complete
What grace began.

mf 4 We praise Thee, Father, Son,
And Spirit, Three in One,—
God of all grace!
mf Angels and Cherubim,
With flaming Seraphim,
Thy Name, thrice Holy, hymn
dim With veilèd face. Amen.

ED. A. COLLIER.

6 LITANY. 7.7.7.6.



Hearken unto the cry and the prayer which Thy servant prayeth before Thee.

mp FATHER, hear Thy children's call;
Humbly at Thy feet we fall,
Prodigals, confessing all;
p We beseech Thee, hear us.

p 2 Christ, beneath Thy Cross we blame
All our life of sin and shame,
cr Penitent we breathe Thy Name;
p We beseech Thee, hear us.

p 3 Holy Spirit, grieved and tried,
Oft forgotten and defied,
Now we mourn our stubborn pride!
p We beseech Thee, hear us.

mp 4 Love, that caused us first to be,
Love, that bled upon the tree,
Love, that draws us lovingly;
p We beseech Thee, hear us.

p 5 We Thy call have disobeyed,
Into paths of sin have strayed,
And repentance have delayed;
p We beseech Thee, hear us.

p 6 Sick, we come to Thee for cure,
Guilty, seek Thy mercy sure,
cr Evil, long to be made pure;
p We beseech Thee, hear us.

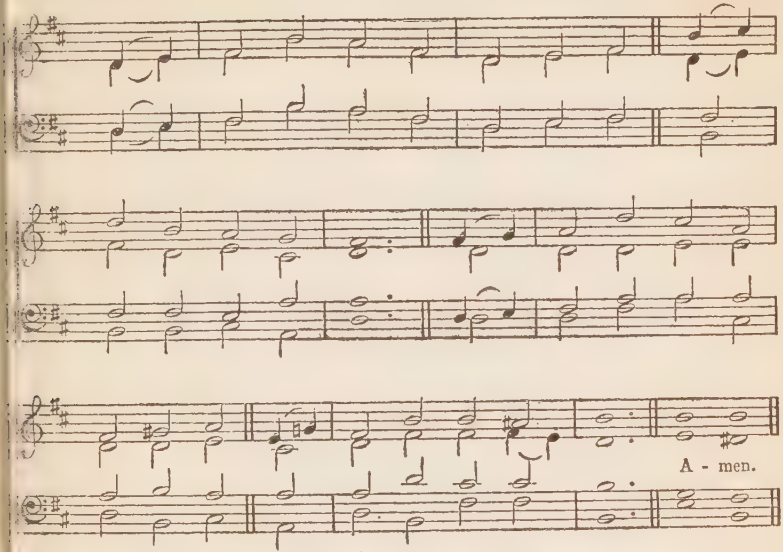
mp 7 Blind, we pray that we may see;
Bound, we pray to be made free;
Stained, we pray for sanctity;
p We beseech Thee, hear us.

p 8 Thou who hear'st each contrite sigh,
Bidding sinful souls draw nigh,
cr Willing not that one should die,
p We beseech Thee, hear us.

mp 9 Lead us daily nearer Thee,
Till at last Thy face we see,
mf Crowned with Thine own purity!
p We beseech Thee, hear us. Amen.

T. B. Pollock.

7 **FELIX.** C. M. ARRANGED FROM MENDELSSOHN BY LOWELL MASON.



See also DUNFERMLINE, No. 8.

Thus saith the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy: I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit.

nf MY God, how wonderful Thou art,
Thy majesty how bright!
How beautiful Thy mercy-seat,
In depths of burning light!

mp 2 How dread are Thine eternal years,
O everlasting Lord!
cr By prostrate spirits day and night
Incessantly adored.

mp 3 O how I fear Thee, living God,
With deepest, tenderest fears!
dim And worship Thee with trembling hope
And penitential tears.

mf 4 Yet I may love Thee too, O Lord,
Almighty as Thou art,
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me
dim The love of my poor heart.

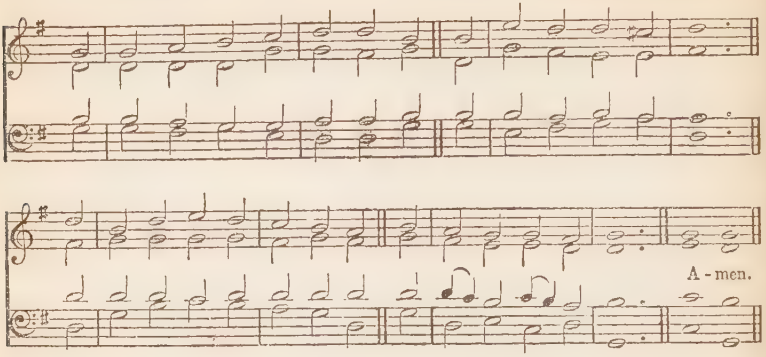
mp 5 No earthly father loves like Thee,
No mother, e'er so mild,
Bears and forbears as Thou hast done
With me, Thy sinful child.

mf 6 Father of Jesus, love's reward,
What rapture will it be,
p Prostrate before Thy throne to lie,
cr And ever gaze on Thee! Amen.

F. W. FABER.

8 DUNFERMLINE. C. M.

'Scottish Psalter,' 1615.



I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight.

mf GOD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

mf 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.

mp 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
cr Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

mp 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence
cr He hides a smiling face.

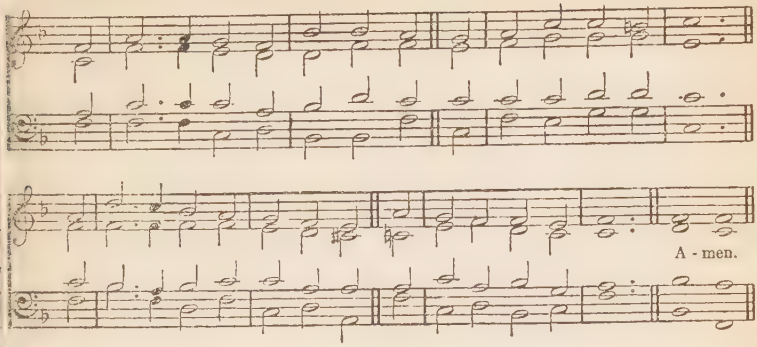
mf 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain;
f God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain. Amen.

William Cowper.

9 WINCHESTER OLD. C. M.

'Este's Psalter,' 1592.



How precious also are Thy thoughts unto me, O God! how great is the sum of them!

mf WHEN all Thy mercies, O my God!
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

2 O how shall words, with equal warmth,
The gratitude declare
That glows within my ravished heart!
But Thou canst read it there.

mf 3 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes these gifts with joy.

4 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll proclaim;
And after death, in distant worlds,
Resume the glorious theme.

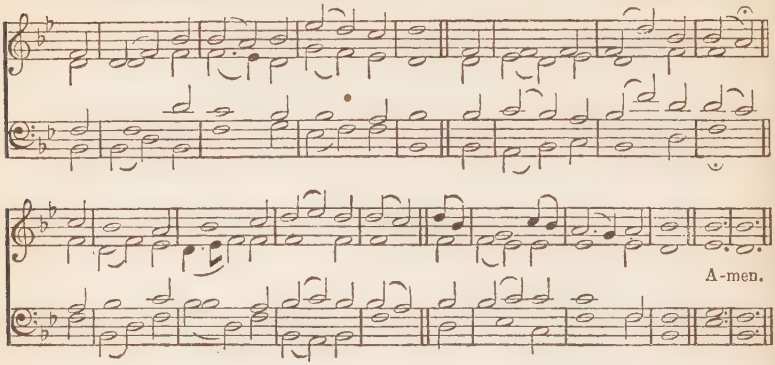
mp 5 When nature fails, and day and night
Divide Thy works no more,
cr My ever-grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore.

f 6 Through all eternity to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
For, O! eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise. Amen.

Joseph Addison.

10 WILTSHIRE (New St. Ann). C. M.

SIR GEORGE SMART.



In everything give thanks; for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you.

mp WHEN I survey life's varied scene,
Amid the darkest hours,
Sweet rays of comfort shine between,
And thorns are mixed with flowers.

mp 2 Lord, teach me to adore Thy hand,
From whence my comforts flow,
And let me in this desert land
A glimpse of Canaan know.

3 And, O! whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
cr Accepted at Thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:

p 4 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
cr The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And let me live to Thee.

mp 5 Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine
cr My path of life attend;
mf Thy presence through my journey shine,
And bless its happy end. Amen.

ANNE STEELE.

11 WILTSHIRE. C. M.

I will bless the Lord at all times.

mf THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
cr The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

mf 2 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Deliverance He affords to all
Who on His succor trust.

mp 3 Oh, make but trial of His love,
cr Experience will decide,
mf How blest are they, and only they,
Who in His truth confide.

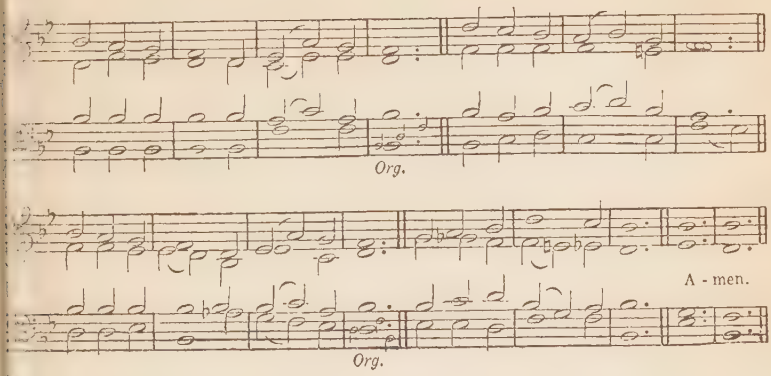
mp 4 Fear Him, ye saints, (*cr*) and you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
mf Make you His service your delight,
Your wants shall be His care.

f 5 For God preserves the souls of those
Who on His truth depend,
To them and their posterity
His blessing shall descend. Amen.

TATE AND BRADY.

2 SAWLEY. C.M.

JAMES WALCH.



Yea, I will rejoice in the Lord.

mp WHAT though no flowers the fig-tree clothe,
Though vines their fruit deny,
The labor of the olive fail,
And fields no meat supply,

2 Though from the fold, with sad surprise,
My flock cut off I see,
Though famine pine in empty stalls
Where herds were wont to be,

cr 3 Yet in the Lord will I be glad,
And glory in His love;
mf In Him I'll joy, who will the God
Of my salvation prove.

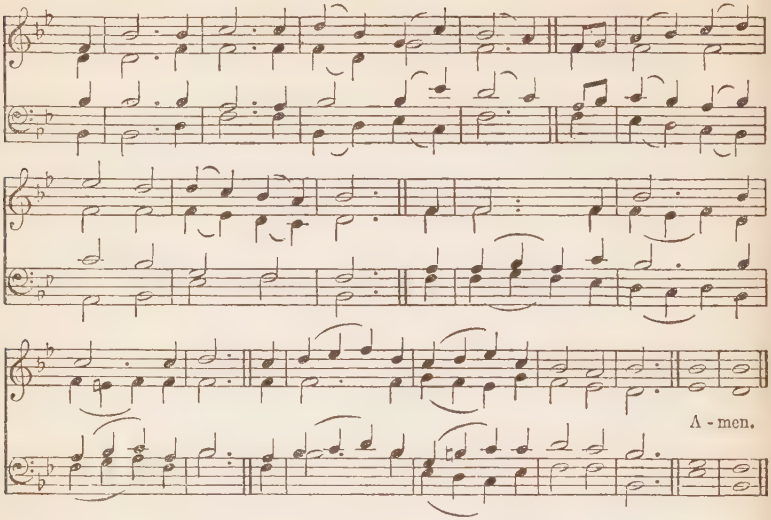
4 He to my tardy feet shall lend
The swiftness of the roe,
cr Till, raised on high, I safely dwell
Beyond the reach of woe.

f 5 God is the treasure of my soul,
The source of lasting joy,
A joy which want shall not impair,
Nor death itself destroy. Amen.

ANONYMOUS, *altd. by* JOHN LOGAN.

13 CREATION. L. M.

ARRANGED FROM JOSEPH HAYDN.



The heavens declare the glory of God.

mf THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.

mf 2 The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
cr The work of an Almighty hand.

p 3 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;

mp 4 While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
cr And spread the truth from pole to pole.

p 5 What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball?
What though no real voice, nor sound,
Amidst their radiant orbs be found?

mf 6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
cr And utter forth a glorious voice;
Forever singing, as they shine,
ff 'The Hand that made us is divine.'

Amen.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

14 OLD HUNDREDTH. L. M.

Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands. [songs,

mf BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
cr Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create, and He destroy.

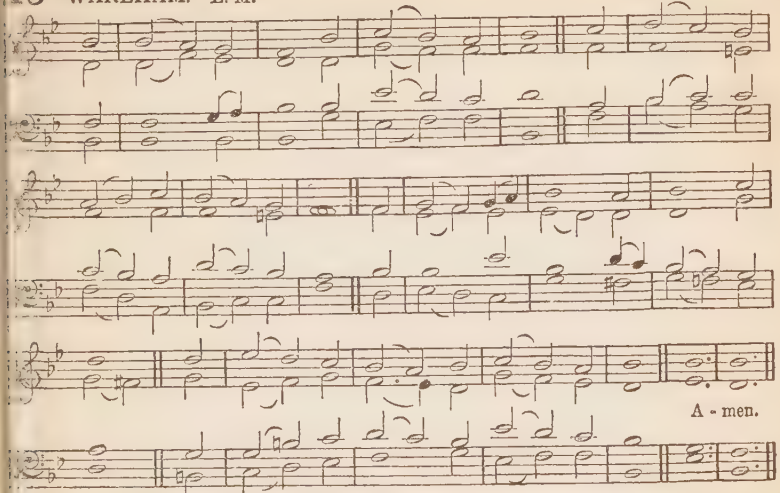
2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
mp And, when like wandering sheep we strayed,
cr He brought us to His fold again.

ff 3 We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.

f 4 Wide as the world is Thy command,
Vast as eternity Thy love;
ff Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move. Amen.

ISAAC WATTS, *altd. by* JOHN WESLEY.

115 WAREHAM. L. M. WILLIAM KNAPP.



The hand of our God is upon all them for good that seek Him.

f GREAT God, we sing that mighty hand
By which supported still we stand;
The opening year Thy mercy shows,
That mercy crowns it till it close.

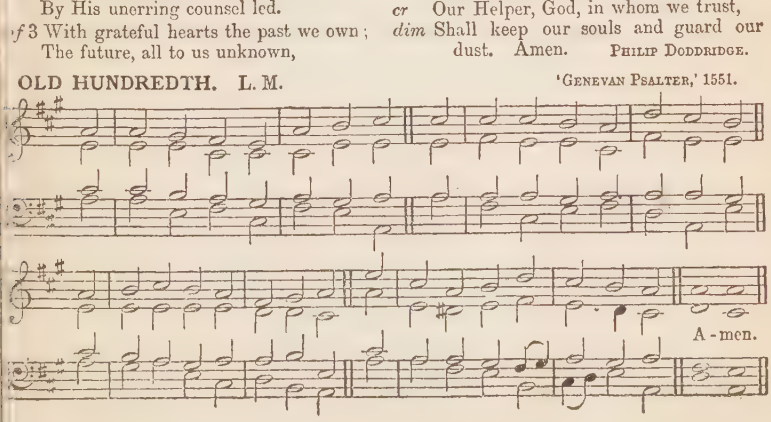
f 2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still are we guarded by our God,
By His incessant bounty fed,
By His unerring counsel led.

f 3 With grateful hearts the past we own;
The future, all to us unknown,
We to Thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before Thy feet.

mf 4 In scenes exalted or depressed,
Thou art our joy, and Thou our rest;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored through all our changing days.

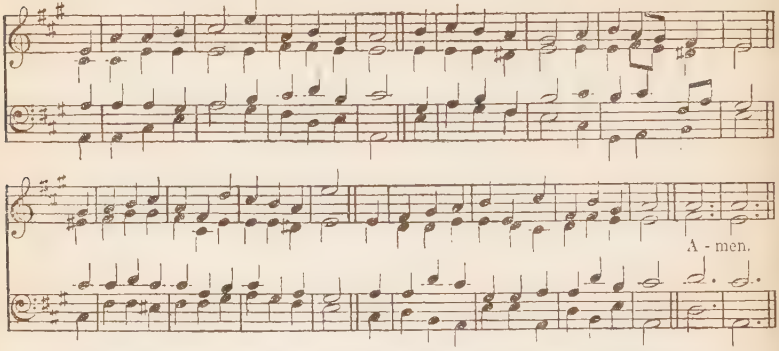
p 5 When death shall interrupt these songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues,
cr Our Helper, God, in whom we trust,
dim Shall keep our souls and guard our dust. Amen. PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

OLD HUNDREDTH. L. M. 'GENEVAN PSALTER,' 1551.



16 HANOVER. 5.5.5.5.6.5.6.5.

PLAYFORD'S 'SUPPLEMENT TO NEW VERSION OF PSALMS,' 1708.



Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life.

mf THOUGH troubles assail,
And dangers affright,
mp Though friends should all fail,
cr And foes all unite;
mf Yet one thing secures us,
Whatever betide,
The Scripture assures us,
f 'The Lord will provide.'

mf 2 The birds, without barn
Or storehouse, are fed;
From them let us learn
To trust for our bread:
His saints what is fitting
Shall ne'er be denied,
So long as 'tis written,
f 'The Lord will provide.'

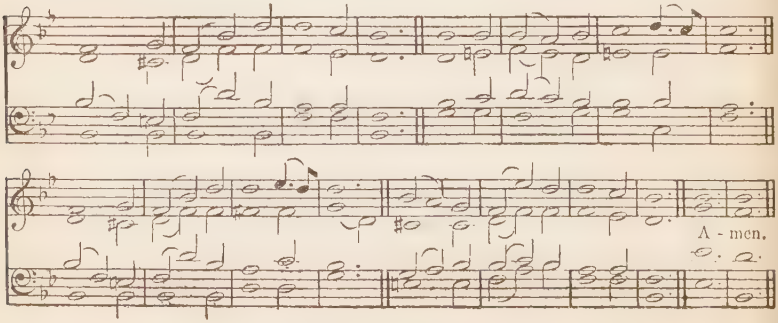
mf 3 His call we obey,
Like Abram of old,
mp Not knowing our way,
cr But faith makes us bold;
mf For, though we are strangers,
We have a good guide,
And trust, in all dangers,
f 'The Lord will provide.'

mf 4 No strength of our own,
Nor goodness we claim;
Yet since we have known
The Saviour's great name,
cr In this our strong tower
For safety we hide,—
The Lord is our power;
f 'The Lord will provide.' Amen.

JOHN NEWTON.

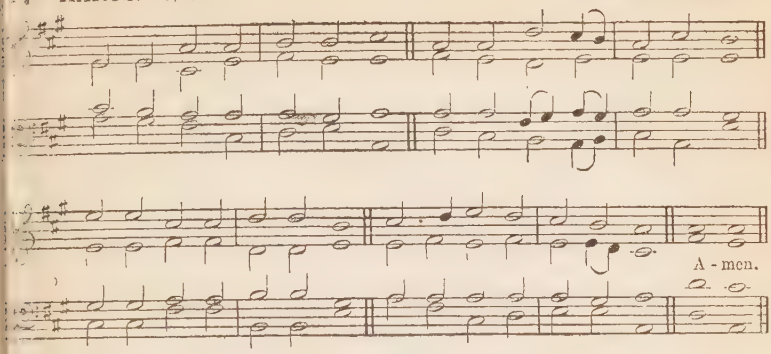
LAST HOPE. 7.7.7.7.

ARRANGED FROM GOTTSCHALK.



7 HARTS. 7.7.7.7.

BENJAMIN MILGROVE.



O give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good; for His mercy endureth for ever.

f LET us, with a gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for He is kind:
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

f 2 Let us sound His name abroad,
For of gods He is the God:
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

f 3 He, with all-commanding might
Filled the new-made world with light:
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

mf 4 All things living He doth feed,
His full hand supplies their need:
f For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

mf 5 He His chosen race did bless.
In the wasteful wilderness:
f For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

mp 6 He hath with a piteous eye
Looked upon our misery:
f For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

mf 7 Let us then, with gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for He is kind:
f For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure. Amen.

JOHN MILTON (*altd.*).

18 LAST HOPE. 7.7.7.7.

Day by day.

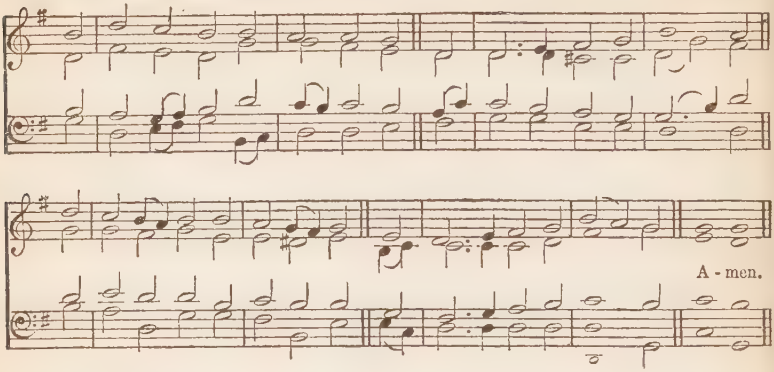
mp DAY by day the manna fell;
Oh to learn this lesson well!
Still by constant mercy fed,
lim Give us, Lord, our daily bread.

mp 2 'Day by day,' the promise reads,
Daily strength for daily needs;
cr Cast foreboding fears away,
Take the manna of to-day.

mf 3 Thou our daily task shalt give;
Day by day to Thee we live:
So shall added years fulfil,
Not our own, our Father's will! Amen.

JOSIAH CONDER.

19 DOMINUS REGIT ME. 8.7.8.7. J. B. Dykes.



The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want.

mf THE King of love my Shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never;
I nothing lack if I am His,
And He is mine, forever.

mf 2 Where streams of living waters flow
My ransomed soul He leadeth,
And where the verdant pastures grow
With food celestial feedeth.

p 3 Perverse and foolish, oft I strayed;
cr But yet in love He sought me,
dim And on His shoulder gently laid,
f And home, rejoicing, brought me.

p 4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill
cr With Thee, dear Lord, beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy cross before to guide me.

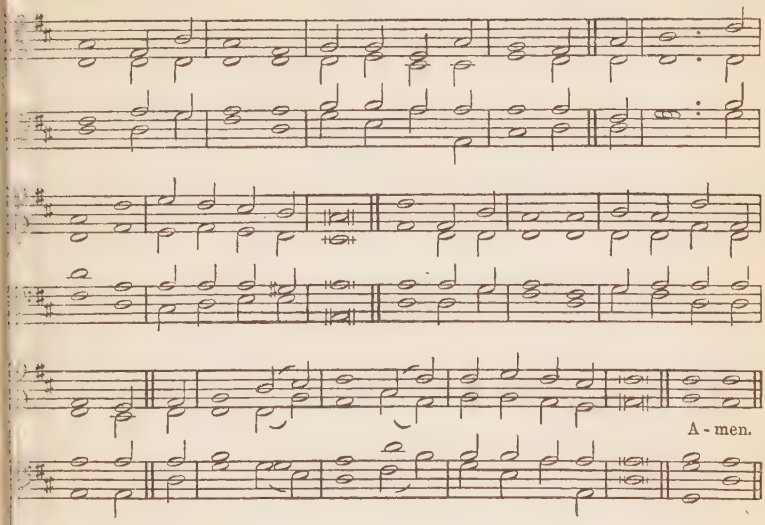
mf 5 Thou spread'st a table in my sight;
Thy unction grace bestoweth;
f And oh, what transport of delight
From Thy pure chalice floweth!

mf 6 And so through all the length of days
Thy goodness faileth never;
cr Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
Within Thy house forever! Amen.

Sir H. W. Baker.

AUCHINCAIRN. 11. 10. 11. 10.

J. K. Scott.



I will praise Thy name for Thy lovingkindness.

mf PRAISE ye Jehovah! praise the Lord most holy,
Who cheers the contrite, girds with strength the weak;
Praise Him who will with glory crown the lowly,
And with salvation beautify the meek.

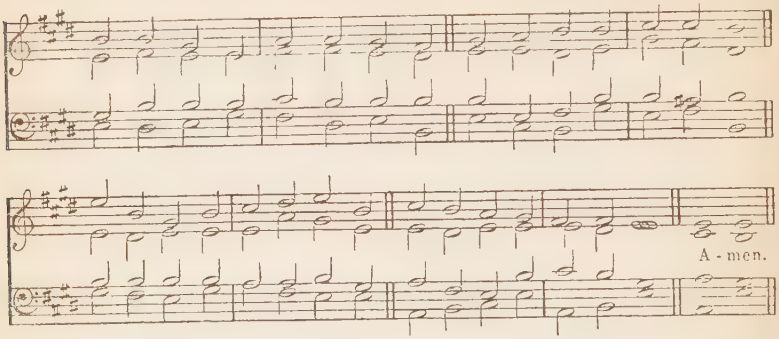
mf 2 Praise ye the Lord! for all His lovingkindness,
And all the tender mercy He hath shown;
f Praise Him who pardons all our sin and blindness,
And calls us sons, and takes us for His own.

mf 3 Praise ye Jehovah! Source of all our blessing;
Before His gifts earth's richest boons wax dim;
Resting in Him, His peace and joy possessing,
All things are ours, for we have all in Him.

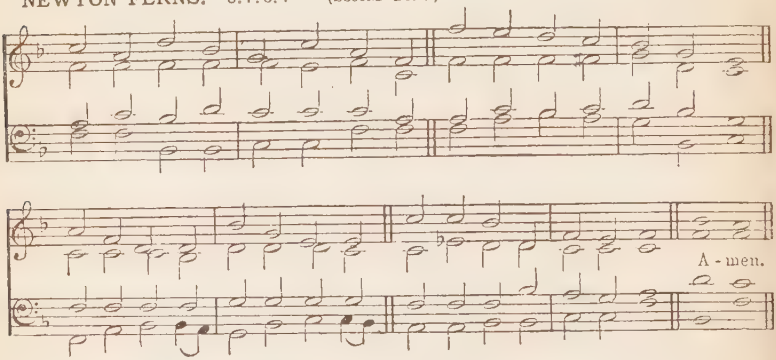
f 4 Praise ye the Father! God the Lord, who gave us,
With full and perfect love, His only Son;
Praise ye the Son! who died Himself to save us;
Praise ye the Spirit! praise the Three in One! Amen.

Lady Margaret Cockburn-Campbell.

21 GOTHA. 8.7.8.7 (First Tune.) His Royal Highness Prince Albert.



NEWTON FERNS. 8.7.8.7 (Second Tune.) Samuel Smith



See also Austria, No. 449

Praise ye the Lord from the heavens: praise Him in the heights.

PRAISE the Lord! ye heavens, adore Him;
Praise Him, angels, in the height;
Sun and moon, rejoice before Him;
Praise Him, all ye stars and light.

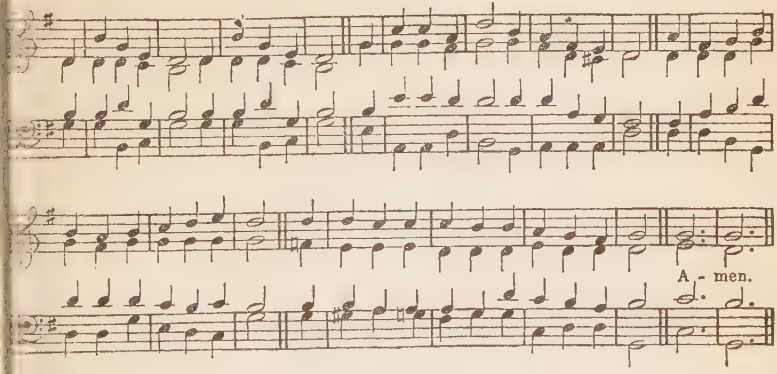
f 2 Praise the Lord! for He hath spoken;
Worlds His mighty voice obeyed:
Laws that never shall be broken,
For their guidance He hath made.

f 3 Praise the Lord! for He is glorious;
Never shall His promise fail.
cr God hath made His saints victorious;
Sin and death shall not prevail.

f 4 Praise the God of our salvation;
Hosts on high His power proclaim;
ff Heaven and earth, and all creation,
Laud and magnify His name!
Amen.

Anon.

92 **HOUGHTON.** 10. 10. 11. 11. H. J. GAUNTLETT.



His name alone is excellent; His glory is above the earth and heaven.

f O WORSHIP the King, all-glorious above,
O gratefully sing His power and His love—
Our shield and defender, the Ancient of Days,
Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with praise.

f 2 O tell of His might, O sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space!
His chariots of wrath deep thunderclouds form,
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.

mf 3 The earth with its store of wonders untold,
Almighty! Thy power hath founded of old;
Hath stablished it fast by a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast, like a mantle, the sea.

mf 4 Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
dim It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
p And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.

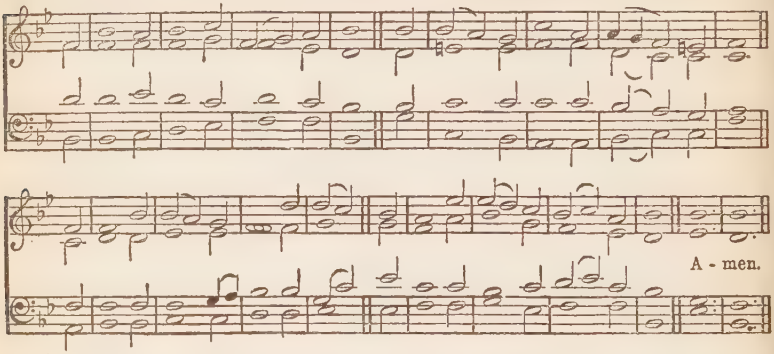
p 5 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
cr In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail;
mf Thy mercies how tender! how firm to the end!
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend.

f 6 O measureless Might! ineffable Love!
While angels delight to hymn Thee above,
dim The humbler creation, though feeble their lays,
cr With true adoration shall lisp to Thy praise. Amen.

SIR ROBERT GRANT.

3. The Father

23 WALTON. L. M. COTTERILL'S 'CHRISTIAN PSALMODY,' 1831.



The Lord reigneth, let the earth rejoice.

f THE Lord is King! lift up thy voice,
O earth, and all ye heavens, rejoice!
From world to world the joy shall ring,
The Lord Omnipotent is King.

2 The Lord is King! who, then, shall dare
Resist His will, distrust His care,
Or murmur at His wise decrees,
Or doubt His royal promises?

mf 3 The Lord is King! child of the dust,
The Judge of all the earth is just;
Holy and true are all His ways,
Let every creature speak His praise.

f 4 He reigns! ye saints, exalt your strains,
Your God is King, your Father reigns;
And He is at the Father's side,
dim The Man of love, the Crucified.

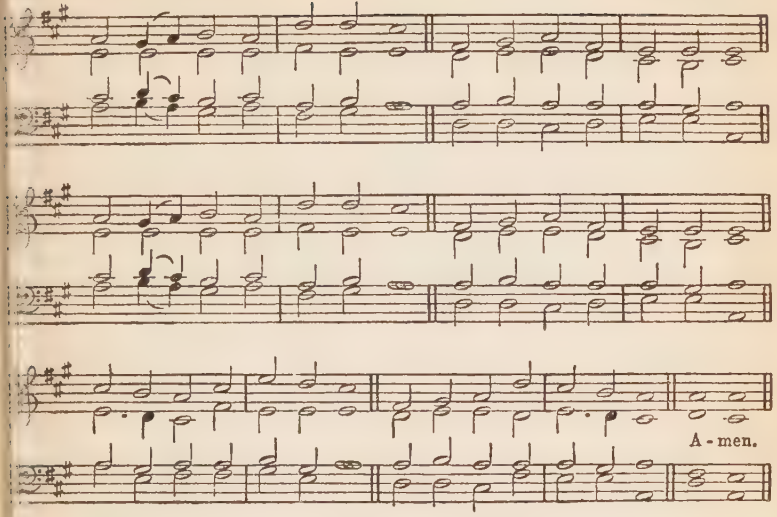
mp 5 Come, make your wants, your burdens, known;
He will present them at the throne;
cr And angel-bands are waiting there
His messages of love to bear.

mp 6 Alike pervaded by His eye,
All parts of His dominion lie,—
This world of ours, and worlds unseen,
And thin the boundary between.

f 7 One Lord, one empire, all secures;
He reigns, and life and death are yours:
Through earth and heaven one song shall ring,
ff The Lord Omnipotent is King. Amen.

JOSIAH CONDER.

234 DIX. 7.7.7.7.7.7. CONRAD KOCHER.



The earth is full of the lovingkindness of the Lord.

f FOR the beauty of the earth,
For the beauty of the skies,
For the love which from our birth
Over and around us lies,
Father, unto Thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise.

f 2 For the beauty of each hour
Of the day and of the night,
Hill and vale, and tree, and flower,
Sun and moon, and stars of light,
Father, unto Thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise.

f 3 For the joy of ear and eye,
For the heart and mind's delight,
For the mystic harmony
Linking sense to sound and sight,
Father, unto Thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise.

mf 4 For the joy of human love,
Brother, sister, parent, child,
Friends on earth, and friends above,
For all gentle thoughts and mild,
f *Father, unto Thee we raise*
This our sacrifice of praise.

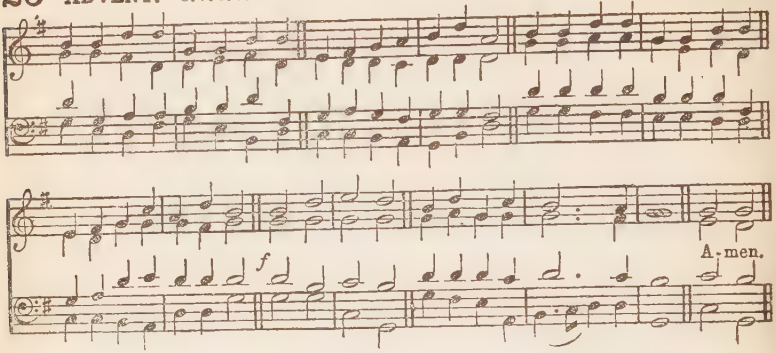
mf 5 For each perfect gift of Thine,
To our race so freely given,
Graces human and divine,
Flowers of earth, and buds of heaven,
f *Father, unto Thee we raise*
This our sacrifice of praise.

mf 6 For Thy Church that evermore
Lifteth holy hands above,
Offering up on every shore
Its pure sacrifice of love,
f *Father, unto Thee we raise*
This our sacrifice of praise. Amen.

F. S. PIERPOINT.

25 ADVENT. 8.7.8.7.4.7.

W. H. Monk.



Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits.

mf PRAISE, my soul, the King of heaven;
To His feet thy tribute bring;
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Who like me His praise should sing?
ff Praise Him! praise Him!
Praise the everlasting King!

mf 2 Praise Him for His grace and favor
To our fathers in distress;
Praise Him, still the same forever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless:
ff Praise Him! praise Him!
Glorious in His faithfulness.

mp 3 Father-like He tends and spares us;
Well our feeble frame He knows;
In His hands He gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes:
ff Praise Him! praise Him!
Widely as His mercy flows.

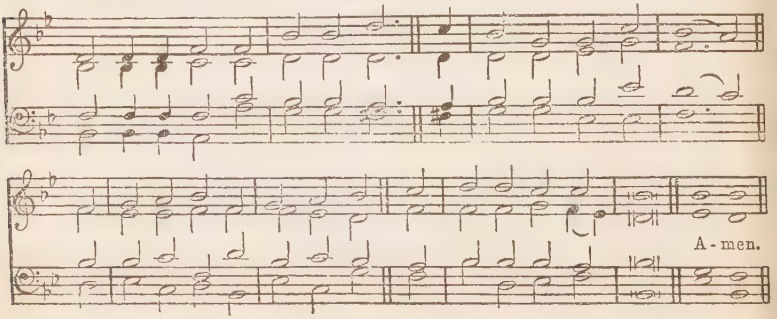
p 4 Frail as summer's flower we flourish,
Blows the wind and it is gone;
But, while mortals rise and perish,
cr God endures unchanging on:
ff Praise Him! praise Him!
Praise the high eternal One!

mf 5 Angels, help us to adore Him,
Ye behold Him face to face;
Sun and moon, bow down before Him,
Dwellers all in time and space,
ff Praise Him! praise Him!
Praise with us the God of grace!
Amen.

H. F. Lyte.

26 NATIVITY. C. M. (First Tune.)

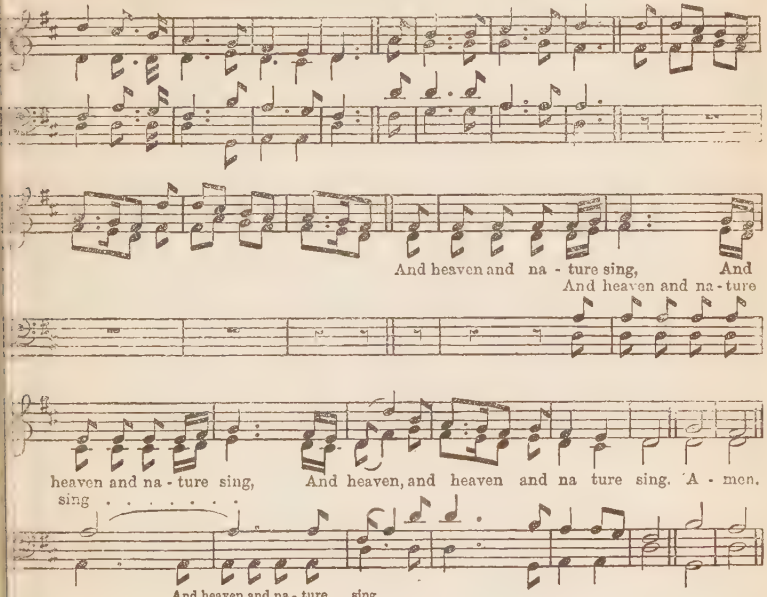
Henry Lahee.



4. The Son

(1) INCARNATION

ANTIOCH. C. M. (*with repeat*). (Second Tune.) Arranged from George F. Handel.


And heaven and na - ture sing, And
And heaven and na - ture
heaven and na - ture sing, And heaven, and heaven and na ture sing. A - men.
sing
And heaven and na - ture sing.

I bring you good tidings of great joy.

f JOY to the world! the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare Him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

f 2 Joy to the earth! the Saviour reigns!
Let men their songs employ,
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

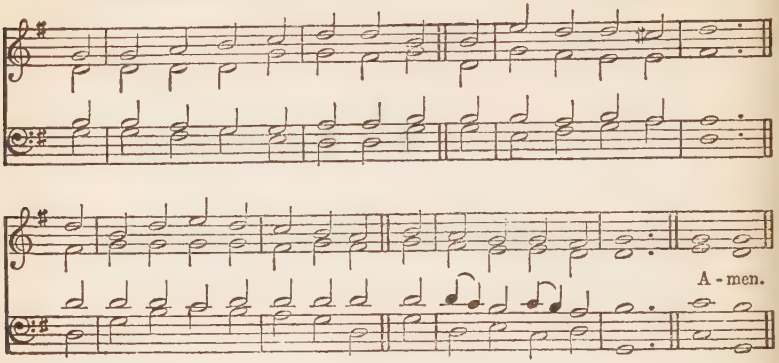
mf 3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
cr He comes to make His blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

f 4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of his love. Amen.

Isaac Watts.

27 DUNFERMLINE. C. M.

'Scottish Psalter,' 1615.



The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light.

mp THE race that long in darkness pined
cr Have seen a glorious light;
The people dwell in day, who dwelt
In death's surrounding night.

mf 2 To hail Thy rise, Thou better Sun!
The gathering nations come,
Joyous, as when the reapers bear
The harvest treasures home.

3 For Thou our burden hast removed,
And quelled the oppressor's sway,
Quick as the slaughtered squadrons fell
In Midian's evil day.

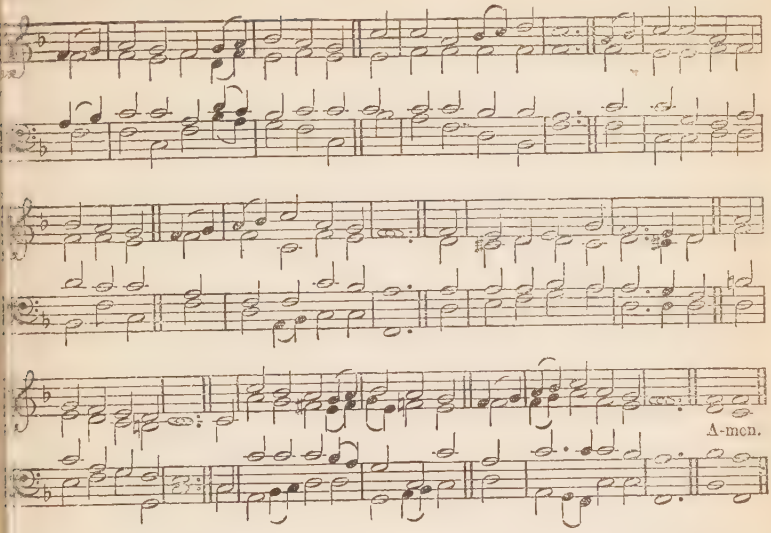
mf 4 To us a Child of hope is born,
To us a Son is given;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
f Him all the hosts of heaven.

mf 5 His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
For evermore adored,
cr The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The great and mighty Lord.

f 6 His power increasing still shall spread,
His reign no end shall know;
Justice shall guard His throne above,
And peace abound below. Amen.

John Morison.

28 **NOEL.** C.M. D. (First Tune.) Arranged by Sir Arthur Sullivan.



Unto us a Child is born; and His name shall be called the Prince of Peace.

f IT came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
dim From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold:
cr 'Peace on the earth, goodwill to men,
From heaven's all-gracious King!'
pp The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

mf 2 Still through the cloven skies they come
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world;
mp Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
cr And ever o'er its Babel sounds
pp The blessèd angels sing.

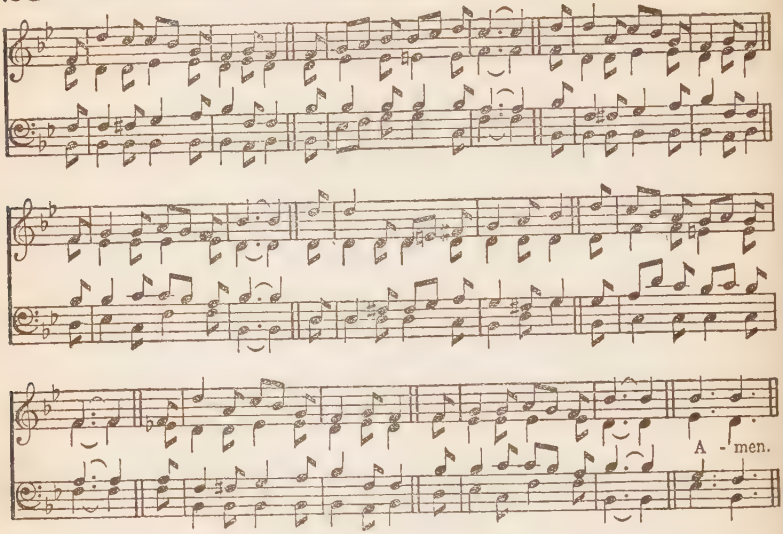
mp 3 Yet with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And man, at war with man, hears not
The love song which they bring;
pp O hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing!

mp 4 And ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow,
cr Look now! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing;
pp O rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing!

mf 5 For, lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophet-bards foretold,
cr When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold,
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendors fling,
f And the whole world give back the song
Which now the angels sing. Amen.

E. H. Sears.

28 CAROL. C. M. D. (Second Tune.) R. S. Willis.



Unto us a Child is born; and His name shall be called the Prince of Peace.

mf IT came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
dim From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold:
cr 'Peace on the earth, goodwill to men,
From heaven's all-gracious King!'
pp The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

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Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
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pp O rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing!

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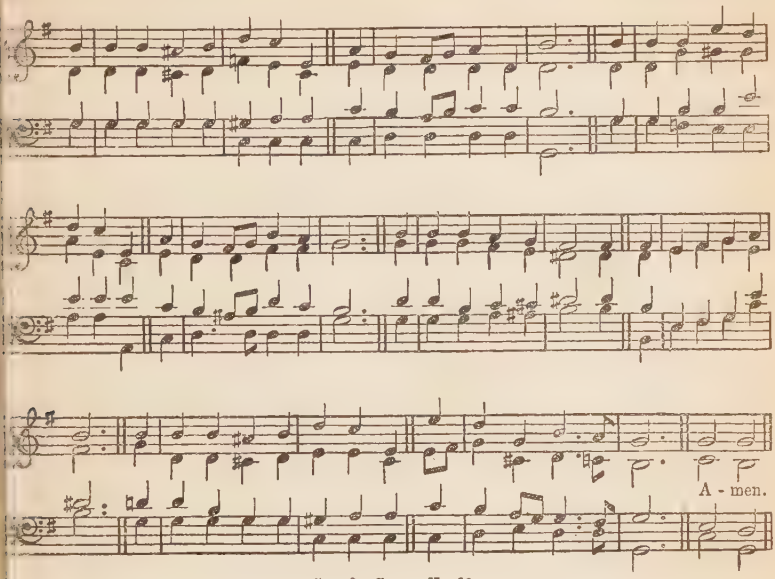
By prophet-bards foretold,
cr When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold,
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendors fling,
f And the whole world give back the song
Which now the angels sing. Amen.

E. H. Sears.

29 **ST. LOUIS.** 8.6.8.6.7.6.8.6. LEWIS H. REDNER.



See also CAROL, No. 28.

Immanuel—God with us.

mp O LITTLE town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie;
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by:
mf Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee to-night.

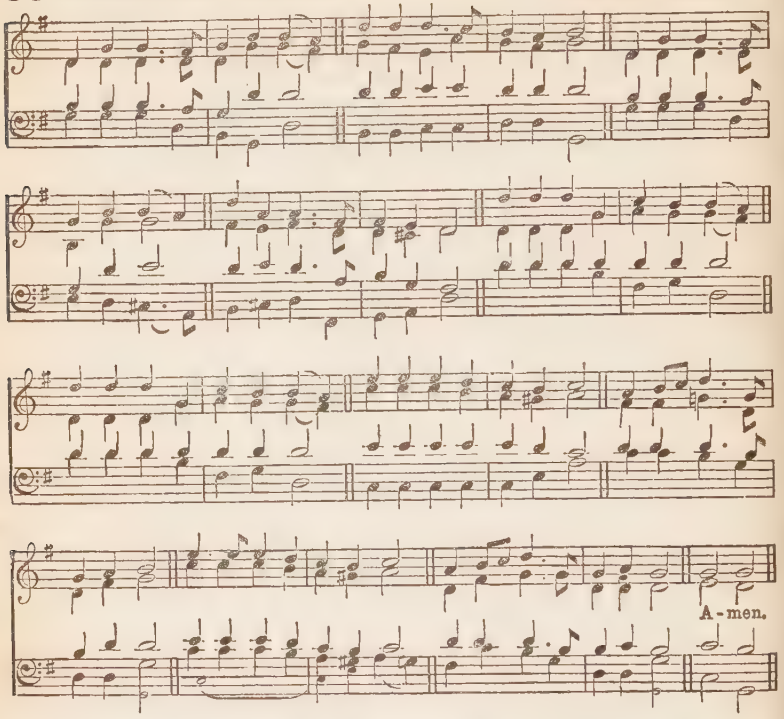
mp 2 For Christ is born of Mary;
And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.
mf O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth,
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth!

mp 3 How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heaven:
No ear may hear His coming;
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him, still
The dear Christ enters in.

mp 4 O holy Child of Bethlehem,
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin, and enter in;
Be born in us to-day.
cr We hear the heavenly angels
The great glad tidings tell:
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Immanuel. Amen.

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

30 BETHLEHEM. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7. D.

ARRANGED FROM MENDELSSOHN BY WILLIAM H. CUMMINGS.

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.

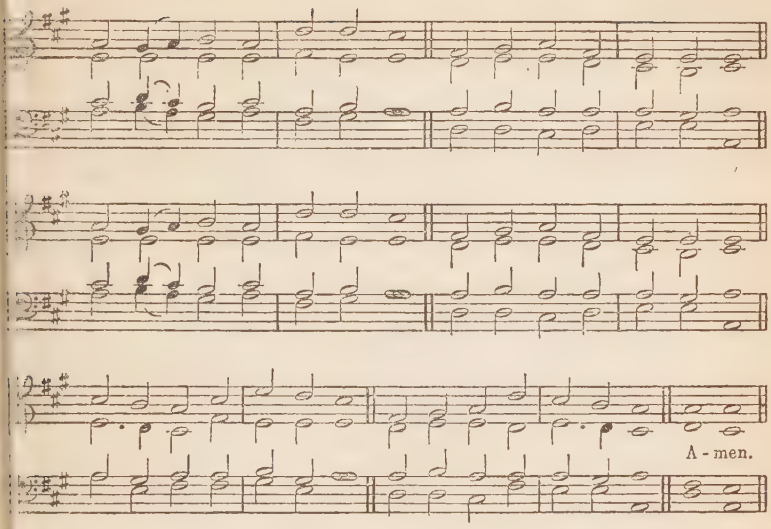
mf HARK! the herald angels sing
cr Glory to the new-born King,
mp Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
cr God and sinners reconciled.
f Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With the angelic host proclaim,
Christ is born in Bethlehem.
mp *Hark! the herald angels sing*
f *Glory to the new-born King.*

mf 2 Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the Everlasting Lord,
dim Late in time behold Him come
Offspring of a Virgin's womb.
mp Veiled in flesh the Godhead see!
Hail the Incarnate Deity!
cr Pleased as Man with men to dwell,
Jesus, our Emmanuel.

f 3 Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings.
mp Mild, He lays His glory by,
cr Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.
mp *Hark! the herald angels sing*
f *Glory to the new-born King.* Amen.

CHARLES WESLEY (*alt.*).

131 DIX. 7.7.7.7.7.7. CONRAD KOCHER.



When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy.

AS with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold;
As with joy they hailed its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright;
So, most gracious Lord, may we
Evermore be led to Thee.

2 As with joyful steps they sped,
Saviour, to Thy lowly bed,
There to bend the knee before
Thee, whom heaven and earth adore;
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek Thy mercy-seat.

mf 3 As they offered gifts most rare
At Thy cradle rude and bare;
So may we with holy joy,
Pure, and free from sin's alloy,
f All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to Thee, our heavenly King.

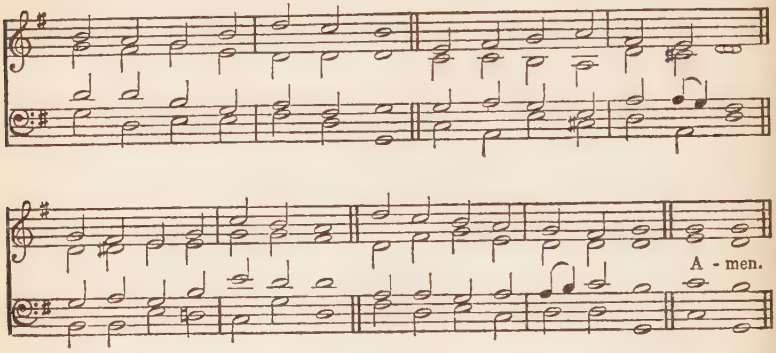
mp 4 Holy Jesus, every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
cr And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls, at last,
mf Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

f 5 In the heavenly country bright
Need they no created light;
Thou its light, its joy, its crown,
Thou its sun which goes not down:
There forever may we sing
ff Hallelujahs to our King. Amen.

W. C. DIX.

32 VIENNA. 7.7.7.7.

J. H. KNECHT.



Far above every name that is named, not only in this world, but also in that which is to come.

mp JESUS! name of wondrous love!
Name all other names above!
Unto which must every knee
dim Bow in deep humility.

mp 2 Jesus! name of priceless worth
To the fallen sons of earth,
For the promise that it gave—
'Jesus shall His people save.'

mp 3 Jesus! name of mercy mild,
Given to the Holy Child,
When the cup of human woe
First He tasted here below.

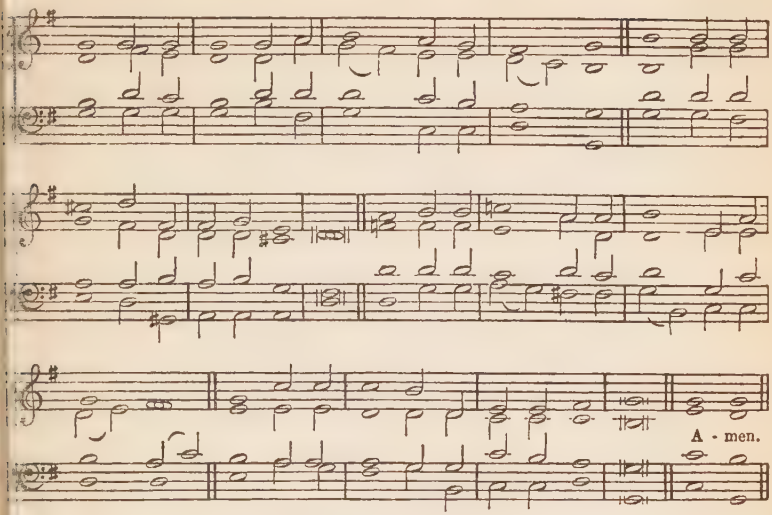
mp 4 Jesus! only name that's given
Under all the mighty heaven,
Whereby man, to sin enslaved,
cr Bursts his fetters, and is saved.

mf 5 Jesus! name of wondrous love,
Human name of God above!
dim Pleading only this, we flee,
Helpless, O our God, to Thee. Amen.

W. W. How.

33 ST. NINIAN. 11.10.11.10.

J. B. Dykes.



We have seen His star in the east, and are come to worship Him.

mf BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
dim Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

p 2 Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining;
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;
mp Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,
cr Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all.

mf 3 Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom, and offerings divine,
Gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest or gold from the mine?

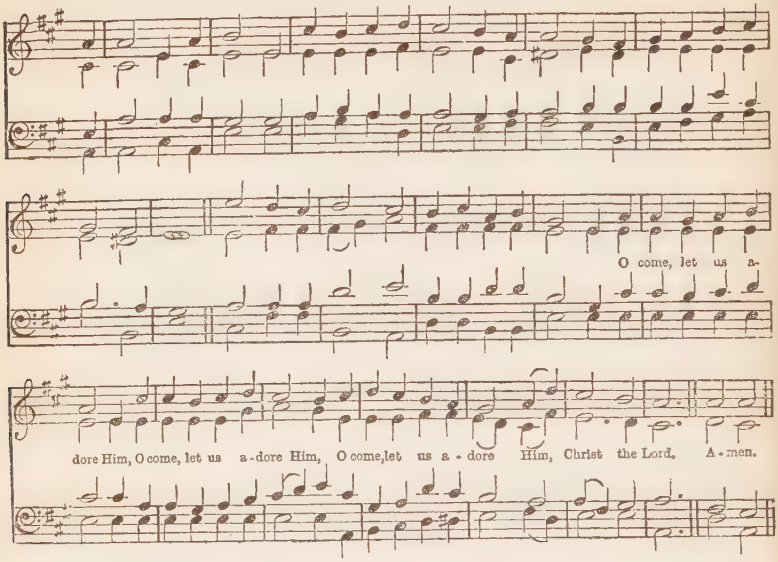
mf 4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would His favor secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

f 5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
dim Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid. Amen.

Reginald Heber.

34 ADESTE FIDELES. 6.6.11.5.6.11.

'WEBBE'S ANTIPHONS,' 1792.



Let us now go even unto Bethlehem.

f O COME, all ye faithful,
Joyfully triumphant,
To Bethlehem hasten now with glad accord:
Lo! in a manger
Lies the King of angels;
mp O come, (*cr*) let us adore Him, (*f*) Christ the Lord!

mf 2 Though true God of true God,
Light of light eternal,
Our lowly nature He hath not abhorred:
Son of the Father,
Not made but begotten:
mp O come, (*cr*) let us adore Him, (*f*) Christ the Lord!

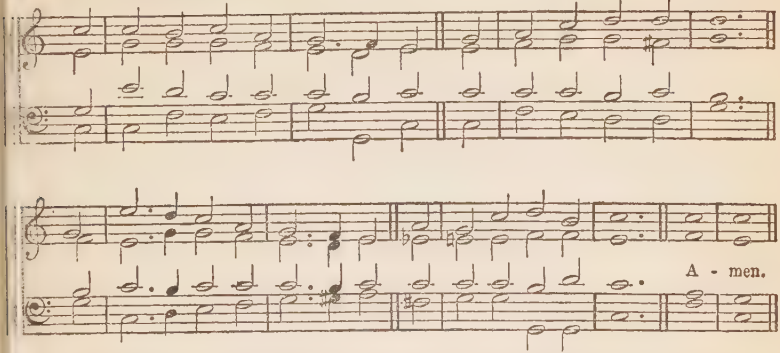
f 3 Raise, raise, choirs of angels!
Songs of loudest triumph,
Through heaven's high arches be your praises poured:
Now to our God be
Glory in the highest;
mp O come, (*cr*) let us adore Him, (*f*) Christ the Lord!

f 4 Amen! Lord, we bless Thee,
Born for our salvation,
O Jesus! forever be Thy name adored:
Word of the Father,
Now in flesh appearing:
mp O come, (*cr*) let us adore Him, (*f*) Christ the Lord! Amen.

WILLIAM MERCER (from the Latin).

(2) LIFE AND EXAMPLE

335 ST. SAVIOUR. C. M. F. G. BAKER.



The Spirit of the Lord is upon Me, because He hath anointed Me to preach the Gospel to the poor.

mf HARK, the glad sound, the Saviour comes!
The Saviour promised long;
cr Let every heart exult with joy,
And every voice be song!

mf 2 On Him the Spirit largely shed,
Exerts its sacred fire;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
His holy breast inspire.

3 He comes! the prisoners to relieve,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

4 He comes! from darkening scales of vice
To clear the inward sight;
And on the eye-balls of the blind
To pour celestial light.

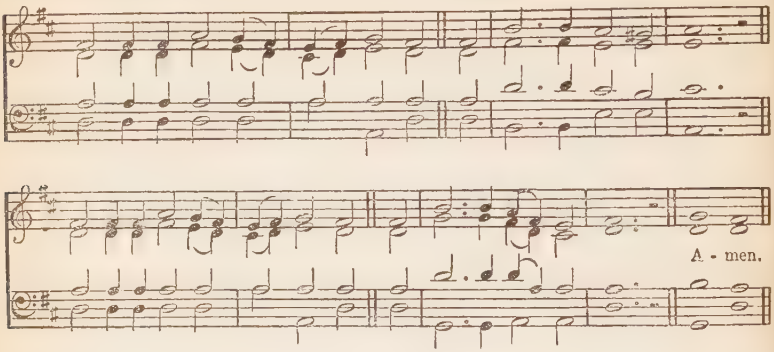
mp 5 He comes! the broken hearts to bind,
The bleeding souls to cure;
cr And with the treasures of His grace
To enrich the humble poor.

mf 6 The sacred year has now revolved,
Accepted of the Lord,
cr When Heaven's high promise is fulfilled,
And Israel is restored.

f 7 Our glad hosannahs, Prince of Peace!
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
ff And heaven's exalted arches ring
With Thy most honored name. Amen. PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

36 NAOMI. C. M.

J. G. NAGELI, ARRANGED BY LOWELL MASON.



Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst.

mp SWEET was the hour, O Lord, to Thee,
At Sychar's lonely well,
When a poor outcast heard Thee there
Thy great salvation tell.

2 There Jacob's erring daughter found
Those streams unknown before,
The water-brooks of life that make
The weary thirst no more.

3 And, Lord, to us, as vile as she,
Thy gracious lips have told
That mystery of love, revealed
At Jacob's well of old.

4 In spirit, Lord, we've sat with Thee
Beside the springing well
Of life and peace, and heard Thee there
Its healing virtues tell.

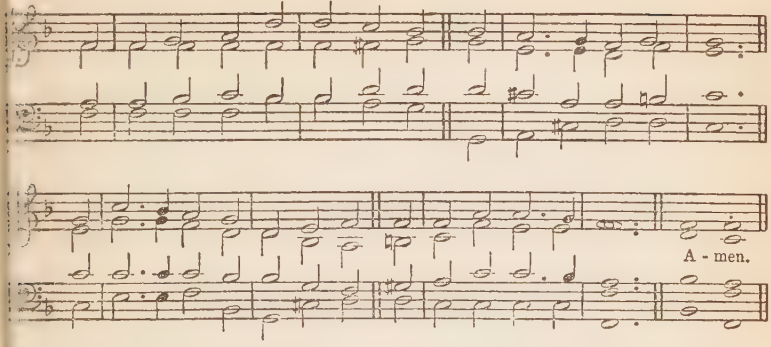
5 Dead to the world, we dream no more
Of earthly pleasures now;
cr Our deep, divine, unfailing spring
Of grace and glory Thou!

mp 6 No hope of rest in aught beside,
No beauty, Lord, we see;
cr And, like Samaria's daughter, seek
And find our all in Thee. Amen.

SIR EDWARD DENNY.

337 NORTHREPPS. C. M.

JOSIAH BOOTH.



Forasmuch then as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, He also Himself likewise took part of the same.

p O MEAN may seem this house of clay,
Yet 'twas the Lord's abode;
Our feet may mourn this thorny way,
cr Yet here Immanuel trod.

2 This robe of flesh the Lord did wear;
This watch the Lord did keep;
dim These burdens sore the Lord did bear;
p These tears the Lord did weep.

cr 3 Our very frailty brings us near
Unto the Lord of heaven;
To every grief, to every tear,
Such glory strange is given.

4 But not this robe of flesh alone
Shall link us, Lord, to Thee;
Not only in the tear and groan
Shall the dear kindred be.

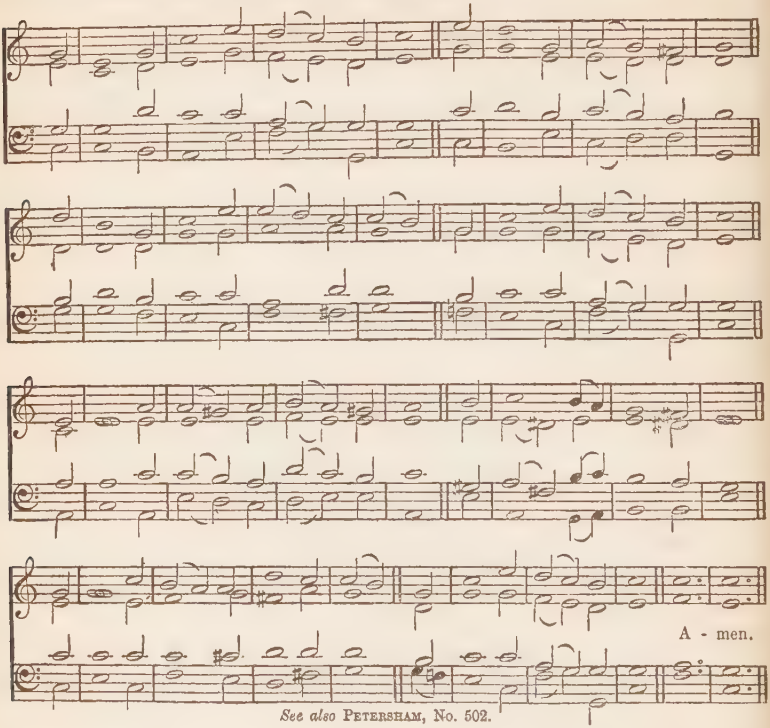
mf 5 We shall be reckoned for Thine own,
Because Thy heaven we share;
cr Because we sing around Thy throne,
And Thy bright raiment wear.

mp 6 Thou who wast clothèd in our clay
And stricken in our stead,
cr Wilt put on us Thy bright array
mf Thy joy on us wilt shed.

ff 7 O mighty grace! our life to live,
To make our earth divine!
O mighty grace! Thy heaven to give,
And lift our life to Thine! Amen.

THOS. H. GILL.

38 ST. MATTHEW. C. M. D. (First Tune.) William Croft.



See also Petersham, No. 502.

They brought unto Him all that were diseased, and besought Him that they might only touch the hem of His garment; and as many as touched were made perfectly whole.

mf THINE arm, O Lord, in days of old,
Was strong to heal and save;
It triumphed o'er disease and death,
O'er darkness and the grave;

mp To Thee they went,—the blind, the dumb,
The palsied and the lame,
The leper with his tainted life,
The sick with fevered frame;

mf 2 And lo! Thy touch brought life and health,
Gave speech and strength and sight;
And youth renewed and frenzy calmed
Owned Thee the Lord of light.

mp And now, O Lord, be near to bless,
Almighty as of yore,
In crowded street, by restless couch,
As by Gennesaret's shore.

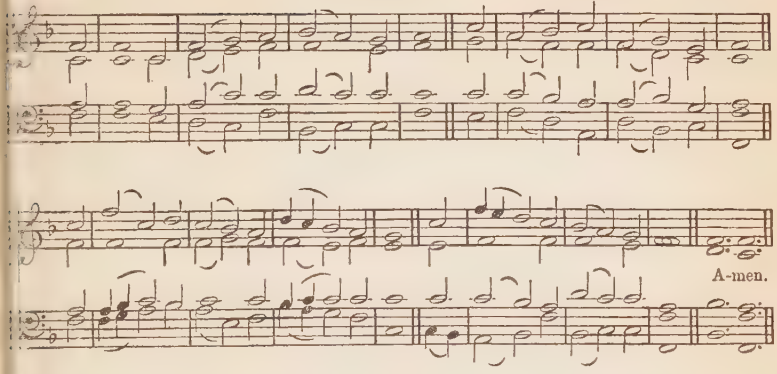
mf 3 Be Thou our great Deliverer still,
Thou Lord of life and death;
Restore and quicken, soothe and bless,
With Thine Almighty breath;

cr To hands that work, and eyes that see,
Give wisdom's heavenly lore,
That whole and sick, and weak and strong,

f May praise Thee evermore. Amen.

E. H. Plumptre.

IRISH. C. M. (Second Tune.) 'Dublin Hymn Book, 1749.



They brought unto Him all that were diseased, and besought Him that they might only touch the hem of His garment; and as many as touched were made perfectly whole.

mf THINE arm, O Lord, in days of old,
Was strong to heal and save;
It triumphed o'er disease and death,
O'er darkness and the grave;
mp To Thee they went,—the blind, the dumb,
The palsied and the lame,
The leper with his tainted life,
The sick with fevered frame;

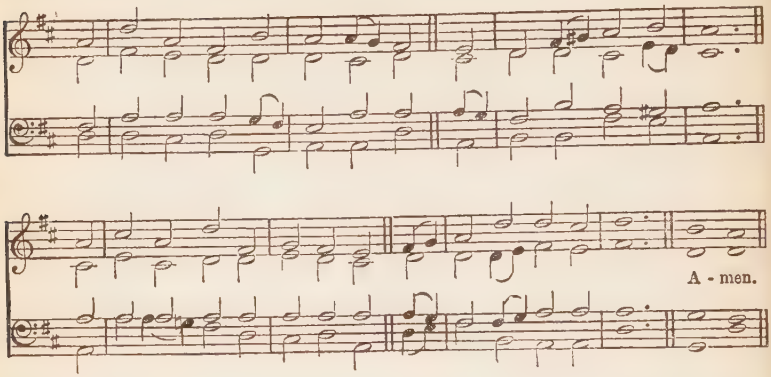
mf 2 And lo! Thy touch brought life and health,
Gave speech and strength and sight;
And youth renewed and frenzy calmed
Owned Thee the Lord of light.
mp And now, O Lord, be near to bless,
Almighty as of yore,
In crowded street, by restless couch,
As by Gennesaret's shore.

mf 3 Be Thou our great Deliverer still,
Thou Lord of life and death;
Restore and quicken, soothe and bless,
With Thine Almighty breath;
To hands that work, and eyes that see,
Give wisdom's heavenly lore,
cr. That whole and sick, and weak and strong,
f May praise Thee evermore. Amen.

E. H. Plumptre.

39 ASPURG. C. M.

J. G. Frech.



I am the Way, and the Truth, and the Life: no man cometh unto the Father but by Me.

mf THOU art the Way: to Thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek Him. Lord, by Thee.

mf 2 Thou art the Truth: Thy word alone
True wisdom can impart:
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart

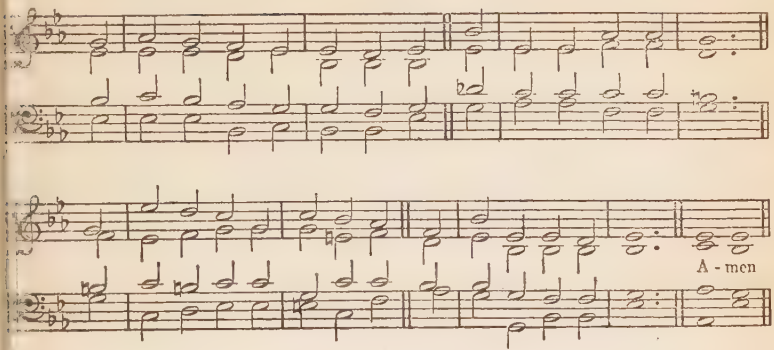
f 3 Thou art the Life: the rending tomb
Proclaims Thy conquering arm;
And those who put their trust in Thee,
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

mf 4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life:
mp Grant us that Way to know,
cr That Truth to keep, that Life to win,
mf Whose joys eternal flow. Amen.

G. W. Doane.

10 FINGAL. C.M.

J. S. Anderson.



In whom, though now ye see Him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable.

mp WE may not climb the heavenly steeps
To bring the Lord Christ down;
In vain we search the lowest deeps,
For Him no depths can drown.

2 And not for signs in heaven above
Or earth below they look,
Who know with John His smile of love,
With Peter, His rebuke.

3 In joy of inward peace, or sense
Of sorrow over sin,
He is His own best evidence,
His witness is within.

cr 4 And warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is He;
mf And faith has still its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

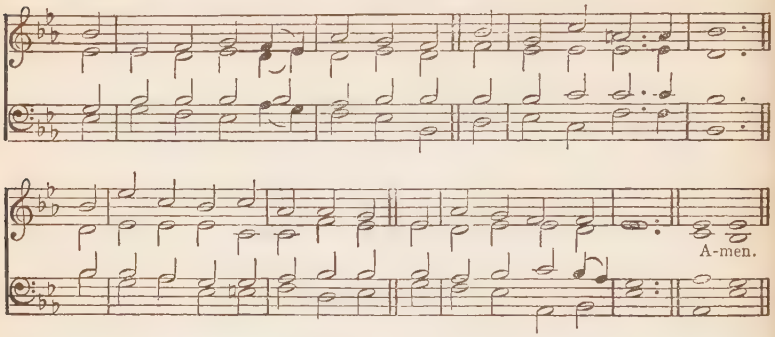
mp 5 The healing of His seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;
cr We touch Him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

mp 6 Through Him the first fond prayers are said
Our lips of childhood frame;
dim The last low whispers of our dead
cr Are burdened with His name. Amen.

J. G. Whittier.

41 ST. BERNARD. C. M.

Adapted by JOHN RICHARDSON.



Followers of the Lord.

mp O LORD and Master of us all!
Whate'er our name or sign,
cr We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,
We test our lives by Thine.

2 Thou judgest us: Thy purity
Doth all our lusts condemn;
The love that draws us nearer Thee
Is hot with wrath to them.

mp 3 Our thoughts lie open to Thy sight;
And, naked to Thy glance,
Our secret sins are in the light
Of Thy pure countenance.

mp 4 Yet, weak and blinded though we be,
Thou dost our service own;
cr We bring our varying gifts to Thee,
And Thou rejectest none.

mp 5 Apart from Thee all gain is loss,
All labor vainly done;
cr The solemn shadow of Thy cross
Is better than the sun.

mf 6 Our Friend, our Brother, and our Lord,
What may Thy service be?
Nor name, nor form, nor ritual word,
But simply following Thee.

mp 7 We faintly hear, we dimly see,
In differing phrase we pray;
cr But dim or clear, we own in Thee
f The Light, the Truth, the Way! Amen.

J. G. WHITTIER.

42 ST. BERNARD. C. M.

Who, when He was reviled, reviled not again; when He suffered, He threatened not.

mp WHAT grace, O Lord, and beauty
Around Thy steps below! [shone
What patient love was seen in all
Thy life, and death of woe!

p 2 Forever on Thy burdened heart
A weight of sorrow hung,
cr Yet no ungentle, murmuring word
Escaped Thy silent tongue.

p 3 Thy foes might hate, despise, revile,
Thy friends unfaithful prove:
cr Unwearied in forgiveness still,
Thy heart could only love.

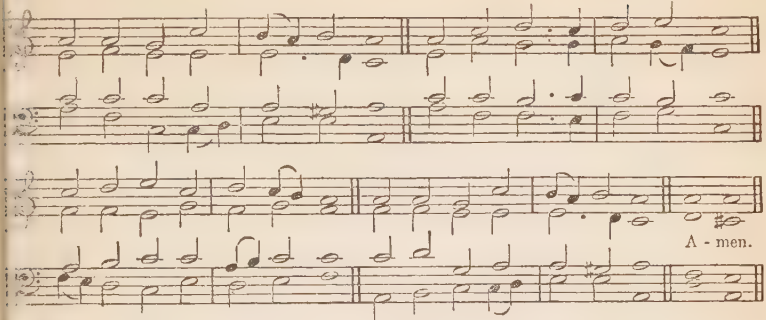
mp 4 O give us hearts to love like Thee,
Like Thee, O Lord, to grieve
cr Far more for others' sins, than all
The wrongs that we receive.

mf 5 One with Thyself, may every eye
In us, Thy brethren, see
mp That gentleness and grace that spring
cr From union, Lord, with Thee. Amen.

SIR EDWARD DENNY.

13 LIGURIA. 7.7.7.7.

ANCIENT MELODY.



Lord, if Thou wilt, Thou canst make me clean.

p ON the shore of Galilee
Walked a leper silently;
Heard the eager people cry:
'Lo, the Healer passeth by!'

2 Came the man of solitude,
Shunned by all the multitude,
And with all his heart's accord
Worshipped low before the Lord.

p 3 'If Thou wilt!' the leper cried;
'Be thou clean!' the Lord replied:
f Faith enough to come and crave:
Power enough to stand and save.

mp 4 Jesus quick put forth His hand,
Token of a sweet command,
mf Overjoyed the leper's soul,
For the Lord had touched him whole.

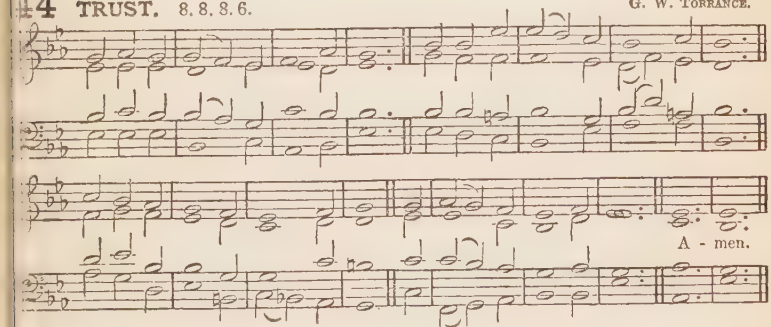
mf 5 Oh, thou Healer, still the same!
Speak to me Thy mighty name,
While for joy I worship Thee.
Like the man of Galilee.

6 Touch me, Lord, destroy my sin;
Touch me, Jesus, make me clean;
Sinner I, but Saviour Thou!
Touch, O Christ, my sullied brow! Amen.

F. G. MORRIS.

14 TRUST. 8.8.8.6.

G. W. TORRANCE.



Could ye not watch with Me one hour?

p SHALL we grow weary in our watch,
And murmur at the long delay,
Impatient of our Father's time
And His appointed way?

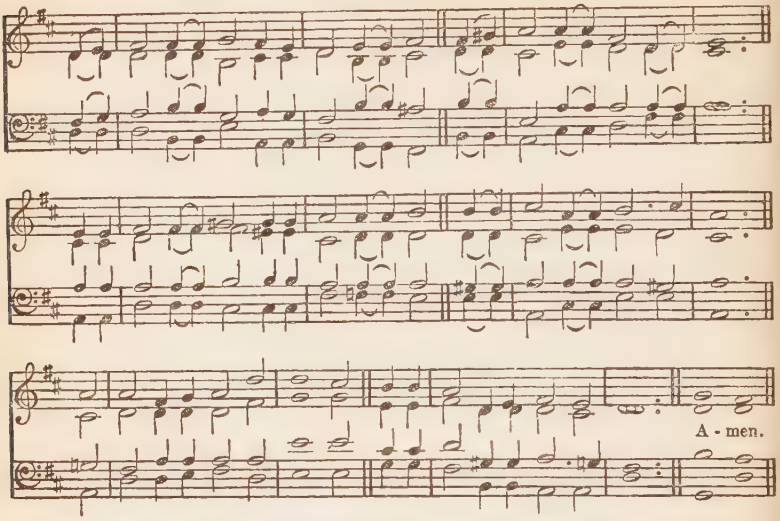
p 2 O Thou who, in the garden's shade,
Didst wake Thy weary ones again,
Who slumbered at that fearful hour,
Forgetful of Thy pain,—

cr 3 Bend o'er us now, as over them,
And set our sleep-bound spirits free,
Nor leave us slumbering in the watch
Our souls should keep with Thee.

J. G. WHITTIER. Amen.

45 MARGARET. IRREGULAR.

T. RICHARD MATTHEWS.



For your sakes He became poor, that ye, through His poverty, might be rich.

mp THOU didst leave Thy throne
And Thy kingly crown
When Thou camest to earth for me,
dim But in Bethlehem's home
Was there found no room
For Thy holy nativity:
mf O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
dim There is room in my heart for Thee!

f 2 Heaven's arches rang
When the angels sang,
Proclaiming Thy royal degree;
mp But of lowly birth
Didst Thou come to earth,
And in great humility;
mf O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
dim There is room in my heart for Thee!

mp 3 The foxes found rest,
And the birds had their nest
In the shade of the forest tree;
dim But Thy couch was the sod,
O Thou Son of God,
In the deserts of Galilee:
mf O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
dim There is room in my heart for Thee!

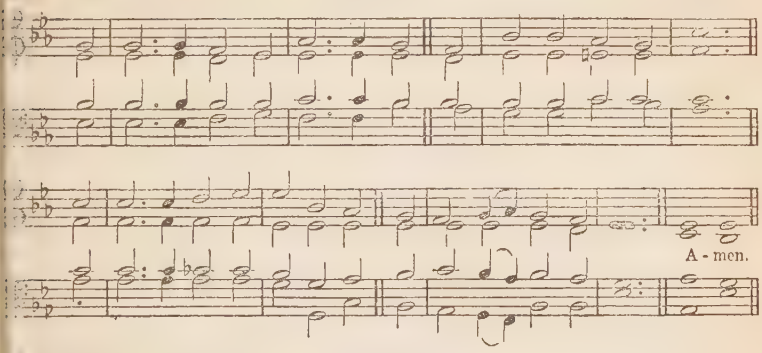
mf 4 Thou camest, O Lord,
With the living word,
That should set Thy people free;
p But, with mocking scorn,
And with crown of thorn,
They bore Thee to Calvary:
mp O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
Thy cross is my only plea!

mf 5 When heaven's arches shall ring,
And her choirs shall sing
At Thy coming to victory,
Let Thy voice call me home,
cr Saying, 'Yet there is room—
There is room at My side for thee!'
f And my heart shall rejoice, Lord Jesus,
When Thou comest and callest for me. Amen.

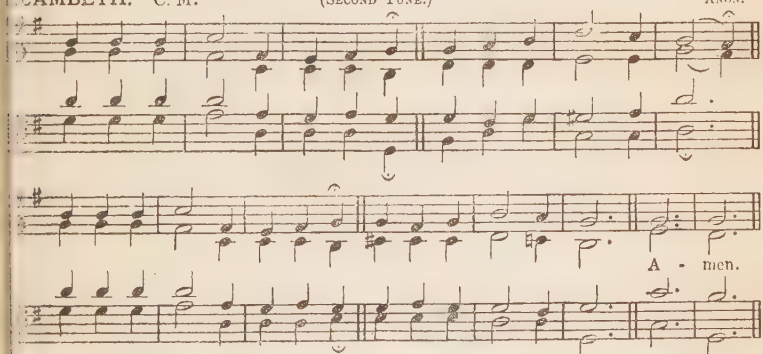
EMILY E. S. ELLIOTT.

(3) SUFFERINGS AND DEATH

6 GREEN HILL. C. M. (First Tune.) A. L. Peace.



LAMBETH. C. M. (Second Tune.) Anon.



There is one Mediator between God and men, the Man Christ Jesus, who gave Himself a ransom for all.

THERE is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified,
Who died to save us all.

We may not know, we cannot tell
What pains He had to bear,
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.

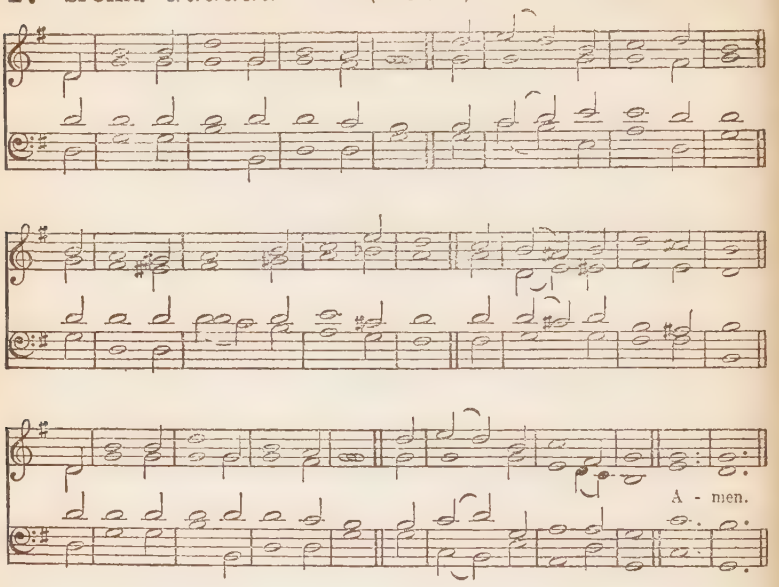
mp 3 He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good.
cr That we might go at last to Heaven
Saved by His precious blood.

mp 4 There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin;
cr He only could unlock the gate
Of Heaven, and let us in.

mf 5 Oh, dearly, dearly has He loved!
And we must love Him too;
And trust in His redeeming blood,
And try His works to do. Amen.

Mrs. Cecil Frances Alexander.

47 SPOHR. 8. 6. 8. 6. 8. 6. (First Tune.) Arranged from Spohr.



The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all.

p O CHRIST, what burdens bowed Thy head!
Our load was laid on Thee:
Thou stoodest in the sinner's stead,
Bearing all ill for me:
A victim led, Thy blood was shed;
mf Now there's no load for me.

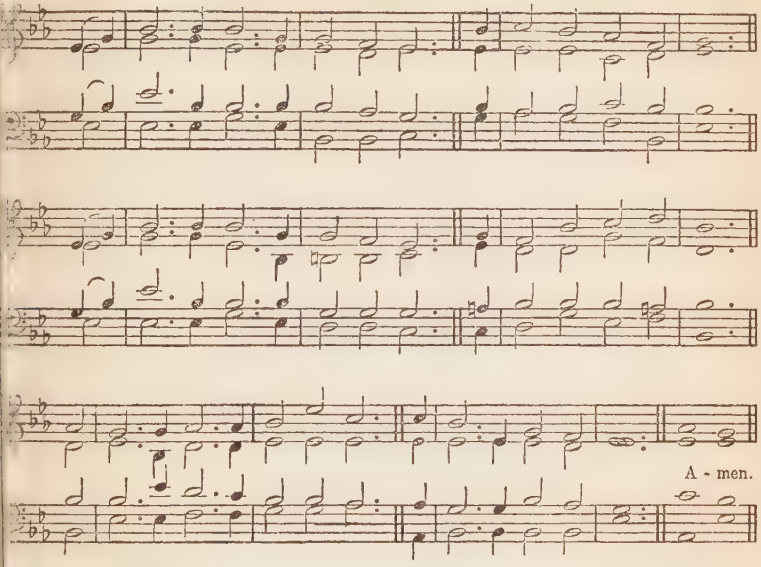
p 2 The Father lifted up His rod:
O Christ, it fell on Thee!
Thou wast sore stricken of Thy God;
There's not one stroke for me:
Thy tears, Thy blood, beneath it flowed,
mf Thy bruising healeth me.

p 3 The Holy One did hide His face:
O Christ, 'twas hid from Thee!
pp Dumb darkness wrapt Thy soul a space,
The darkness due to me:
cr But now that face of radiant grace
Shines forth in light on me.

mp 4 For me, Lord Jesus, Thou hast died,
And I have died in Thee!
mf Thou'rt risen; my bonds are all untied;
And now Thou liv'st in me:
cr When purified, made white and tried,
f Thy glory then for me. Amen.

Mrs. Anne Ross Cousin.

SUBSTITUTION. 8.6.8.6.8.6. (Second Tune.) Ira D. Sankey.



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Thou wast sore stricken of Thy God:
There's not one stroke for me:
Thy tears, Thy blood, beneath it flowed,
Thy bruising healeth me.

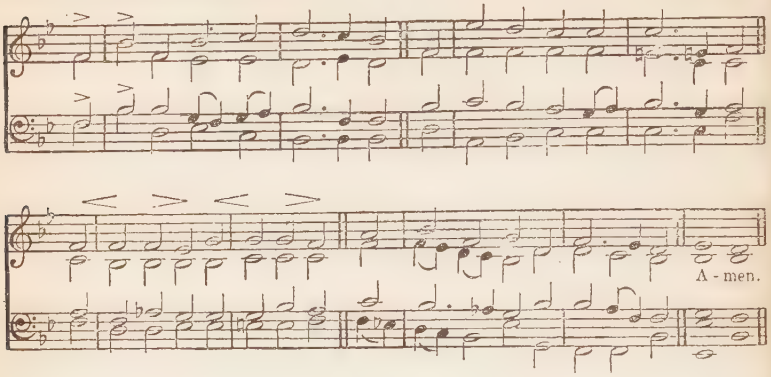
p 3 The Holy One did hide His face:
O Christ, 'twas hid from Thee!
pp Dumb darkness wrapt Thy soul a space,
The darkness due to me:
cr But now that face of radiant grace
Shines forth in light on me.

mp 4 For me, Lord Jesus, Thou hast died,
And I have died in Thee!
mf Thou'rt risen; my bonds are all untied;
And now Thou liv'st in me:
cr When purified, made white and tried,
f Thy glory then for me. Amen.

Mrs. Anne Ross Cousin.

48 ST. DROSTANE. L. M.

J. B. Dykes.



Behold, thy King cometh unto thee . . . lowly, and riding upon an ass, and upon a colt the foal of an ass.

f RIDE on, ride on in majesty!
Hark! all the tribes Hosanna cry:
mp O Saviour meek, pursue Thy road,
With palms and scattered garments strewed.

f 2 Ride on, ride on in majesty!
p In lowly pomp ride on to die:
cr O Christ, Thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquered sin.

f 3 Ride on, ride on in majesty!
dim The wingèd squadrons of the sky
p Look down with sad and wondering eyes
To see the approaching sacrifice.

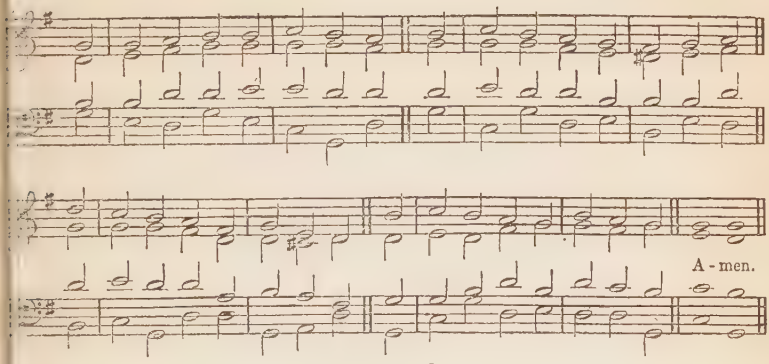
f 4 Ride on, ride on in majesty!
mf The last and fiercest strife is nigh:
The Father on His sapphire throne
Awaits His own anointed Son.

f 5 Ride on, ride on in majesty!
p In lowly pomp ride on to die:
pp Bow Thy meek head to mortal pain,
ff Then take, O God, Thy power, and reign. Amen.

Henry Hart Milman (*altd.*).

9 COMMANDMENTS. L. M.

'Genevan Psalter,' 1543.



See also Eden, No. 50.

God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.

mf WE sing the praise of Him who died,—
p Of Him who died upon the cross:
cr The sinner's hope, let men deride;
For this we count the world but loss.

mf 2 Inscribed upon the cross we see,
In shining letters, 'God is love;'
p He bears our sins upon the tree,
cr He brings us mercy from above.

mf 3 The cross—it takes our guilt away;
It holds the fainting spirit up;
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup.

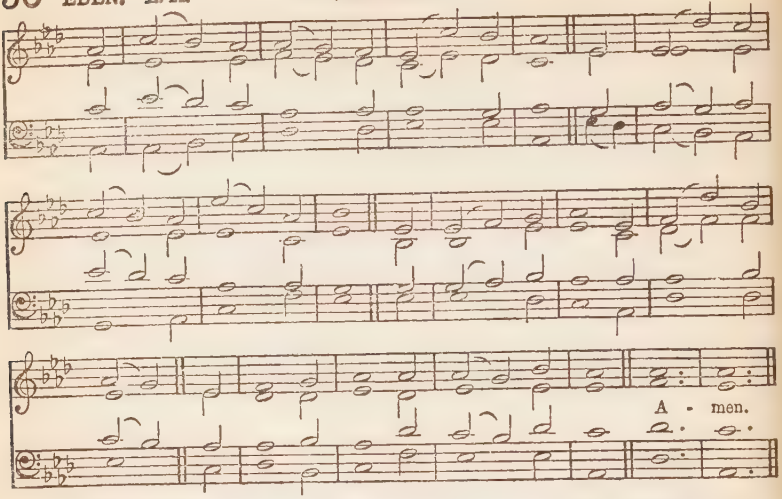
f 4 It makes the coward spirit brave,
And nerves the feeble arm for fight;
It takes its terror from the grave,
And gilds the bed of death with light.

mf 5 The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure and the pledge of love,
cr The sinner's refuge here below,
f The angels' theme in heaven above. Amen.

Thomas Kelly.

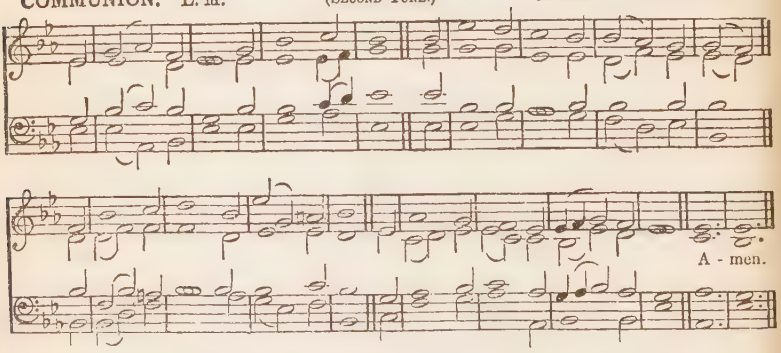
50 EDEN. L. M. (First Tune.)

T. B. Mason.



COMMUNION. L. M. (Second Tune.)

Adapted by Edward Miller.



What things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ.

mf WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ my God;
All the vain things that charm me most
I sacrifice them to His blood.

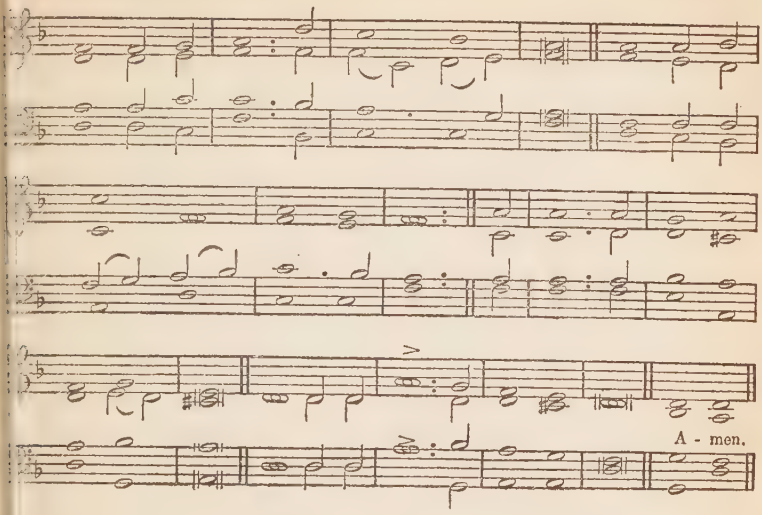
p 3 See from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
cr Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

mf 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
f Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Amen.

Isaac Watts.

51 **ST. CROSS.** L. M. J. B. DYKES.



They crucified Him.

mp OH come and mourn with me awhile!
The Saviour calls us to His side;
Oh, come, together let us mourn:
pp Jesus, our Lord, is crucified!

mp 2 Seven times He spoke, seven words of love;
And all three hours His silence cried
For mercy on the souls of men:
pp Jesus, our Lord, is crucified!

mp 3 O break, O break, hard heart of mine!
dim Thy weak self-love and guilty pride
His Pilate and His Judas were:
pp Jesus, our Lord, is crucified!

mp 4 A broken heart, a fount of tears,
Ask, and they will not be denied;
A broken heart love's dwelling is:
pp Jesus, our Lord, is crucified!

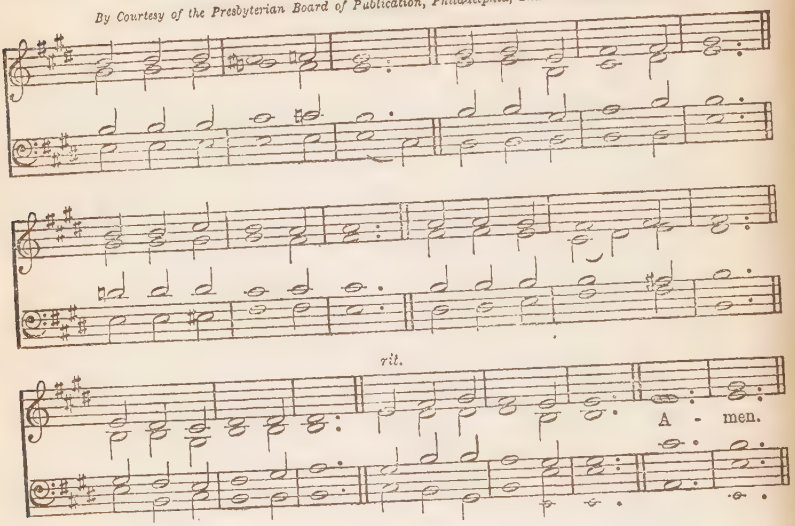
mf 5 O love of God! O sin of man!
In this dread act your strength is tried,
f And victory remains with love:
dim Jesus, our Lord, is crucified! Amen.

F. W. FABER.

52 DEVOTION. 6. 6. 6. 6. 6. 6.

JOHN H. GOWER.

By Courtesy of the Presbyterian Board of Publication, Philadelphia, and Dr. John H. Gower.



Christ's love constraineth us.

p THY life was given for me,
Thy blood, O Lord, was shed,
cr That I might ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead;
p Thy life was given for me;
What have I given for Thee?

2 Long years were spent for me
In weariness and woe,
cr That through eternity
Thy glory I might know:
p Long years were spent for me;
Have I spent one for Thee?

mf 3 Thy Father's home of light,
Thy rainbow-circled throne,
dim Were left for earthly night,
For wanderings sad and lone;
p Yea, all was left for me;
Have I left aught for Thee?

p 4 Thou, Lord, hast borne for me
More than my tongue can tell
Of bitterest agony,
To rescue me from hell;
Thou sufferedst all for me;
What have I borne for Thee?

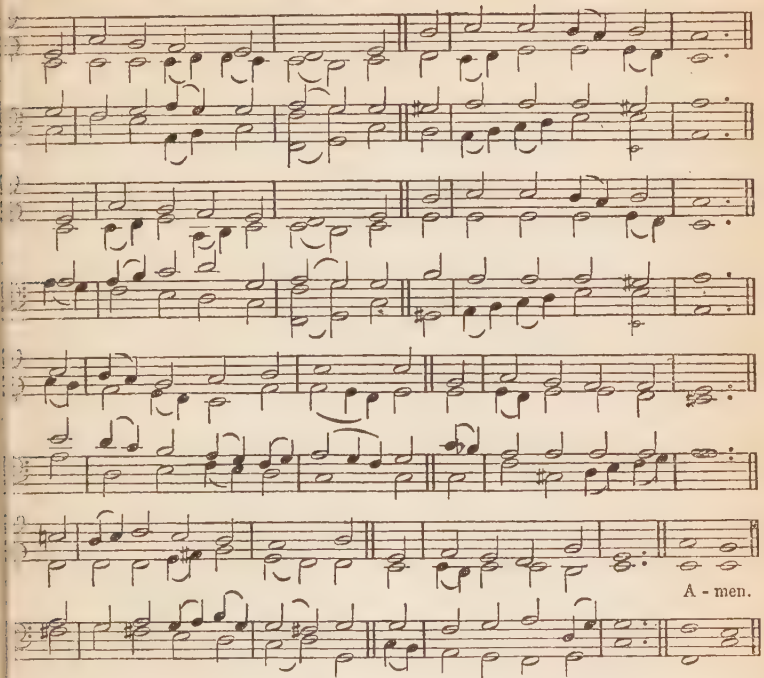
mp 5 And Thou hast brought to me
Down from Thy home above
cr Salvation full and free,
Thy pardon and Thy love;
mf Great gifts Thou broughtest me,
p What have I brought to Thee?

mf 6 O let my life be given,
My years for Thee be spent;
World-fetters all be riven,
And joy with suffering blent;
Thou gav'st Thyself for me,
cr I give myself to Thee. Amen.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

3 PASSION CHORALE. 7.6.7.6. D.

HANS LEO HASSLER.



He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities.

O SACRED head now wounded,
With grief and shame weighed
m Now scornfully surrounded [down,
With thorns, Thy only crown!
How pale art Thou with anguish,
With sore abuse and scorn!
How does that visage languish,
Which once was bright as morn!

f 2 O Lord of life and glory,
What bliss till now was Thine!
I read the wondrous story,
I joy to call Thee mine.
Thy grief and bitter passion
Were all for sinners' gain;
p Mine, mine was the transgression,
But Thine the deadly pain.

mf 3 What language shall I borrow
To praise Thee, heavenly Friend,
For this Thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?
cr O make me Thine for ever,
And, should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never
Outlive my love to Thee.

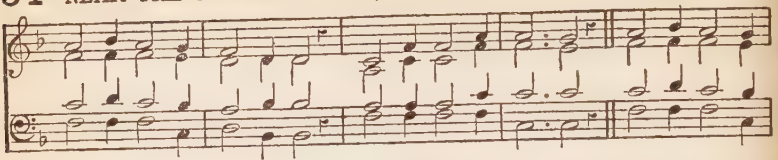
p 4 Be near me, Lord, when dying;
Show Thou Thyself to me;
cr And, for my succor flying,
Come, Lord, to set me free!
These eyes, new faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move;
mp For he who dies believing,
cr Dies safely through Thy love.

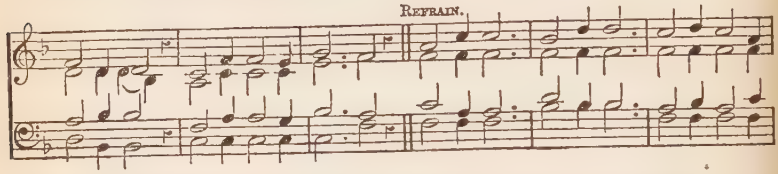
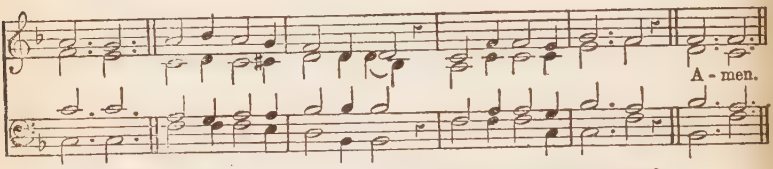
Amen.

FROM ST. BERNARD AND GERHARDT, *tr.* J. W. ALEXANDER (*altd.*).

54 NEAR THE CROSS. 7.6.7.6. (*with refrain*).

W. H. DOANE.



REFRAIN.



Christ crucified . . . the power of God and the wisdom of God.

mp JESUS, keep me near the cross;
There a precious fountain,
Free to all—a healing stream—
Flows from Calvary's mountain.

mf *In the cross, in the cross,*
Be my glory ever;
Till my raptured soul shall find
Rest beyond the river.

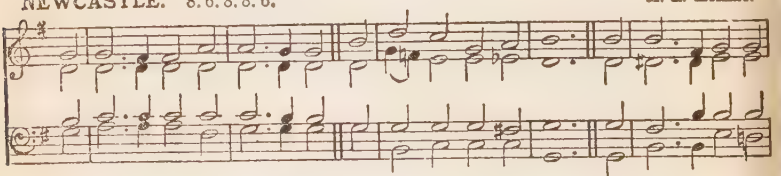
mp 2 Near the cross, a trembling soul,
Love and mercy found me;
cr There the bright and morning Star
Shed its beams around me.

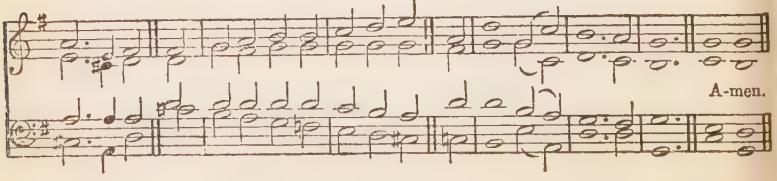
mp 3 Near the cross! O Lamb of God,
Bring its scenes before me;
Help me walk from day to day
With its shadow o'er me. Amen.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

NEWCASTLE. 8.6.8.8.6.

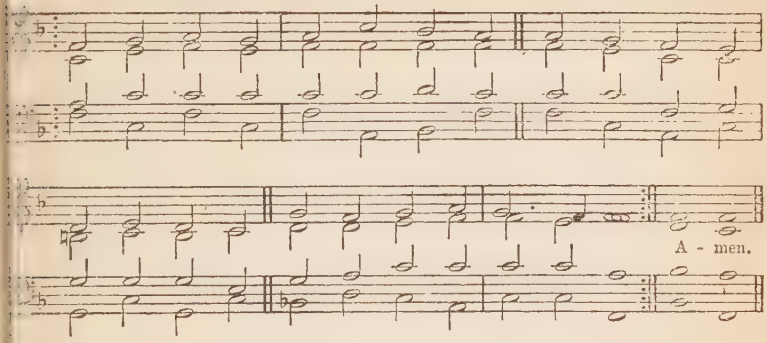
H. L. MORLEY.





45 STABAT MATER. 8.8.7.

FRENCH MELODY.



Now there stood by the cross of Jesus, His mother.

p NEAR the cross was Mary weeping,
There her mournful station keeping,
Gazing on her dying Son:
There in speechless anguish groaning,
Yearning, trembling, sighing, moaning,
Through her soul the sword had gone!

2 But we have no need to borrow
Motives from the mother's sorrow
At our Saviour's cross to mourn.
'Twas our sins brought Him from heaven,
These the cruel nails had driven:
All His griefs for us were borne.

mp 3 When no eye its pity gave us,
When there was no arm to save us,
cr He His love and power displayed:
By His stripes He wrought our healing,
By His death our life revealing,
He for us the ransom paid.

mp 4 Jesus, may Thy love constrain us,
That from sin we may refrain us,
In Thy griefs may deeply grieve:
Thee our best affections giving,
mf To Thy glory ever living,
May we in Thy glory live. Amen.

J. W. ALEXANDER (v. 1 from the Latin).

46 NEWCASTLE. 8.6.8.8.6.

Who died for us that . . . we should live with Him.

O SAVIOUR, where shall guilty man
Find rest except in Thee?
Thine was the warfare with his foe,
The cross of pain, the cup of woe,
And Thine the victory.

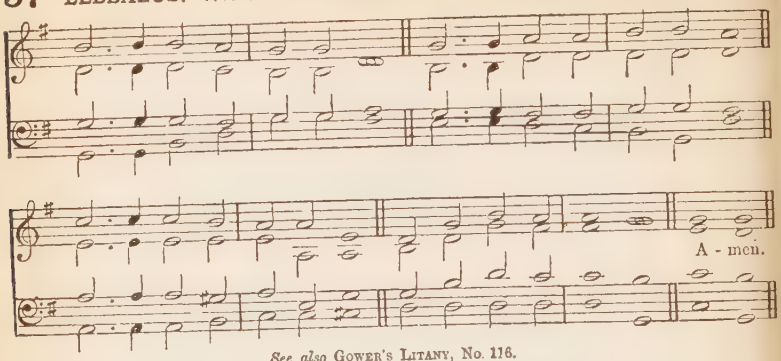
2 How came the everlasting Son,
The Lord of Life, to die?
Why didst Thou meet the tempter's power,
Why, Jesus, in Thy dying hour,
Endure such agony?

mf 3 To save us by Thy precious blood,
To make us one in Thee,
That ours might be Thy perfect life,
Thy thorny crown, Thy cross, Thy strife,
f And ours the victory.

mf 4 O make us worthy, gracious Lord,
Of all Thy love to be;
To Thy blest will our wills incline,
That unto death we may be Thine,
And ever live in Thee. Amen.

C. E. MAY (*altd.*).

57 LEBBAEUS. 7.7.7.6. (First Tune.) Arranged by Sir Arthur Sullivan.



See also Gower's Litany, No. 116.

Father, forgive them.

mp JESUS, in Thy dying woes,
Even while Thy life-blood flows,
Craving pardon for Thy foes!
p Hear us, Holy Jesus.

mp 2 Saviour, for our pardon sue,
When our sins Thy pangs renew,
For we know not what we do.
p Hear us, Holy Jesus.

3 Oh, may we, who mercy need,
cr Be like Thee in heart and deed,
When with wrong our spirits bleed!
p Hear us, Holy Jesus.

To-day in Paradise.

mp 4 Jesus, pitying the sighs
Of the thief who near Thee dies,
cr Promising him Paradise:
p Hear us, Holy Jesus.

mp 5 May we in our guilt and shame,
Still Thy love and mercy claim,
Calling humbly on Thy name!
p Hear us, Holy Jesus.

p 6 Oh, remember us who pine,
Looking from our cross to Thine,
Cheer our souls with hope divine!
p Hear us, Holy Jesus.

Woman, behold thy Son.

mp 7 Jesus, loving to the end
Her whose heart Thy sorrows rend,
And Thy dearest human friend,
p Hear us, Holy Jesus.

p 8 May we in Thy sorrow share,
And for Thee all peril dare,
cr And enjoy Thy tender care!
p Hear us, Holy Jesus.

mp 9 May we all Thy loved ones be,
All one holy family,
Loving for the love of Thee!
p Hear us, Holy Jesus.

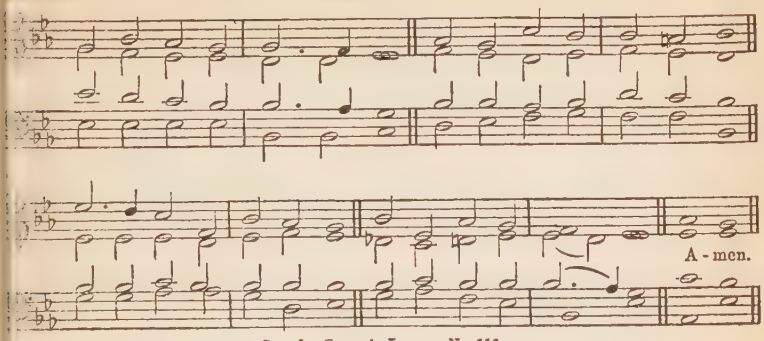
Why hast Thou forsaken Me?

p 10 Jesus, whelmed in fears unknown,
With our evil left alone,
While no light from heaven is shown:—
p Hear us, Holy Jesus.

p 11 When we vainly seek to pray,
And our hope seems far away,
cr In the darkness be our stay!
p Hear us, Holy Jesus.

p 12 Though no Father seem to hear,
Though no light our spirits cheer,
Tell our faith that God is near.
mp Hear us, Holy Jesus.

AGNES. 7.7.7.6. (Second Tune.) Edward Bunnett.



See also Gower's Litany, No. 116.

I thirst.

13 Jesus, in Thy thirst and pain, [drain,
While Thy wounds Thy life-blood
Thirsting more our love to gain:—
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

14 Thirst for us in mercy still,
All Thy holy work fulfil—
Satisfy Thy loving will!
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

15 May we thirst Thy love to know;
Lead us in our sin and woe
Where the healing waters flow!
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

It is finished.

mp 16 Jesus, all our ransom paid,
All Thy Father's will obeyed,
cr By Thy sufferings perfect made:—
p Hear us, Holy Jesus.

p 17 Save us in our soul's distress,
cr Be our help to cheer and bless,
While we grow in holiness!
p Hear us, Holy Jesus.

mp 18 Brighten all our heavenward way,
With an ever holier ray,
cr Till we pass to perfect day!
p Hear us, Holy Jesus.

Father, into Thy hands.

mp 19 Jesus, all Thy labor vast,
All Thy woe and conflict past,—
Yielding up Thy soul at last:—
p Hear us, Holy Jesus.

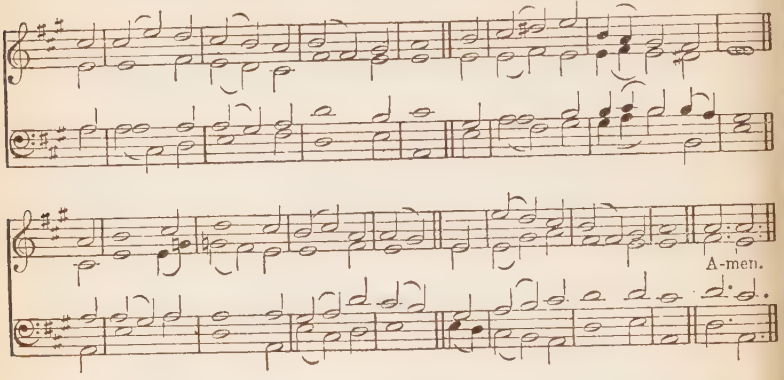
pp 20 When the death shades round us lower,
Guard us from the tempter's power,
Keep us in that trial hour!
p Hear us, Holy Jesus.

mp 21 May Thy life and death supply
cr Grace to live and grace to die,
Grace to reach the home on high!
p Hear us, Holy Jesus. Amen.

T. B. Pollock.

(4) RESURRECTION

58 HOWARD. C. M. JOHN WILSON'S 'SELECTION OF PSALM TUNES,' 1825.



Upon the first day of the week, very early in the morning, they came unto the sepulchre . . . and they found the stone rolled away.

mf BLEST morning! whose first dawning rays
Beheld the Son of God
cr Arise triumphant from the grave,
And leave His dark abode.

p 2 Wrapt in the silence of the tomb
The great Redeemer lay,
mp Till the revolving skies had brought
The third, the appointed day.

mf 3 Hell and the grave combined their force
To hold our Lord in vain;
f Sudden the Conqueror arose,
And burst their feeble chain.

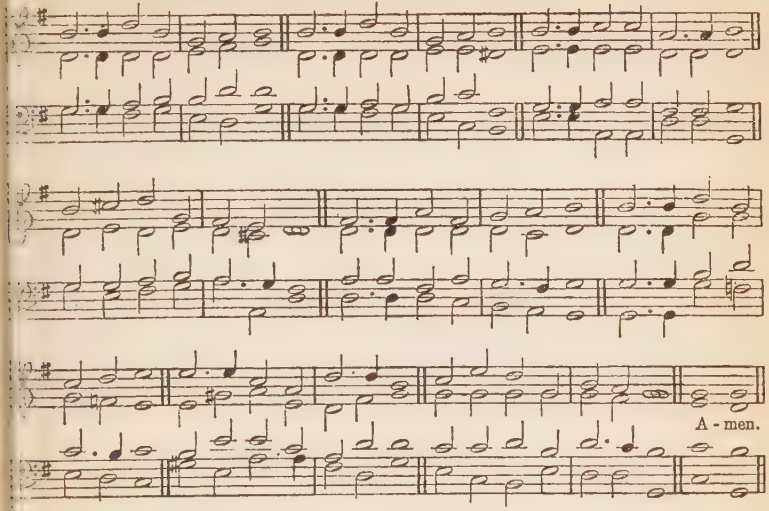
f 4 To Thy great name, Almighty Lord!
We sacred honors pay,
And loud hosannas shall proclaim
The triumphs of the day.

ff 5 Salvation and immortal praise
To our victorious King!
Let heaven and earth, and rocks and seas,
With glad hosannas ring.

6 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, and is,
And shall be evermore. Amen.

ISAAC WATTS (*altd.*).

9 ST. GEORGE'S, WINDSOR. 7.7.7.7. D. Sir G. J. Elvey.



He is not here, but is risen.

f 'CHRIST the Lord is risen to-day,'
Sons of men, and angels, say:
Raise your joys and triumphs high;
Sing, ye heavens; and, earth, reply.

mp 2 Love's redeeming work is done,
cr Fought the fight, the battle won:
mf Lo! our Sun's eclipse is o'er,
Lo! He sets in blood no more.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
cr Christ hath burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids His rise;
f Christ hath opened Paradise.

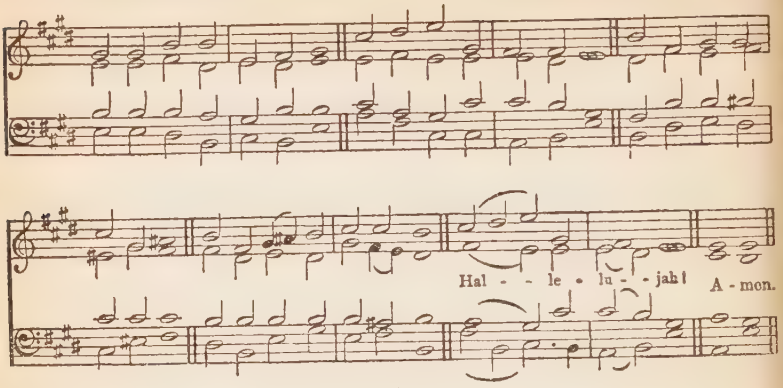
4 Lives again our glorious King;
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Once He died our souls to save;
Where thy victory, O grave?

mf 5 Soar we now where Christ hath led,
Following our exalted Head;
cr Made like Him, like Him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

ff 6 Hail! the Lord of earth and heaven!
Praise to Thee by both be given;
Thee we greet triumphant now,
Hail! the Resurrection Thou! Amen. Charles Wesley.

60 WIRTEMBURG. 7.7.7.7.4.

'Hundert Geistliche Arien,' 1694.



Now is Christ risen from the dead.

f CHRIST the Lord is risen again;
Christ hath broken every chain;
Hark! the angels shout for joy,
Singing evermore on high,
Hallelujah!

mf 2 He who gave for us His life,
Who for us endured the strife,
Is our Paschal Lamb to-day;
f We too sing for joy, and say,
Hallelujah!

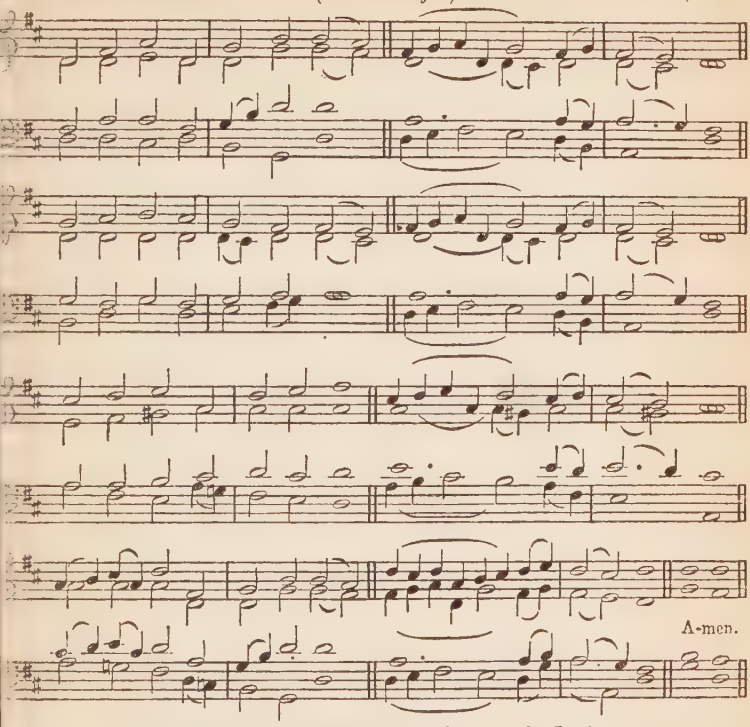
mf 3 He who bore all pain and loss,
Comfortless upon the cross,
f Lives in glory now on high,
Pleads for us, and hears our cry:
Hallelujah!

mf 4 Now He bids us tell abroad
How the lost may be restored,
How the penitent forgiven,
How we too may enter heaven.
Hallelujah!

5 Thou, our Paschal Lamb indeed,
Christ, Thy ransomed people feed;
Take our sins and guilt away,
f That we all may sing for aye,
ff Hallelujah! Amen.

M. Weisse, *tr.* C. Winkworth.

51 **EASTER HYMN.** 7.7.7.7. (*with Hallelujah*). 'Lyra Davidica,' 1708.



Then were the disciples glad when they saw the Lord.

JESUS CHRIST is risen to-day,
Hallelujah!
Our triumphant holy day,
Hallelujah!
Who did once upon the cross
cr Hallelujah!
Suffer to redeem our loss;
f Hallelujah!

2 Hymns of praises let us sing
Hallelujah!
Unto Christ, our heavenly King,
Hallelujah!
Who endured the cross and grave,
cr Hallelujah!
Sinners to redeem and save.
f Hallelujah!

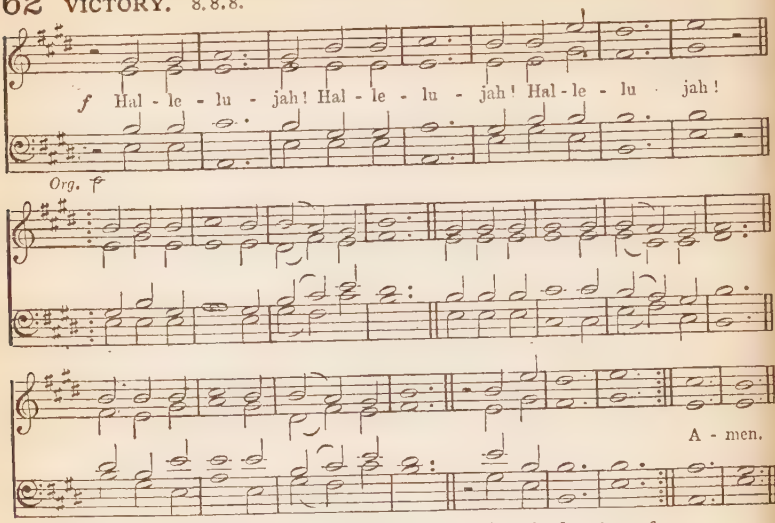
mp 3 But the anguish He endured,
cr Hallelujah!
mf Our salvation hath procured:
Hallelujah!
f Now above the sky He's King,
Hallelujah!
Where the angels ever sing
Hallelujah!

ff 4 Sing we to our God above
Hallelujah!
Praise eternal as His love;
Hallelujah!
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,
Hallelujah!
Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
Hallelujah! Amen.

From the Latin.

62 VICTORY. 8.8.8.

PALESTRINA.



O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?

HALLELUJAH! HALLELUJAH! HALLELUJAH!

f THE strife is o'er, the battle done:
The victory of life is won:
ff The song of triumph has begun,—
Hallelujah!

f 2 The powers of death have done their worst,
But Christ their legions hath dispersed;
ff Let shouts of holy joy outburst,—
Hallelujah!

mp 3 The three sad days have quickly sped;
cr He rises glorious from the dead;
f All glory to our risen Head!
Hallelujah!

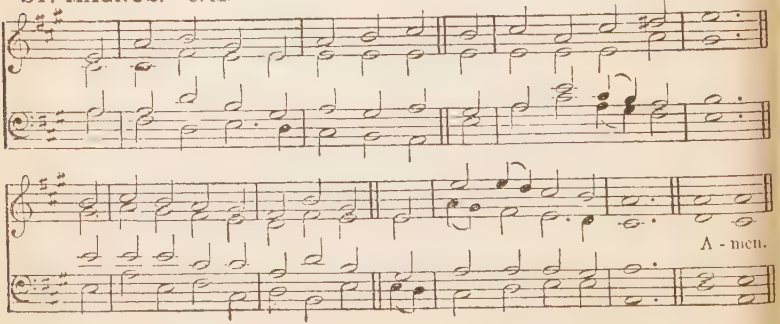
f 4 He brake the age-bound chains of hell;
The bars from heaven's high portals fell;
ff Let hymns of praise His triumph tell:
Hallelujah!

p 5 Lord, by the stripes which wounded Thee,
cr From death's dread sting Thy servants free,
ff That we may live, and sing to Thee
ff Hallelujah! Amen.

FRANCIS POTT (from the Latin).

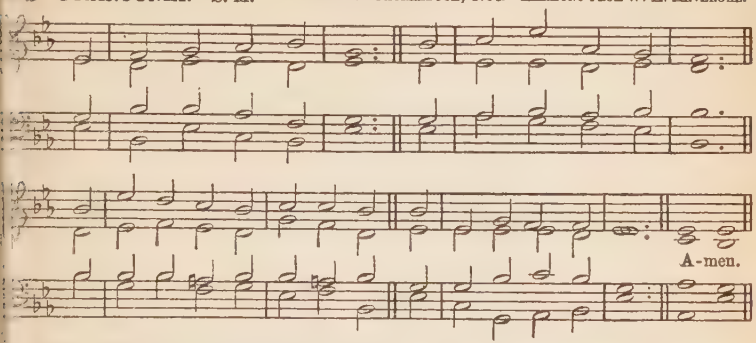
ST. MAGNUS. C. M.

JEREMIAH CLARK.



(5) ASCENSION AND EXALTATION

83 FRANCONIA. S. M. MÜLLER'S 'CHORALBUCH,' 1754. HARMONY FROM W. H. HAVERGAL.



This same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go into heaven.

THOU art gone up on high,
To mansions in the skies,
And round Thy throne unceasingly
The songs of praise arise.

2 But we are lingering here,
With sin and care oppressed;
Lord, send Thy promised Comforter,
And lead us to Thy rest.

3 Thou art gone up on high;
But Thou didst first come down,
Through earth's most bitter agony
To pass unto Thy crown.

mp 4 And girt with griefs and fears
Our onward course must be;
cr But only let that path of tears
Lead us at last to Thee.

f 5 Thou art gone up on high;
But Thou shalt come again,
With all the bright ones of the sky
Attendant in Thy train.

mf 6 O by Thy saving power,
So make us live and die,
cr That we may stand, in that dread hour,
f At Thy right hand on high. Amen.

EMMA TOKE.

84 ST. MAGNUS. C. M.

God hath made that same Jesus whom ye crucified both Lord and Christ.

THE Head that once was crowned with thorns
Is crowned with glory now;
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.

2 The highest place that heaven affords
Is His, is His by right,
The King of kings and Lord of lords
And heaven's eternal light.

3 The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below,
To whom He manifests His love,
And grants His name to know.

p 4 To them the cross, with all its shame,
cr With all its grace, is given;
f Their name an everlasting name,
Their joy the joy of heaven.

p 5 They suffer with their Lord below,
f They reign with Him above;
mf Their profit and their joy to know
The mystery of His love.

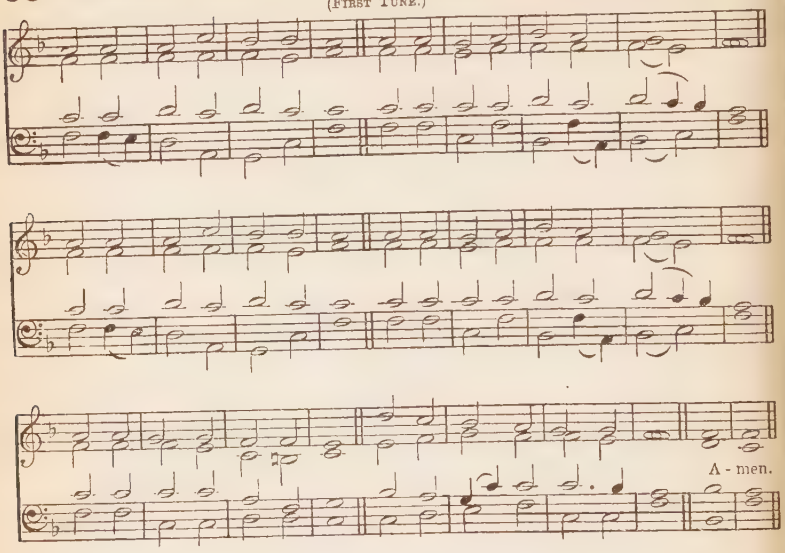
6 The cross He bore is life and health,
Though shame and death to Him;
f His people's hope, His people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme. Amen.

THOMAS KELLY.

65 MEINHOLD. 7.8.7.8.7.7.

J. S. Bach's 'Vierstimmige Choralgesänge,' 1769,
Arranged by Margaret J. MacMillan.

(First Tune.)



Because I live, ye shall live also.

f JESUS lives! thy terrors now
Can, O Death, no more appal me;
Jesus lives! by this I know
Thou, O grave, canst not enthral me:
cr *Brighter scenes at death commence;*
This shall be my confidence.

f 2 Jesus lives! to Him the throne
High o'er heaven and earth is given;
I may go where He is gone,
Live and reign with Him in heaven:
God through Christ forgives offence;
This shall be my confidence.

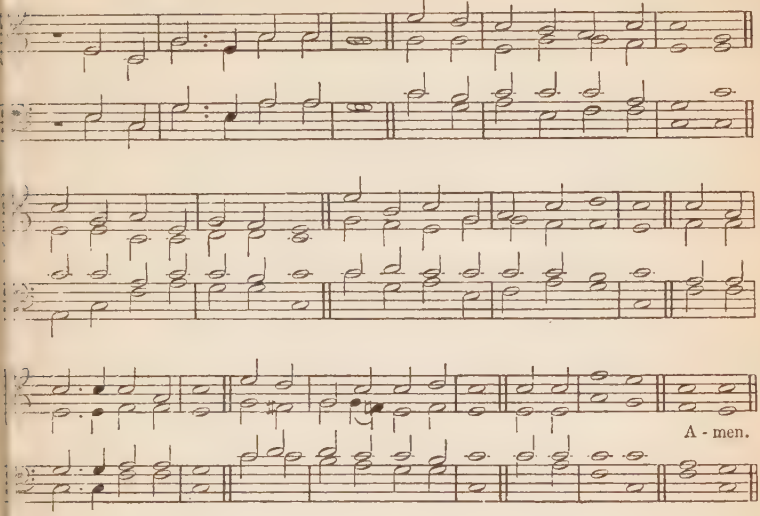
mf 3 Jesus lives! for me He died;
Hence will I, to Jesus living,
Pure in heart and act abide,
Praise to Him and glory giving:
cr *Freely God doth aid dispense;*
This shall be my confidence.

f 4 Jesus lives! my heart knows well,
Nought from me His love shall sever,
Life, nor death, nor powers of hell,
Part me now from Christ for ever:
God will be a sure defence;
This shall be my confidence.

mf 5 Jesus lives! henceforth is death
But the gate of life immortal;
mp This shall calm my trembling breath,
When I pass its gloomy portal:
cr *Faith shall cry, as fails each sense,*
Lord, Thou art my confidence.' Amen.

C. F. Gellert, *tr.* F. E. Cox.

ST. ALBINUS. 7.8.7.8.7.7.4. (Second Tune.) H. J. Gauntlett.



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Jesus lives! by this I know
Thou, O grave, canst not enthral me:
Brighter scenes at death commence;
This shall be my confidence.
Hallelujah!

2 Jesus lives! to Him the throne
High o'er heaven and earth is given;
I may go where He is gone,
Live and reign with Him in heaven:
God through Christ forgives offence;
This shall be my confidence.
Hallelujah!

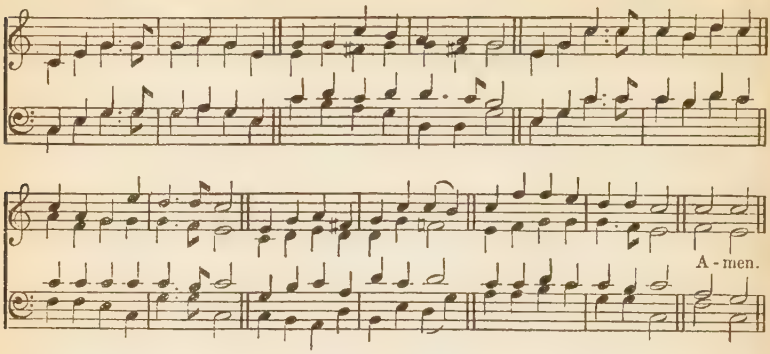
mf 3 Jesus lives! for me He died;
Hence will I, to Jesus living,
Pure in heart and act abide,
Praise to Him and glory giving:
cr *Freely God doth aid dispense;*
This shall be my confidence.
Hallelujah!

f 4 Jesus lives! my heart knows well,
Nought from me His love shall sever,
Life, nor death, nor powers of hell,
Part me now from Christ for ever:
God will be a sure defence;
This shall be my confidence.
Hallelujah!

mf 5 Jesus lives! henceforth is death
But the gate of life immortal;
mp This shall calm my trembling breath,
When I pass its gloomy portal:
cr *Faith shall cry, as fails each sense,*
'Lord, Thou art my confidence.'
f Hallelujah! Amen.

C. F. Gellert, *tr.* F. E. Cox.

66 TRIUMPH. 8.7.8.7.7.7. H. J. GAUNTLETT.



I that speak in righteousness, mighty to save.

mp WHO is this that comes from Edom,
All His raiment stained with blood,
cr To the slave proclaiming freedom,
Bringing and bestowing good,
f Glorious in the garb He wears,
Glorious in the spoils He bears?

f 2 'Tis the Saviour, now victorious,
Travelling onward in His might;
'Tis the Saviour, O how glorious
To His people is the sight!
Jesus now is strong to save,
Mighty to redeem the slave.

mp 3 Why that blood His raiment staining?
'Tis the blood of many slain:
cr Of His foes there's none remaining,
None the contest to maintain;
f Fallen they are, no more to rise,
All their glory prostrate lies.

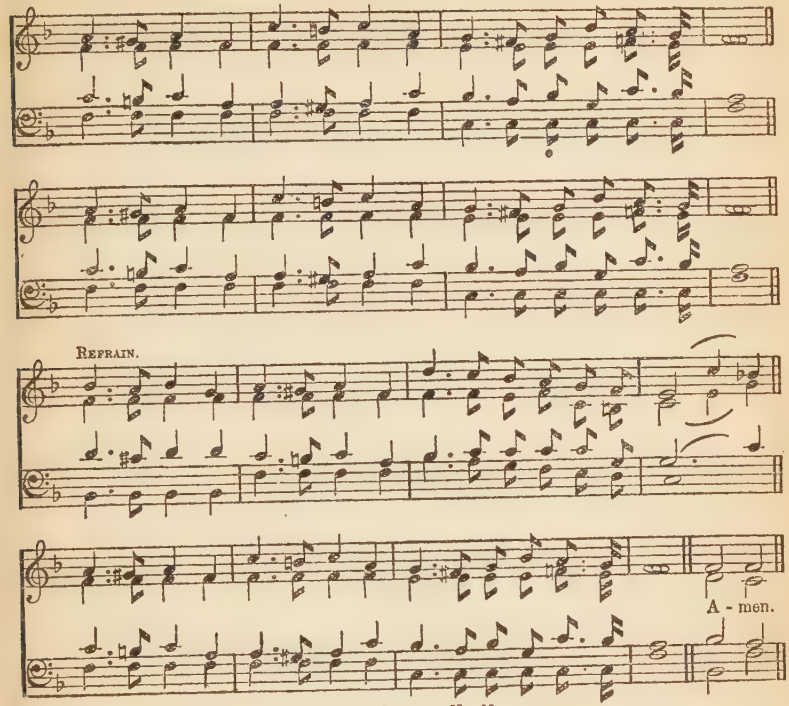
f 4 This the Saviour has effected
By His mighty arm alone;
See the throne for Him erected,
'Tis an everlasting throne!
'Tis the great reward He gains,
Glorious fruit of all His pains.

f 5 Mighty Victor, reign forever!
Wear the crown so dearly won;
Never shall Thy people, never
Cease to sing what Thou hast done.
Thou hast fought Thy people's foes;
Thou wilt heal Thy people's woes. Amen.

THOMAS KELLY.

67 LOOK, YE SAINTS. 8.7.8.7. D.

ARRANGED BY G. C. STEBBINS.



See also TRIUMPH, No. 66.

And He hath on His vesture and on His thigh a name written, King of kings, and Lord of lords.

f LOOK, ye saints! the sight is glorious!
See the Man of Sorrows now;
From the fight returned victorious,
Every knee to Him shall bow:
ff Crown Him! crown Him!
Crowns become the Victor's brow.

f 2 Crown the Saviour! angels, crown Him!
Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
In the seat of power enthrone Him,
While the vault of heaven rings:
ff Crown Him! crown Him!
Crown the Saviour, King of kings!

p 3 Sinners in derision crowned Him,
Mocking thus Messiah's claim;
f Saints and angels throng around Him,
Own His title, praise His name:
ff Crown Him! crown Him!
Spread abroad the Victor's fame.

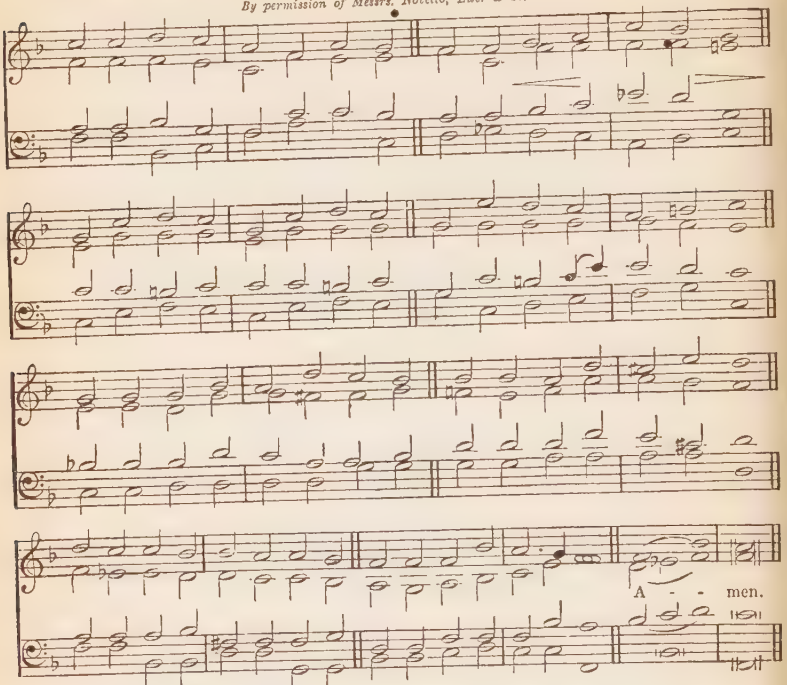
mf 4 Hark, those bursts of acclamation!
cr Hark, those loud triumphant chords!
f Jesus takes the highest station:
O what joy the sight affords!
ff Crown Him! crown Him!
King of kings, and Lord of lords.
Amen.

THOMAS KELLY.

68 ST. ANDREW'S. 8.7.8.7. D. (First Tune.)

SIR JOSEPH BARNBY.

By permission of Messrs. Novello, Ewer & Co.



Wherefore God also hath highly exalted Him.

mf HAIL, Thou once despisèd Jesus!
Hail, Thou Galilean King!
Thou didst suffer to release us;
Thou didst free salvation bring.

p Hail, Thou agonizing Saviour.
Bearer of our sin and shame;

cr By Thy merits we find favor;
Life is given through Thy name.

mf 2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins were on Thee laid;

cr By Almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made.
All Thy people are forgiven
Through the virtue of Thy blood,

f Opened is the gate of heaven;
dim Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

f 3 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There forever to abide;
All the heavenly host adore Thee,
Seated by Thy Father's side.

mp There for sinners Thou art pleading,
There Thou dost our place prepare,

cr Ever for us interceding,

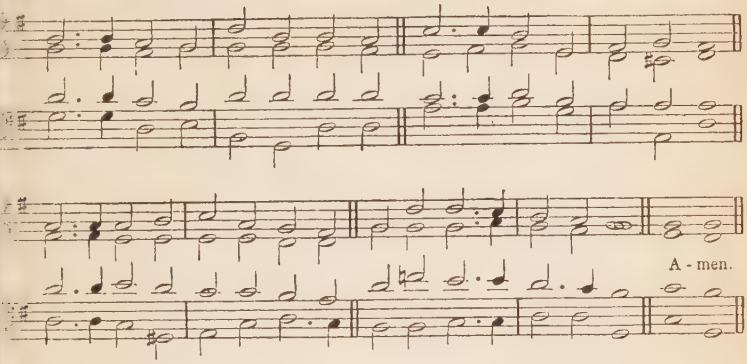
mf Till in glory we appear.

f 4 Worship, honor, power, and blessing
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.

ff Help, ye bright angelic spirits,
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits,
Help to chant Immanuel's praise!
Amen.

JOHN BAKEWELL.

ST. MABYN. 8.7.8.7. (Second Tune.) Arthur Henry Brown.



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Hail, Thou Galilean King!
Thou didst suffer to release us;
Thou didst free salvation bring.
Hail, Thou agonizing Saviour,
Bearer of our sin and shame;
By Thy merits we find favor;
Life is given through Thy name.

mf 2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins were on Thee laid;
cr By Almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made.
All Thy people are forgiven
Through the virtue of Thy blood,
f Opened is the gate of heaven;
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f 3 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There forever to abide;
All the heavenly host adore Thee,
Seated by Thy Father's side.
mp There for sinners Thou art pleading,
There Thou dost our place prepare,
cr Ever for us interceding,
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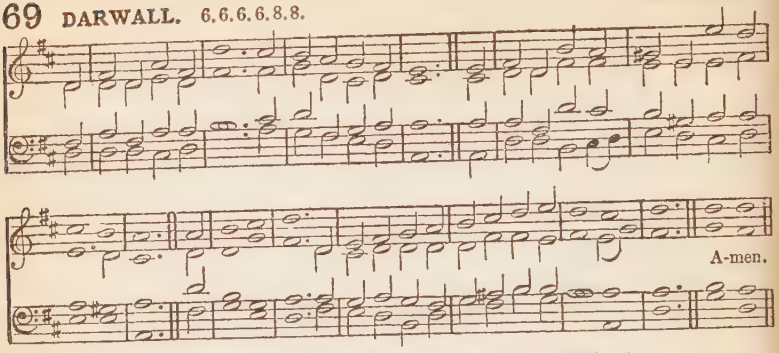
f 4 Worship, honor, power, and blessing
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises without ceasing
Meet it is for us to give.
ff Help, ye bright angelic spirits,
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits,
Help to chant Immanuel's praise. Amen.

John Bakewell.

69 DARWALL. 6.6.6.6.8.8.

JOHN DARWALL.



He must reign, till He hath put all enemies under His feet.

f REJOICE, the Lord is King;
Your Lord and King adore;
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore:
ff Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice; again I say, rejoice.

mf 2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,
The God of truth and love,
When He had purged our stains,
He took His seat above:
ff Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice; again I say, rejoice.

mf 3 His kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given:
ff Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice; again I say, rejoice.

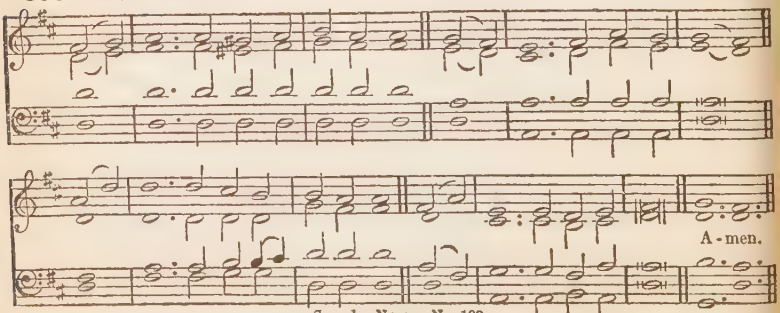
f 4 He sits at God's right hand,
Till all His foes submit,
And bow to His command,
And fall beneath His feet:
ff Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice; again I say, rejoice.

f 5 Rejoice in glorious hope;
Jesus, the Judge, shall come,
And take His servants up
To their eternal home:
We soon shall hear the archangel's voice,
ff The trump of God shall sound, Rejoice. Amen.

CHARLES WESLEY.

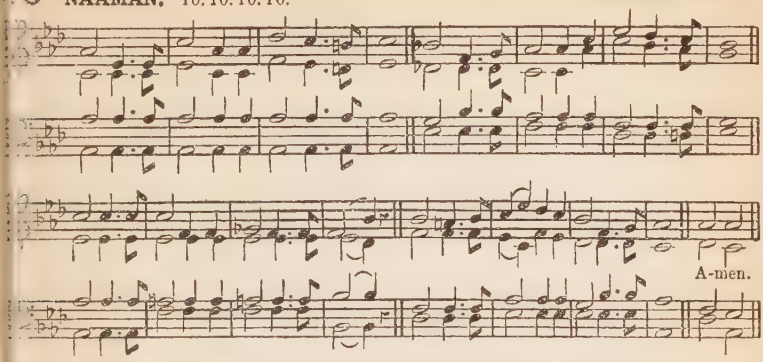
COOLING. C. M.

A. J. ABBEY.



See also NAOMI, No. 103.

O NAAMAN. 10.10.10.10. SIR MICHAEL COSTA.



Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory and honor and power.

f BLESSING and honor and glory and power,
Wisdom and riches and strength evermore,
Give ye to Him who our battle hath won,
Whose are the kingdom, the crown, and the throne.

mf 2 Past are the darkness, the storm, and the war,
cr Come is the radiance that sparkles afar,
Breaketh the gleam of the day without end,
Riseth the sun that shall never descend.

mf 3 Ever ascendeth the song and the joy,
Ever descendeth the love from on high,
cr Blessing and honor and glory and praise,
This is the theme of the hymns that we raise.

mf 4 Life of all life, and true Light of all light,
dim Star of the dawning unchangingly bright,
cr Sun of the Salem whose light is the Lamb,
Theme of the ever-new, ever-glad psalm!

f 5 Give we the glory and praise to the Lamb,
Take we the robe and the harp and the palm,
Sing we the song of the Lamb that was slain,
Dying in weakness, but rising to reign. Amen. HORATIUS BONAR.

(6) SYMPATHY AND INTERCESSION

1 COOLING. C. M.

We have not an high priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities.

THERE is no sorrow, Lord, too light
To bring in prayer to Thee;
There is no anxious care too slight
To wake Thy sympathy.

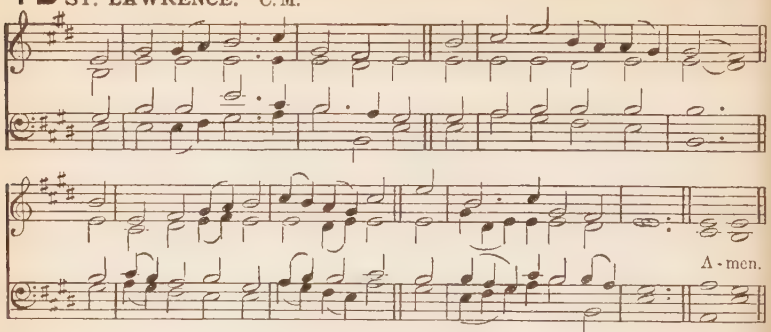
2 Thou, who hast trod the thorny road,
Wilt share each small distress;
The love, which bore the greater load,
Will not refuse the less.

mp 3 There is no secret sigh we breathe,
cr But meets Thine ear divine;
mp And every cross grows light beneath
dim The shadow, Lord, of Thine.

p 4 Life's ills without, sin's strife within,
The heart would overflow,
cr But for that love which died for sin,
That love which wept with woe. Amen.
JANE CREWDSON, and B. H. KENNEDY.

72 ST. LAWRENCE. C.M.

R. A. SMITH.



Yet will I not forget thee.

f YE heavens, send forth your song of
Earth, raise your voice below! [praise!
Let hills and mountains join the hymn,
And joy through nature flow.

mf 2 Behold how gracious is our God!
Hear the consoling strains,
In which He cheers our drooping hearts
And mitigates our pains.

mp 3 Cease ye, when days of darkness come,
In sad dismay to mourn,
cr As if the Lord could leave His saints
Forsaken or forlorn.

mp 4 Can the fond mother e'er forget
The infant whom she bore?
And can its plaintive cries be heard,
Nor move compassion more?

5 She may forget: nature may fail
A parent's heart to move;
mf But Zion on my heart shall dwell
In everlasting love.

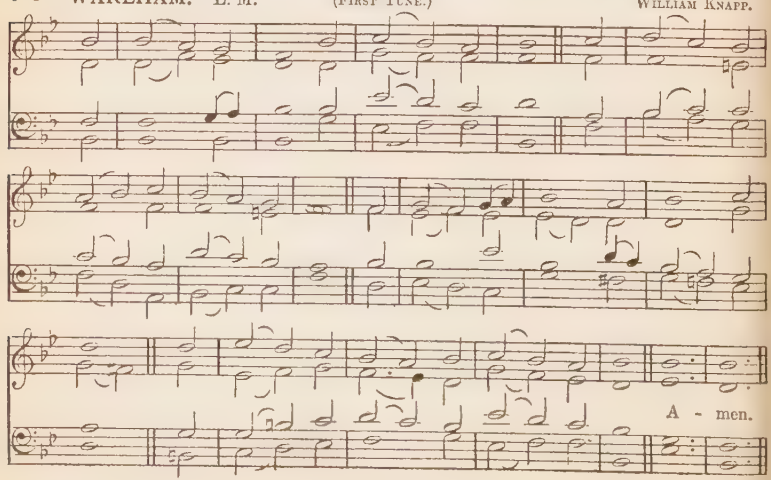
6 Full in my sight, upon my hands
I have engraved her name:
cr My hands shall build her ruined walls,
And raise her broken frame. Amen.

ISAAC WATTS (*altd.*).

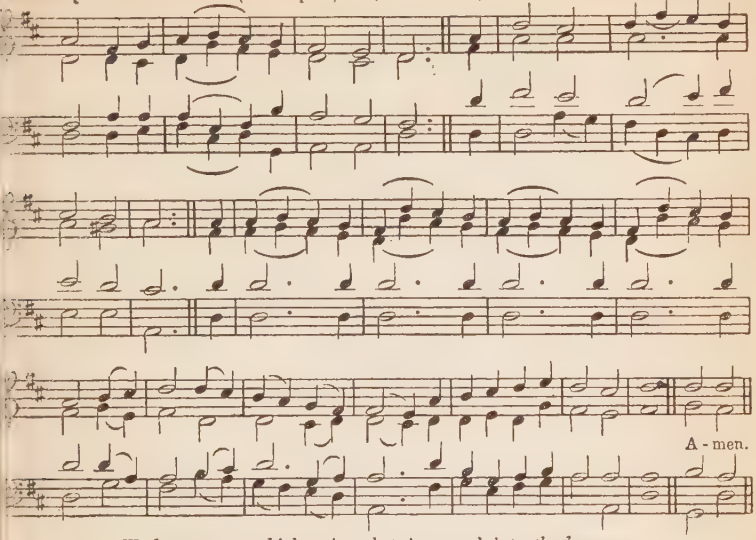
73 WAREHAM. L.M.

(FIRST TUNE.)

WILLIAM KNAPP.



TRANQUILITY. L.M. (*with repeat*). (Second Tune.) William Matthews.



We have a great high priest that is passed into the heavens.

mf WHERE high the heavenly temple stands,
The house of God not made with hands,
A great High Priest our nature wears,
The Guardian of mankind appears.

mp 2 He who for men their surety stood,
And poured on earth His precious blood,
cr Pursues in heaven His mighty plan,
The Saviour and the friend of man.

mp 3 Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a brother's eye;
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.

p 4 Our fellow-sufferer yet retains
A fellow-feeling of our pains;
And still remembers in the skies
pp His tears, His agonies, and cries.

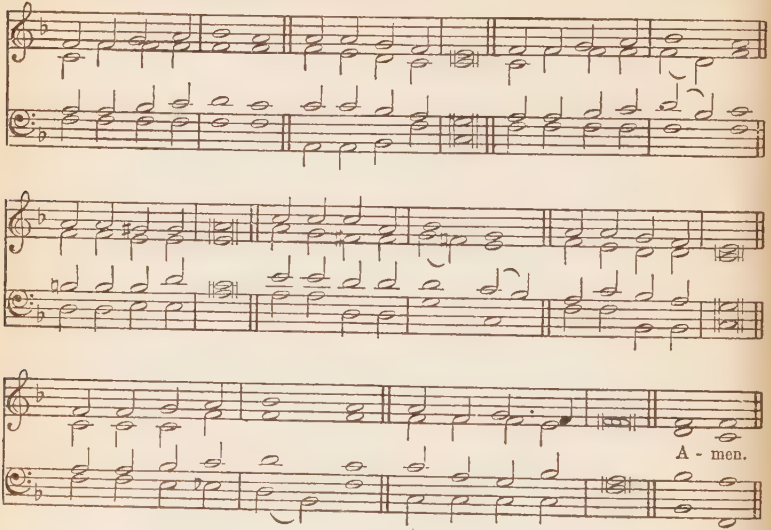
mp 5 In every pang that rends the heart,
The Man of sorrows had a part;
cr He sympathizes with our grief,
And to the sufferer sends relief.

mf 6 With boldness, therefore, at the throne
Let us make all our sorrows known;
And ask the aids of heavenly power
To help us in the evil hour. Amen.

Michael Bruce.

74 ST. MARY MAGDALENE. 6.5.6.5. D.

J. B. DYKES.



See also PENITENCE, No. 75.

He is able to save to the uttermost them that draw near unto God through Him.

mp IN the hour of trial,
Jesus, plead for me,
Lest, by base denial,
I depart from Thee;
When Thou seest me waver,
With a look recall,
Nor, for fear or favor,
Suffer me to fall.

mp 2 With its witching pleasures
Would this vain world charm,
Or its sordid treasures
Spread to work me harm;
p Bring to my remembrance
Sad Gethsemane,
Or in darker semblance,
dim Cross-crowned Calvary.

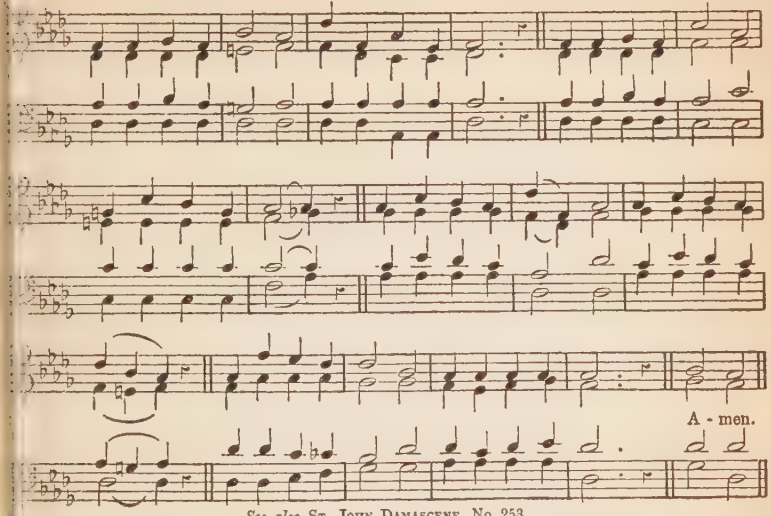
p 3 Should Thy mercy send me
Sorrow, toil, and woe;
Or should pain attend me
On my path below;
Grant that I may never
Fail Thy hand to see,
Grant that I may ever
Cast my care on Thee.

pp 4 When my last hour cometh,
Fraught with strife and pain,
When my dust returneth
To the dust again;
cr On Thy truth relying
Through that mortal strife,
mp Jesus, take me, dying,
To eternal life. Amen.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, *altd. by* MRS. HUTTON.

5 PENITENCE. 6. 5. 6. 5. D.

SPENCER LANE.



See also ST. JOHN DAMASCENE, No. 253.

The Lord shall give thee rest from thy sorrow.

mp OH, let him whose sorrow
No relief can find,
cr Trust in God and borrow
Ease for heart and mind.
p Where the mourner, weeping,
Sheds the secret tear,
cr God His watch is keeping,
Though none else be near.

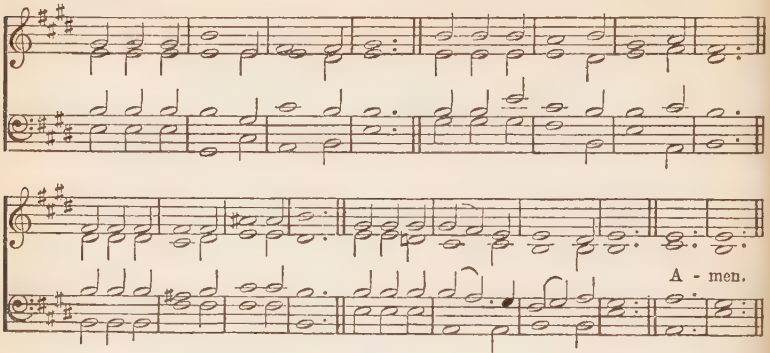
mp 2 God will never leave thee;
All thy wants He knows,
Feels the pains that grieve thee,
Sees thy cares and woes:
mp If in grief thou languish
cr He will dry the tear,
Who His children's anguish
Soothes with succor near.

mp 3 All thy woe and sadness,
In this world below,
cr Balance not the gladness
Thou in heaven shalt know,
mf When thy gracious Saviour,
In the realms above,
Crowns thee with His favor,
Fills thee with His love. Amen.

H. S. OSWALD, *tr.* F. E. COX.

76 HESPERUS. L.M.

HENRY BAKER.



Himself took our infirmities and bare our sicknesses.

mp O LOVE Divine! that stooped to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,
cr On Thee we cast each earth-born care,
We smile at pain while Thou art near.

mp 2 Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each lingering year,
cr No path we shun, no darkness dread,
Our hearts still whispering, Thou art near.

p 3 When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
And trembling faith is changed to fear,
cr The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
Shall softly tell us Thou art near.

mp 4 On Thee we fling our burdening woe,
O Love Divine, forever dear;
cr Content to suffer while we know,
Living or dying, Thou art near! Amen.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

77 ST. BEES. 7.7.7.7.

Lovest thou Me?

mf HARK, my soul, it is the Lord;
'Tis thy Saviour; hear His word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee:
p 'Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?

mf 2 'I delivered thee when bound,
And, when bleeding, healed thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

mp 3 'Can a woman's tender care
Cease toward the child she bare?
p Yes, she may forgetful be,
cr Yet will I remember thee.

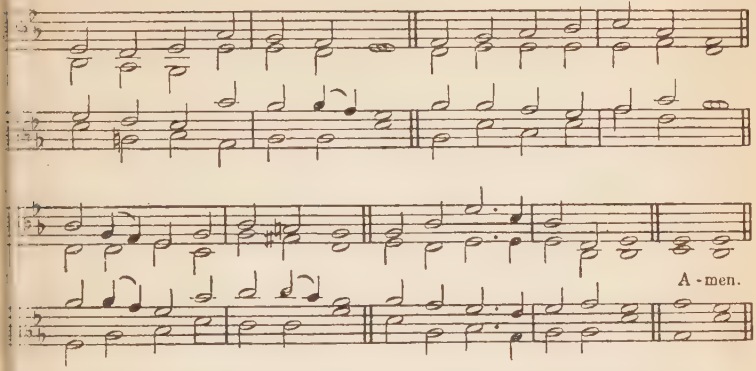
mf 4 'Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above;
Deeper than the depths beneath,
cr Free and faithful, strong as death.

mf 5 'Thou shalt see My glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
cr Partner of My throne shalt be:
pp Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?'

mp 6 Lord, it is my chief complaint
That my love is cold and faint;
cr Yet I love Thee and adore,
mf O for grace to love Thee more. Amen.

WILLIAM COWPER.

FIDUCIA. 7.7.7.7. S. S. Wesley.



They see Jesus walking on the sea, and they were afraid. But He saith unto them, It is I; be not afraid.

WHEN the dark waves round us roll,
And we look in vain for aid,
Speak, Lord, to the trembling soul—
'It is I; be not afraid.'

When we dimly trace Thy form
In mysterious clouds arrayed,
Be the echo of the storm—
'It is I; be not afraid.'

When our brightest hopes depart,
When our fairest visions fade,
Whisper to the fainting heart—
'It is I; be not afraid.'

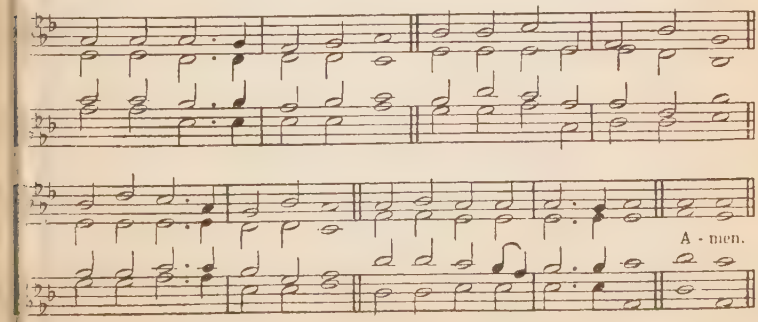
pp 4 When we weep beside the bier
Where some well-loved form is laid,
O may then the mourner hear—
p 'It is I; be not afraid.'

p 5 When with wearing hopeless pain
Sinks the spirit sore dismayed,
cr Breathe Thou then the comfort-strain—
mf 'It is I; be not afraid.'

pp 6 When we feel the end is near,
Passing into death's dark shade,
cr May the voice be strong and clear—
f 'It is I; be not afraid.' Amen.

W. W. How.

ST. BEES. 7.7.7.7. J. B. Dykes.



79 GOUNOD. 8.7.8.7.7.7. (First Tune.)

Charles Gounod.

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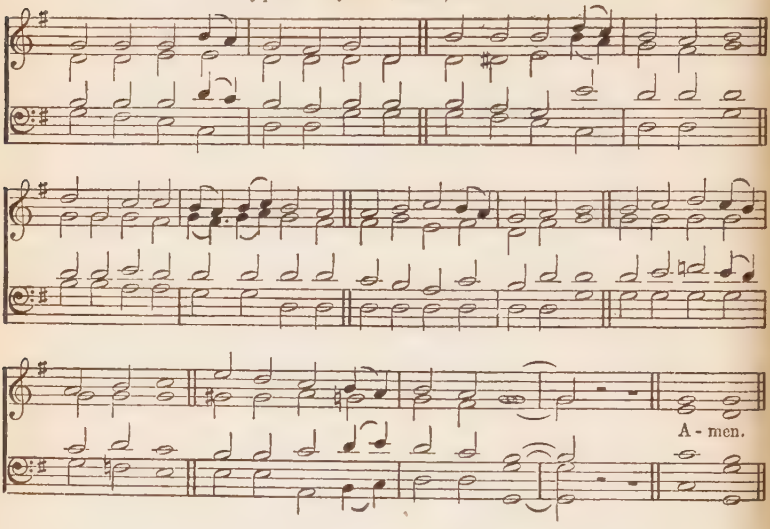


A friend of publicans and sinners.

mf ONE there is, above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end;
They who once His kindness prove,
Find it everlasting love.

mp 2 Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed their blood?
But our Jesus died to have us
Reconciled in Him to God:
This was boundless love indeed;
Jesus is a Friend in need.

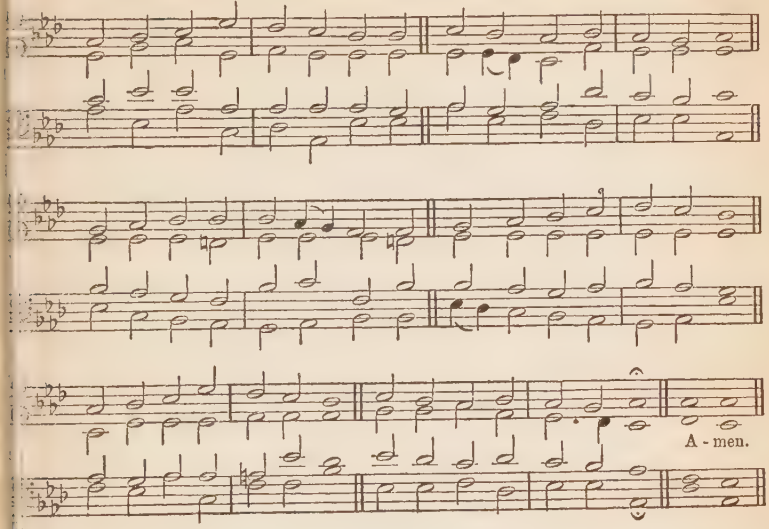
mp 3 When He lived on earth abasèd,
Friend of sinners was His name;
Now above all glory raisèd,
He rejoices in the same:
mf Still He calls them brethren, friends,
And to all their wants attends.

mp 4 Could we bear from one another
What He daily bears from us?
cr Yet this glorious Friend and Brother
Loves us though we treat Him thus:
Though for good we render ill,
He accounts us brethren still.

mp 5 O for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love:
p We, alas! forget too often
What a Friend we have above;
mf But when home our souls are brought,
We will love Thee as we ought. Amen.

John Newton.

BOHEMIA. 8.7.8.7.7.7. (Second Tune.) Johann Thommen's 'Choralbuch,' 1745.



A friend of publicans and sinners.

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Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end;
They who once His kindness prove,
Find it everlasting love.

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Could or would have shed their blood?
But our Jesus died to have us
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Friend of sinners was His name,
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What a Friend we have above;
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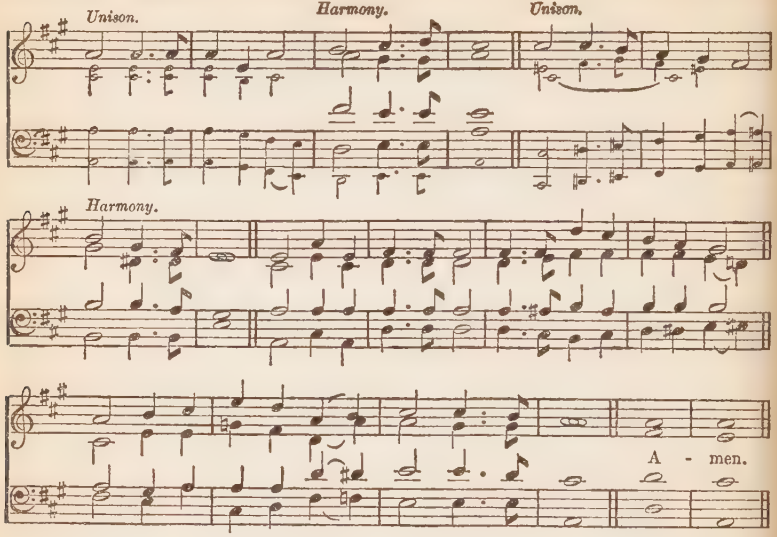
We will love Thee as we ought. Amen.

John Newton.

83 BROOMSGROVE. 6.4.6.4.6.7.6.4. F. C. Maker.



Let us not sleep, as do others; but watch.

mf HARK! 'tis the watchman's cry,
Wake, brethren, wake!
Jesus our Lord is nigh;
Wake, brethren, wake.
Sleep is for sons of night;
Ye are children of the light,
Yours is the glory bright;
Wake, brethren, wake!

mf 2 Call to each waking band,
Watch, brethren, watch!
Clear is our Lord's command,
Watch, brethren, watch!
Be ye as men that wait
Always at the Master's gate,
Even though He tarry late;
Watch, brethren, watch!

3 Heed we the steward's call,
Work, brethren, work!
There's room enough for all;
Work, brethren, work!
This vineyard of the Lord
Constant labor will afford;
Yours is a sure reward;
Work, brethren, work!

mp 4 Hear we the Shepherd's voice,
Pray, brethren, pray!
Would ye His heart rejoice?
Pray, brethren, pray!
Sin calls for constant fear;
Weakness needs the Strong One near;
Long as ye struggle here,
Pray, brethren, pray!

f 5 Now sound the final chord,
Praise, brethren, praise!
Thrice holy is our Lord;
Praise, brethren, praise!
What more befits the tongues
Soon to lead the angels' songs,
While heaven the note prolongs?
ff Praise, brethren, praise! Amen. Anon.

ST. ANDREW'S. 8.7.8.7.D. (First Tune.) Sir Joseph Barnby.

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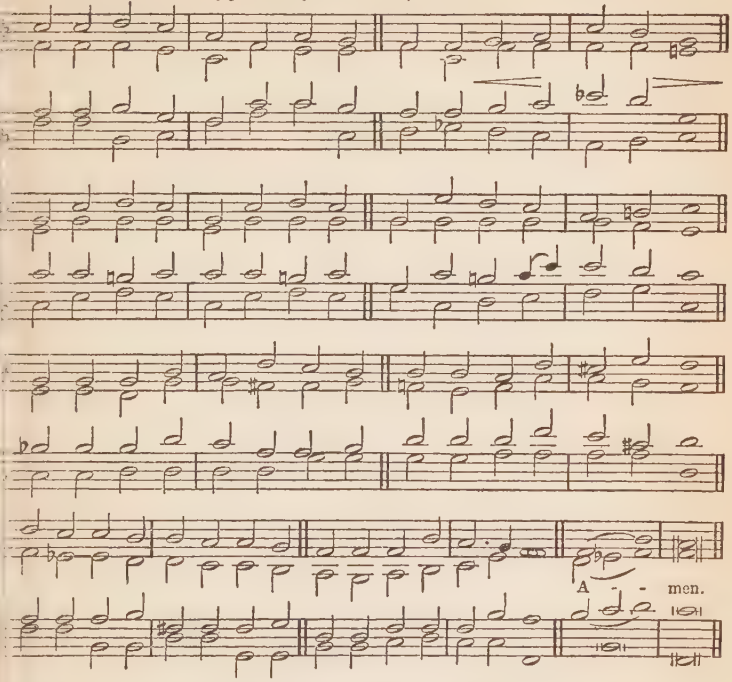


Waiting for the consolation of Israel.

mf COME, Thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set Thy people free,
From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in Thee.

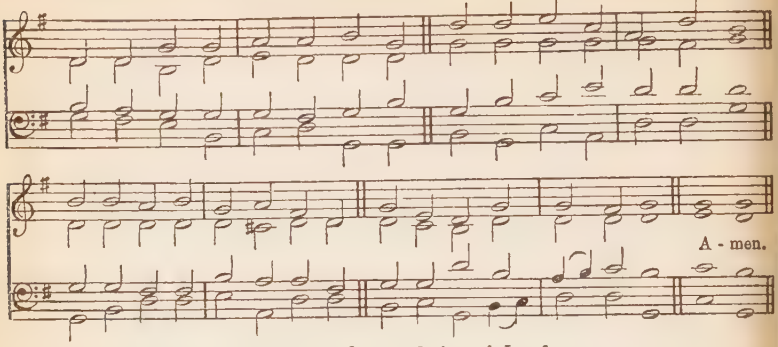
mp 2 Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the earth Thou art;
Dear Desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.

mf 3 Born Thy people to deliver;
Born a child and yet a king;
Born to reign in us forever;
Now Thy gracious kingdom bring.

mp 4 By Thine own eternal Spirit
Rule in all our hearts alone;
mf By Thine all-sufficient merit
Raise us to Thy glorious throne. Amen. Charles Wesley.

84 LEIPSIC. 8.7.8.7. (Second Tune.)

'Gotha Cantional,' 1715.



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From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in Thee.

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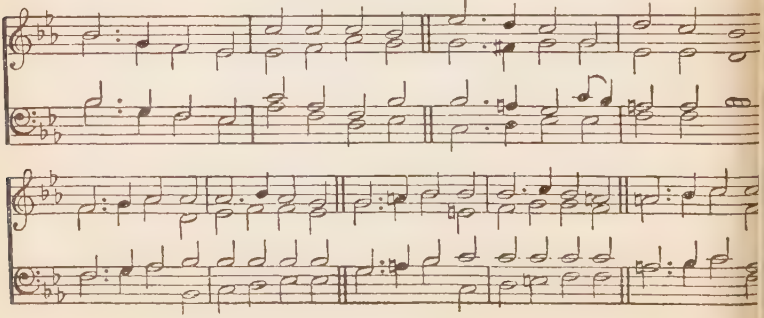
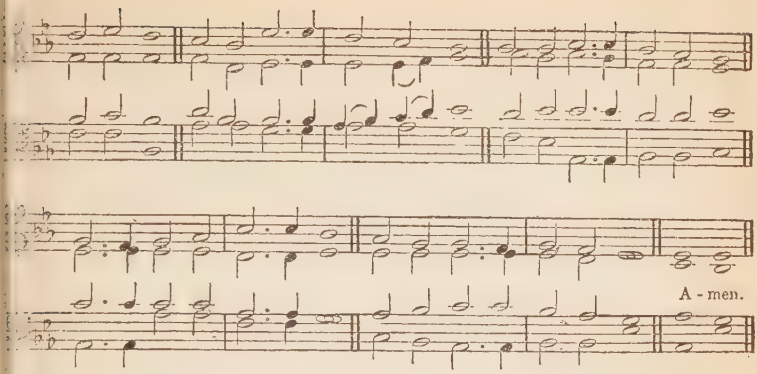
Raise us to Thy glorious throne. Amen.

Charles Wesley.

85 SOUTHWICK. 8.7.8.8.7.7.7.7.7.

Charles Vincent.





He . . . saith, Surely I come quickly. Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus.

THOU art coming, O my Saviour,
Thou art coming, O my King,
In Thy beauty all-resplendent,
In Thy glory all-transcendent;
Well may we rejoice and sing;
Coming! in the opening east
Herald brightness slowly swells;
Coming! O my glorious Priest,
Hear we not Thy golden bells?

2 Thou art coming, Thou art coming;
We shall meet Thee on Thy way,
We shall see Thee, we shall know Thee,
We shall bless Thee, we shall show Thee
All our hearts could never say;
What an anthem that will be,
Ringing out our love to Thee,
Pouring out our rapture sweet
At Thine own all-glorious feet.

mf 3 Thou art coming; at Thy table
We are witnesses for this;
p While remembering hearts Thou meetest
In communion clearest, sweetest,
cr Earnest of our coming bliss,
mf Showing not Thy death alone,
And Thy love exceeding great,
cr But Thy coming, and Thy throne,
dim All for which we long and wait.

mf 4 Thou art coming; we are waiting
With a hope that cannot fail,
Asking not the day or hour,
Resting on Thy word of power,
Anchored safe within the veil.
mp Time appointed may be long,
cr But the vision must be sure;
Certainty shall make us strong,
Joyful patience can endure.

f 5 O the joy to see Thee reigning,
Thee, my own beloved Lord!
Every tongue Thy name confessing,
Worship, honor, glory, blessing
Brought to Thee with glad accord,—
Thee, my Master, and my Friend.
Vindicated and enthroned,
cr Unto earth's remotest end
Glorified, adored, and owned! Amen.

F. R. Havergal.

86 REDEMPTION. 8.7.8.7.8.7.

CHARLES GOUNOD.

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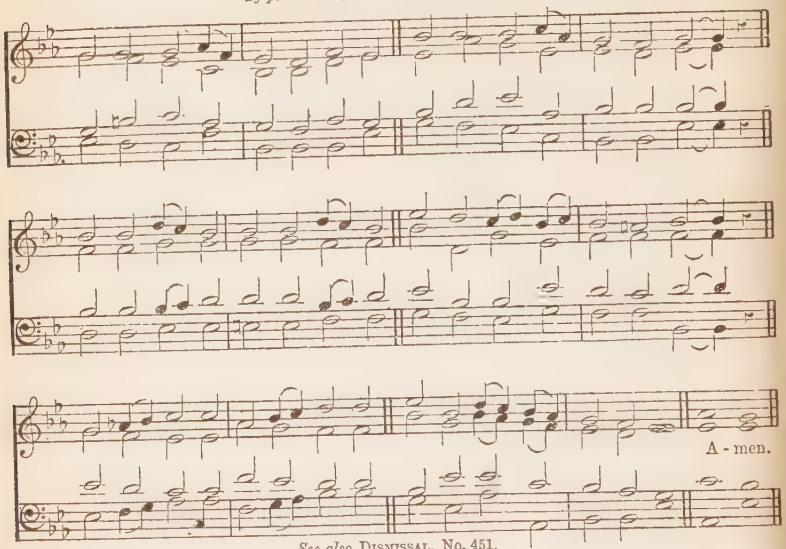


See also DISMISSAL, No. 451.

Behold, He cometh with clouds; and every eye shall see Him, and they also which pierced Him: and all kindreds of the earth shall wail because of Him. Even so, Amen.

f LO! He comes with clouds descending,
Once for favored sinners slain;
Thousand thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of His train:
Hallelujah!
Hallelujah! Amen.

mp 2 Every eye shall now behold Him,
Robed in dreadful majesty;
p Those who set at nought and sold Him,
Pierced, and nailed Him to the tree,
pp Deeply wailing,
p Shall the true Messiah see.

mp 3 Every island, sea, and mountain,
Heaven and earth, shall flee away;
p All who hate Him must, confounded,
Hear the trump proclaim the day:
ff Come to judgment!
Come to judgment! come away!

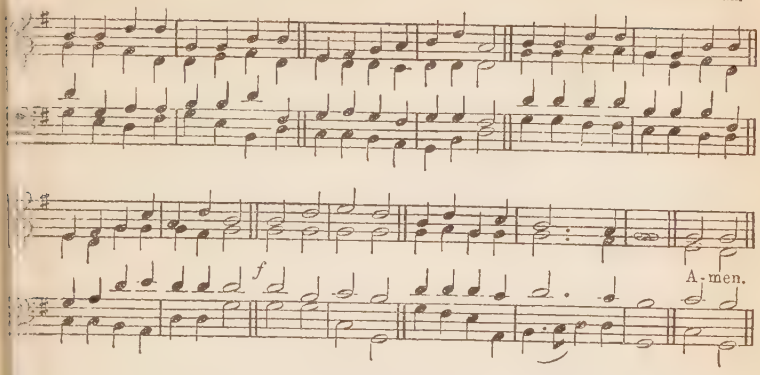
mf 4 Now redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear;
All His saints, by man rejected,
Now shall meet Him in the air:
f Hallelujah!
See the day of God appear!

mf 5 Yea, Amen! let all adore Thee,
High on Thine eternal throne;
cr Saviour! take the power and glory,
Claim the kingdom for Thine own:
ff O come quickly!
Hallelujah! come, Lord, come! Amen.

CHARLES WESLEY, JOHN CENNICK, and MARTIN MADAN.

87 ADVENT. 8.7.8.7.4.7.

W. H. Monk.



Be patient therefore, brethren, unto the coming of the Lord.

mf CHRIST is coming! let creation
From her groans and travail cease;
Let the glorious proclamation
Hope restore and faith increase:
f Christ is coming!
Come, Thou blessèd Prince of Peace.

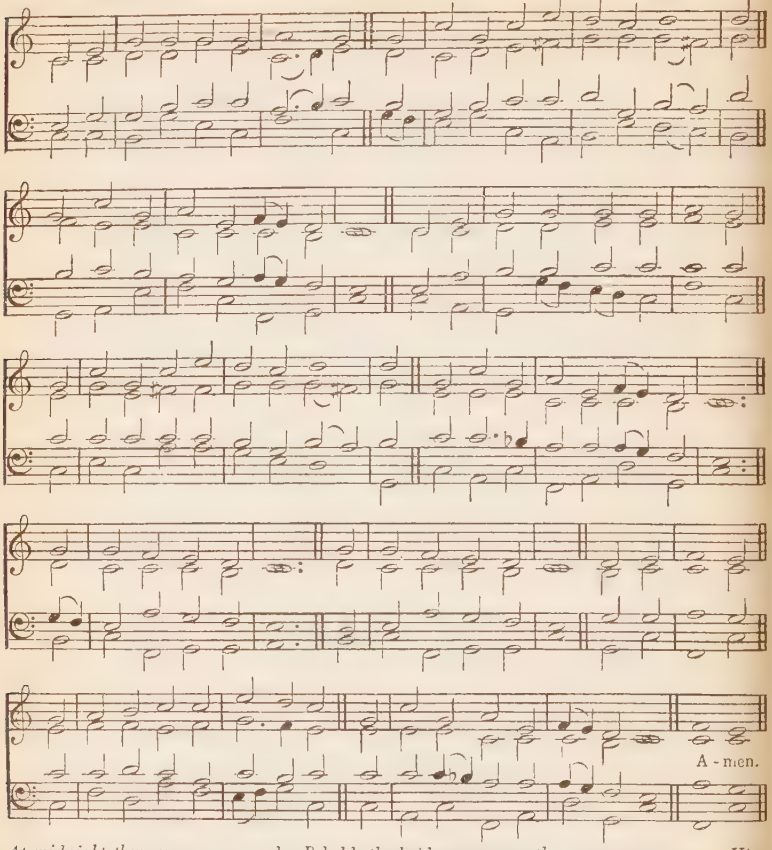
mp 2 Earth can now but tell the story
Of Thy bitter cross and pain;
cr She shall yet behold Thy glory,
When Thou comest back to reign:
f Christ is coming!
Let each heart repeat the strain.

p 3 Long Thine exiles have been pining,
Far from rest, and home, and Thee;
cr But in heavenly vestures shining,
Soon they shall Thy glory see:
f Christ is coming!
Haste the joyous jubilee.

mp 4 With that blessèd hope before us,
Let no harp remain unstrung;
mf Let the mighty advent-chorus
Onward roll from tongue to tongue:
f Christ is coming!
Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come! Amen.

J. Ross Macduff.

88 NICOLAI. 8.9.8.D. 6.6.4.8.8.

PHILIPP NICOLAI or JACOB PRAETORIUS.

At midnight there was a cry made, Behold, the bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet Him.

f WAKE, awake, for night is flying,
The watchmen on the heights are crying;
Awake, Jerusalem, at last!
Midnight hears the welcome voices,
And at the thrilling cry rejoices,
cr Come forth, ye virgins, night is past;
The Bridegroom comes, awake,
Your lamps with gladness take;
Hallelujah!
And for His marriage feast prepare,
For you must go to meet Him there.

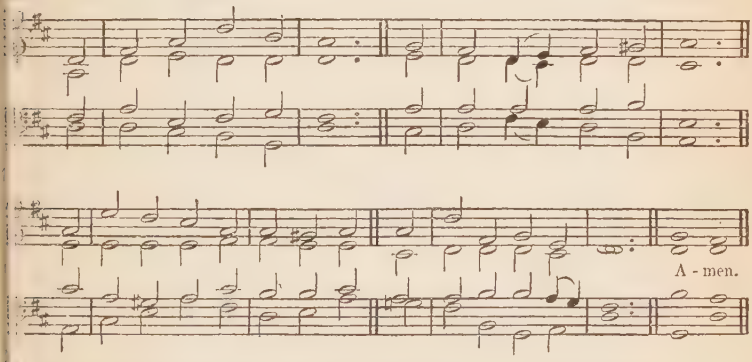
2 Zion hears the watchmen singing,
And all her heart with joy is springing,
She wakes, she rises from her gloom;
For her Lord comes down all-glorious,
The strong in grace, in truth victorious,
Her Star is risen, her Light is come!
Ah, come, Thou blessèd One,
God's own belovèd Son;
Hallelujah!
We follow till the halls we see
Where Thou hast bid us sup with Thee.

ff 3 Now let all the heavens adore Thee,
And men and angels sing before Thee
With harp and cymbal's clearest tone;
Of one pearl each shining portal,
mf Where we are with the choir immortal
Of angels round Thy dazzling throne;
Nor eye hath seen, nor ear
Hath yet attained to hear,
What there is ours;
ff But we rejoice, and sing to Thee
Our hymn of joy eternally. Amen.

PHILIPP NICOLAI, *tr.* CATHERINE WINKWORTH.

(8) HIS PRAISE

9 PRAGUE. S.M. L. R. WEST.



They sing the song of Moses, the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb.

AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake every heart and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.

2 Sing of His dying love;
Sing of His rising power;
Sing how He intercedes above
For those whose sins He bore.

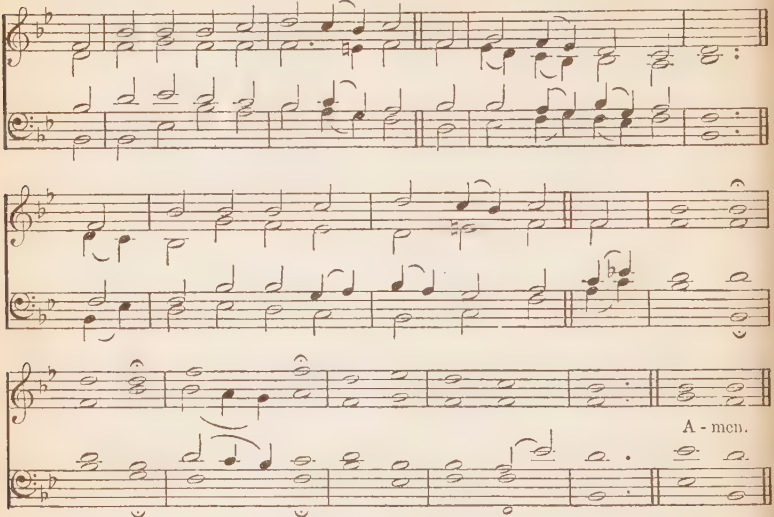
mf 3 Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransomed sinners, sing;
Sing on, rejoicing every day
In Christ the eternal King.

mp 4 Soon shall ye hear Him say,
Ye blessèd children, come;
Soon will He call you hence away,
And take His wanderers home.

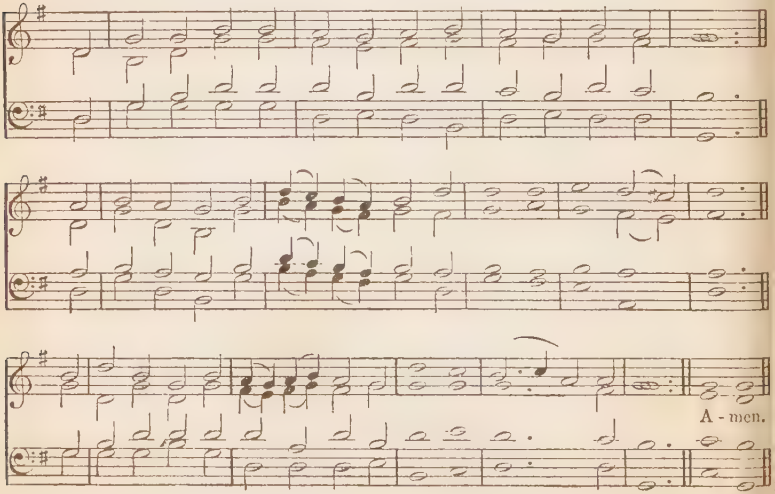
f 5 There shall each raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim,
And sing in sweeter notes the song
Of Moses and the Lamb. Amen.

WILLIAM HAMMOND (*altd.*).

90 **MILES LANE.** C.M. (*with repeat*). (First Tune.) William Shrubsole.



CORONATION. C.M. (*with repeat*). (Second Tune.) Oliver Holden.



He is Lord of all.

ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
To crown Him Lord of all.

2 Crown Him, ye martyrs of your God,
Who from His altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown Him Lord of all.

3 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

mp 4 Ye Gentile sinners! ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
cr Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
f And crown Him Lord of all.

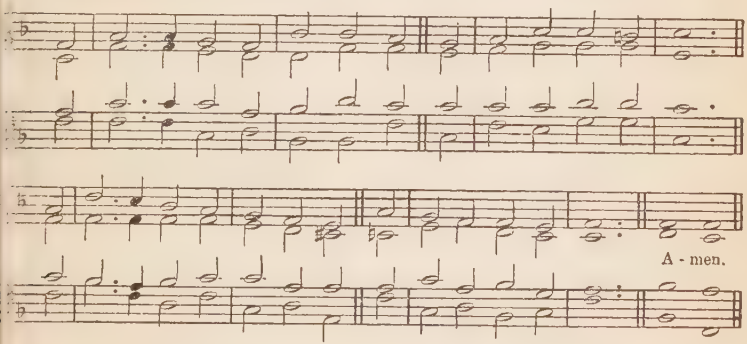
mf 5 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
f And crown Him Lord of all.

mp 6 Oh that with yonder sacred throng
cr We at His feet may fall,
mf Join in the everlasting song,
ff And crown Him Lord of all. Amen.

EDWARD PERRONET.

11 WINCHESTER OLD. C. M.

'ESTE'S PSALTER,' 1592.



My soul doth magnify the Lord.

f O FOR a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace!

mf 2 My gracious Master, and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
cr To spread through all the world abroad
The honors of Thy name.

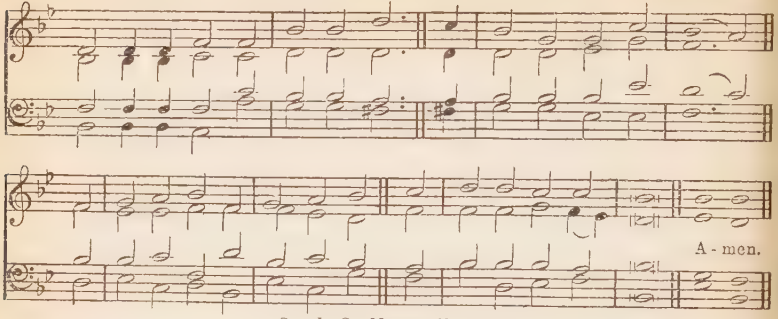
p 3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease,
cr 'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

mf 4 He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the prisoner free.
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood avails for me. Amen.

CHARLES WESLEY.

92 NATIVITY. C. M.

HENRY LAHEE.



See also ST. MAGNUS, No. 64.

They sing a new song.

mf HARK how the adoring hosts above
With songs surround the throne!
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues;
But all their hearts are one.

mf 2 Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,
To be exalted thus;
cr Worthy the Lamb, let us reply,
For He was slain for us.

3 To Him be power divine ascribed,
And endless blessings paid;
Salvation, glory, joy, remain
Forever on His head!

mf 4 Thou hast redeemed us with Thy blood,
And set the prisoners free;
cr Thou mad'st us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with Thee.

mf 5 From every kindred, every tongue,
Thou brought'st Thy chosen race;
And distant lands and isles have shared
The riches of Thy grace.

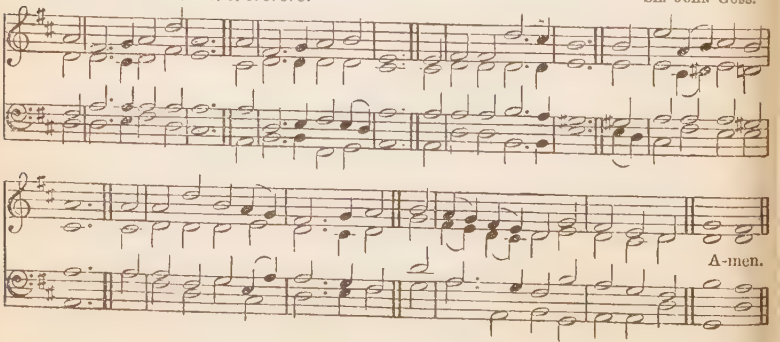
mf 6 Let all that dwell above the sky,
Or on the earth below,
cr With fields, and floods, and ocean's shores,
To Thee their homage show.

f 7 To Him who sits upon the throne,
The God whom we adore,
And to the Lamb that once was slain
Be glory evermore. Amen.

ISAAC WATTS (*altd.*).

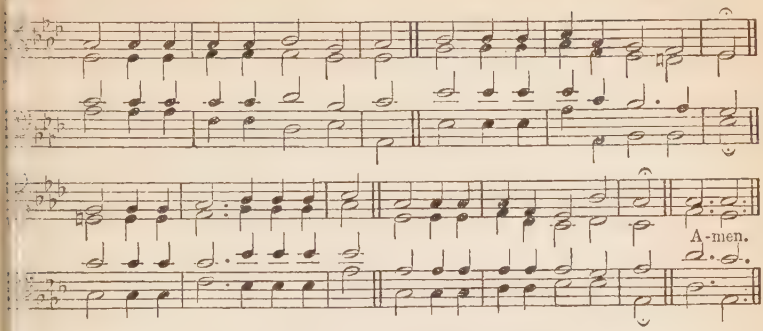
WATERSTOCK. 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.

SIR JOHN GOSS.



3 CYPRUS. L.M.

LOWELL MASON.



I will mention the lovingkindnesses of the Lord.

AWAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
To sing thy great Redeemer's praise!
He justly claims a song from me;
His lovingkindness, O how free!

2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me, notwithstanding all:
He saved me from my lost estate;
His lovingkindness, O how great!

3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along;
His lovingkindness, O how strong!

mp 4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick, and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood;
His lovingkindness, O how good!

p 5 Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Saviour to depart;
cr But though I have Him oft forgot,
His lovingkindness changes not.

mp 6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale;
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
p O may my last expiring breath
His lovingkindness sing in death!

mf 7 Then let me mount and soar away,
To the bright world of endless day;
f And sing with rapture and surprise
His lovingkindness in the skies. Amen.

SAMUEL MEDLEY.

4 WATERSTOCK. 6.6.6.6.8.8.

His name shall be called Wonderful.

JOIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and power,
That ever mortals knew,
That angels ever bore;
All are too mean to speak His worth,
Too mean to set my Saviour forth.

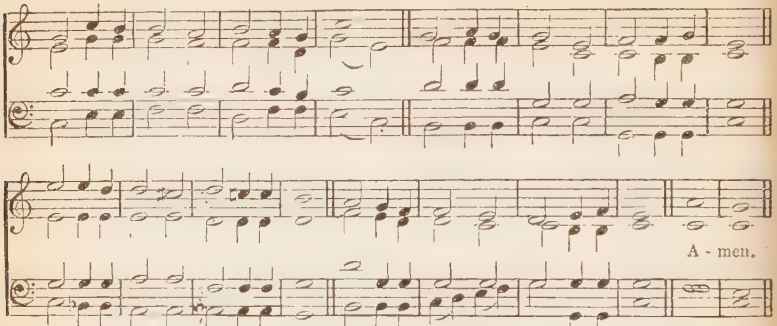
2 Great Prophet of my God,
My tongue would bless Thy name;
By Thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came;
The joyful news of sins forgiven,
Of hell subdued, and peace with Heaven.

mp 3 Jesus, my great High Priest,
Offered His blood and died;
My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside:
f His powerful blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.

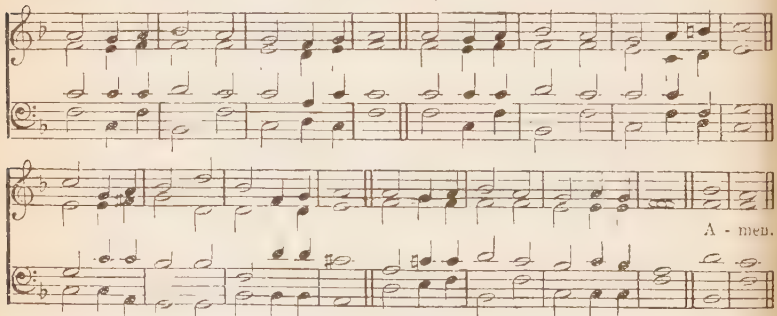
f 4 O Thou Almighty Lord,
My Conqueror and my King,
Thy sceptre and Thy sword,
Thy reigning grace, I sing:
Thine is the power: behold, I sit
In willing bonds before Thy feet.
Amen.

ISAAC WATTS (*altd.*).

95 PERFECT REST. 5.4.5.4. D. (First Tune.) J. Downing Farrer.



MONICA. 5.4.5.4. D. (Second Tune.) Arranged from S. P. Warren.



Christ is all, and in all.

mp REST of the weary,
Joy of the sad,
Hope of the dreary,
Light of the glad,
Home of the stranger,
Strength to the end,
Refuge from danger,
Saviour and Friend.

2 Pillow where, lying,
Love rests its head,
Peace of the dying,
Life of the dead,
Path of the lowly,
Prize at the end,
Breath of the holy,
Saviour and Friend.

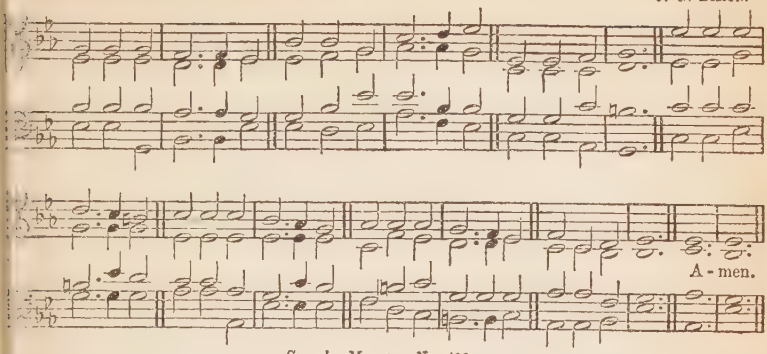
3 When my feet stumble,
I'll to Thee cry,
Crown of the humble,
Cross of the high;
When my steps wander,
Over me bend,
Truer and fonder,
Saviour and Friend.

mf 4 Ever confessing
Thee, I will raise
Unto Thee blessing,
Glory, and praise;
All my endeavor,
World without end,
Thine to be ever,
Saviour and Friend. Amen.

J. S. B. Monsell.

6 LEBANON. 6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

J. G. Braun.



See also Moscow, No. 438.

Worthy is the Lamb that was slain.

f GLORY to God on high!
Let earth to heaven reply;
Praise ye His name:
His love and grace adore,
Who all our sorrows bore;
And praise Him evermore;
Worthy the Lamb!

mp 2 Jesus, our Lord and God,
Bore sin's tremendous load;
Praise ye His name:
Tell what His arm hath done,
What spoils from death He won;
Sing His great name alone;
f Worthy the Lamb!

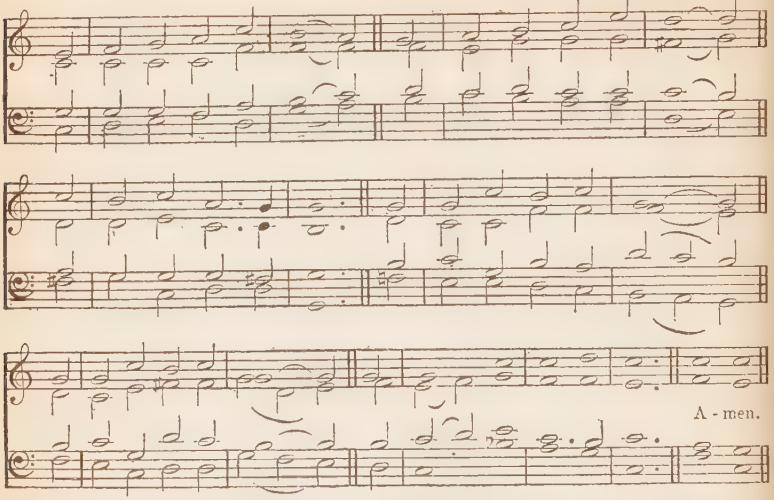
mf 3 While they around the throne
Join cheerfully in one,
Praising His name,
We, who have felt His blood
Sealing our peace with God,
Sound His high praise abroad;
f Worthy the Lamb!

f 4 Join, all the ransomed race,
Our Lord and God to bless,
Praise ye His name:
In Him we will rejoice,
Making a gladsome noise,
Shouting with heart and voice,
Worthy the Lamb! Amen.

James Allen (*altd.*).

97 LAUDES DOMINI. 6.6.6.6.6.6.

SIR JOSEPH BARNBY.



Prayer also shall be made for Him continually, and daily shall He be praised.

mf WHEN morning gilds the skies,
My heart awaking cries,
f 'May Jesus Christ be praised!'
p Alike at work and prayer
cr To Jesus I repair;
'May Jesus Christ be praised!'

mf 2 Whene'er the sweet church bell
Peals over hill and dell,
f 'May Jesus Christ be praised!'
O hark to what it sings,
cr As joyously it rings,
'May Jesus Christ be praised!'

p 3 When sleep her balm denies,
My silent spirit sighs,
mf 'May Jesus Christ be praised!'
p When evil thoughts molest,
cr With this I shield my breast,
'May Jesus Christ be praised!'

p 4 Does sadness fill my mind?
cr A solace here I find,
mf 'May Jesus Christ be praised!'
p Or fades my earthly bliss?
cr My comfort still is this,
'May Jesus Christ be praised!'

f 5 In heaven's eternal bliss
The loveliest strain is this,
ff 'May Jesus Christ be praised!
p The powers of darkness fear
cr When this sweet chant they hear,
'May Jesus Christ be praised!'

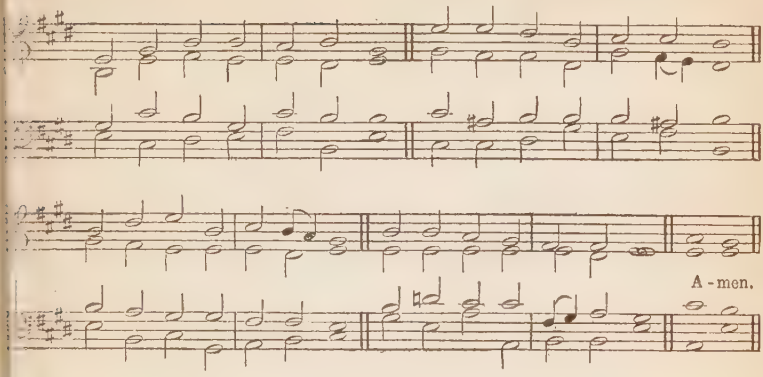
mf 6 To God, the Word, on high,
The host of angels cry,
'May Jesus Christ be praised!'
Let mortals, too, upraise
Their voice in hymns of praise;
'May Jesus Christ be praised!'

mf 7 Let earth's wide circle round
In joyful notes resound,
'May Jesus Christ be praised!'
Let air and sea and sky,
From depth to height, reply,
f 'May Jesus Christ be praised!'

mf 8 Be this, while life is mine,
My canticle divine,
f 'May Jesus Christ be praised!'
Be this the eternal song
Through all the ages on,
'May Jesus Christ be praised!'
Amen.

EDWARD CASWALL (from the German)

108 CULBACH. 7.7.7.7. SCHEFFLER'S 'GEISTLICHE HIRTENLIEDER,' 1668



All Thy works shall praise Thee, O Lord, and Thy saints shall bless Thee.

mf SONGS of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When He spake, and it was done.

2 Songs of praise awoke the morn
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose when He
Captive led captivity.

mp 3 Heaven and earth must pass away,
cr Songs of praise shall crown that day;
f God will make new heavens, new earth,
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

p 4 And can man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come?
cr No! the Church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.

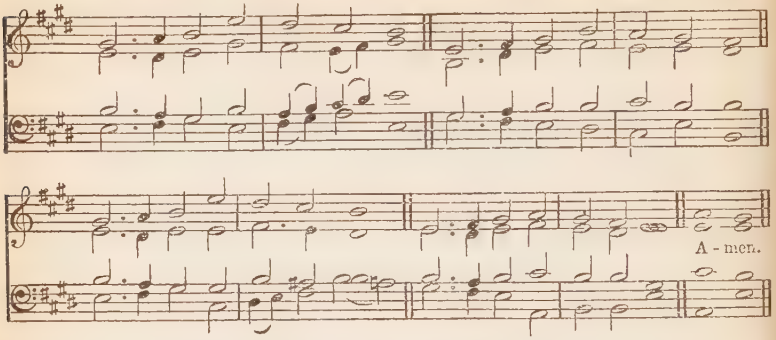
mf 5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice,
cr Learning here, by faith and love,
f Songs of praise to sing above.

mf 6 Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death,
cr Then, amidst eternal joy,
f Songs of praise their powers employ. Amen.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

99 INNOCENTS. 7.7.7.7.

'Parish Choir,' 1851



They shall call His name Immanuel.

mf SWEETER sounds than music knows
Charm me in Immanuel's name;
All her hopes my spirit owes
To His birth and cross and shame.

2 When He came, the angels sung,
'Glory be to God on high!'
Lord, unloose my stammering tongue:
Who should louder sing than I?

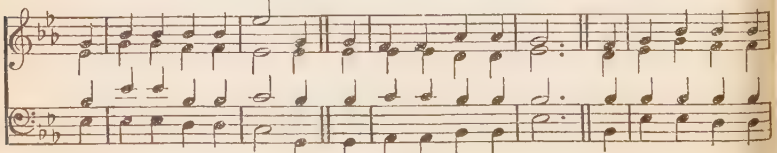
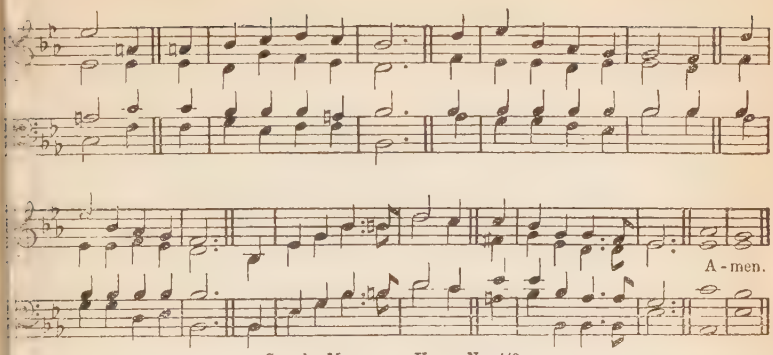
mp 3 Did the Lord a man become
That He might the law fulfil,
Bleed and suffer in my room,—
cr And canst thou, my tongue, be still?

mf 4 No! I must my praises bring,
Though they worthless are, and weak;
For, should I refuse to sing,
Sure the very stones would speak.

mf 5 O my Saviour, Shield, and Sun,
Shepherd, Brother, Husband, Friend—
Every precious name in one—
I will love Thee without end! Amen.

John Newton.

100 GREENLAND. 7.6.7.6. D.

Arranged from Michael Haydn.



See also Missionary Hymn, No. 443.

Gave unto Him the name which is above every name; that in the name of Jesus every knee should bow.

mp O SAVIOUR, precious Saviour,
Whom yet unseen we love,
O name of might and favor,
All other names above!
mf *We worship Thee, we bless Thee,*
To Thee alone we sing;
f *We praise Thee and confess Thee*
Our holy Lord and King.

mf 2 O bringer of salvation,
Who wondrously hast wrought,
Thyself the revelation
Of love beyond our thought;

mf 3 In Thee all fulness dwelleth,
All grace and power divine;
The glory that excelleth,
O Son of God, is Thine;

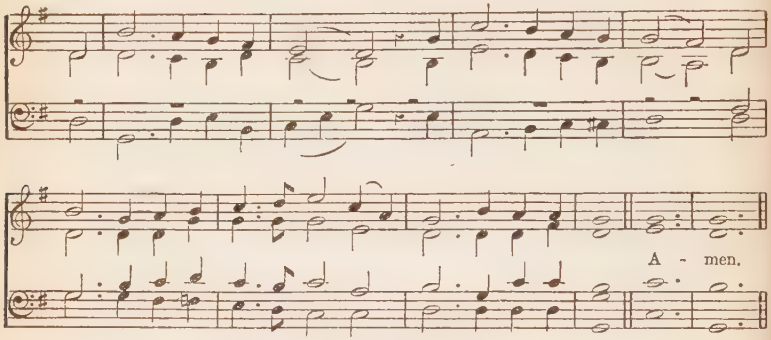
mp 4 O grant the consummation
Of this our song above,
cr In endless adoration,
And everlasting love:
f *Then shall we praise and bless Thee*
Where perfect praises ring,
And evermore confess Thee
Our Saviour and our King. Amen.

F. R. Havergal.

5. The Holy Spirit

101 HAYDN. S.M.

ARRANGED FROM HAYDN.



See also ST. MICHAEL, No. 102.

The Spirit of Truth, which proceedeth from the Father, He shall testify of Me.

mf COME, Holy Spirit, come,
Let Thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the darkness from our minds
And open all our eyes.

mf 2 Cheer our desponding hearts,
Thou heavenly Paraclete;
Give us to lie with humble hope
At our Redeemer's feet.

mf 3 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

mp 4 Convince us of our sin;
Then lead to Jesus' blood,
mf And to our wondering view reveal
The secret love of God.

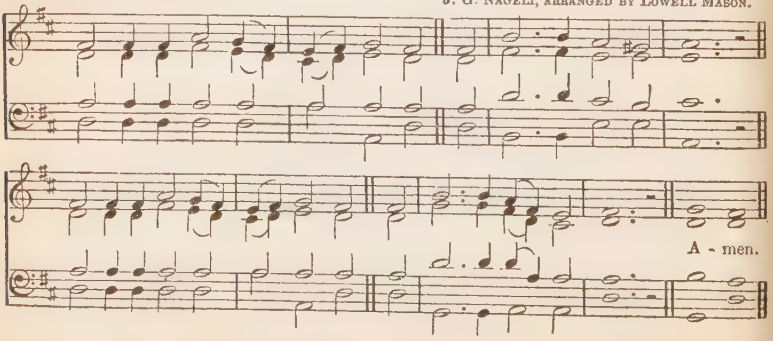
5 'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new create the whole.

f 6 Dwell, therefore, in our hearts;
Our minds from bondage free;
ff Then we shall know and praise and love
The Father, Son, and Thee. Amen.

JOSEPH HART (*altd.*).

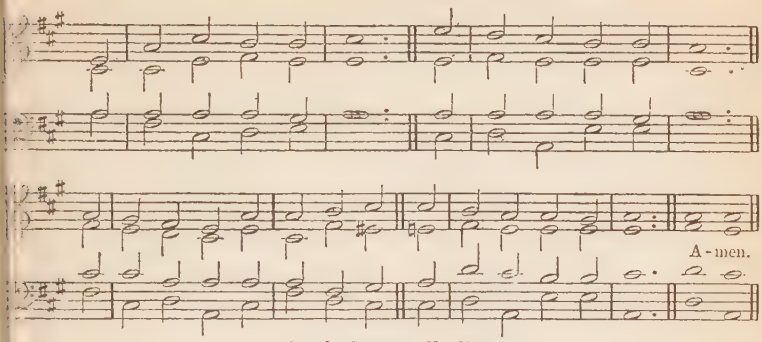
NAOMI. C. M.

J. G. NAGELI, ARRANGED BY LOWELL MASON.



102 ST. MICHAEL. S. M.

'Genevan Psalter,' 1543.



See also Serenity, No. 283.

Waiting for the promise of the Father.

LORD God, the Holy Ghost,
In this accepted hour,
As on the day of Pentecost,
Descend in all Thy power.

2 We meet with one accord
In our appointed place,
And wait the promise of our Lord,
The Spirit of all grace.

f 3 Like mighty rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind,
One soul, one feeling breathe.

mf 4 The young, the old inspire
With wisdom from above;
cr And give us hearts and tongues of fire,
To pray, and praise, and love.

f 5 Spirit of light, explore
And chase our gloom away,
With lustre shining more and more
Unto the perfect day. Amen.

James Montgomery.

103 NAOMI. C. M.

My soul cleaveth unto the dust: quicken Thou me.

mp COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

mp 2 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
p Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

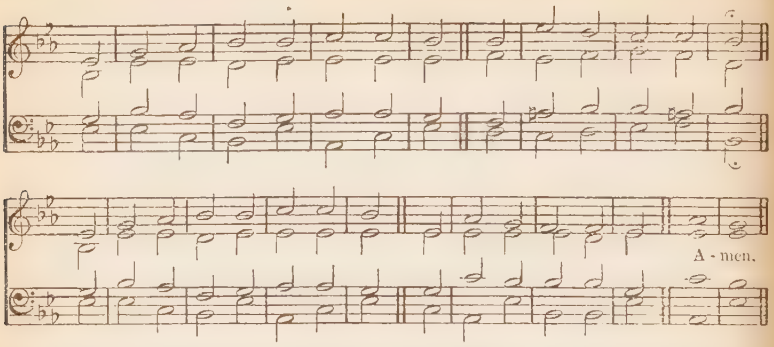
mp 3 And shall we then forever live
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
cr And Thine to us so great!

mf 4 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers;
cr Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours. Amen.

Isaac Watts.

104 TALLIS. C. M.

THOMAS TALLIS.



When He, the Spirit of truth, is come, He will guide you into all the truth.

mf COME, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire;
Let us Thine influence prove,
Source of the old prophetic fire,
Fountain of light and love.

mf 2 Come, Holy Ghost, for, moved by Thee,
The prophets wrote and spoke;
Unlock the truth, Thyself the key,
Unseal the sacred book.

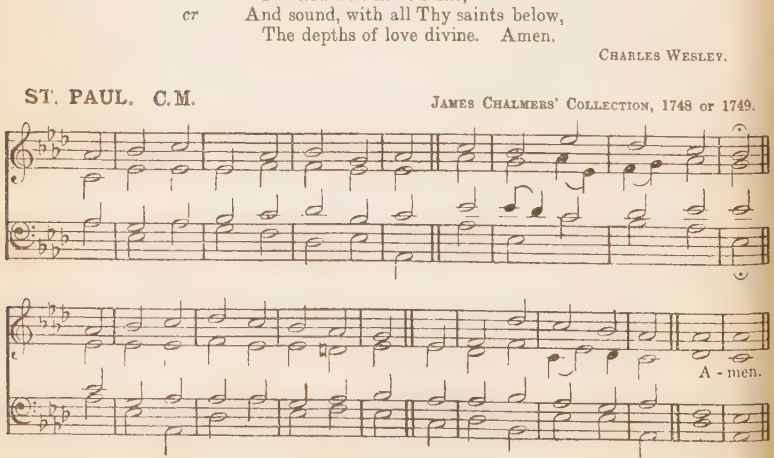
mp 3 Expand Thy wings, celestial Dove,
Brood o'er our nature's night;
On our disordered spirits move,
cr And let there now be light.

mf 4 God through Himself we then shall know,
If Thou within us shine,
cr And sound, with all Thy saints below,
The depths of love divine. Amen.

CHARLES WESLEY.

ST. PAUL. C. M.

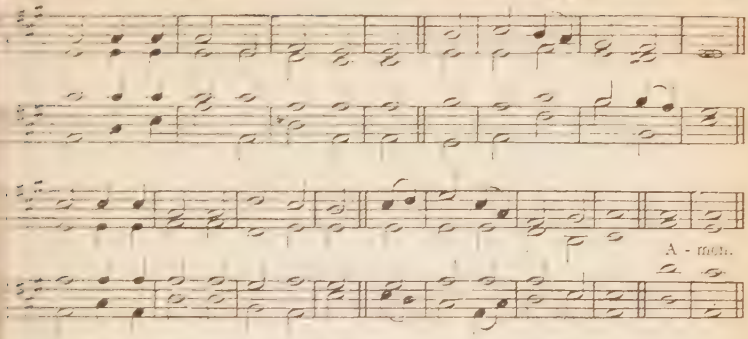
JAMES CHALMERS' COLLECTION, 1748 or 1749.



See also SPOHR, No. 136.

205 MILTON. C. M.

LOWELL MASON'S 'HALLELUJAH,' 1854.



They were all with one accord in one place, . . and they were all filled with the Holy Ghost.

SPIRIT Divine! attend our prayers,
And make this house Thy home;
Descend with all Thy gracious powers;
O come, great Spirit, come!

Come as the Light, to us reveal
Our emptiness and woe;
And lead us in those paths of life
Where all the righteous go.

Come as the Fire, and purge our hearts
Like sacrificial flame;
Let our whole soul an offering be
To our Redeemer's name.

p 4 Come as the Dew, and sweetly bless
This consecrated hour;
cr May barrenness rejoice to own
Thy fertilising power.

mp 5 Come as the Dove, and spread Thy wings
The wings of peaceful love;
cr And let the Church on earth become
Blest as the Church above.

mf 6 Come as the Wind, with rushing sound
And Pentecostal grace;
That all of woman born may see
The glory of Thy face.

7 Spirit Divine! attend our prayers
Make a lost world Thy home;
Descend with all Thy gracious powers;
f O come, great Spirit, come! Amen.

ANDREW REED.

206 ST. PAUL. C. M.

Father . . . will send you another Comforter, that He may be with you forever.

YOU now no more hear My voice to mine;
My Father calls Me home;
But I will from heaven the Holy Ghost,
Your Comforter, shall come.

cr 2 That heavenly Teacher, sent from God,
Shall your whole soul inspire;
Your minds shall fill with sacred truth,
Your hearts with sacred fire.

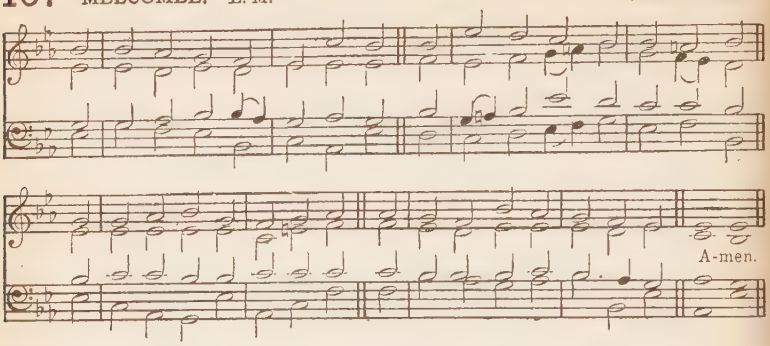
mp 3 Peace is the gift I leave with you:
My peace to you bequeath;
cr Peace that shall comfort you through life,
And cheer your souls in death.

4 I give not as the world bestows,
With promise false and vain:
mf Nor cares, nor fears, shall wound the heart
In which My words remain. Amen.

WM. ROBERTSON (*alld.*).

107 MELCOMBE. L. M.

SAMUEL WEBBE.



I will pour out My Spirit upon all flesh.

mf O SPIRIT of the living God!
In all Thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race!

2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love,
To preach the reconciling word;
cr Give power and unction from above
Whene'er the joyful sound is heard.

mf 3 Be darkness, at Thy coming, light;
Confusion, order in Thy path;
Souls without strength inspire with might,
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

4 O Spirit of the Lord! prepare
All the round earth her God to meet:
cr Breathe Thou abroad like morning air,
Till hearts of stone begin to beat.

f 5 Baptize the nations; far and nigh
The triumphs of the cross record;
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call Him Lord. Amen.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

108 HOLLY. L. M.

As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God.

mf COME, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
My sinful maladies remove;
cr Be Thou my light, be Thou my guide;
O'er every thought and step preside.

mf 2 The light of truth to me display,
That I may know and choose my way;
Plant holy fear within mine heart,
That I from God may ne'er depart.

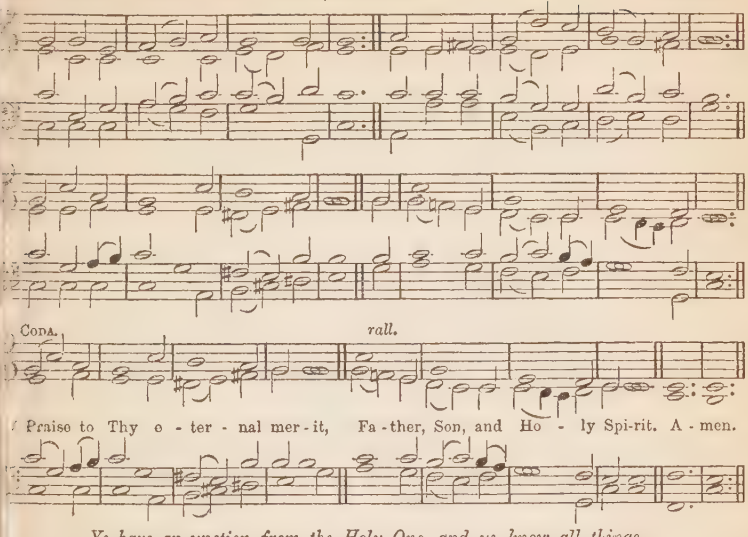
mf 3 Lead me to Christ, the living way,
Nor let me from His pastures stray;
Lead me to holiness,—the road
That I must take to dwell with God.

cr 4 Conduct me safe, conduct me far
From every sin and hurtful snare;
Lead me to God, my final rest,
f In His enjoyment to be blest. Amen.

SIMON BROWNE (*altd.*).

109 VENI CREATOR. L. M. (*with Coda*).

J. B. Dykes.



Ye have an unction from the Holy One, and ye know all things.

COME, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire;
Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost Thy sevenfold gifts impart.

2 Thy blessèd unction from above
Is comfort, life, and fire of love;
Enable with perpetual light
The dulness of our blinded sight.

3 Anoint and cheer our soilèd face
With the abundance of Thy grace:
Keep far our foes, give peace at home;
Where Thou art guide no ill can come.

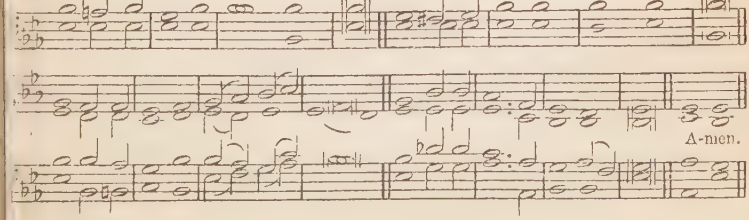
cr 4 Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And Thee, of both, to be but One;
That, through the ages all along,
This may be our endless song:

f Praise to Thy eternal merit,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.
Amen.

John Cosin (from the Latin).

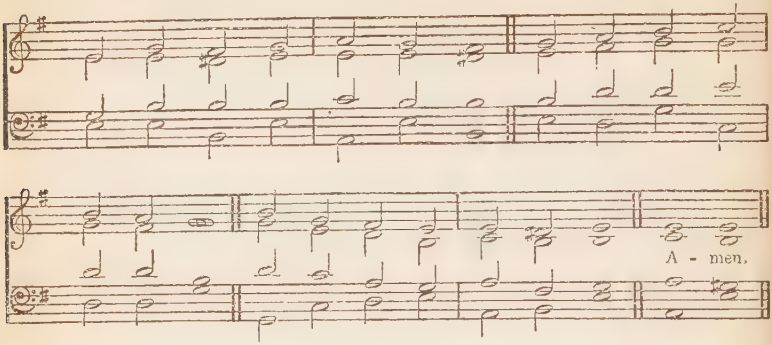
HOLLY. L. M.

George Hews.



110 BERLIN. 7.7.7.

JOHANN CRÜGER.



The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance.

mf COME, Thou Holy Paraclete,
And from Thy celestial seat
Send Thy light and brilliancy.

mp 2 Father of the poor, draw near;
Giver of all gifts be here:
cr Come, the soul's true radiancy.

3 Come, of comforters the best,
Of the soul the sweetest guest,
Come in toil refreshingly.

mp 4 Thou in labor rest most sweet,
Thou art shadow from the heat,
Comfort in adversity.

mp 5 O Thou Light, most pure and blest,
Shine within the inmost breast
Of Thy faithful company.

6 Where Thou art not, man hath nought;
Every holy deed and thought
Comes from Thy divinity.

7 What is soilèd, make Thou pure;
What is wounded, work its cure;
What is parchèd, fructify;

8 What is rigid, gently bend;
What is frozen, warmly tend;
Straighten what goes erringly.

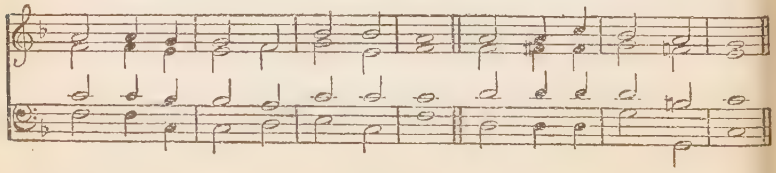
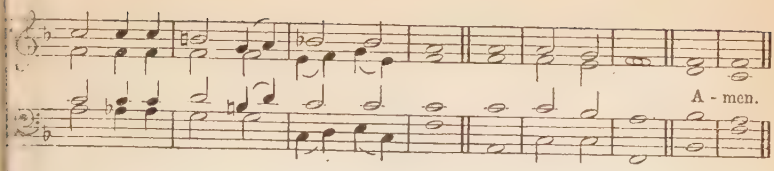
9 Fill Thy faithful, who confide
mf In Thy power to guard and guide,
With Thy sevenfold mystery.

10 Here Thy grace and virtue send;
Grant salvation in the end,
And in heaven felicity. Amen.

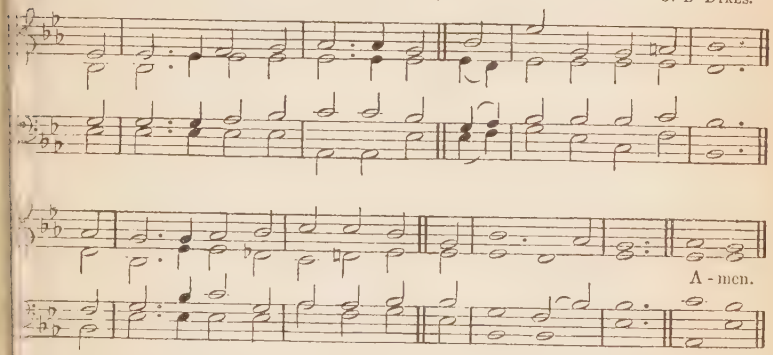
J. M. NEALE (from the Latin).

111 LINTON. 8.6.8.4. (FIRST TUNE.)

H. J. E. HOLMES.



ST. CUTHBERT. 8.6.8.4. (Second Tune.) J. B Dykes.



It is expedient for you that I go away; for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart, I will send Him unto you.

OUR blest Redeemer, ere He breathed
His tender last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed
With us to dwell.

2 He came in semblance of a dove,
With sheltering wings outspread,
The holy balm of peace and love,
On earth to shed.

3 He came in tongues of living flame
To teach, convince, subdue;
All-powerful as the wind He came—
As viewless too.

4 He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing guest,
While He can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

p 5 And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each thought, that calms each fear,
And speaks of heaven.

cr 6 And every virtue we possess,
And every conquest won,
And every thought of holiness,
mf Are His alone.

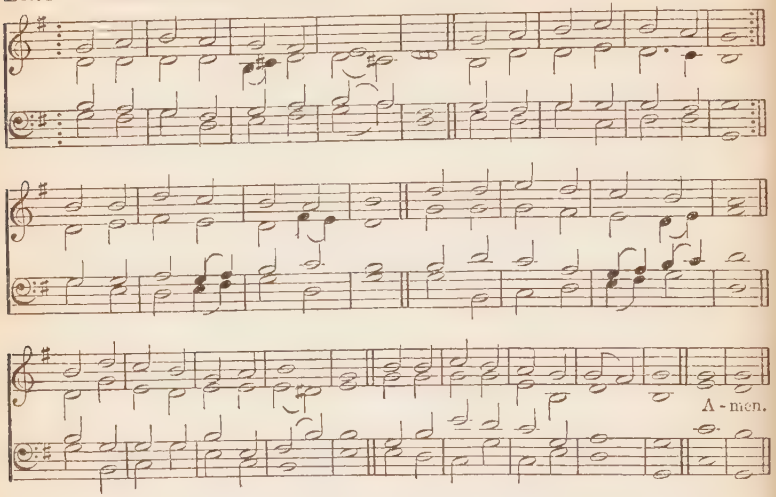
mp 7 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see:
cr O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
And worthier Thee.

f 8 O praise the Father; praise the Son;
Blest Spirit, praise to Thee;
All praise to God, the Three in One,
The One in Three. Amen.

Harriett Auber.

112 COBLENTZ. 8.7.8.7.7 7.8.8.

OLD FRENCH MELODY.



The kingdom of God is . . . righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.

mp HOLY GHOST, dispel our sadness,
Pierce the clouds of sinful night;
Come, Thou source of sweetest gladness,
Breathe Thy life, and spread Thy light.
mf Loving Spirit, God of peace,
Great distributer of grace,
Rest upon this congregation;
Hear, O hear our supplication.

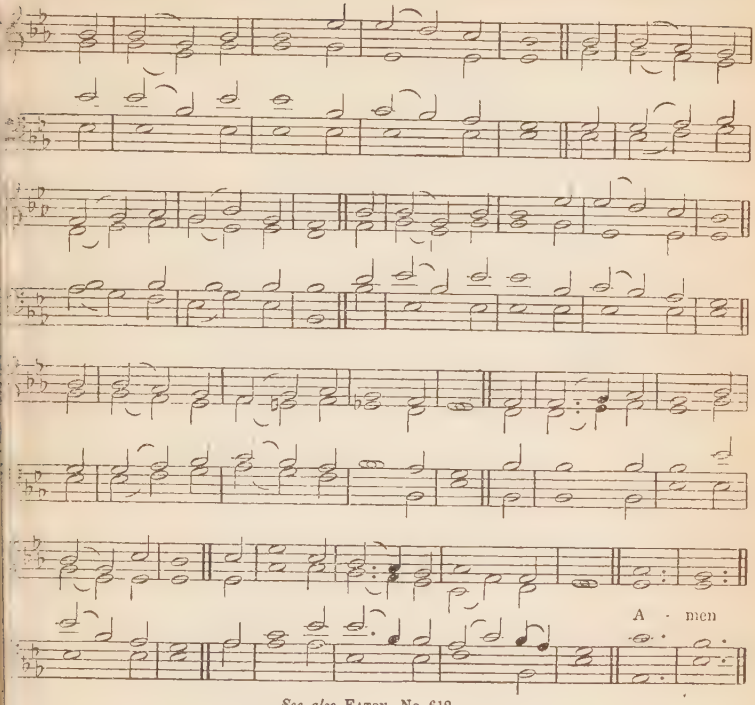
mp 2 From that height which knows no measure,
As a gracious shower, descend;
Bringing down the richest treasure
Man can wish, or God can send.
mf O Thou glory, shining down
From the Father and the Son,
Grant us Thy illumination;
Rest upon this congregation.

mp 3 Come, Thou best of all donations
God can give, or we implore;
Having Thy sweet consolations
We need wish for nothing more.
mf Come with unction and with power,
On our souls Thy graces shower;
Author of the new creation,
Make our hearts Thy habitation. Amen.

J. C. JACOBI and A. M. TOPLADY, after PAUL GERHARDT.

13 STELLA. 8.8.8.8.8.8.

HEMY'S 'CROWN OF JESUS MUSIC, 1864



See also EATON, No. 612.

w ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?

CREATOR Spirit! by whose aid
The world's foundations first were
Come, visit every humble mind; [laid,
Come, pour Thy joys on all mankind;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make us temples worthy Thee.

O source of uncreated light,
The Father's promised Paraclete!
Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;
Come, and Thy sacred unction bring,
To sanctify us while we sing.

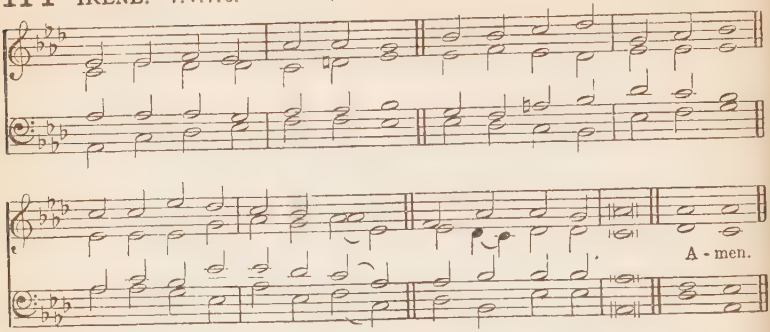
mf 3 Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
Rich in Thy sevenfold energy,
Give us Thyself, that we may see
The Father and the Son by Thee;
Make us eternal truths receive,
And practise all that we believe.

f 4 Immortal honor, endless fame,
Attend the Almighty Father's name.
The Saviour Son be glorified,
dim Who for lost man's redemption died,
f And equal adoration be,
Eternal Paraclete, to Thee. Amen.

JOHN DRYDEN (from the Latin).

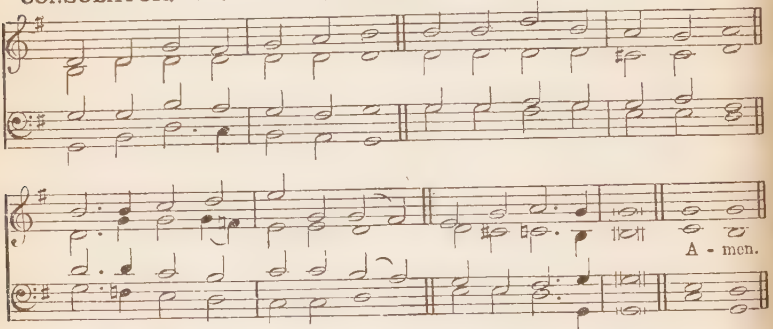
114 IRENE. 7.7.7.5. (First Tune.)

C. C. Scholefield



CONSOLATOR. 7.7.7.5. (Second Tune.)

A. Croil Falconer.



The Spirit helpeth our infirmities. The Spirit Himself maketh intercession for us.

mf COME to our poor nature's night,
With Thy blessèd inward light,
Holy Ghost the Infinite,
p Comforter Divine.

mp 2 We are sinful—cleanse us, Lord;
Sick and faint—Thy strength afford;
Lost—until by Thee restored,
p Comforter Divine.

p 3 Like the dew Thy peace distil;
Guide, subdue our wayward will,
Things of Christ unfolding still,
Comforter Divine.

p 4 Gentle, awful, holy Guest,
Make Thy temple in each breast;
There Thy presence be confessed,
Comforter Divine.

p 5 With us, for us, intercede,
And, with voiceless groanings, plead
Our unutterable need,
Comforter Divine.

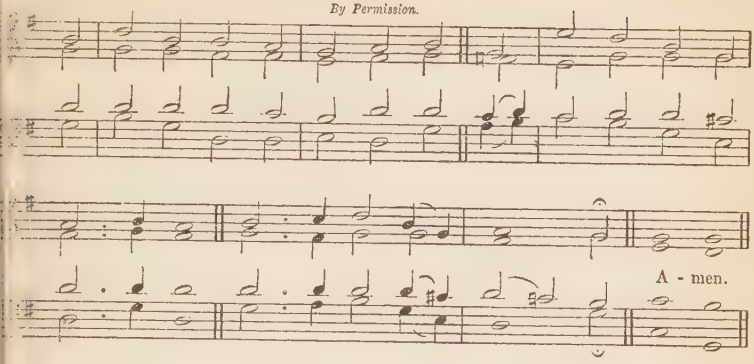
mf 6 In us 'Abba, Father' cry,
Earnest of the bliss on high,
f Seal of immortality,
p Comforter Divine.

mf 7 Search for us the depths of God;
cr Upwards by the starry road,
f Bear us to Thy high abode,
Comforter Divine. Amen.

George Rawson.

115 **ST. BOTOLF.** 8.8.6. JOHN H. GOWER.

By Permission.



The Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost.

mf TO Thee, O Comforter Divine,
For all Thy grace and power benign,
cr Sing we Hallelujah!

mf 2 To Thee, whose faithful love had place
In God's great covenant of grace,
f Sing we Hallelujah!

mf 3 To Thee, whose faithful voice doth win
The wandering from the ways of sin,
f Sing we Hallelujah!

mf 4 To Thee, whose faithful power doth heal,
Enlighten, sanctify, and seal,
f Sing we Hallelujah!

mf 5 To Thee, whose faithful truth is shown
By every promise made our own,
f Sing we Hallelujah!

mf 6 To Thee, our Teacher and our Friend,
Our faithful Leader to the end,
f Sing we Hallelujah!

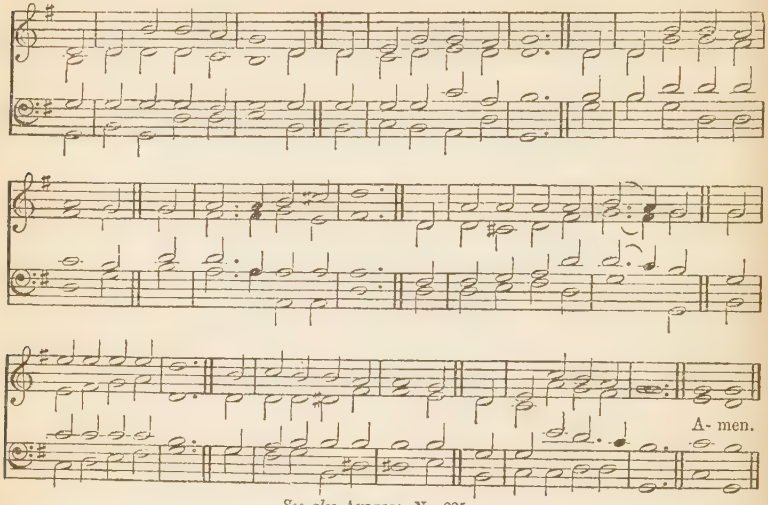
mf 7 To Thee, by Jesus Christ sent down,
Of all His gifts the sum and crown,
f Sing we Hallelujah!

f 8 To Thee, who art with God the Son
And God the Father ever One,
ff Sing we Hallelujah! Amen.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

119 CHENIES. 7.6.7.6. D.

T. R. MATTHEWS.



See also AURELIA, No. 225.

Holding forth the Word of life.

mf O WORD of God incarnate,
O Wisdom from on high,
O Truth unchanged, unchanging,
O Light of our dark sky,
cr We praise Thee for the radiance
That from the hallowed page,
A lantern to our footsteps,
Shines on from age to age.

mf 2 The Church from her dear Master
Received the gift divine,
And still that light she lifteth
O'er all the earth to shine.
It is the golden casket
Where gems of truth are stored;
It is the heaven-drawn picture
Of Christ the living Wórd.

mf 3 It floateth like a banner
Before God's host unfurled;
It shineth like a beacon
Above the darkling world;
It is the chart and compass,
That o'er life's surging sea,
'Mid mists, and rocks, and quicksands,
Still guide, O Christ, to Thee.

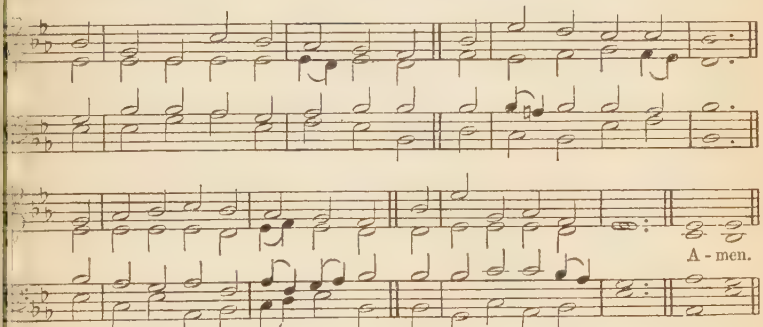
mp 4 O make Thy Church, dear Saviour,
A lamp of burnished gold,
To bear before the nations
Thy true light as of old:
O teach Thy wandering pilgrims
By this their path to trace,
cr Till, clouds and darkness ended,
f They see Thee face to face. Amen.

W. W. How.

7. The Gospel

(1) NEEDED

220 **BEDFORD.** C.M. WILLIAM WHEALL.



See also NAOMI, No. 103.

By the deeds of the law shall no flesh be justified.

mp VAIN are the hopes the sons of men
Upon their works have built;
p Their hearts by nature are unclean,
Their actions full of guilt.

mp 2 Silent let Jew and Gentile stand,
Without one vaunting word:
p And, humbled low, confess their guilt
Before heaven's righteous Lord.

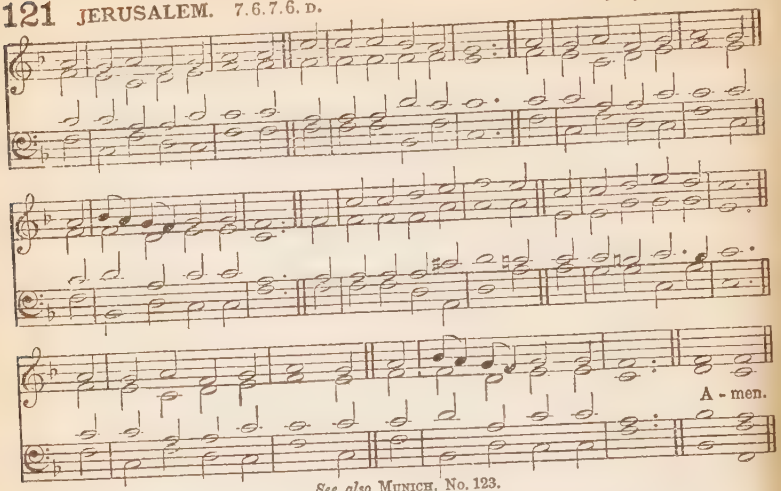
mp 3 No hope can on the law be built
Of justifying grace;
The law, that shows the sinner's guilt,
Condemns him to his face.

f 4 Jesus! how glorious is Thy grace!
When in Thy name we trust,
Our faith receives a righteousness
That makes the sinner just. Amen.

ISAAC WATTS (*altd.*).

121 JERUSALEM. 7.6.7.6. D.

JACQUES ARCADELT.



See also MUNICH, No. 123.

Unto you therefore which believe He is precious.

p I NEED Thee, precious Jesus,
For I am full of sin;
My soul is dark and guilty,
My heart is dead within;
mp I need the cleansing fountain
Where I can always flee,
The blood of Christ most precious,
cr The sinner's perfect plea.

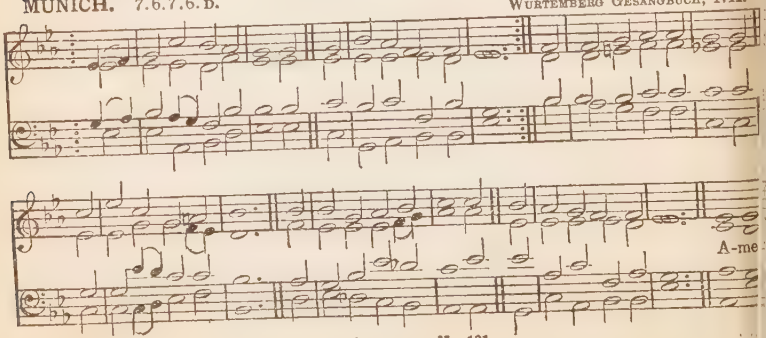
p 2 I need Thee, precious Jesus,
For I am very poor;
A stranger and a pilgrim,
I have no earthly store:
mp I need the love of Jesus
To cheer me on my way,
To guide my doubting footsteps,
cr To be my strength and stay.

mp 3 I need Thee, precious Jesus,
And hope to see Thee soon,
cr Encircled with the rainbow,
And seated on Thy throne;
f There with Thy blood-bought children,
My joy shall ever be,
To sing Thy praises, Jesus,
To gaze, my Lord, on Thee. Amen.

FREDERICK WHITFIELD.

MUNICH. 7.6.7.6. D.

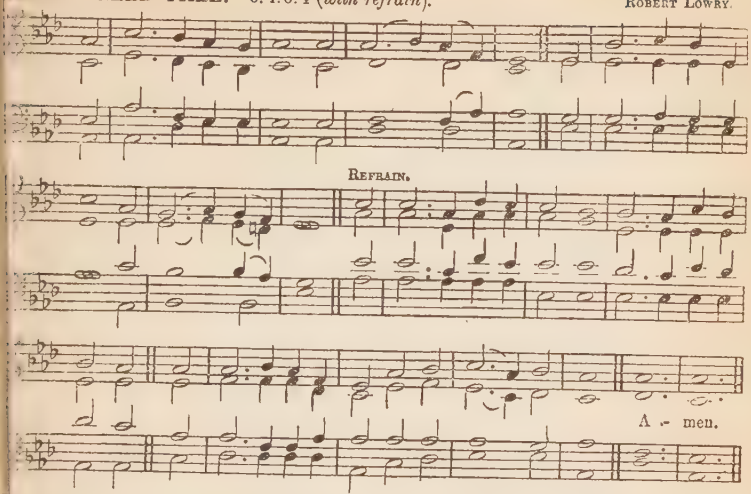
WÜRTEMBERG GESANGBUCH, 1711.



See also JERUSALEM, No. 121.

22 I NEED THEE. 6.4.6.4 (*with refrain*).

ROBERT LOWRY.



Without Me ye can do nothing.

I NEED Thee every hour,
Most gracious Lord;
No tender voice like Thine
Can peace afford.

cr *I need Thee, O, I need Thee;*
Every hour I need Thee;
O bless me now, my Saviour!
I come to Thee.

I need Thee every hour,
Stay Thou near by;
Temptations lose their power
When Thou art nigh.

mp 3 I need Thee every hour,
In joy or pain;
Come quickly and abide,
Or life is vain.

mp 4 I need Thee every hour;
Teach me Thy will,
And Thy rich promises
In me fulfil. Amen.

ANNIE SHERWOOD HAWKS.

23 MUNICH. 7 6.7.6. D.

Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee.

I LAY my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God;
He bears them all, and frees us
From the accursèd load.
I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White in His blood most precious,
Till not a spot remains.

2 I lay my wants on Jesus,
All fulness dwells in Him;
He heals all my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem.
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrows shares.

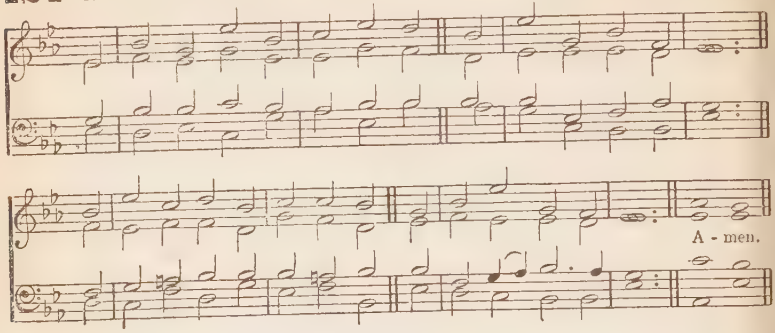
mp 3 I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine;
His right hand me embraces,
I on His breast recline,
I love the name of Jesus,
Immanuel, Christ, the Lord;
Like fragrance on the breezes,
His name abroad is poured.

p 4 I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
cr I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's Holy Child;
mf I long to be with Jesus,
Amid the heavenly throng;
cr To sing with saints His praises,
To learn the angels' song. Amen.

HORATIUS BONAR.

(2) PROVIDED

124 **LONDON NEW.** C.M. 'Scottish Psalter,' 1635.



According to His mercy He saved us.

mp 'TIS from the mercy of our God
That all our hopes begin;
cr His mercy saved our souls from death,
And washed our souls from sin.

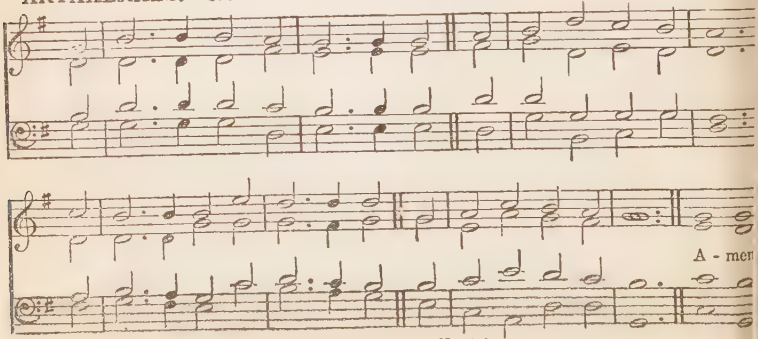
2 His Spirit, through the Saviour shed,
Its sacred fire imparts,
Refines our dross, and love divine
Rekindles in our hearts.

mf 3 Thence raised from death, we live anew;
And, justified by grace,
cr We hope in glory to appear,
And see our Father's face.

mf 4 Let all who hold this faith and hope
In holy deeds abound;
cr Thus faith approves itself sincere,
By active virtue crowned. Amen.

Isaac Watts (*altd.*).

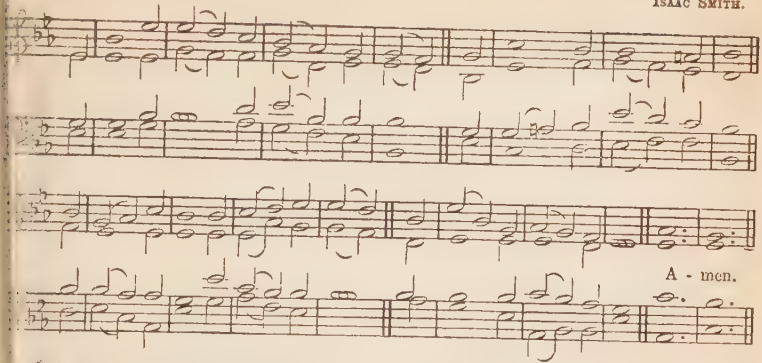
ARTAXERXES. C.M. Altered from Dr. Arne.



See also Belmont, No. 189.

325 ST. STEPHEN. C. M.

ISAAC SMITH.



God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son . . . that the world through Him might be saved.

AS when the Hebrew prophet raised
The brazen serpent high,
The wounded looked, and straight were cured,
The people ceased to die:

So from the Saviour on the cross
A healing virtue flows;
Who looks to Him with lively faith
Is saved from endless woes.

For God gave up His Son to death,
So generous was His love,
That all the faithful might enjoy
Eternal life above.

mf 4 Not to condemn the sons of men
The Son of God appeared;
No weapons in His hand are seen,
Nor voice of terror heard:

mf 5 He came to raise our fallen state,
And our lost hopes restore;
cr Faith leads us to the mercy-seat,
And bids us fear no more.

mp 6 But vengeance just for ever lies
On all the rebel race,
Who God's eternal Son despise,
And scorn His offered grace.

Amen.

ISAAC WATTS (*altd.*).

326 ARTAXERXES. C. M.

In that day there shall be a fountain opened . . . for sin and for uncleanness.

THERE is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Washed all my sins away.

p 3 Dear dying Lamb! Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
cr Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

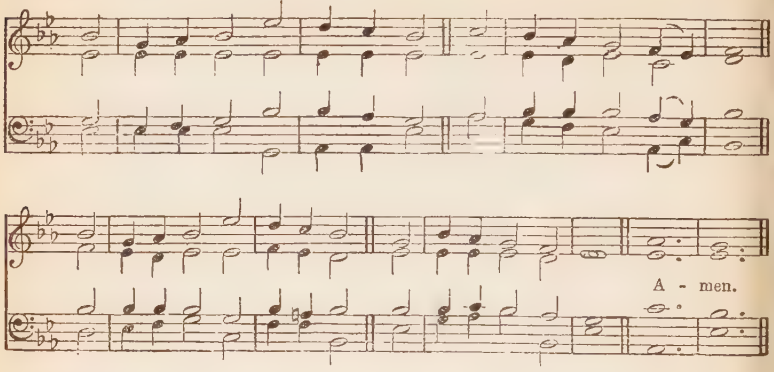
mf 4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
cr Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then, in a nobler, sweeter, song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
p When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave. Amen.

WILLIAM COWPER.

127 BARROW. C.M.

LOWELL MASON.



Happy is the man that findeth wisdom.

mf O HAPPY is the man who hears
Instruction's warning voice;
And who celestial Wisdom makes
His early, only choice.

2 For she has treasures greater far
Than east or west unfold;
And her rewards more precious are
Than all their stores of gold.

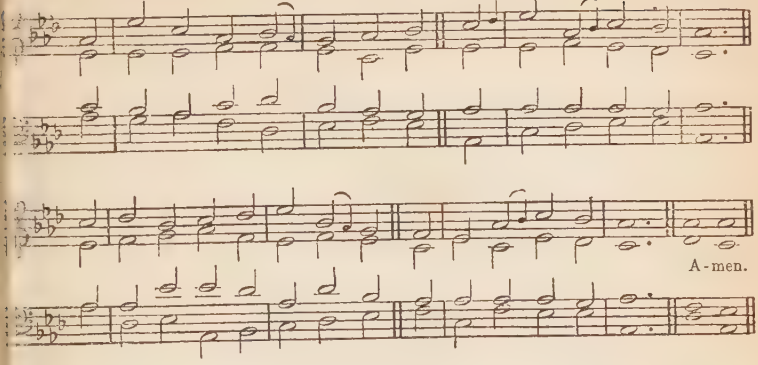
3 In her right hand she holds to view
A length of happy days;
Riches, with splendid honors joined,
Are what her left displays.

4 She guides the young with innocence,
In pleasure's paths to tread,
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the hoary head.

f 5 According as her labors rise,
So her rewards increase;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace. Amen.

MICHAEL BRUCE (*altd.*).

28 NEWINGTON. C. M. WILLIAM JONES.



Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus.

mp YE who the name of Jesus bear,
His sacred steps pursue;
cr And let that mind which was in Him
Be also found in you.

mf 2 Though in the form of God He was,
His only Son declared,
Nor to be equally adored
As robbery did regard;

mp 3 His greatness He for us abased,
For us His glory vailed;
In human likeness dwelt on earth,
His majesty concealed.

p 4 Nor only as a man appears,
But stoops a servant low;
pp Submits to death, nay, bears the cross,
In all its shame and woe.

mp 5 Hence God this generous love to men
With honors just hath crowned,
cr And raised the name of Jesus far
Above all names renowned:

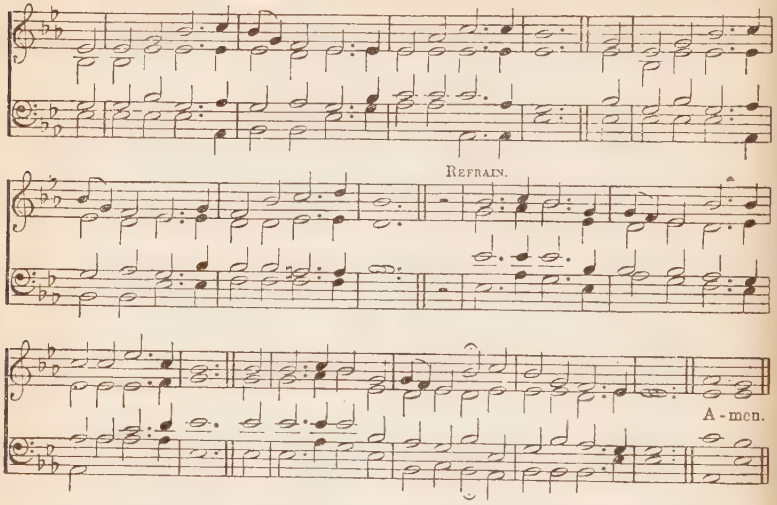
mf 6 That at this name, with sacred awe,
Each humble knee should bow,
cr Of hosts immortal in the skies,
And nations spread below:

mf 7 That all the prostrate powers of hell
Might tremble at His word,
f And every tribe and every tongue
Confess that He is Lord. Amen.

ANON.

129 WONDROUS LOVE. C. M. (*with Refrain*)

W. G. Fischer.



Who willeth that men should be saved, and come to the knowledge of the truth.

mp GOD loved the world of sinners lost
And ruined by the fall;
Salvation full, at highest cost,
He offers free to all.

mf *Oh, 'twas love, 'twas wondrous love!*
The love of God to me;
dim *It brought my Saviour from above,*
To die on Calvary.

mf 2 Even now by faith I claim Him mine,
The risen Son of God;
Redemption by His death I find,
And cleansing through the blood.

mf 3 Love brings the glorious fulness in,
And to His saints makes known
The blessèd rest from inbred sin,
Through faith in Christ alone.

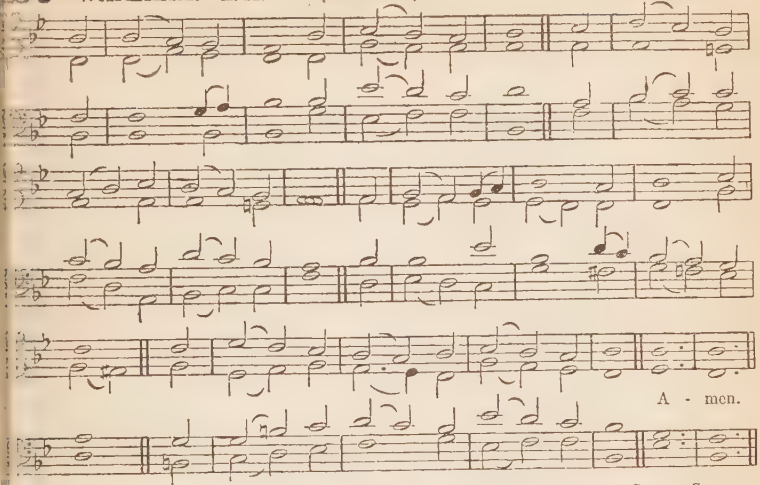
mf 4 Believing souls, rejoicing go;
There shall to you be given
A glorious foretaste, here below,
Of endless life in heaven.

f 5 Of victory now o'er Satan's power
Let all the ransomed sing,
And triumph in the dying hour
Through Christ the Lord our King. Amen.

Martha M. Stockton.

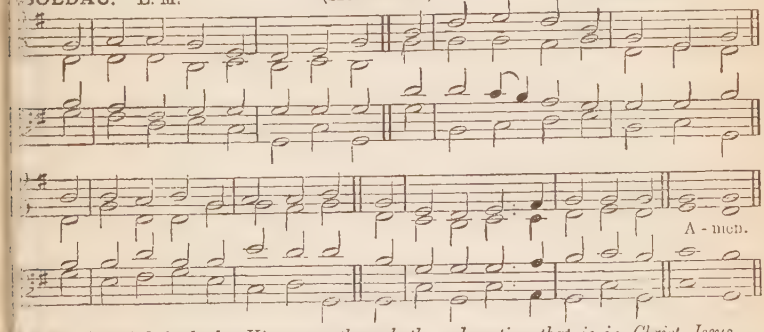
230 WAREHAM. L. M. (First Tune.)

William Knapp.



SOLDAU. L. M. (Second Tune.)

Arranged from a German Chorale by H. E. Dibdin.



Being justified freely by His grace, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus.

JESUS, Thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress;
'Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

2 Bold shall I stand in Thy great day;
For who aught to my charge shall lay?
Fully absolved through these I am,
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

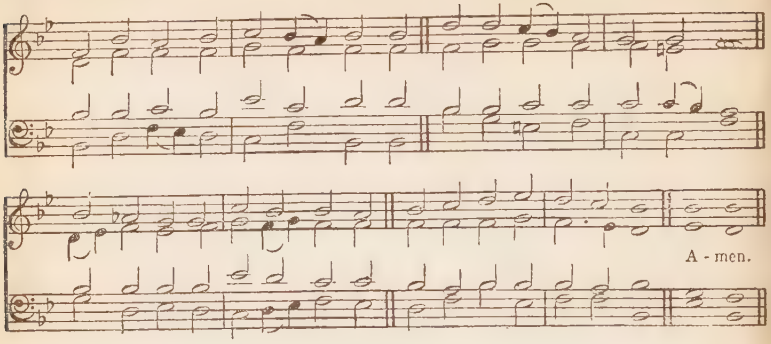
3 When from the dust of death I rise,
To claim my mansion in the skies,
cr Even then, this shall be all my plea,
Jesus hath lived, hath died for me.

mf 4 Jesus, be endless praise to Thee,
Whose boundless mercy hath for me—
For me—a full atonement made,
An everlasting ransom paid.

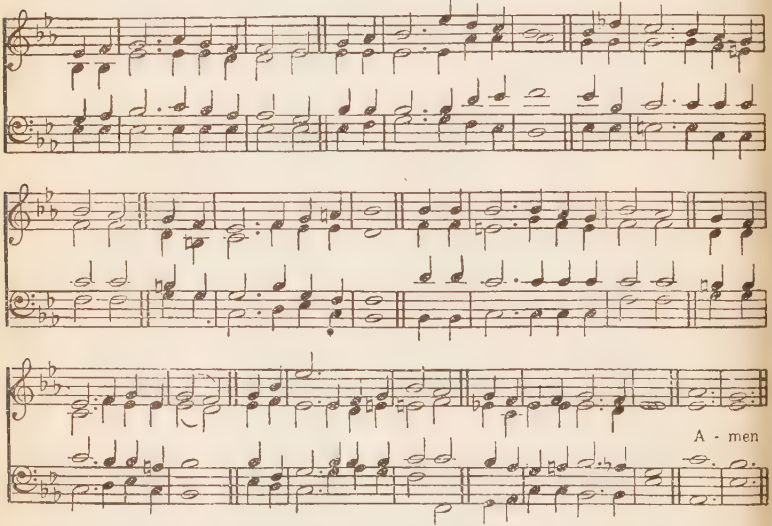
mf 5 O let the dead now hear Thy voice;
Now bid Thy banished ones rejoice;
f Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness.
Amen.

John Wesley (from Zinzendorf)

131 OBERLIN. 8.7.8.7. (First Tune.) J. G. Werner's 'Choralbuch,' 1815.



CHAMOUNI. 8.7.8.7. D. (Second Tune.) George Lomas.



When He saw the multitudes, He was moved with compassion on them, because they fainted, and were scattered abroad, as sheep having no shepherd.

mf THERE'S a wideness in God's mercy
Like the wideness of the sea;
There's a kindness in His justice,
Which is more than liberty.

mp 2 There is no place where earth's sorrows
Are more felt than up in heaven;
There is no place where earth's failings
Have such kindly judgment given.

3 There is welcome for the sinner,
And more graces for the good;
There is mercy with the Saviour;
There is healing in His blood.

4 For the love of God is broader
Than the measures of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

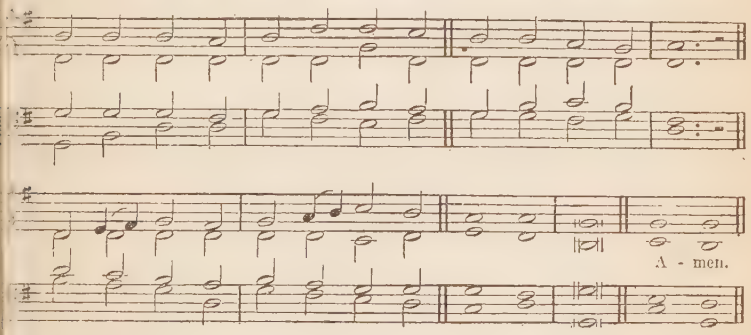
mf 5 There is plentiful redemption
In the blood that has been shed,
There is joy for all the members
In the sorrows of the Head.

mp 6 If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word,
cr And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord. Amen.

F. W. Faber.

332 STEPHANOS. 8.5.8.3. (First Tune.)

Sir Henry W. Baker.



ny man serve Me, let him follow Me; and where I am, there shall also My servant be.

ART thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distrest?
'Come to Me,' saith One, 'and coming,
Be at rest.'

2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my guide?
'In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
p And His side.'

3 Is there diadem, as monarch,
That His brow adorns?
'Yea, a crown, in very surety,
p But of thorns!'

mf 4 If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
p 'Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear.'

mf 5 If I still hold closely to Him
What hath He at last?
f 'Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan past!'

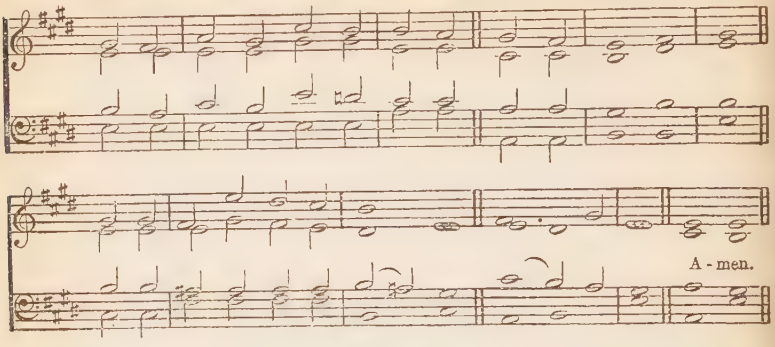
mp 6 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
f 'Not till earth, and not till heaven,
Pass away!'

mp 7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
cr Is He sure to bless?
f 'Angels, martyrs, saints, and prophets,
ff Answer, Yes!' Amen.

J. M. Neale (*altd.*).

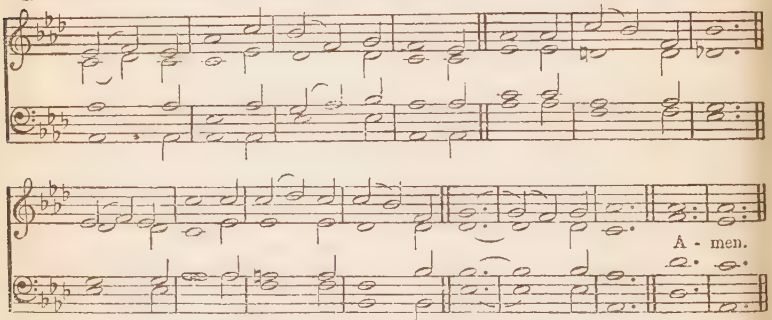
132 ST. HELEN'S. 8.5.8.3. (Second Tune.)

Sir Robert P. Stewart.



ART THOU WEARY. 8.5.8.3. (Third Tune.)

E. W. Bullinger.



See also Be at Rest, No. 154.

If any man serve Me, let him follow Me; and where I am, there shall also My servant be.

p ART thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distrest?
cr 'Come to Me,' saith One, 'and coming,
Be at rest.'

mf 2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my guide?
dim 'In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
p And His side.'

mf 3 Is there diadem, as monarch,
That His brow adorns?
cr 'Yea, a crown, in very surety,
p But of thorns!'

mf 4 If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
p 'Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear.'

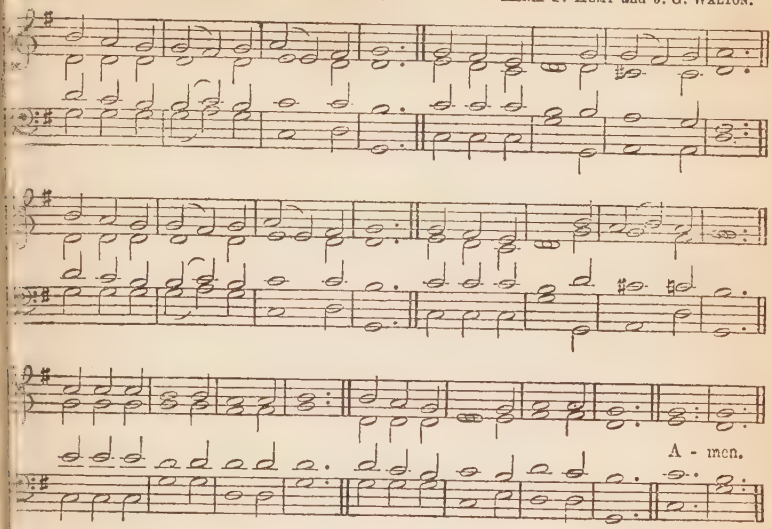
mf 5 If I still hold closely to Him
What hath He at last?
f 'Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan past!'

mp 6 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
f 'Not till earth, and not till heaven,
Pass away!'

mp 7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
cr Is He sure to bless?
f 'Angels, martyrs, saints, and prophets,
ff Answer, Yes!' Amen.

J. M. Neale. (*altd.*).

133 ST. CATHERINE. 8.8.8.8.8.8. HENRI F. HEMY and J. G. WALTON.



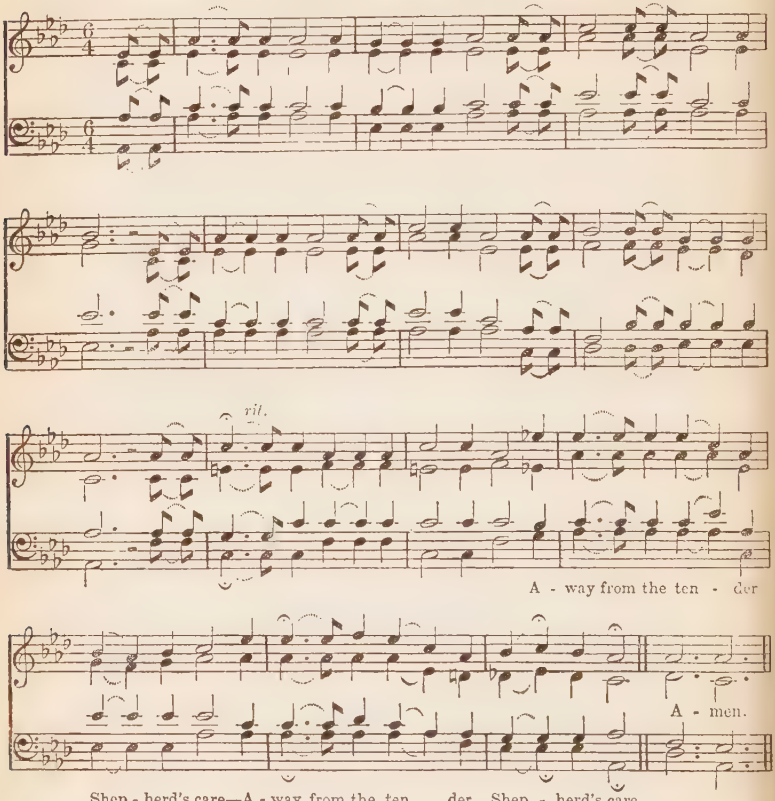
Who is a God like unto Thee, that pardoneth iniquity?

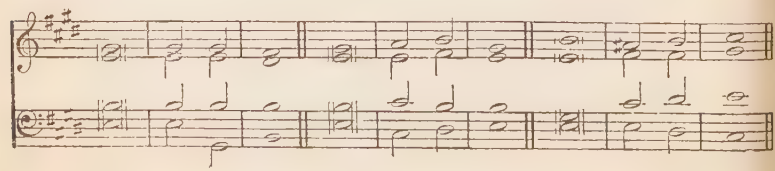
f GREAT God of wonders! all Thy ways
Are worthy of Thyself—divine;
But the bright glories of Thy grace
Beyond Thine other wonders shine:
ff Who is a pardoning God like Thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

mf 2 Pardon—from an offended God!
Pardon—for sins of deepest dye!
Pardon—bestowed through Jesus' blood!
Pardon—that brings the rebel nigh!
ff Who is a pardoning God like Thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

mf 3 O may this glorious, matchless love,
This God-like miracle of grace,
cr Teach mortal tongues, like those above,
To raise this song of lofty praise:—
ff 'Who is a pardoning God like Thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?' Amen.

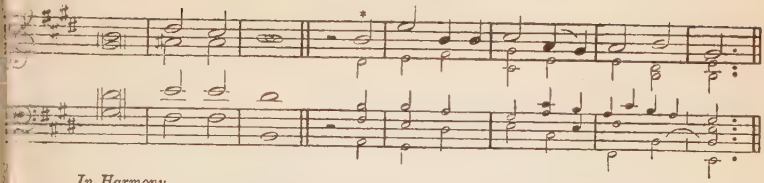
SAMUEL DAVIES (*al'd.*).

134 THE NINETY AND NINE. IRREGULAR. (FIRST TUNE.) IRA D. SANKEY.

EUREKA. (SECOND TUNE.) A. CROIL FALCONER.

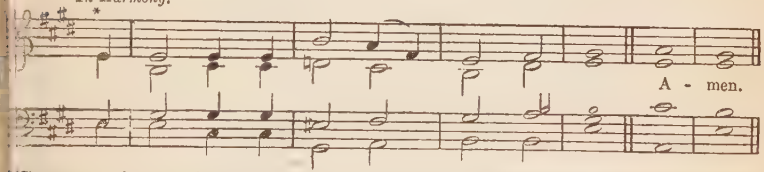


The Gospel.—Provided

Voices in Unison.



In Harmony.



These notes to be omitted in verse 3. Care must be taken to adapt the music to the accentuation of the words.

There shall be joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine righteous persons which need no repentance.

mp THERE were ninety and nine that safely lay
cr In the shelter of the fold;
mp But one was out on the hills away,
Far off from the gates of gold,
dim Away on the mountains wild and bare,
p Away from the tender Shepherd's care.

mp 2 'Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine;
Are they not enough for Thee?'
But the Shepherd made answer: 'This of Mine
Has wandered away from Me;
cr And, although the road be rough and steep,
I go to the desert to find My sheep.'

mp 3 But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed,
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed through,
Ere He found His sheep that was lost:
dim Out in the desert He heard its cry,
p Sick and helpless, and ready to die.

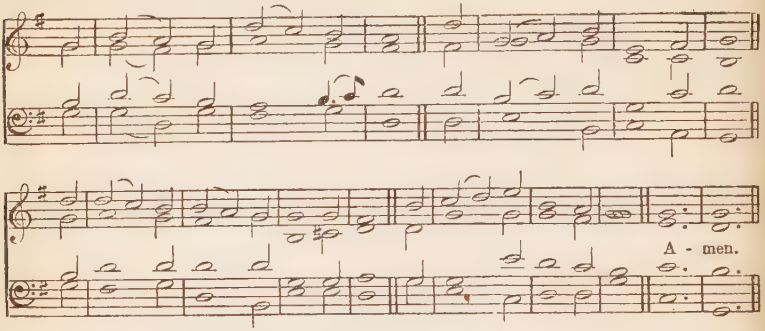
mp 4 'Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way,
That mark out the mountain track?'
p 'They were shed for one who had gone astray
Ere the Shepherd could bring him back.'
mp 'Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent and torn?'
p 'They are pierced to-night by many a thorn.'

cr 5 And all through the mountains, thunder-riven,
And up from the rocky steep,
mf There rose a cry to the gate of heaven,
'Rejoice! I have found My sheep!'
f And the angels echoed around the throne,
cr 'Rejoice! for the Lord brings back His own.' Amen.

ELIZABETH C. CLEPHANE.

(3) OFFERED

135 **BIDBOROUGH.** S. M. HANDEL.



Behold, now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation.

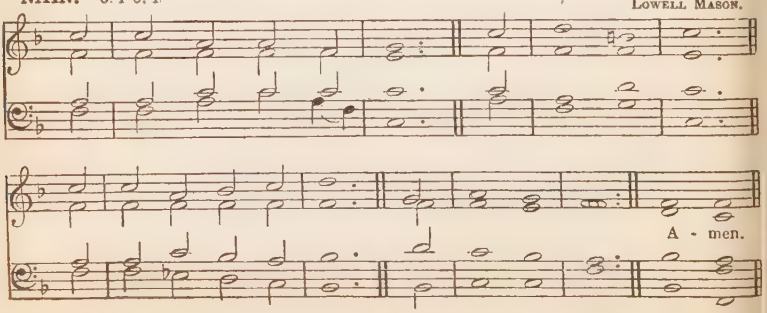
mp NOW is the accepted time,
Now is the day of grace;
cr Now, sinners, come without delay,
And seek the Saviour's face.

mp 2 Now is the accepted time,
The Saviour calls to-day;
p To-morrow you may be too late;
'Tis madness to delay.

mp 3 Now is the accepted time,
cr The Gospel bids you come,
mf And every promise of His word
Declares there yet is room.

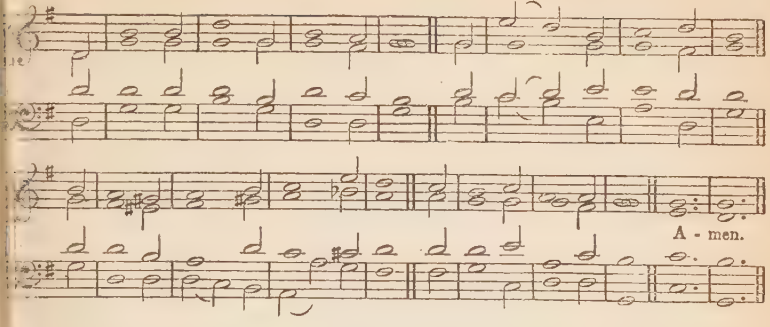
mp 4 Lord, draw reluctant souls
To seek a Father's love!
f Then shall attendant angels bear
The joyful news above. Amen. JOHN DOBELL.

NAIN. 6.4 6.4. LOWELL MASON.



136 SPOHR. C. M.

From Ludwig Spohr.



Ho! every one that thirsteth! Come ye to the waters.

mp HO! ye that thirst, approach the spring
Where living waters flow:
Free to that sacred fountain all
Without a price may go.

p 2 How long to streams of false delight
Will ye in crowds repair?
How long your strength and substance
On trifles, light as air? [waste

3 My stores afford those rich supplies
That health and pleasure give:
Incline your ear, and come to Me;
The soul that hears shall live.

mp 4 Seek ye the Lord, while yet His ear
Is open to your call;
While offered mercy still is near,
Before His footstool fall.

5 Let sinners quit their evil ways,
Their evil thoughts forego,
cr And God, when they to Him return,
Returning grace will show.

6 He pardons with o'erflowing love
For, hear the voice divine!
My nature is not like to yours,
Nor like your ways are Mine.

mf 7 But far as heaven's resplendent orbs
Beyond earth's spot extend,
As far My thoughts, as far My ways,
Your ways and thoughts transcend. Amen.

Anon.

137 NAIN. 6. 4. 6. 4.

So long as it is called to-day.

mp TO-DAY the Saviour calls.
Ye wanderers, come;
cr Oh, ye benighted souls,
Why longer roam?

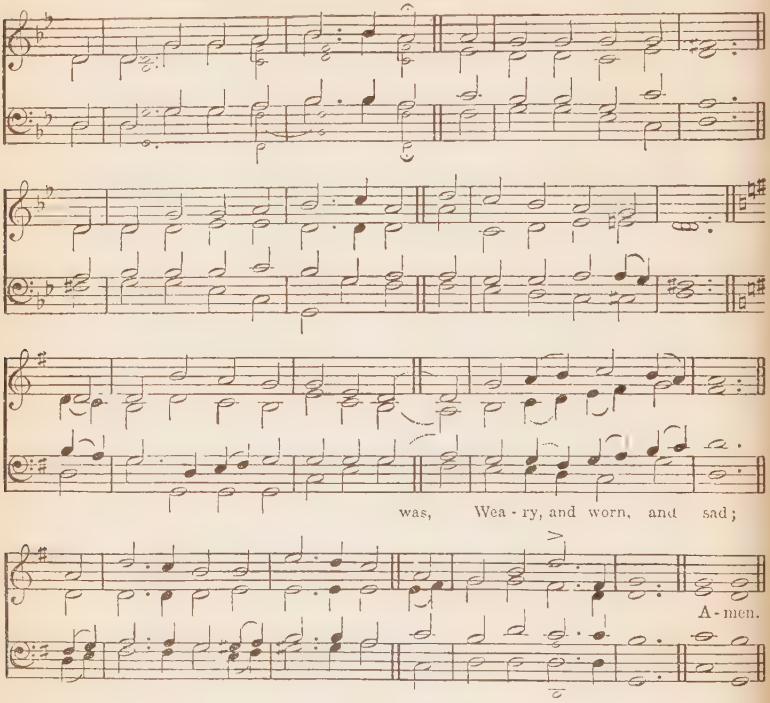
mp 2 To-day the Saviour calls.
cr Oh, listen now!
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.

mp 3 To-day the Saviour calls:
For refuge fly;
p The storm of justice falls,
pp And death is nigh.

mf 4 The Spirit calls to-day:
cr Yield to His power;
p Oh, grieve Him not away!
cr 'Tis mercy's hour. Amen.

S. F. Smith and Thomas Hastings.

138 VOX DILECTI. C.M.D. (First Tune.)

J. B. Dykes.

He that believeth on Me hath everlasting life.

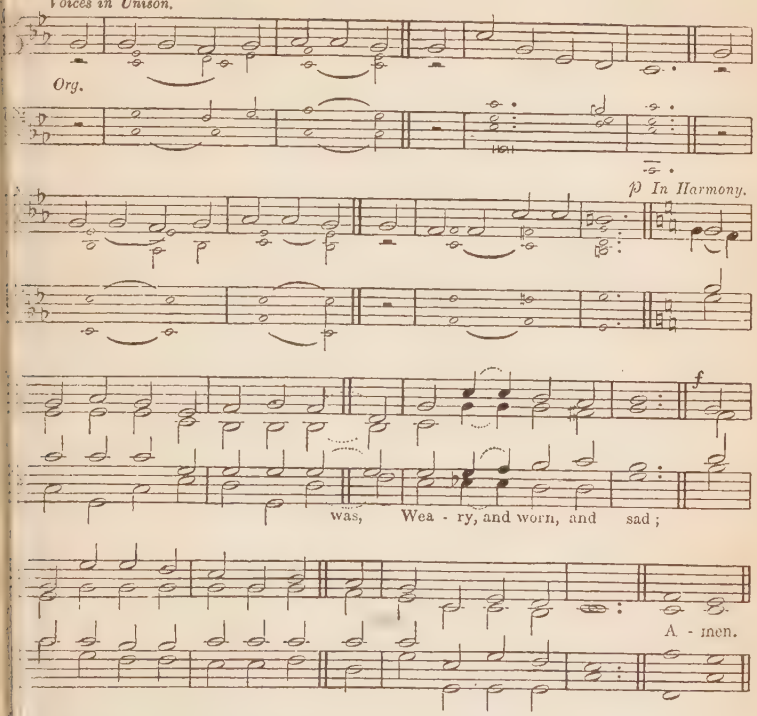
p I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
'Come unto Me and rest;
cr Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon My breast!'
p I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad;
cr I found in Him a resting-place,
f And He has made me glad.

mp 2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
cr 'Behold, I freely give
The living water; thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live!'
mf I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
cr My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
f And now I live in Him.

mp 3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
'I am this dark world's light;
cr Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright.'
mf I looked to Jesus, and I found
cr In Him my star, my sun;
f And in that light of life I'll walk
Till travelling days are done. Amen.

Horatius Bonar.

AUDITE AUDIENTES ME. C.M. D. (Second Tune.) Sir Arthur Sullivan.



He that believeth on Me hath everlasting life.

I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
'Come unto Me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon My breast.'
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad.

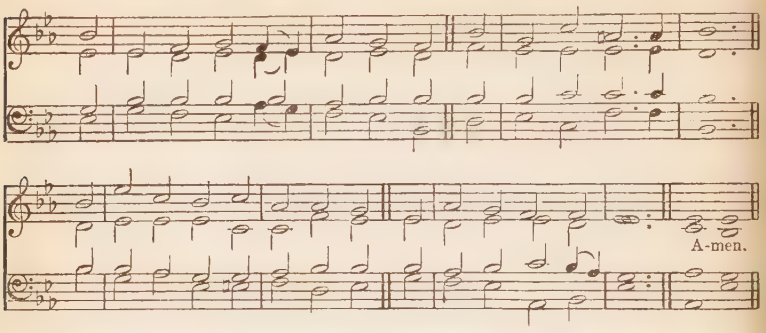
mp 2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
cr 'Behold, I freely give
The living water; thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live!'
mf I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
cr My thirst was quenched, my soul re-
f And now I live in Him. [vived,

mp 3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
'I am this dark world's light;
cr Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright.'
mf I looked to Jesus, and I found
cr In Him my star, my sun;
f And in that light of life I'll walk
Till travelling days are done. Amen.

Horatius Bonar.

139 ST. BERNARD. C. M.

ADAPTED BY JOHN RICHARDSON.



Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.

mp COME unto Me, all ye who groan,
With guilt and fears opprest;
Resign to Me the willing heart,
And I will give you rest.

2 Take up My yoke, and learn of Me
The meek and lowly mind;
And thus your weary troubled souls
Repose and peace shall find.

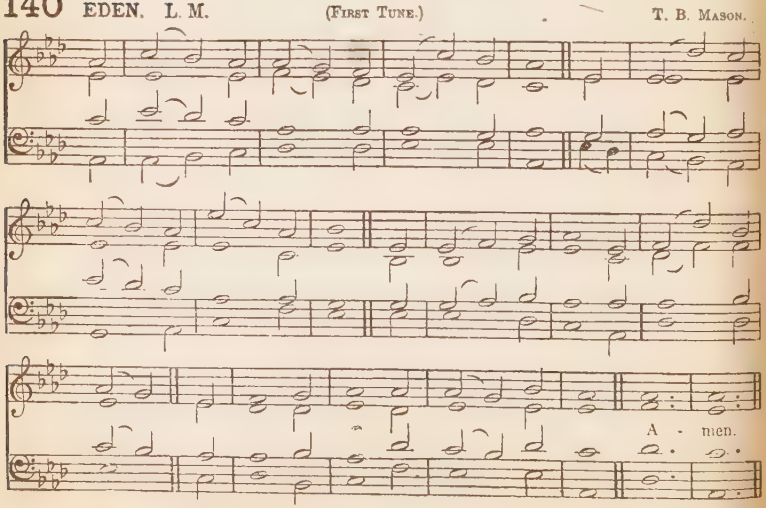
mp 3 For light and gentle is My yoke;
The burden I impose
cr Shall ease the heart, which groaned before
Beneath a load of woes. Amen.

HUGH BLAIR.

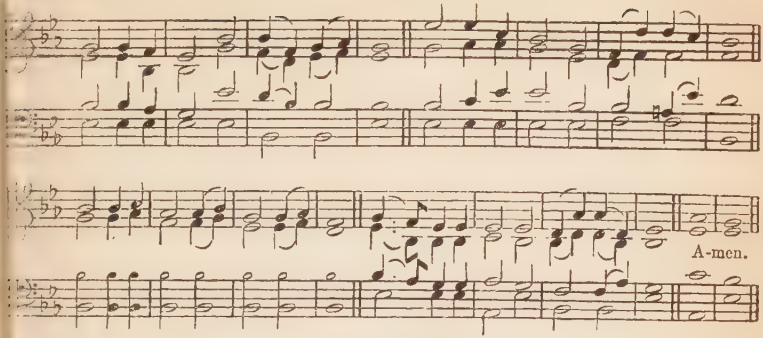
140 EDEN. L. M.

(FIRST TUNE.)

T. B. MASON.



BERA. L. M. (Second Tune.) J. E. Gould.



See also Ely, No. 598.

If any man hear My voice, and open the door, I will come in to him.

mp BEHOLD, a Stranger at the door!
He gently knocks, has knocked before;
Has waited long, is waiting still;
You treat no other friend so ill.

mp 2 O lovely attitude! He stands
With melting heart and laden hands;
cr O matchless kindness! and He shows
This matchless kindness to His foes!

mf 3 Admit Him, for the human breast
Ne'er entertained so kind a guest;
cr No mortal tongue their joy can tell,
With whom He condescends to dwell.

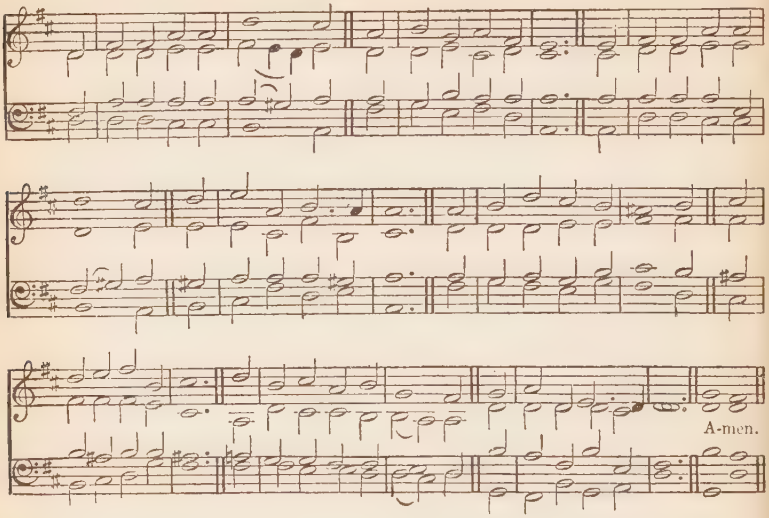
p 4 Admit Him, ere His anger burn,
Lest He depart, and ne'er return;
Admit Him, or the hour's at hand
dim When at His door denied you'll stand.

mf 5 Yet know, nor of the terms complain,
Where Jesus comes, He comes to reign—
To reign, and with no partial sway;
Thoughts must be slain that disobey.

mf 6 Sovereign of souls, Thou Prince of Peace,
O may Thy gentle reign increase.
f Throw wide the door, each willing mind,
ff And be His empire all mankind. Amen.

Joseph Grigg (*altd.*).

141 ST. CATHERINE. 7.6.7.6. D. R. F. DALE.



Behold, I stand at the door and knock.

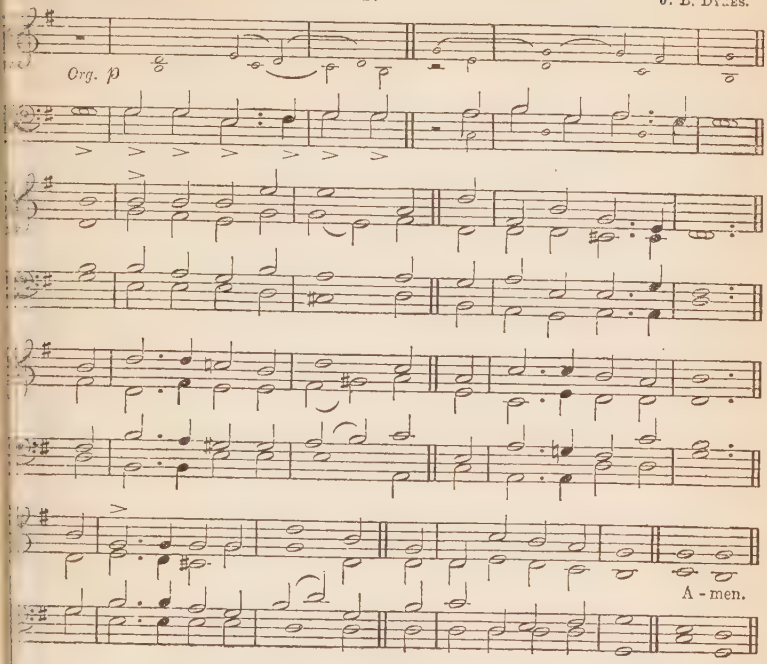
mp O JESUS, Thou art standing
Outside the fast-closed door,
In lowly patience waiting
To pass the threshold o'er:
mf Shame on us, Christian brothers,
His name and sign who bear,
O shame, thrice shame upon us,
To keep Him standing there!

p 2 O Jesus, Thou art knocking:
And lo! that hand is scarred,
And thorns Thy brow encircle,
And tears Thy face have marred.
cr O love that passeth knowledge,
So patiently to wait!
p O sin that hath no equal,
So fast to bar the gate!

mp 3 O Jesus, Thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,
p 'I died for you, My children,
And will ye treat Me so?'
mp O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door:
mf Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us nevermore. Amen. W. W. How.

142 COME UNTO ME. 7.6.7.6. D.

J. B. Dykes.



Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out.

'COME unto Me, ye weary,
And I will give you rest.'
O blessèd voice of Jesus,
Which comes to hearts oppressed!
It tells of benediction,
Of pardon, grace, and peace,
Of joy that hath no ending,
Of love which cannot cease.

2 'Come unto Me, ye wanderers,
And I will give you light.'
O loving voice of Jesus,
Which comes to cheer the night!
Our hearts were filled with sadness,
And we had lost our way;
But morning brings us gladness,
And songs the break of day.

mp 3 'Come unto Me, ye fainting,
And I will give you life.'
cr O cheering voice of Jesus,
Which comes to aid our strife!
mp The foe is stern and eager,
The fight is fierce and long;
mf But Thou hast made us mighty,
cr And stronger than the strong.

mf 4 'And whosoever cometh
I will not cast him out.'
cr O welcome voice of Jesus,
Which drives away our doubt,
Which calls us, very sinners,
Unworthy though we be
f Of love so free and boundless,
To come, dear Lord, to Thee!

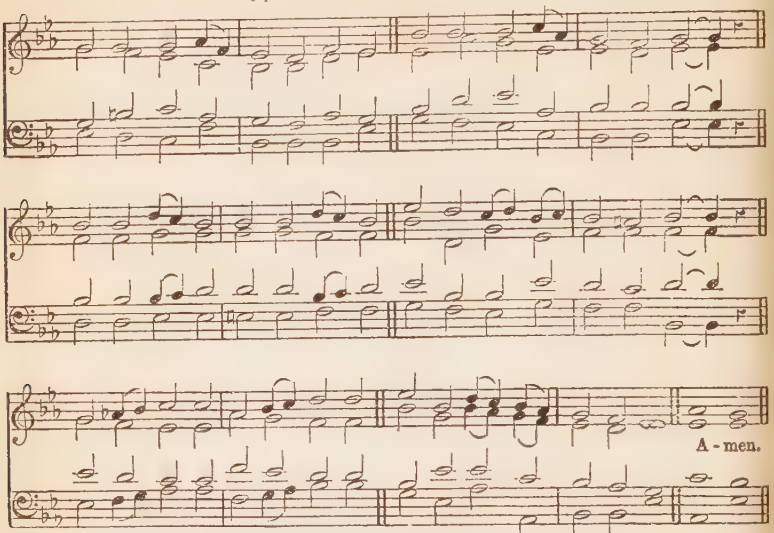
Amen.

W. C. Dix.

143 REDEMPTION. 8.7.8.7.8.7.

CHARLES GOUNOD.

By permission of Messrs. Novello, Ewer & Co.



See also ST. AUSTIN, No. 258.

I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.

p COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
mp Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity joined with power.
cr He is able,
He is willing; doubt no more.

mf 2 Come, ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
cr Every grace that brings you nigh,
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

mp 3 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Lost and ruined by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all:
Not the righteous—
Sinners Jesus came to call.

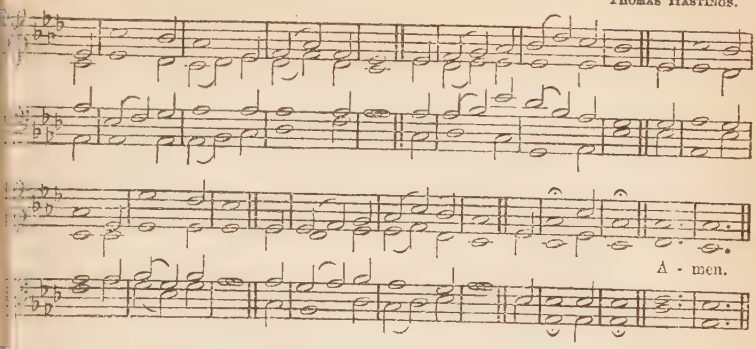
mf 4 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of Him:
cr This He gives you—
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

mf 5 Lo! the incarnate God, ascended,
Pleads the merit of His blood:
Venture on Him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude:
f None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good. Amen.

JOSEPH HART (*altd.*).

44 INVITATION. 8.6.8.6.4.

THOMAS HASTINGS.



Return unto the Lord thy God.

mp RETURN, O wanderer, to thy home,
Thy Father calls for thee;
No longer now an exile roam
In guilt and misery:
p Return, return.

mp 2 Return, O wanderer, to thy home,
'Tis Jesus calls for thee;
The Spirit and the Bride say, 'Come,'
O now for refuge flee:
p Return, return.

mp 3 Return, O wanderer, to thy home,
'Tis madness to delay;
There are no pardons in the tomb,
And brief is mercy's day:
p Return, return. Amen.

THOMAS HASTINGS.

5 REDEMPTION. 8.7.8.7.8.7.

A bruised reed shall He not break.

COME, ye souls by sin afflicted,
Bowed with fruitless sorrow down;
By the broken law convicted,
Through the cross behold the crown!
Look to Jesus!
Mercy flows through Him alone.

Take His easy yoke and wear it:
Love will make obedience sweet;
Christ will give you strength to bear it,
While His wisdom guides your feet
Safe to glory,
Where His ransomed captives meet.

mf 3 Blessèd are the eyes that see Him,
Blest the ears that hear His voice;
Blessèd are the souls that trust Him,
And in Him alone rejoice:
His commandments
Then become their happy choice.

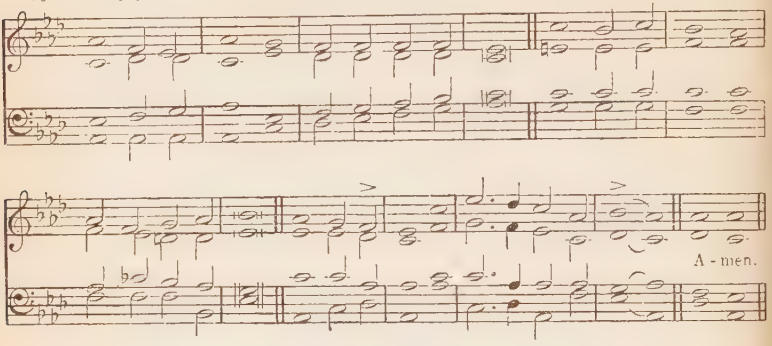
mp 4 Sweet as home to pilgrims weary,
Light to newly opened eyes,
Flowing springs in deserts dreary,
Is the rest the cross supplies:
All who taste it
cr Shall to rest immortal rise. Amen.

JOSEPH SWAIN.

146 CANTUS. 10.10.10.

UZZIAH C. BURNAP.

By the Courtesy of the Trustees of the Presbyterian Board of Publication and Sabbath-School Work, Philadelphia.



Yet there is room.

mf 'YET there is room!'—The Lamb's bright hall of song,
With its fair glory, beckons thee along.

Room! room! still room!
p *Oh, enter, enter now!*

p 2 Day is declining, and the sun is low;
The shadows lengthen,—light makes haste to go

mf 3 The bridal hall is filling for the feast;
Pass in, pass in, and be the Bridegroom's guest.

f 4 It fills, it fills, that hall of jubilee!
Make haste! make haste!—'tis not too full for thee.

mf 5 'Yet there is room!' Still open stands the gate,
The gate of love,—it is not yet too late.

f 6 Pass in, pass in! That banquet is for thee,
That cup of everlasting love is free.

f 7 All heaven is there, all joy! Go in, go in;
The angels beckon thee the prize to win.

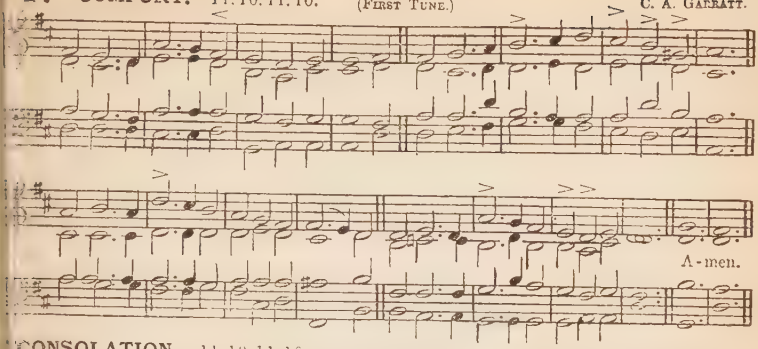
ff 8 Louder and louder sounds the loving call!
Come, lingerer, come!—enter that festal hall!

p 9 Ere night that gate may close, and seal thy doom;
Then the last, low, long cry—'No room! no room!'

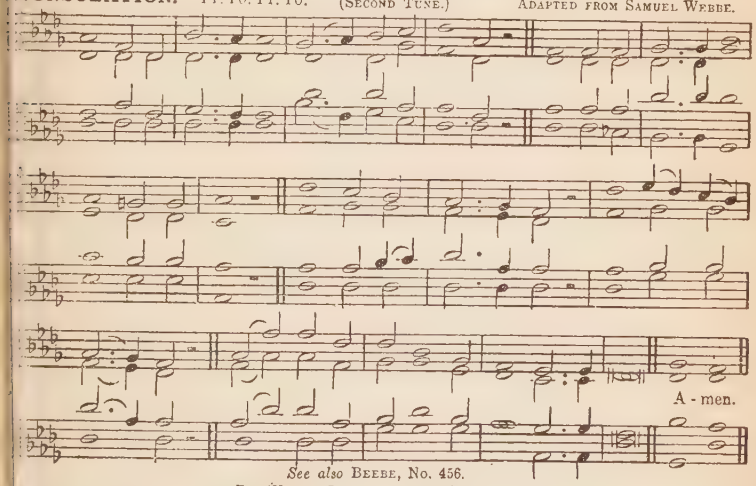
No room! no room!—
pp *O woeful cry—'No room!'* Amen.

HORATIUS BONAR.

47 COMFORT. 11.10.11.10. (First Tune.) C. A. Garratt.



CONSOLATION. 11.10.11.10. (Second Tune.) Adapted from Samuel Webbe.



See also Beebe, No. 456.

I will not leave you comfortless.

mp COME, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish,
Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish;
Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal.

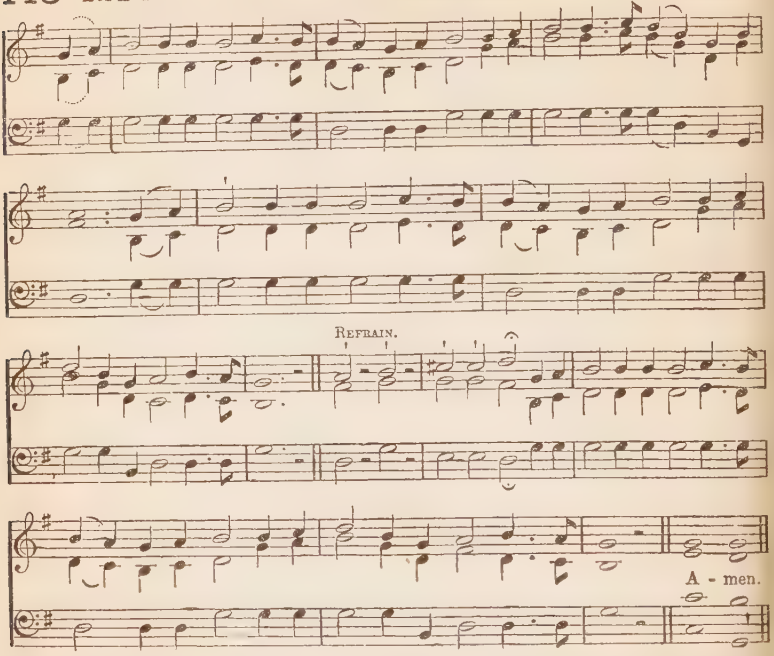
mp 2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure!
cr Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
'Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot cure.

mp 3 Here see the Bread of Life; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above:
mf Come to the feast of love; come, ever knowing
Earth has no sorrow but Heaven can remove. Amen.

Thomas Moore (*altd.*) and T. Hastings.

148 LIFE FOR A LOOK. 11.9.11.9 (*with refrain*).

E. G. Taylor.



As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up; that whosoever believeth may in Him have eternal life.

mp THERE is life for a look at the crucified One,
There is life at this moment for thee;
Then, look, sinner, look unto Him, and be saved,
Unto Him who was nailed to the tree.

cr *Look! look! look and live!*
There is life for a look at the crucified One,
There is life at this moment for thee.

p 2 It is not thy tears of repentance or prayers,
But the blood, that atones for thy soul:
On Him, then, who shed it, thou mayest at once
Thy weight of iniquities roll.

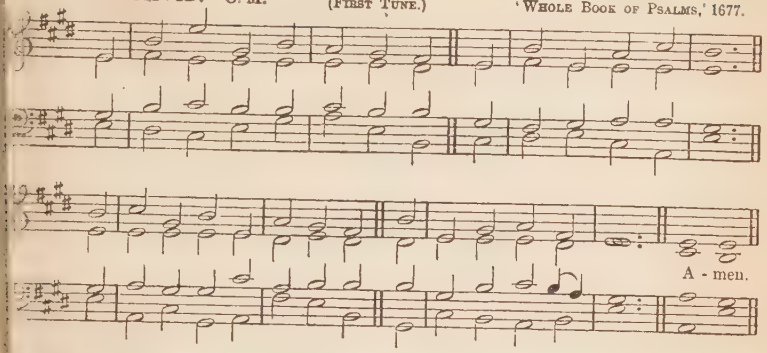
mf 3 Then doubt not thy welcome, since God has declared
There remaineth no more to be done;
That once in the end of the world He appeared,
And completed the work He begun.

f 4 Then take with rejoicing from Jesus at once
The life everlasting He gives;
And know with assurance thou never canst die,
Since Jesus, thy righteousness, lives. Amen.

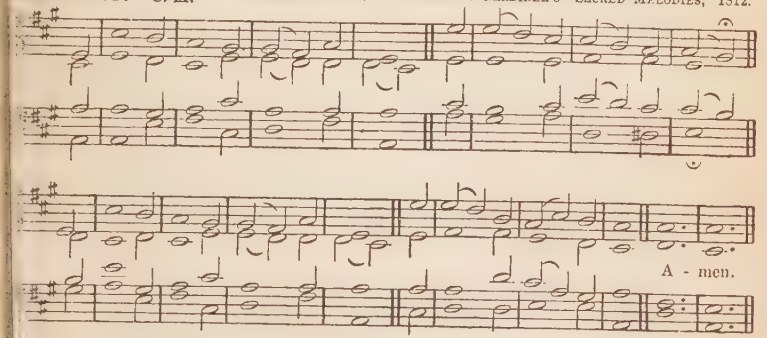
Amelia Matilda Hull.

(4) ACCEPTED

149 **ST. DAVID.** C. M. (First Tune.) Playford's 'Whole Book of Psalms,' 1677.



BELMONT. C. M. (Second Tune.) William Gardiner's 'Sacred Melodies,' 1812.



Yet I am not ashamed, for I know Him whom I have believed.

I'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend His cause,
Maintain the glory of His cross,
And honor all His laws.

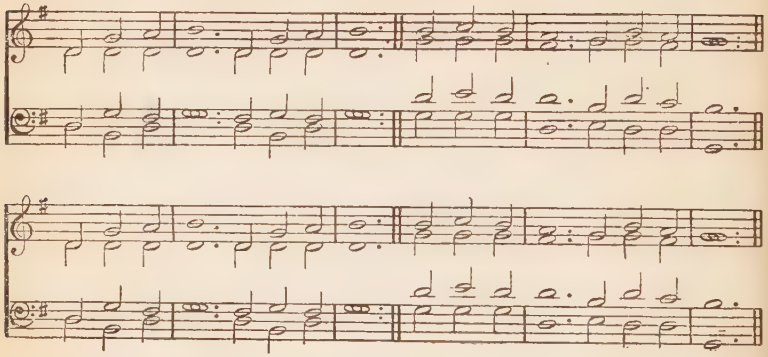
mf 2 Jesus, my Lord! I know His name,
His name is all my boast,
Nor will He put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

mf 3 I know that safe with Him remains,
Protected by His power,
What I've committed to His trust,
Till the decisive hour.

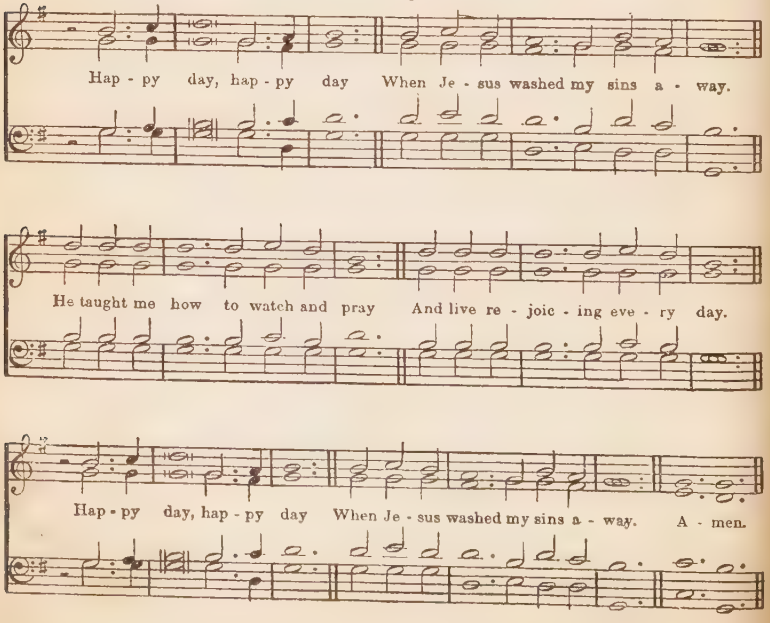
f 4 Then will He own His servant's name
Before His Father's face,
And in the New Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place. Amen.

Isaac Watts (*altd.*).

150 HAPPY DAY. L. M. (First Tune.)



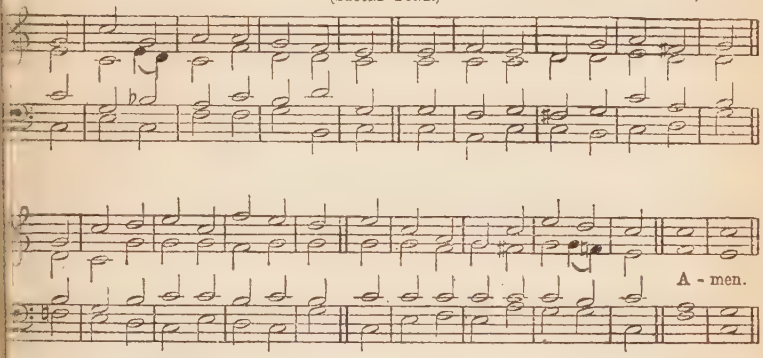
The following Refrain may be sung to every verse:—


Hap - py day, hap - py day When Je - sus washed my sins a - way.
He taught me how to watch and pray And live re - joic - ing eve - ry day.
Hap - py day, hap - py day When Je - sus washed my sins a - way. A - men.

WINCHESTER. L. M. (*without refrain*).

(Second Tune.)

Hamburger
'Musikalisches Handbuch,' 1690.



We also rejoice in God through our Lord Jesus Christ, through whom we have now received the reconciliation.

mf O HAPPY day that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

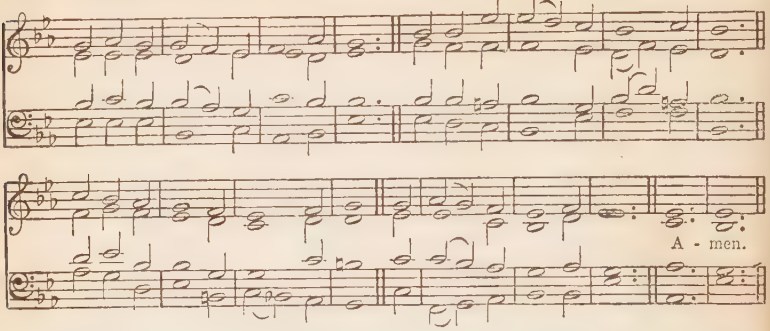
mp 2 'Tis done; the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
cr He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

mp 3 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest:
cr With ashes who would grudge to part,
When called on angels' bread to feast?

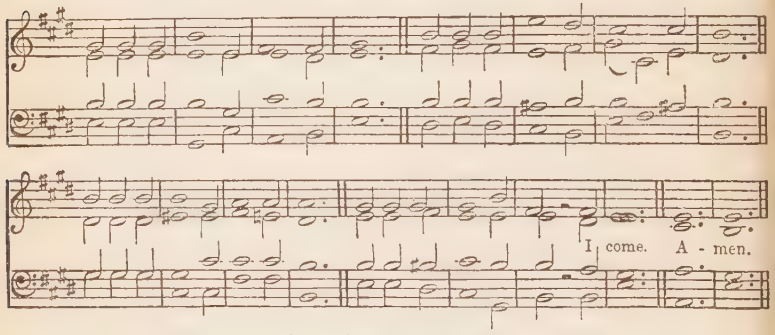
f 4 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall often hear;
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear. Amen.

Philip Doddridge.

151 **TRUST.** 8. 8. 8. 6. (First Tune.) G. W. Torrance.



ST. CRISPIN. 8. 8. 8. 6. (Second Tune.) Sir George J. Elvey.



Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.

p JUST as I am—without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!

2 Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come!

3 Just as I am—though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come!

4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
cr Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find—
p O Lamb of God, I come!

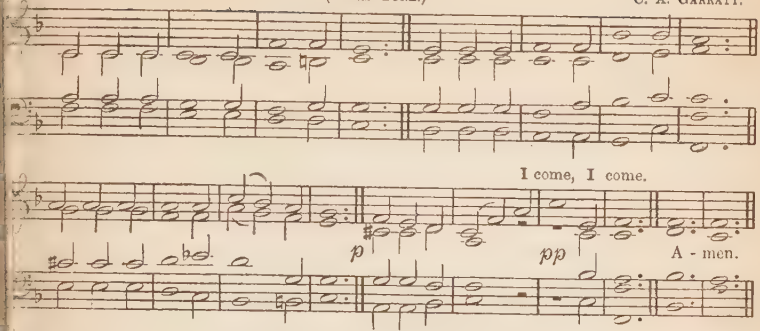
mp 5 Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
cr Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
p O Lamb of God, I come!

mf 6 Just as I am—Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
cr Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

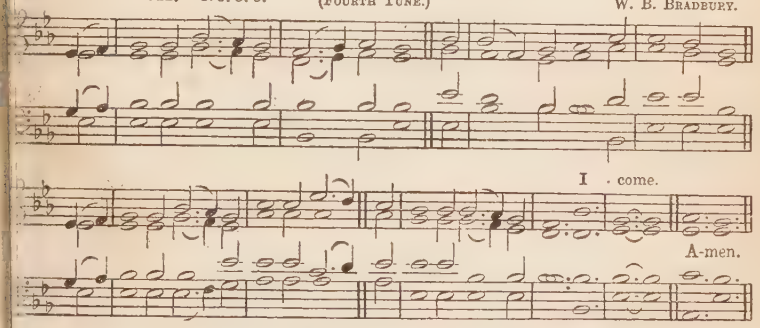
mf 7 Just as I am—of that free love
The breadth, length, depth, and height to prove,
cr Here for a season, then above,
dim O Lamb of God, I come! Amen.

Charlotte Elliott.

FAITH. 8.8.8.6. (Third Tune.) C. A. Garratt.



WOODWORTH. 8.8.8.6. (Fourth Tune.) W. B. Bradbury.



Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.

JUST as I am—without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come!

4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
cr Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find—
p O Lamb of God, I come!

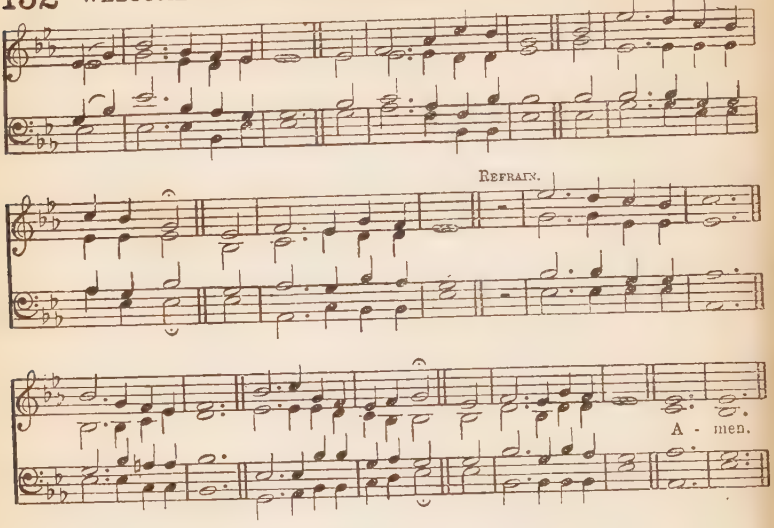
mp 5 Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
cr Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
p O Lamb of God, I come!

mf 6 Just as I am—Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down—
cr Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

mf 7 Just as I am—of that free love
The breadth, length, depth, and height to prove,
cr Here for a season, then above,
dim O Lamb of God, I come! Amen. Charlotte Elliott.

152 WELCOME VOICE. S. M. (*with refrain*).

LEWIS HARTSOUGH.



The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth from all sin.

mp I HEAR Thy welcome voice
That calls me, Lord, to Thee,
For cleansing in Thy precious blood
That flowed on Calvary.

mf *I am coming, Lord!*
Coming now to Thee!
Wash me, cleanse me, in the blood
That flowed on Calvary.

p 2 Though coming weak and vile,
cr Thou dost my strength assure;
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse
Till spotless all and pure.

mf 3 'Tis Jesus calls me on
To perfect faith and love,
cr To perfect hope, and peace, and trust,
For earth and heaven above.

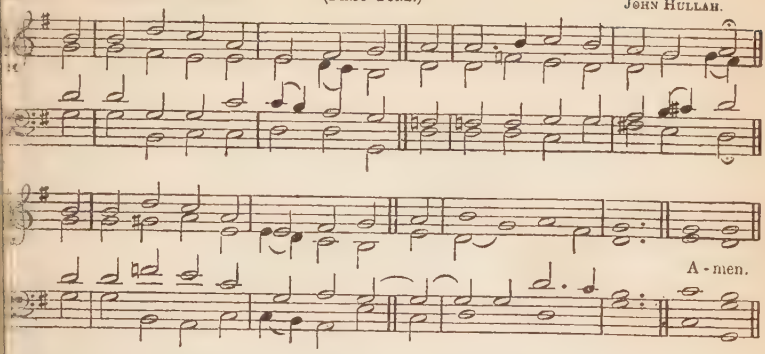
4 'Tis Jesus who confirms
The blessèd work within,
By adding grace to welcomed grace,
Where reigned the power of sin.

mf 5 And He the witness gives
To loyal hearts and free,
That every promise is fulfilled,
If faith but brings the plea.

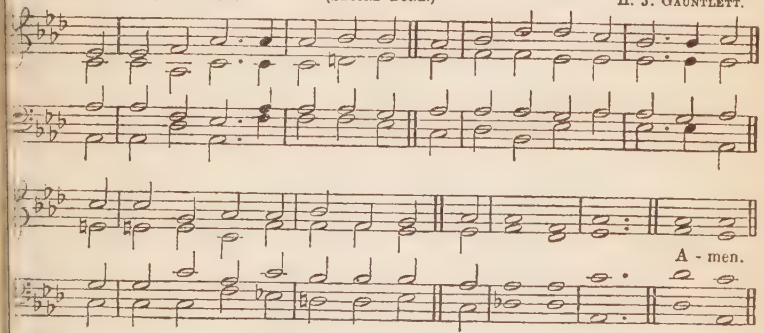
cr 6 All hail, atoning blood!
All hail, redeeming grace!
All hail, the gift of Christ our Lord,
ff Our Strength and Righteousness! Amen.

LEWIS HARTSOUGH.

153 **SARUM.** 8.8.8.4. (First Tune.) John Hullah.



RISEHOLME. 8.8.8.4. (Second Tune.) H. J. Gauntlett.



The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit.

THERE is a holy sacrifice,
Which God in heaven will not despise,
Yea, which is precious in His eyes,—
p The contrite heart.

2 That lofty One, before whose throne
The countless hosts of heaven bow down,
Another dwelling-place will own,—
p The contrite heart.

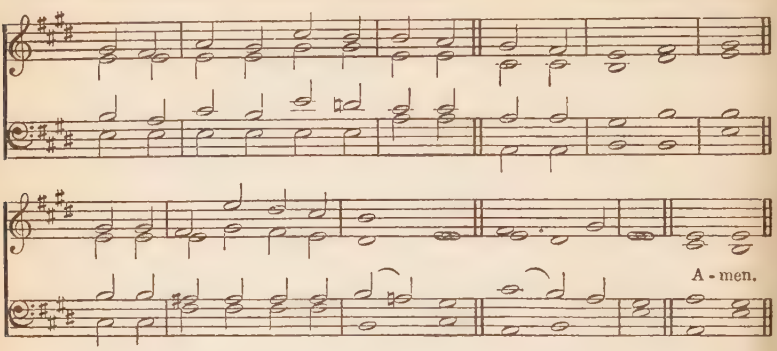
mp 3 The Holy One, the Son of God,
His pardoning love will shed abroad,
And consecrate as His abode
p The contrite heart.

mp 4 The Holy Spirit from on high
Will listen to its faintest sigh,
And cheer, and bless, and purify
p The contrite heart.

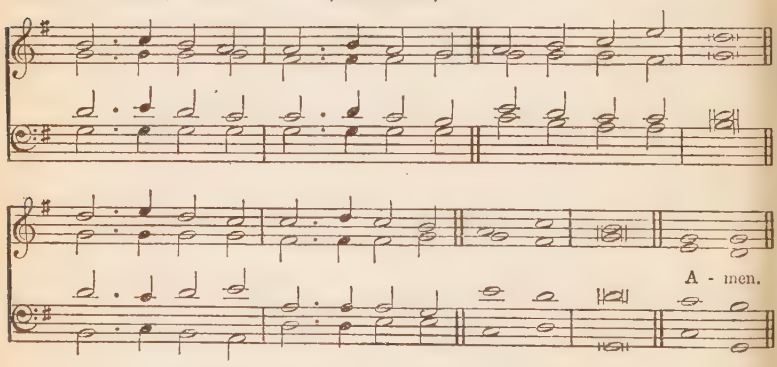
mp 5 Saviour, I cast my hopes on Thee;
Such as Thou art, I fain would be!
In mercy, Lord, bestow on me
p The contrite heart. Amen.

James Montgomery.

154 ST. HELEN'S. 8.5.8.3. (First Tune.) Sir Robert Stewart.



BE AT REST. 8.5.8.3. (Second Tune.) J Downing Farrer.



Trust we have through Christ to Godward.

mf I AM trusting Thee, Lord Jesus,
Trusting only Thee!
Trusting Thee for full salvation,
Great and free.

mp 2 I am trusting Thee for pardon,
At Thy feet I bow;
cr For Thy grace and tender mercy,
Trusting now.

mf 3 I am trusting Thee for cleansing
In the crimson flood;
Trusting Thee to make me holy
By Thy blood.

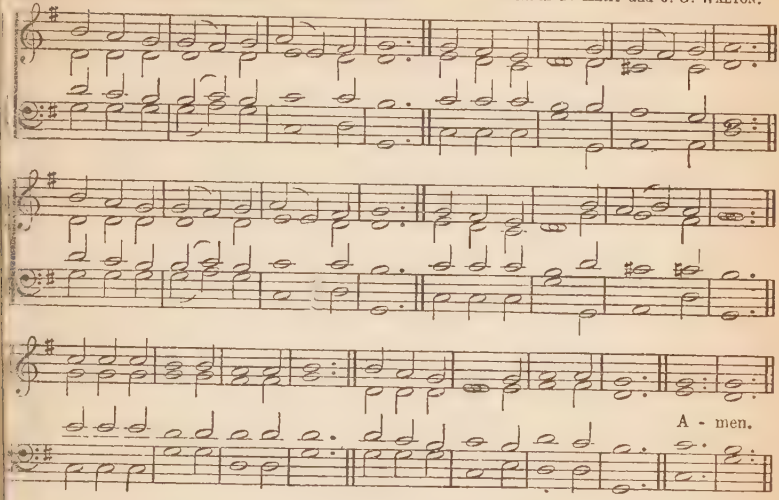
mf 4 I am trusting Thee to guide me;
Thou alone shalt lead,
Every day and hour supplying
All my need.

mf 5 I am trusting Thee for power,
Thine can never fail;
Words which Thou Thyself shalt give me
Must prevail.

mp 6 I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus;
cr Never let me fall;
f I am trusting Thee forever,
And for all. Amen.

Frances Ridley Havergal.

155 ST. CATHERINE. 8.8.8.8.8.8. HENRI F. HEMY and J. G. WALTON.



He is my Rock.

mp MY hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
cr But wholly lean on Jesus' name.
mf *On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand;*
dim *All other ground is sinking sand.*

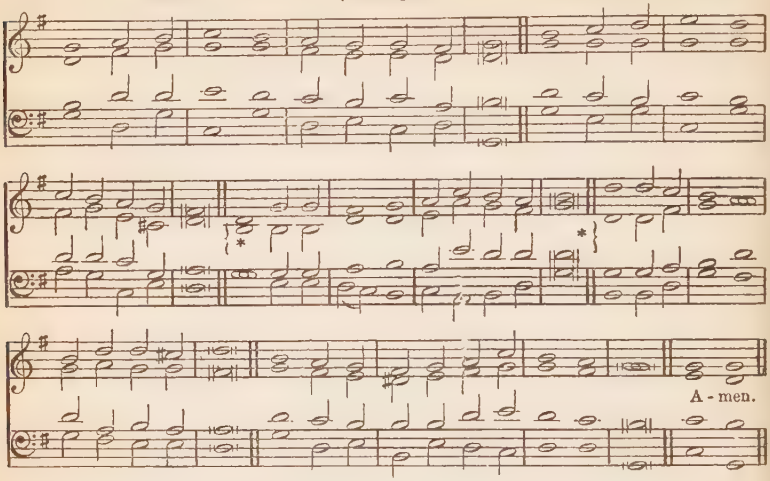
p 2 When darkness hides His lovely face,
cr I rest on His unchanging grace;
p In every high and stormy gale
cr My anchor holds within the vail.
mf *On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand;*
dim *All other ground is sinking sand.*

mp 3 His oath, His covenant, His blood,
Support me in the whelming flood;
When all around my soul gives way,
cr He then is all my hope and stay.
mf *On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand;*
dim *All other ground is sinking sand.*

f 4 When He shall come with trumpet sound,
dim Oh, may I then in Him be found
f Clothed in His righteousness alone,
Faultless to stand before the throne!
mf *On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand;*
dim *All other ground is sinking sand.* Amen.

EDWARD MOTE (*altd.*).

156 **OLD 124TH.** 10.10.10.10. (*with repeat*). 'GENEVAN PSALTER,' 1551.



Jesus, Thou Son of David, have mercy on me.

mp JESUS, Thou Son of David, hear my cry!
For I am blind, and full of misery.
Mercy is Thine; have mercy, Lord, on me!
Touch Thou mine eyes, O give me now to see!

mp 2 Sin is my blindness, Lord; sin my disease;
Sin veils my heart; sin robs my soul of peace;
Sin keeps me back from loving sight of Thee;
Have mercy, Lord! from sin, O set me free!

mp 3 I do not see Thee, Jesus! but they say
That Thou art passing by—art in the way:
'Tis true! the sound of Thy blest footsteps near
And accents of Thy voice, O Lord, I hear.

mp 4 O loving voice! it calls out, 'Come to Me!'
It asks, 'What wouldst thou I should do to thee?
cr Jesus, Thou Son of David, shed Thy light
O'er my dark soul, and say, 'Receive thy sight!'

mp 5 What Thou hast done for others, I believe,
Lord, Thou wilt do for me! I shall receive
cr My sight!—shall see Thee, Jesus, face to face,
In all Thy might of majesty and grace.

mf 6 My cry is heard! Thy mighty, loving hand
cr Has touched my inner eye; at Thy command
The darkening scales have fallen from my heart,
f And now I see Thee, Jesus, as Thou art! Amen.

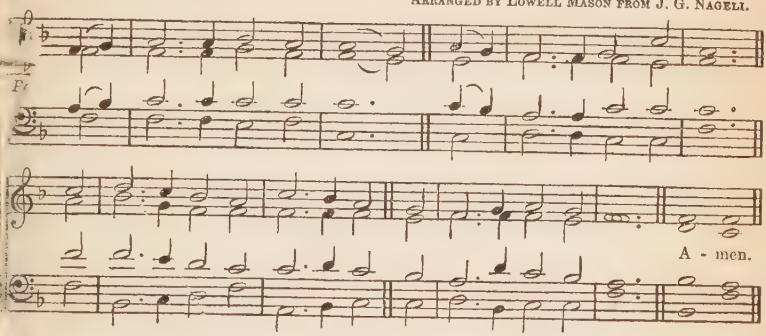
JOHN JENKINS.

* This Hymn may be sung to the tune without repeat by omitting the portion between the asterisks.

1. Faith, Penitence and Confession

157 SCOTT. S.M.

ARRANGED BY LOWELL MASON FROM J. G. NAGELI.



Not by works of righteousness which we have done.

NOT what these hands have done
Can save this guilty soul;
Not what this toiling flesh has borne
Can make my spirit whole.

2 Not what I feel or do
Can give me peace with God;
Not all my prayers, and sighs, and tears,
Can bear my awful load.

mf 3 Thy work alone, O Christ,
Can ease this weight of sin;
Thy blood alone, O Lamb of God,
Can give me peace within.

mf 4 Thy love to me, O God,
Not mine, O Lord, to Thee,
p Can rid me of this dark unrest,
cr And set my spirit free.

mf 5 I bless the Christ of God;
I rest on love divine;
cr And, with unfaltering lip and heart,
I call this Saviour mine.

mf 6 I praise the God of grace;
I trust His truth and might;
cr He calls me His, I call Him mine,
f My God, my Joy, my Light. Amen.

HORATIUS BONAR.

158 SCOTT. S.M.

But He, when He had offered one sacrifice for sins forever, sat down on the right hand of God.

p NOT all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

f 2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away,
A sacrifice of nobler name
And richer blood than they.

p 3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of Thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

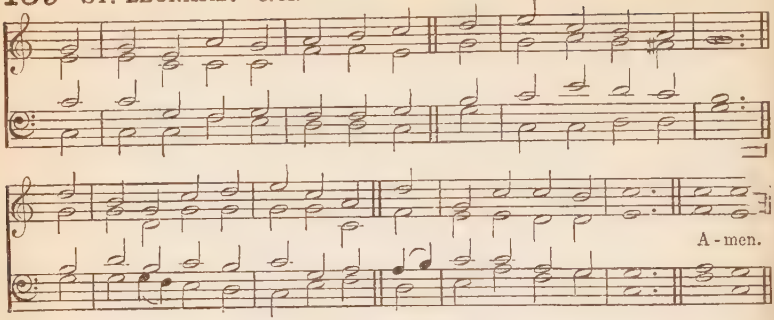
p 4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens Thou didst bear,
When hanging on the cursèd tree,
cr And hopes her guilt was there.

mf 5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
f We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing His dying love. Amen.

ISAAC WATTS.

159 ST. LEONARD. C. M.

HENRY SMART.



Lord, increase our faith.

mp O FOR a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by many a foe;
cr That will not tremble on the brink
Of poverty or woe;

mp 2 That will not murmur or complain
Beneath the chastening rod,
cr But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Can lean upon its God:

mf 3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt;

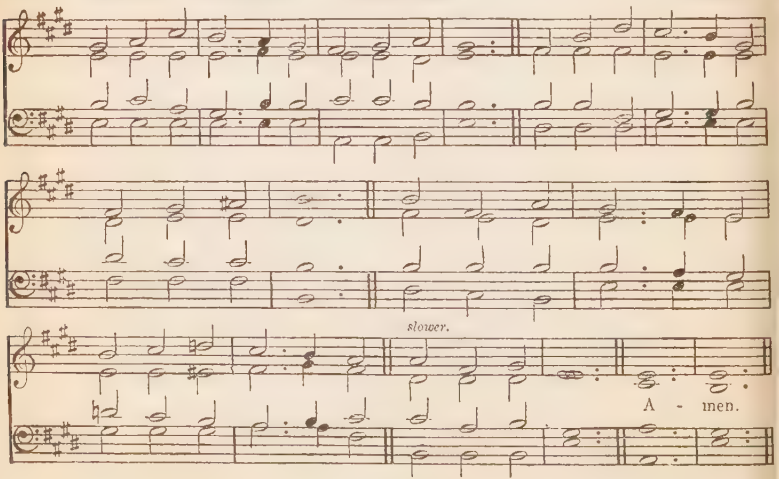
4 A faith that keeps the narrow way
Till life's last spark is fled,
And with a pure and heavenly ray
Lights up a dying bed!

mp 5 Lord, give me such a faith as this,
mf And then, whate'er may come,
I taste even now the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home. Amen.

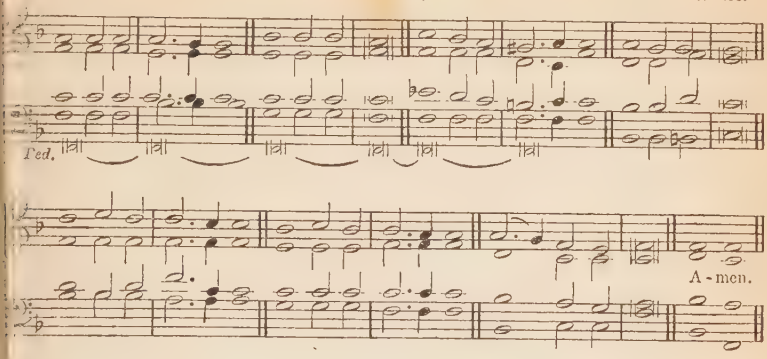
WM. HILEY BATHURST.

160 HADDO. 6.4.6.4.6.6.4. (FIRST TUNE.)

E. J. HOPKINS.



KEDRON. 6.4.6.4.6.6.4. (Second Tune.) English. Ascribed to A. B. Spratt.



If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive.

mp NO; not despairingly
Come I to Thee!
No; not distrustingly
Bend I the knee!
p Sin hath gone over me,
Yet is this still my plea,
cr Jesus hath died.

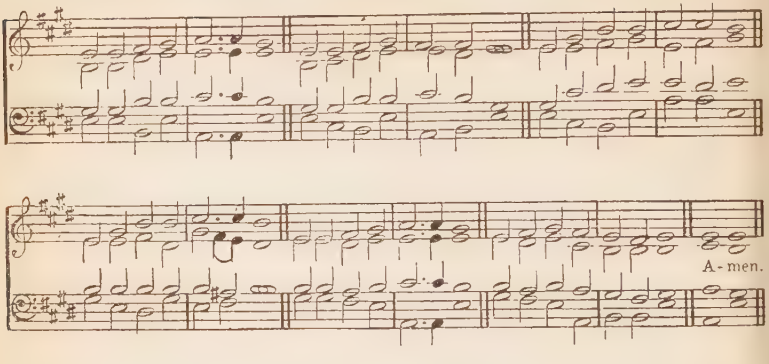
p 2 Lord, I confess to Thee
Sadly my sin;
All I am, tell I Thee;
All I have been!
mp Purge Thou my sin away,
Wash Thou my soul this day,
Lord, make me clean!

mf 3 Faithful and just art Thou,
Forgiving all;
Loving and kind art Thou
dim When poor ones call;
mp Lord, let the cleansing blood,
Blood of the Lamb of God,
Pass o'er my soul!

cr 4 Then all is peace and light
This soul within;
Thus shall I walk with Thee,
The loved Unseen;
mf Leaning on Thee, my God,
Guided along the road,
cr Nothing between! Amen.

Horatius Bonar.

161 PETRA. 7.7.7.7.7.7. (First Tune.) Richard Redhead.



That Rock was Christ.

mp ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flowed,
cr Be of sin the double cure,
dim Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

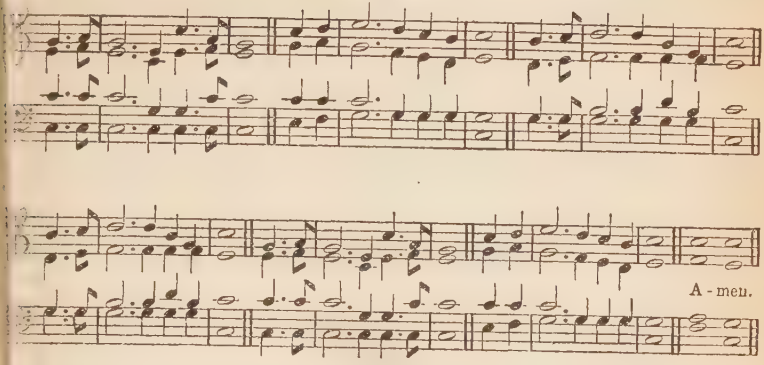
mp 2 Not the labors of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow;
All for sin could not atone;
f Thou must save, and Thou alone.

mp 3 Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
cr Foul, I to the fountain fly:
dim Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

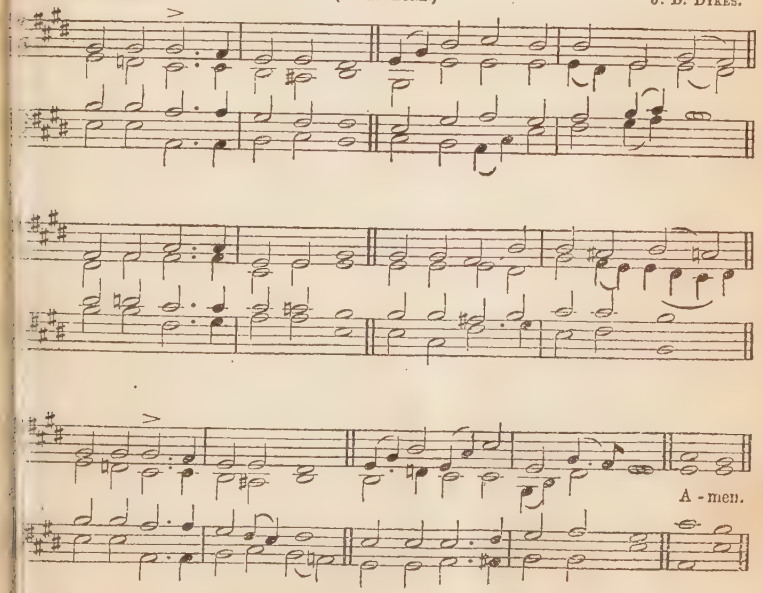
p 4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
pp When my eyelids close in death,
cr When I soar through tracts unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment-throne;
f Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee. Amen.

A. M. Toplady.

TOPLADY. 7.7.7.7.7.7. (Second Tune.) Thomas Hastings.

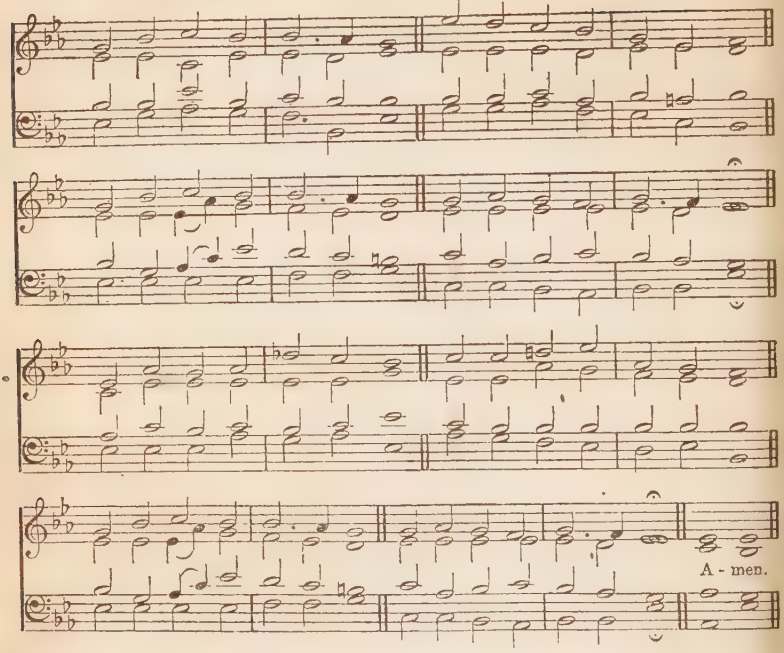


GETHSEMANE. 7.7.7.7.7.7. (Third Tune.) J. B. Dykes.



162 HOLLINGSIDE. 7.7.7.7. D. (First Tune.)

J. B. Dykes.



For whom I suffered the loss of all things, and count them but refuse, that I may win Christ, and be found in Him.

mp JESUS, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
cr Safe into the haven guide;
p O receive my soul at last!

mp 2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone;
Still support and comfort me.
mf All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
dim Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

mf 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name;
p I am all unrighteousness:
False and full of sin I am;
cr Thou art full of truth and grace.

mf 4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within:
f Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity: Amen.

C. Wesley.

REFUGE. 7.7.7.7. D. (Second Tune.) J. P. Holbrook.

Choir.

Congregation.

A - men.

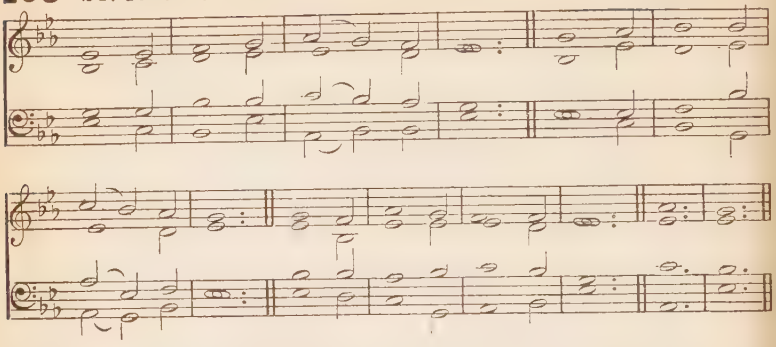
MARTYN. 7.7.7.7. D. (Third Tune.) S. B. Marsh.

Fine.

A - men.

D.C.

163 ST. PHILIP. 7.7.7. W. H. MONK.



He beheld the city, and wept over it.

p LORD, in this Thy mercy's day,
Ere it pass for aye away,
On our knees we fall and pray.

2 Holy Jesus, grant us tears,
Fill us with heart-searching fears,
Ere that awful doom appears.

mp 3 Lord, on us Thy Spirit pour,
Kneeling lowly at the door,
Ere it close for evermore.

dim 4 By Thy night of agony,
By Thy supplicating cry,
By Thy willingness to die,

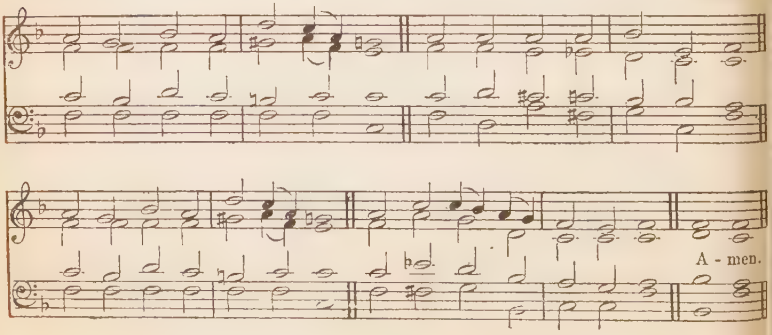
p 5 By Thy tears of bitter woe
For Jerusalem below,
Let us not Thy love forego.

mp 6 Grant us 'neath Thy wings a place,
Lest we lose this day of grace
cr Ere we shall behold Thy face.

mf 7 On Thy love we rest alone,
cr And that love will then be known
By the pardoned round the throne. Amen.

ISAAC WILLIAMS.

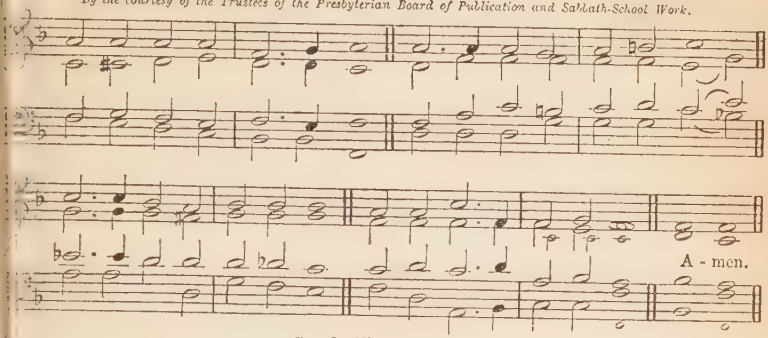
WEBER. 7.7.7.7. C. M. VON WEBER.



64 WOODMAN. 7.7.7.7.

R. Huntington Woodman.

By the courtesy of the Trustees of the Presbyterian Board of Publication and Sabbath-School Work.



See also Weber, No. 165.

God be merciful to me, a sinner.

SINFUL, sighing to be blest;
Bound, and longing to be free;
Weary, waiting for my rest:
God be merciful to me!

2 Goodness, I have none to plead,
Sinfulness in all I see;
I can only bring my need:
God be merciful to me!

3 Broken heart and downcast eyes
Dare not lift themselves to Thee;
Yet Thou canst interpret sighs:
God be merciful to me!

mp 4 From this sinful heart of mine
To Thy bosom I would flee;
I am not my own, but Thine:
p God be merciful to me!

mf 5 There is One beside Thy throne,
And my only hope and plea
Are in Him, and Him alone:
p God be merciful to me!

mf 6 He my cause will undertake,
My Interpreter will be;
cr He's my all; and for His sake
dim God be merciful to me! Amen.

J. S. B. Monsell.

65 WEBER. 7.7.7.7.

Have mercy upon me.

DEPTH of mercy! can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God His wrath forbear?—
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

2 I have long withstood His grace,
Long provoked Him to His face,
Would not hearken to His calls;
Grieved Him by a thousand falls.

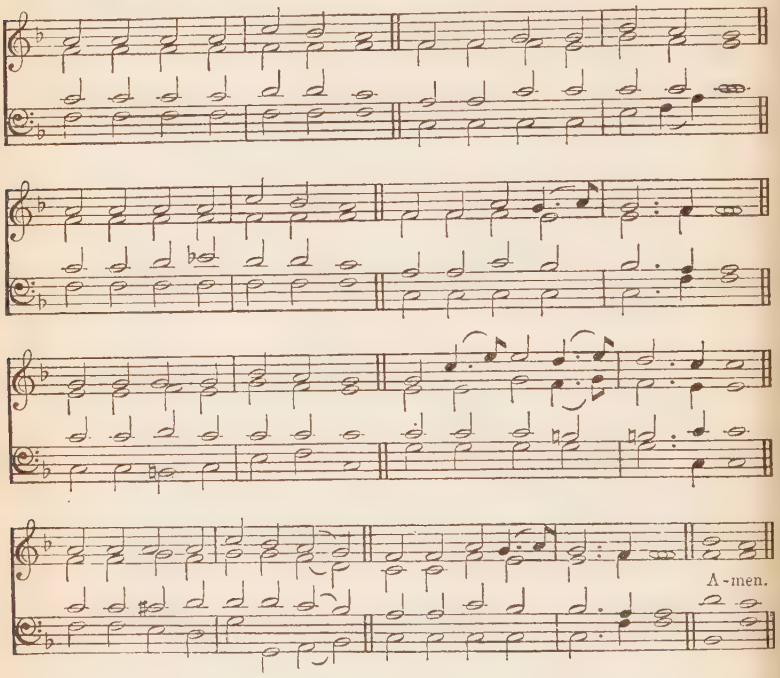
cr 3 Whence to me this waste of love?
Ask my Advocate above!
See the cause in Jesus' face,
Now before the throne of grace.

mp 4 There for me the Saviour stands,
Shows His wounds, and spreads His [hands:
cr God is love, I know, I feel;
Jesus pleads, and loves me still.

cr 5 If I rightly read Thy heart,
If Thou all compassion art,
Bow Thine ear, in mercy bow,
Pardon and accept me now! Amen.

Charles Wesley.

166 BLUMENTHAL. 7.7.7.7. D. (First Tune.) Arranged from Blumenthal.

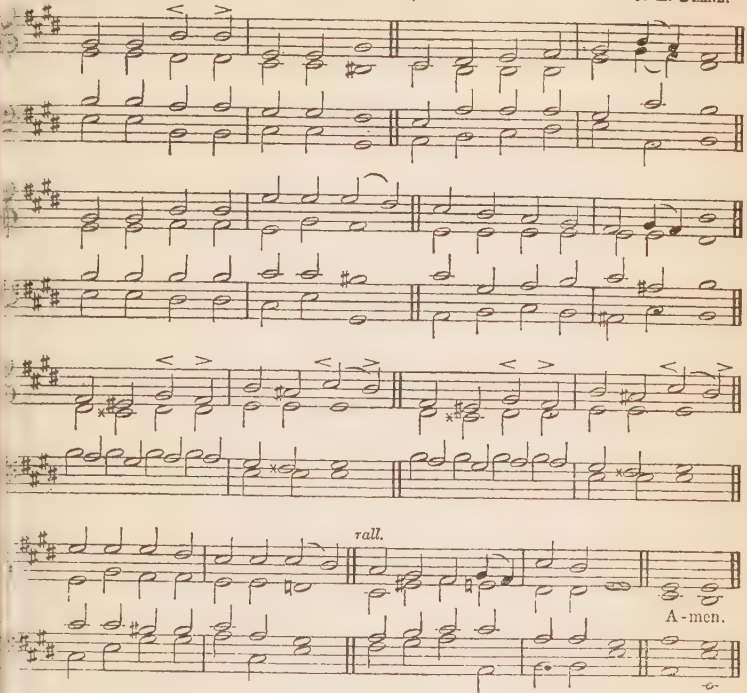


Jesus, Master, have mercy on us.

p SAVIOUR, when in dust to Thee
Low we bend the adoring knee;
When repentant to the skies
Scarce we lift our weeping eyes;
Oh! by all the pains and woe
Suffered once for man below,
cr Bending from Thy throne on high
pp Hear our solemn litany!

mp 2 By Thy helpless infant years,
By Thy life of want and tears,
By Thy days of sore distress
In the savage wilderness,
By the dread mysterious hour
Of the insulting tempter's power,—
cr Turn, O turn a favoring eye,
pp Hear our solemn litany!

SORRENTO. 7.7.7.7. D. (SECOND TUNE.) J. H. DEANE.



3 By the sacred griefs that wept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept,
By the boding tears that flowed
Over Salem's loved abode,
By the anguished sigh that told
Treachery lurked within Thy fold,—
From Thy seat above the sky
Hear our solemn litany!

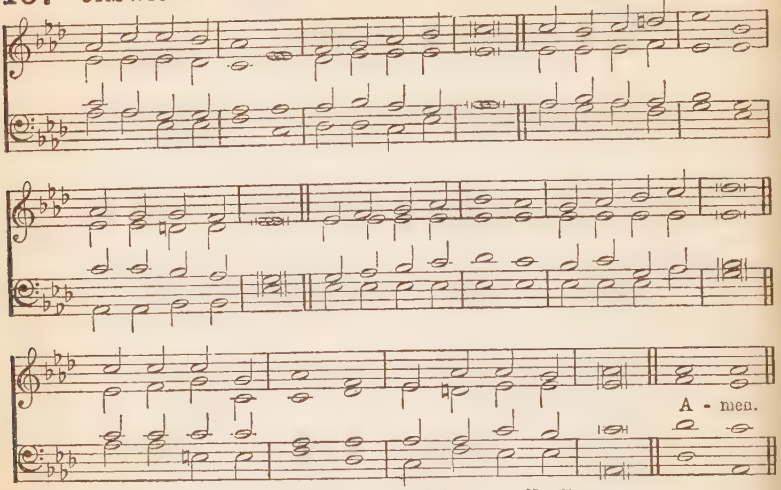
p 4 By Thine hour of dire despair,
By Thine agony of prayer,
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn,
dim By the gloom that veiled the skies
O'er the dreadful sacrifice,
pp Listen to our humble cry,—
Hear our solemn litany!

pp 5 By Thy deep expiring groan,
By the sad sepulchral stone,
cr By the vault, whose dark abode
Held in vain the rising God,—
f Oh! from earth to heaven restored,
cr Mighty re-ascended Lord,
mp Listen, listen to the cry
pp Of our solemn litany! Amen.

SIR ROBERT GRANT.

167 URSWICKE. 6.5.6.5. D.

SIR GEORGE J. ELVEY.



See also HERMAS, No. 210; and PENITENCE, No. 75.

In Thee, O Lord, do I put my trust.

mf JESUS, I will trust Thee,
Trust Thee with my soul;
Guilty, lost, and helpless,
Thou canst make me whole.
There is none in heaven
Or on earth like Thee;
Thou hast died for sinners—
Therefore, Lord, for me.

mf 2 Jesus, I may trust Thee,
Name of matchless worth,
Spoken by the angel
At Thy wondrous birth,—
mp Written, and forever,
On Thy cross of shame:
Sinners read and worship,
Trusting in that name.

mf 3 Jesus, I must trust Thee,
Pondering Thy ways,
Full of love and mercy
All Thine earthly days:
dim Sinners gathered round Thee,
Lepers sought Thy face,—
None too vile or loathsome
For a Saviour's grace.

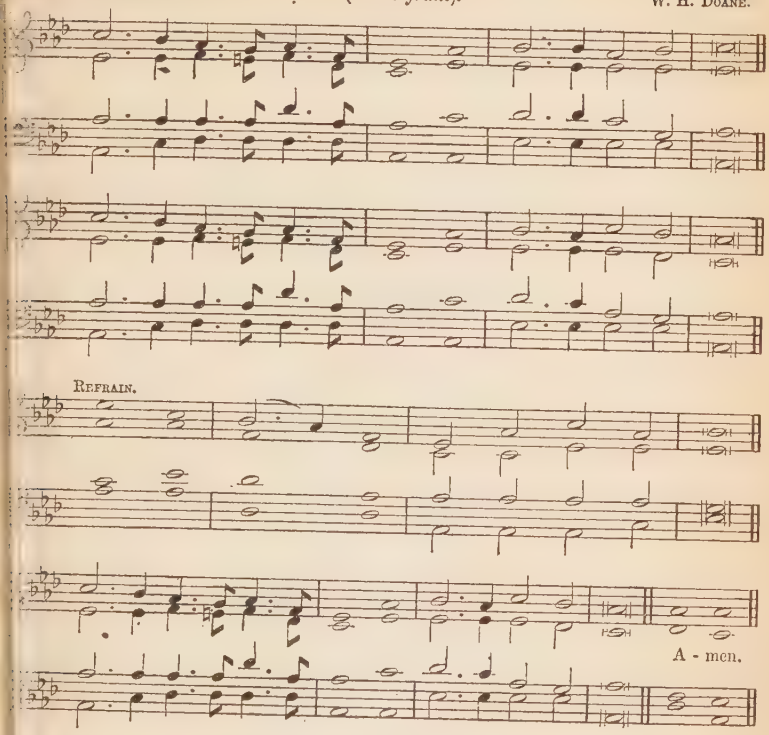
mf 4 Jesus, I can trust Thee,
Trust Thy written word—
Though Thy voice of pity
I have never heard—
dim When Thy Spirit teacheth,
To my taste how sweet!
Only may I hearken,
Sitting at Thy feet.

mf 5 Jesus, I do trust Thee,
Trust without a doubt;
Whosoever cometh
Thou wilt not cast out:
cr Faithful is Thy promise,
Precious is Thy blood;
These my soul's salvation,
Thou my Saviour God! Amen.

MARY J. WALKER.

68 PASS ME NOT. 8.5.8.5. (*with refrain*).

W. H. DOANE.



Jesus, Thou Son of David, have mercy on me.

PASS me not, O gentle Saviour,
Hear my humble cry;
While on others Thou art calling,
Do not pass me by.

Saviour! Saviour!
Hear my humble cry,
And while others Thou art calling,
Do not pass me by.

mp 2 Let me at a throne of mercy
Find a sweet relief;
Kneeling there in deep contrition
Help my unbelief.

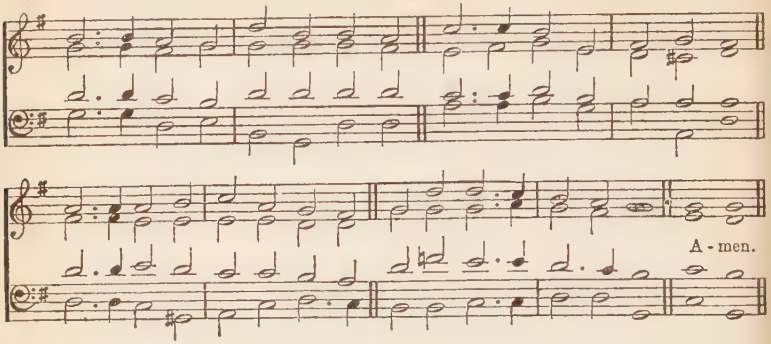
cr 3 Trusting only in Thy merit,
Would I seek Thy face;
Heal my wounded, broken spirit,
Save me by Thy grace.

mf 4 Thou the spring of all my comfort,
More than life to me;
Whom have I on earth beside Thee?
Whom in heaven but Thee? Amen.

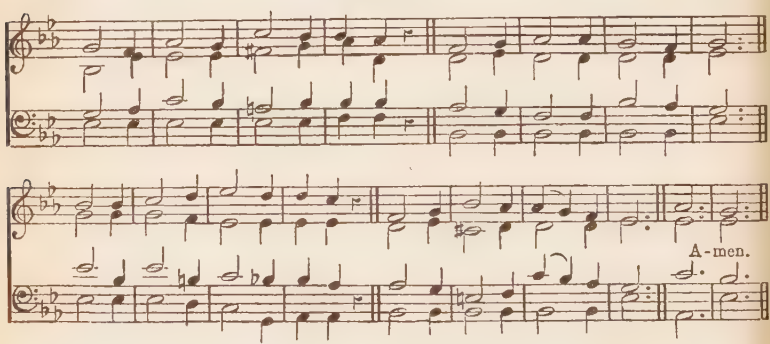
FANNY J. CROSBY.

169 ST. MABYN. 8.7.8.7. (First Tune.)

Arthur Henry Brown.



BIRD. 8.7.8.7. (Second Tune.) G. W. Bird.



I will arise and go to my Father.

mp TAKE me, O my Father! take me;
Take me, save me, through Thy Son;
cr That which Thou wouldst have me, make me;
Let Thy will in me be done.

p 2 Long from Thee my footsteps straying,
Thorny proved the way I trod;
Weary, come I now, and praying,
Take me to Thy love, my God.

p 3 Fruitless years with grief recalling,
Humbly I confess my sin;
At Thy feet, O Father, falling,
To Thy household take me in.

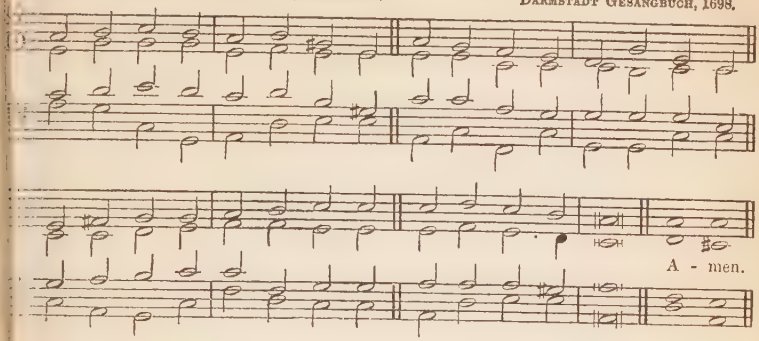
mp 4 Freely now to Thee I proffer
This relenting heart of mine;
cr Freely life and soul I offer,
Gift unworthy love like Thine.

5 Once the world's Redeemer, dying,
Bore our sins upon the tree;
On that sacrifice relying,
Now I look in hope to Thee.

mf 6 Father! take me; all forgiving,
Fold me to Thy loving breast;
In Thy love forever living
I must be forever blest! Amen.

Ray Palmer

170 **BONIFACE.** 8.8.8.5. (Trochaic). Adapted from tune in Darmstadt Gesangbuch, 1698.



Out of the depths have I cried to Thee, O Lord.

mp JESUS, heed me, lost and dying,
Unto Thee for shelter flying,
Hear, oh, hear, my heart's sore crying:
p Heed me, or I die!

mp 2 All my sin and sorrow feeling,
Come I, as the leper, kneeling—
Come to Thee for help, and healing:
p Heal me, or I die!

mp 3 Nought have I to plead of merit,
Nought but curse do I inherit:
cr By Thy gracious, quickening Spirit,
p Save me, or I die!

mp 4 Not my tears of deep contrition
Can secure one sin's remission—
dim Helpless, hopeless my condition:
p Help me, or I die!

mp 5 Far away my dead works flinging,
Nothing owning, nothing bringing,
cr Only to Thy mercy clinging:
p Bless me, or I die!

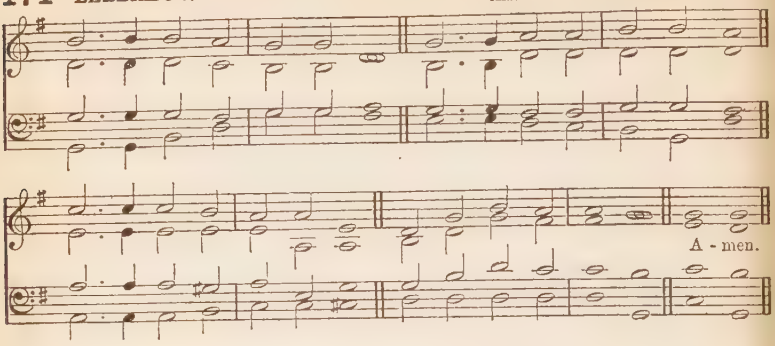
mp 6 By Thy cross, where hope is beaming,
By its crimson fountain streaming,
cr Flowing for the world's redeeming,
p Cleanse me, or I die!

mf 7 So my soul shall praise Thee ever,
cr For the love that changes never,
From which not even death can sever—
f Saved no more to die. Amen.

Robert M. Offord.

171 LEBBAEUS. 7.7.7.6.

'Church Hymns,' 1874,
Arranged by Sir Arthur Sullivan.



Good and upright is the Lord; therefore will He teach sinners in the way.

mp JESUS, we are far away
From the light of heavenly day,
Lost in paths of sin we stray:
p Lord, in mercy hear us.

2 Help us to bewail our sin,
And, in heavenly strength, begin
cr Daily victories to win:
p Lord, in mercy hear us.

3 Keep us lowly, that we may,
Ever watchful, turn away
From the snares our tempters lay:
Lord, in mercy hear us.

p 4 On our darkness shed Thy light,
Lead our wills to what is right,
cr Wash our evil nature white:
p Lord, in mercy hear us.

mp 5 May Thy wisdom be our guide,
Comfort, rest, and peace provide
Near to Thy protecting side:
p Lord, in mercy hear us.

6 When oppressed with trouble sore,
Teach our hearts to feel the more
For the pangs our Saviour bore:
Lord, in mercy hear us.

mp 7 May we selfishness deny,
And the body mortify,
Doing deeds of charity:
p Lord, in mercy hear us.

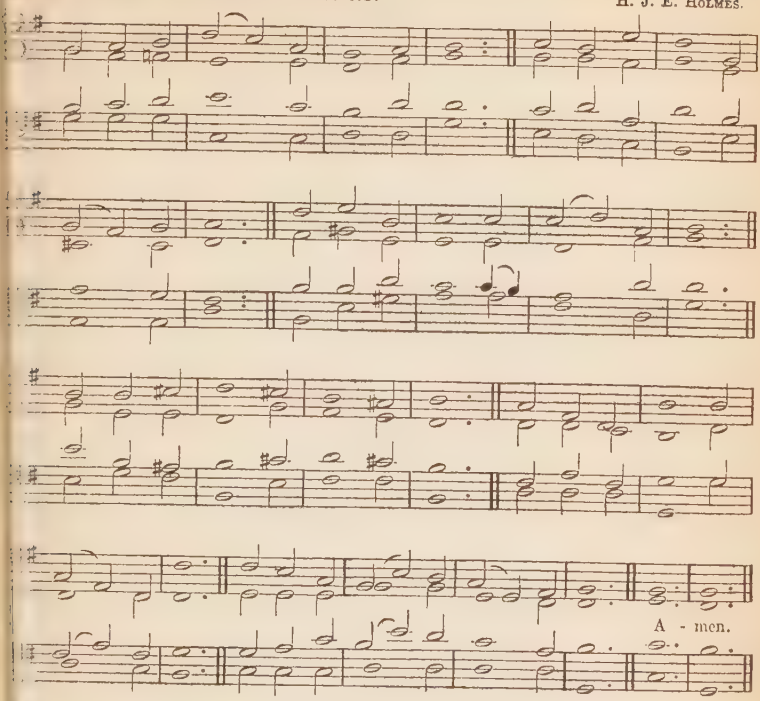
mp 8 Fix our hearts on things on high,
Let no evil thoughts come nigh,
cr Purge from sin our memory:
p Lord, in mercy hear us.

mp 9 May Thy grace within the soul
Nature's waywardness control,
cr Guiding towards the heavenly goal:
p Lord, in mercy hear us. Amen.

T. B. Pollock.

772 **PATER OMNIUM.** 8.8.8.8.8.8.

H. J. E. Holmes.



I will heal their backsliding.

WEARY of wandering from my God,
And now made willing to return,
I hear, and bow me to the rod;
For Him, not without hope, I mourn:
I have an Advocate above,
A Friend before the throne of love.

O Jesus, full of pardoning grace,
More full of grace than I of sin,
Yet once again I seek Thy face,
Open Thine arms, and take me in,
And freely my backslidings heal
And love the faithless sinner still.

mp 3 Thou knowest the way to bring me back,
My fallen spirit to restore;
Oh, for Thy truth and mercy's sake,
Forgive, and bid me sin no more;
The ruins of my soul repair,
And make my heart a house of prayer.

mp 4 Ah! give me, Lord, the tender heart
That trembles at the approach of sin;
A godly fear of sin impart,
Implant, and root it deep within,
That I may dread Thy gracious power,
And never dare offend Thee more.
Amen.

Charles Wesley.

173 DALKEITH. 10.10.10.10.

THOMAS HEWLETT.

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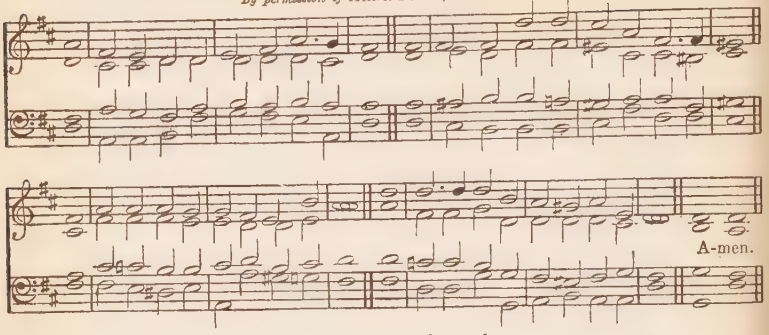
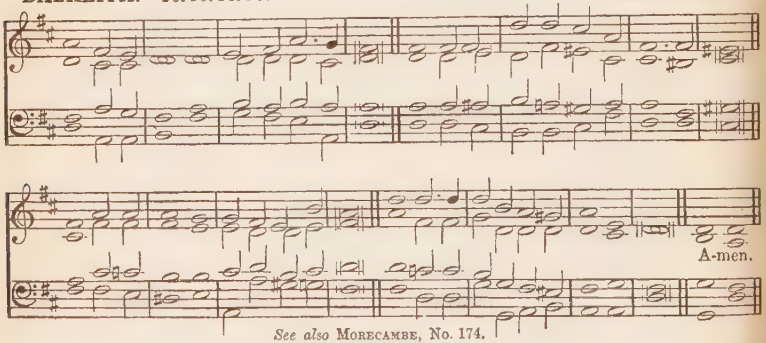


Or this form may be used:

DALKEITH. 10.10.10.10.

THOMAS HEWLETT.



See also MORECAMBE, No. 174.

I say unto thee, Her sins, which are many, are forgiven.

p WEARY of earth and laden with my sin,
I look at Heaven and long to enter in;
cr But there no evil thing may find a home,
And yet I hear a voice that bids me, 'Come.'

p 2 So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand
In the pure glory of that holy land?
Before the whiteness of that throne appear?
cr Yet there are hands stretched out to draw me near.

p 3 The while I fain would tread the heavenly way,
Evil is ever with me day by day:
cr Yet on mine ears the gracious tidings fall,
f 'Repent, confess, thou shalt be loosed from all.'

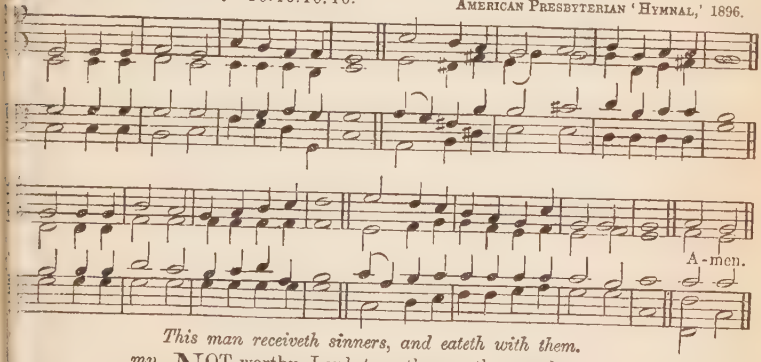
mf 4 It is the voice of Jesus that I hear,
His are the hands stretched out to draw me near,
And His the blood that can for all atone,
And set me faultless there before the throne.

mp 5 'Twas He who found me on the deathly wild,
And made me heir of Heaven, the Father's child,
cr And day by day, whereby my soul may live,
Gives me His grace of pardon, and will give.
mf 6 O great Absolver, grant my soul may wear
The lowliest garb of penitence and prayer,
cr That in the Father's courts my glorious dress
f May be the garment of Thy righteousness.
mf 7 Yea, Thou wilt answer for me, Righteous Lord,
Thine all the merits, mine the great reward;
p Thine the sharp thorns, (*cr*) and mine the golden crown,
f Mine the life won, (*dim*) and Thine the life laid down
mf 8 Nought can I bring, dear Lord, for all I owe,
Yet let my full heart what it can bestow;
Like Mary's gift let my devotion prove,
cr Forgiven greatly, how I greatly love. Amen.

S. J. Stone.

74 MORECAMBE. 10.10.10.10.

American Presbyterian 'Hymnal,' 1896.

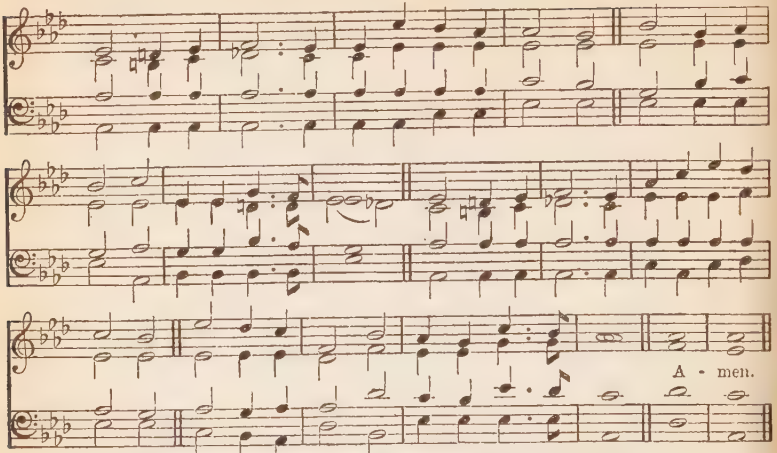


This man receiveth sinners, and eateth with them.

mp NOT worthy, Lord, to gather up the crumbs
With trembling hand, that from Thy table fall,
A weary, heavy-laden sinner comes
To plead Thy promise and obey Thy call.
2 I am not worthy to be thought Thy child,
Nor sit the last and lowest at Thy board:
Too long a wanderer, and too oft beguiled,
I only ask one reconciling word.
mf 3 And is not mercy Thy prerogative—
Free mercy, boundless, fathomless, divine?
dim Me, Lord, the chief of sinners, me forgive!
cr And Thine the greater glory, only Thine.
p 4 I hear Thy voice: Thou bidd'st me come and rest:
I come, I kneel, I clasp Thy pierced feet;
cr Thou bidd'st me take my place, a welcome guest,
Among Thy saints, and of Thy banquet eat.
mp 5 My praise can only breathe itself in prayer,
My prayer can only lose itself in Thee:
cr Dwell Thou forever in my heart, and there,
p Lord, let me sup with Thee: sup Thou with me. Amen.

E. H. Bickersteth.

175 HOLD THOU MY HAND. 11.10.11.10. HUBERT P. MAIN.



I the Lord have called thee . . . and will hold thine hand.

mp HOLD Thou my hand! so weak I am, and helpless,
I dare not take one step without Thine aid;
Hold Thou my hand! for then, O loving Saviour,
cr No dread of ill shall make my soul afraid.

mp 2 Hold Thou my hand! and closer, closer draw me
To Thy dear self—my hope, my joy, my all:
Hold Thou my hand, lest haply I should wander;
And, missing Thee, my trembling feet should fall.

p 3 Hold Thou my hand! the way is dark before me
Without the sunlight of Thy face divine;
cr But when by faith I catch its radiant glory,
mf What heights of joy, what rapturous songs are mine!

mp 4 Hold Thou my hand! that when I reach the margin
Of that lone river Thou didst cross for me,
cr A heavenly light may flash along its waters,
And every wave like crystal bright shall be. Amen. GRACE J. FRANCES.

2. Love and Gratitude

176 ST. AGNES, DURHAM. C. M.

The love of Christ, which passeth knowledge.

mp JESUS, the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills the breast;
cr But sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.

2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind!

mf 3 O Hope of every contrite heart,
O Joy of all the meek,
To those who fall how kind Thou art!
How good to those who seek!

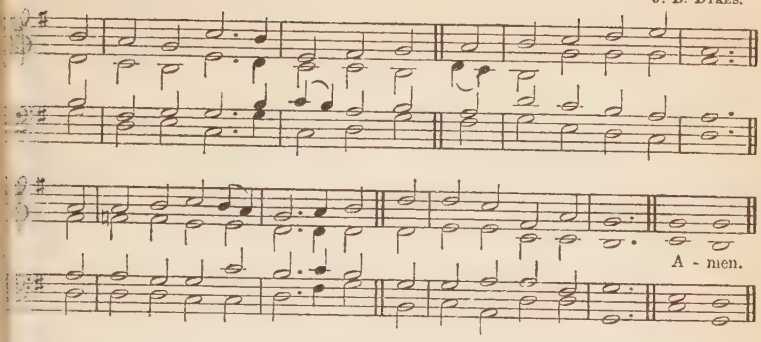
mf 4 But what to those who find? Ah! this
Nor tongue nor pen can show:
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but His loved ones know.

f 5 Jesus, our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be;
Jesus, be Thou our glory now,
And through eternity. Amen.

BERNARD of Clairvaux, *tr.* EDWARD CASWALL.

77 **FAITH.** C. M.

J. B. Dykes.



I will praise Thy name, for Thou hast done wonderful things.

O JESUS, King most wonderful!
Thou Conqueror renowned!
Thou Sweetness most ineffable,
In whom all joys are found!

2 When once Thou visitest the heart,
Then truth begins to shine,
Then earthly vanities depart,
Then kindles love divine.

mf 3 O Jesus, Light of all below!
Thou Fount of life and fire!
Surpassing all the joys we know,
And all we can desire,—

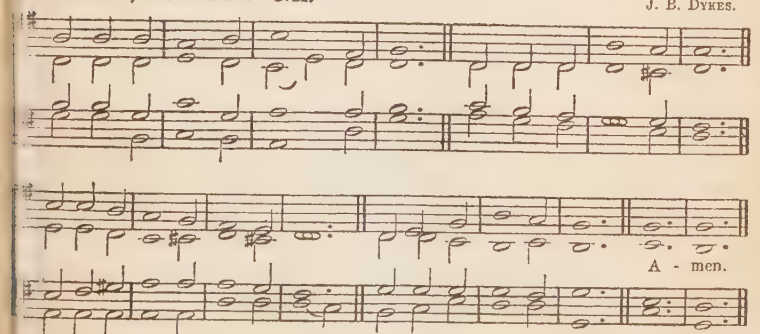
mf 4 May every heart confess Thy name,
And ever Thee adore,
And, seeking Thee, itself inflame
To seek Thee more and more.

f 5 Thee may our tongues forever bless,
Thee may we love alone,
cr And ever in our lives express
The image of Thine own. Amen.

Bernard of Clairvaux, *tr.* Edward Caswall.

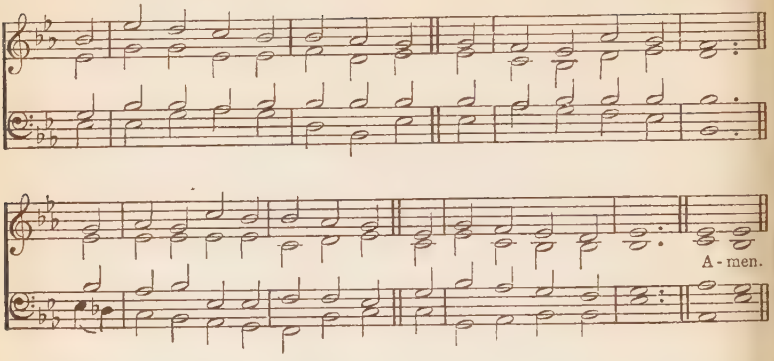
T. AGNES, DURHAM. C. M.

J. B. Dykes.



178 ST. PETER. C.M.

A. R. Reinagle.



Thy name is as ointment poured forth.

mp HOW sweet the Name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
cr And drives away his fear.

mp 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

mf 3 Dear Name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

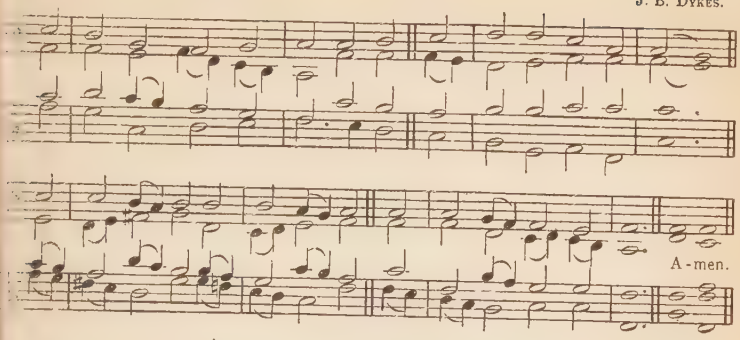
mf 4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

mp 5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought,
cr But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

mf 6 Till then I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
dim And may the music of Thy name
Refresh my soul in death! Amen.

John Newton.

9 **BURTON AGNES.** C.M. J. B. Dykes.



A name which is above every name.

mp THERE is a name I love to hear;
I love to sing its worth;
It sounds like music in mine ear,
The sweetest name on earth.

mp 2 It tells me of a Saviour's love,
Who died to set me free;
It tells me of His precious blood,
The sinner's perfect plea.

mf 3 It tells me what my Father hath
In store for every day,
mp And though I tread a darksome path,
cr Yields sunshine all the way.

mp 4 It tells of One whose loving heart
Can feel my deepest woe,
Who in my sorrow bears a part
That none can bear below.

mf 5 It bids my trembling soul rejoice,
And dries each rising tear;
It tells me in a still small voice
cr To trust and never fear.

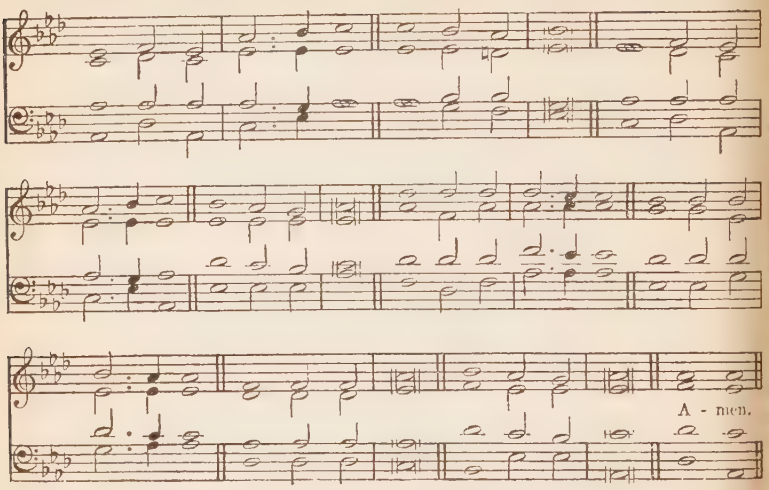
mf 6 Jesus! the name I love so well,
The name I love to hear;
No saint on earth its worth can tell,
No heart conceive how dear.

mf 7 This name shall shed its fragrance still
Along this thorny road,
Shall sweetly smooth the rugged hill
That leads me up to God.

mf 8 And there, with all the blood-bought throng,
From sin and sorrow free,
cr I'll sing the new, eternal song
Of Jesus' love to me. Amen.

FREDERICK WHITFIELD.

180 MORE LOVE TO THEE. 6.4.6.4.6.6.4. (First Tune.) W. H. Doane.



Whom, having not seen, ye love.

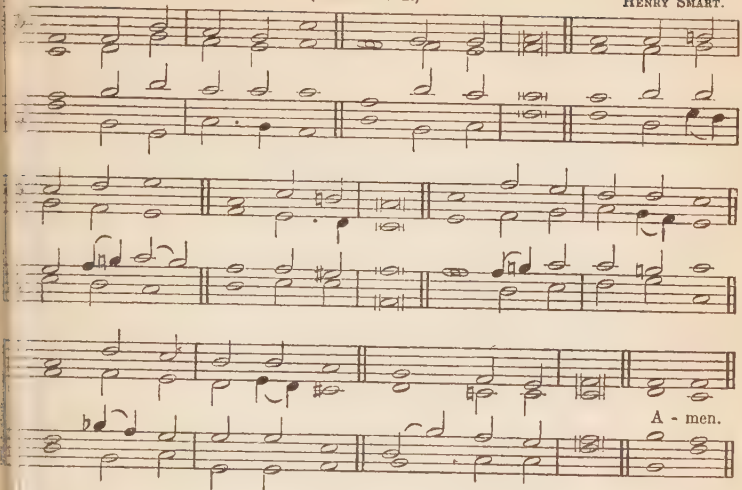
mp MORE love to Thee, O Christ,
More love to Thee!
Hear Thou the prayer I make
On bended knee;
cr This is my earnest plea,
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee.

mp 2 Once earthly joy I craved,
Sought peace and rest,
Now Thee alone I seek,
Give what is best:
This all my prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee.

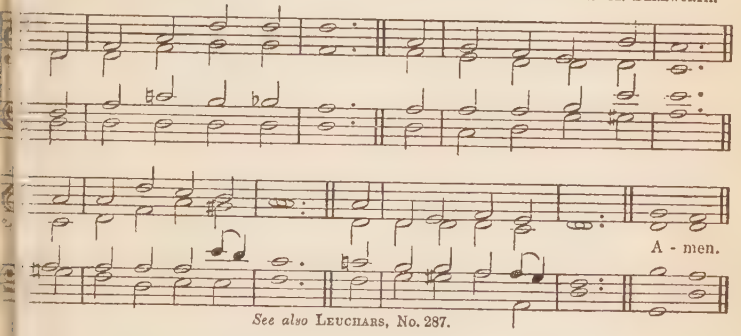
p 3 Then shall my latest breath
Whisper Thy praise;
This be the parting cry
My heart shall raise,
cr This still its prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee. Amen.

Elizabeth Prentiss.

DESIRE. 6.4.6.4.6.6.4. (Second Tune.) Henry Smart.



11 BARKWORTH. 6.6.6.6. S. M. Barkworth.



See also Leuchars, No. 287.

Perfect love casteth out fear.

O LOVE that casts out fear.
O love that casts out sin,
Tarry no more without,
But come and dwell within.

True sunlight of the soul,
Surround me as I go;
So shall my way be safe,
My feet no straying know.

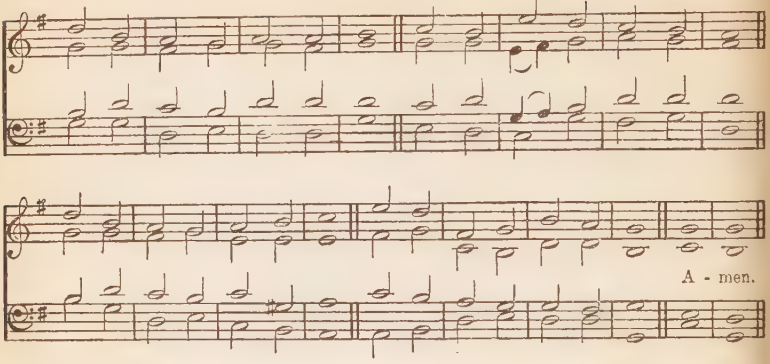
mf 3 Great love of God, come in,
Wellspring of heavenly peace,
Thou Living Water, come,
f Spring up, and never cease.

mf 4 Love of the living God,
Of Father, and of Son,
Love of the Holy Ghost,
cr Fill Thou each needy one. Amen.

Horatius Bonar.

182 BATTISHILL. 7.7.7.7.

JONATHAN BATTISHILL.



Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life.

mp OBJECT of my first desire,
Jesus crucified for me;
cr All to happiness aspire,
Only to be found in Thee.

mf 2 Thee to please and Thee to know,
Constitute our bliss below;
cr Thee to see, and Thee to love,
Constitute our bliss above.

mp 3 Lord, it is not life to live,
If Thy Presence Thou deny;
cr Lord, if Thou Thy Presence give,
'Tis no longer death to die!

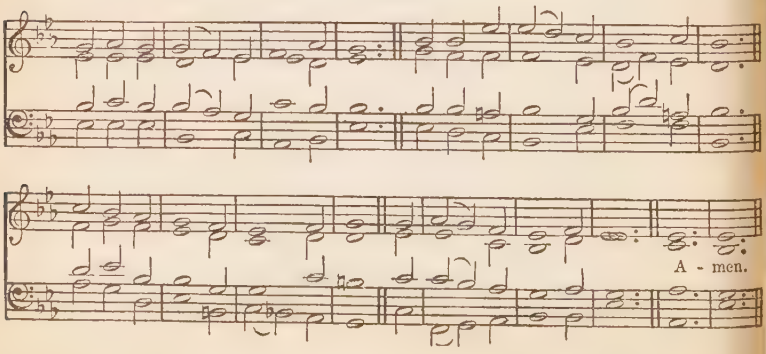
mf 4 Source and giver of repose,
Singly from Thy smile it flows;
cr Peace and happiness are Thine,
Mine they are if Thou art mine.

Amen.

A. M. TOPLADY.

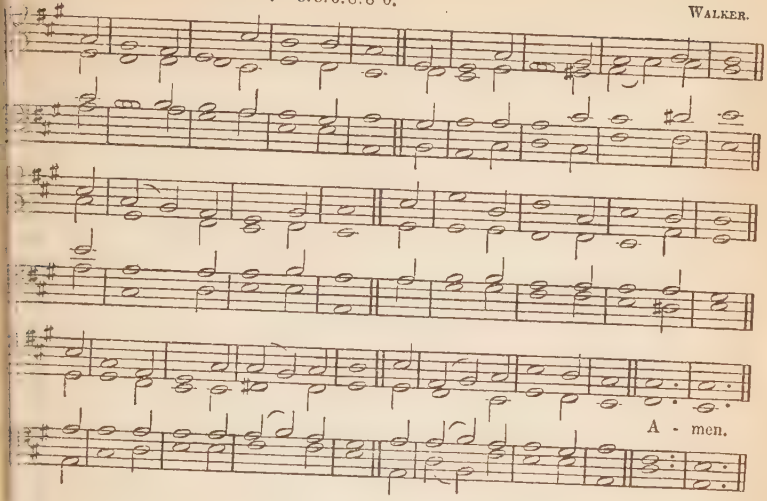
TRUST. 8.8.8.6.

G. W. TORRANCE.



33 KING'S COLLEGE. 8.8.6.8.8 6.

WALKER.



The love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

O LOVE Divine, how sweet Thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by Thee?
I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me!

Stronger His love than death or hell;
Its riches are unsearchable—
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length and breadth and height.

mp 3 God only knows the love of God:
Oh that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart!
cr For love I sigh, for love I pine;
This only portion, Lord, be mine,
Be mine this better part!

mp 4 Oh that I could forever sit
With Mary at the Master's feet!
Be this my happy choice:
cr My only care, delight and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,
f To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

Amen.

CHARLES WESLEY.

TRUST. 8.8.8.6.

shall supply all your need according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus.

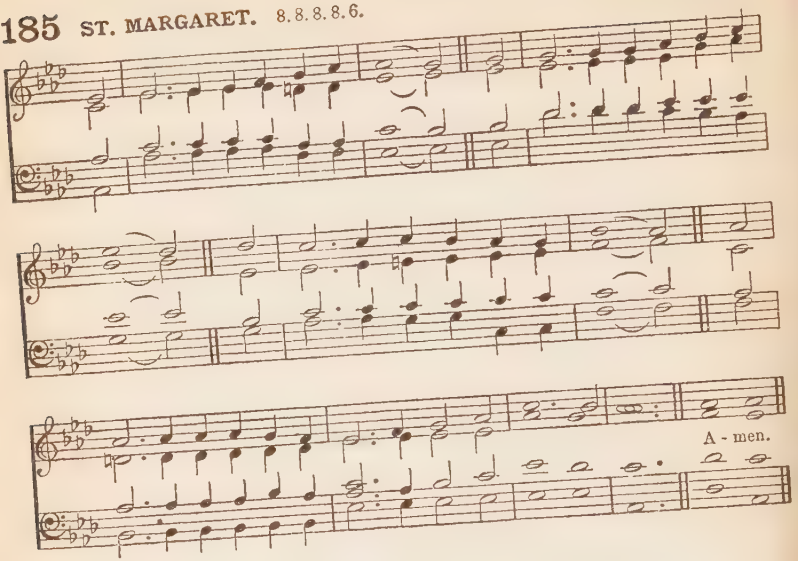
mp O SAVIOUR, I have nought to plead,
In earth beneath or heaven above,
But just my own exceeding need,
And Thy exceeding love.

cr 2 The need will soon be past and gone,
Exceeding great, but quickly o'er;
mf The love unbought is all Thine own,
And lasts for evermore. Amen.

JANE CREWDSON.

A. L. Peace.

185 ST. MARGARET. 8.8.8.8.6.



If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature.

mp O LOVE that will not let me go,
I rest my weary soul in Thee;
I give Thee back the life I owe,
cr That in Thine ocean depths its flow
May richer, fuller be.

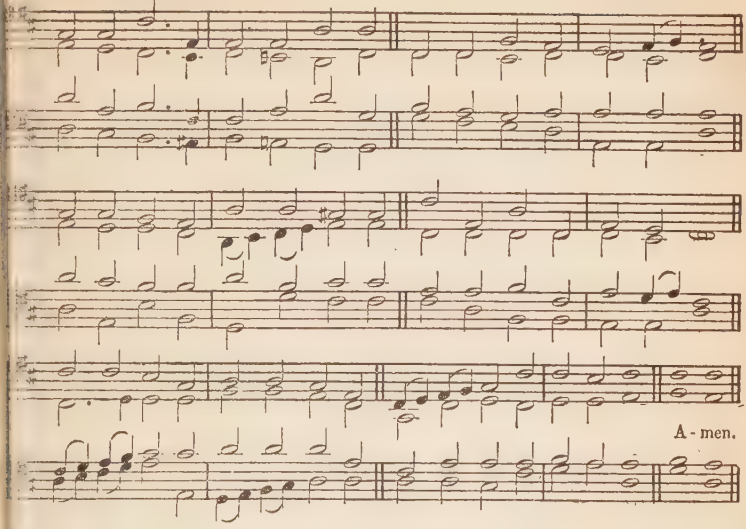
mp 2 O Light that followest all my way,
I yield my flickering torch to Thee;
My heart restores its borrowed ray,
cr That, in Thy sunshine blaze, its day
May brighter, fairer be.

mf 3 O Joy that seekest me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to Thee;
I trace the rainbow through the rain,
cr And feel the promise is not vain
That morn shall tearless be.

mp 4 O Cross that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from Thee;
I lay in dust life's glory dead,
cr And from the ground there blossoms red
f Life that shall endless be. Amen.

George Matheson.

86 ZAANAIM. 8.7.8.7.8.7. W. H. Havergal.



I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish.

mf SOVEREIGN grace! o'er sin abounding,
Ransomed souls the tidings swell;
dim 'Tis a deep that knows no sounding—
Who its breadth or length can tell?
mf On its glories
Let my soul forever dwell!

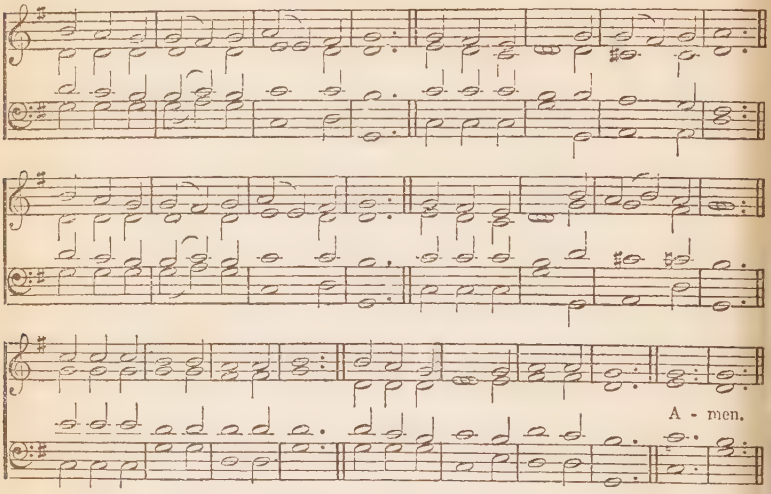
mf 2 What from Christ the soul can sever,
Bound by everlasting bands?
Once in Him, in Him forever,
Thus the eternal covenant stands:
cr None shall pluck thee
From the Strength of Israel's hands.

mf 3 Heirs of God, joint-heirs with Jesus,
Long ere time its race began—
To His name eternal praises!
cr O what wonders love hath done!
One with Jesus,
By eternal union one.

mp 4 On such love, my soul, still ponder—
cr Love so great, so rich, so free;
Say, while lost in holy wonder,
Why, O Lord, such love to me?
f Hallelujah!
Grace shall reign eternally. Amen.

John Kent.

187 ST. CATHERINE. 8.8.8.8.8.8. HENRI F. HEMY and J. G. WALTON.



The love of Christ which passeth knowledge.

mf JESUS, Thy boundless love to me
No thought can reach, no tongue declare;
Oh! knit my thankful heart to Thee,
And reign without a rival there:
cr Thine, wholly Thine, alone I'd live;
Myself to Thee entirely give.

mf 2 O Love, how cheering is Thy ray!
All fear before Thy presence flies:
Care, anguish, sorrow, pass away
cr Where'er Thy healing beams arise:
f Lord Jesus, nothing may I see,
Nothing desire apart from Thee.

mf 3 What in Thy love possess I not?
My star by night, my sun by day,
My spring of life when parched with drought,
My wine to cheer, my bread to stay,
f My strength, my shield, my safe abode,
My robe before the throne of God.

mp 4 In suffering, be Thy love my peace,
In weakness, be Thine arm my strength;
And, when the storms of life shall cease,
And Thou from heaven shalt come at length,
cr Lord Jesus, then this heart shall be
f Forever satisfied with Thee. Amen.

PAUL GERHARDT, *tr.* JOHN WESLEY (*altd.*)

38 ST. CHRYSOSTOM. 8.8.8.8.8.8. SIR JOSEPH BARNBY.

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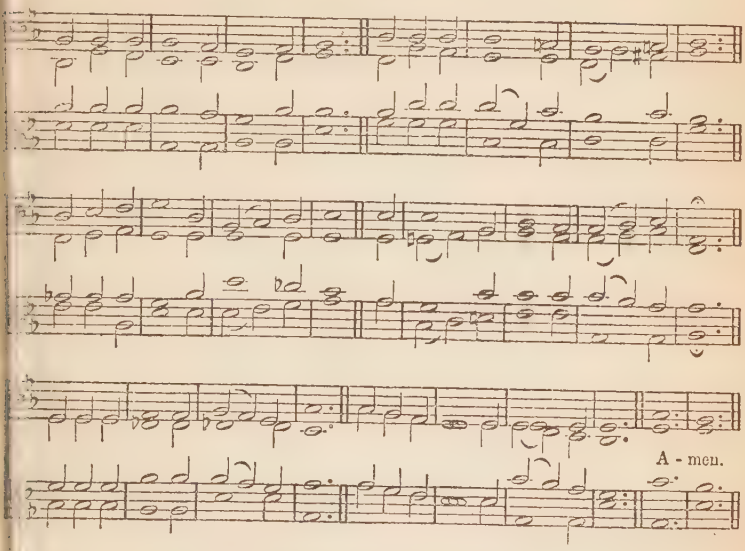


Lord, Thou knowest that I love Thee.

mf JESUS, my Lord, my God, my All,
Hear me, blest Saviour, when I call;
Hear me, and from Thy dwelling-place
Pour down the riches of Thy grace.
Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore;
cr *Oh, make me love Thee more and more!*

p 2 Jesus, too late I Thee have sought,
cr How can I love Thee as I ought?
And how extol Thy matchless fame,
mf The glorious beauty of Thy name?

p 3 Jesus, what didst Thou find in me
That Thou hast dealt so lovingly?
cr How great the joy that Thou hast brought,
So far exceeding hope or thought!

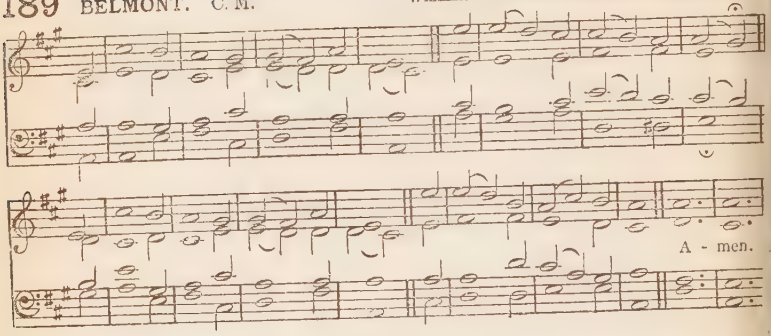
f 4 Jesus, of Thee shall be my song;
To Thee my heart and soul belong;
All that I have or am is Thine;
And Thou, blest Saviour, Thou art mine. Amen.

H. A. COLLINS.

3. Joy and Peace

189 BELMONT. C. M.

WILLIAM GARDINER'S 'SACRED MELODIES,' 1812.



Let us return unto the Lord.

mp COME, let us to the Lord our God
With contrite hearts return;
Our God is gracious, nor will leave
The desolate to mourn.

2 His voice commands the tempest forth
And stills the stormy wave;
And though His arm be strong to smite,
cr 'Tis also strong to save.

p 3 Long hath the night of sorrow reigned;
mp The dawn shall bring us light;
mf God shall appear, and we shall rise
With gladness in His sight.

mf 4 Our hearts, if God we seek to know,
Shall know Him, and rejoice;
His coming like the morn shall be,
Like morning songs His voice.

mp 5 As dew upon the tender herb,
Diffusing fragrance round;
As showers that usher in the spring,
And cheer the thirsty ground:

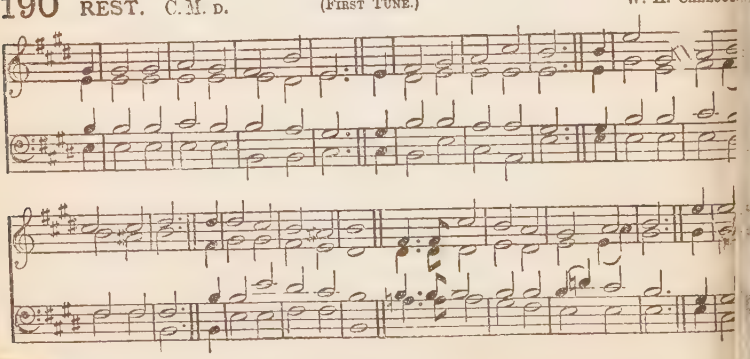
mf 6 So shall His presence bless our souls,
And shed a joyful light;
cr That hallowed morn shall chase away
The sorrows of the night. Amen.

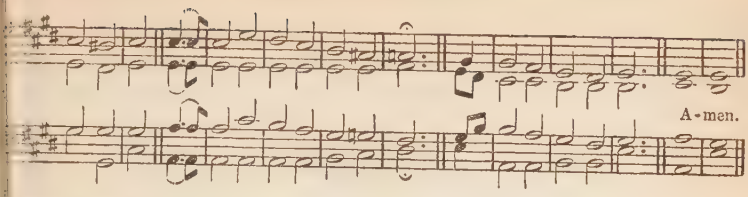
JOHN MORISON

190 REST. C. M. D.

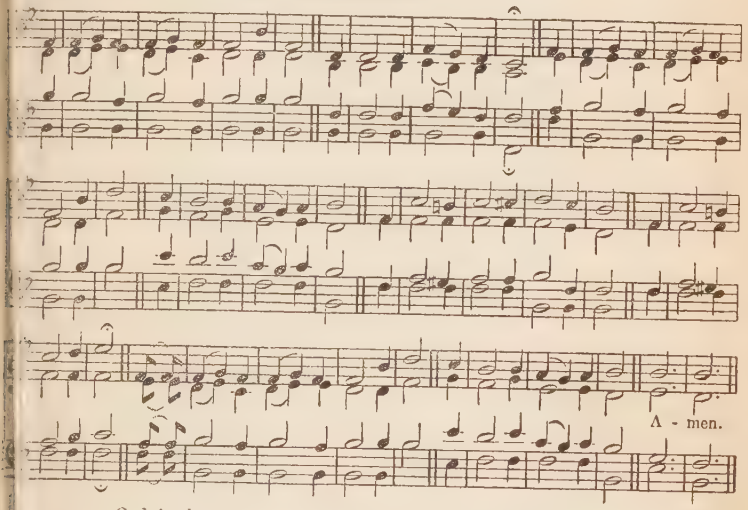
(FIRST TUNE.)

W. H. CALLCOTT





WISS MELODY. C. M. D. (Second Tune.)



God is the strength of my heart, and my portion forever.

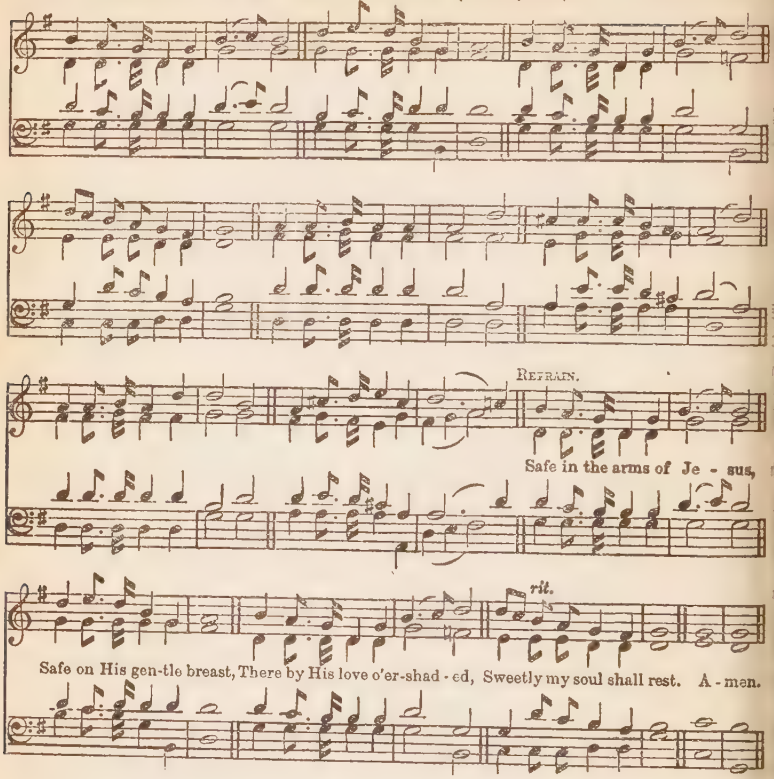
MY heart is resting, O my God,
I will give thanks and sing;
My heart is at the secret source
Of every precious thing.
Now the frail vessel Thou hast made
No hand but Thine shall fill;
For the waters of the earth have failed,
And I am thirsty still.

I thirst for springs of heavenly life,
And here all day they rise;
I seek the treasure of Thy love,
And close at hand it lies.
And a 'new song' is in my mouth
To long-loved music set:—
Glory to Thee for all the grace
I have not tasted yet.

mp 3 Glory to Thee for strength withheld,
For want and weakness known;
And the fear that sends me to Thyself
For what is most my own.
cr I have a heritage of joy
That yet I must not see;
But the hand that bled to make it mine
Is keeping it for me.

mp 4 My heart is resting, O my God,
My heart is in Thy care;
I hear the voice of joy and health
Resounding everywhere.
cr 'Thou art my portion,' saith my soul,
Ten thousand voices say,
mf And the music of their glad Amen
Will never die away. Amen.

Anna Laetitia Waring.

191 THE HEART'S REFUGE. 7.6.7.6. D. (*with refrain*). W. H. DOANE.

REFRAIN.
Safe in the arms of Je - sus,
rit.
Safe on His gen-tle breast, There by His love o'er-shad - ed, Sweetly my soul shall rest. A - men.

I also will keep thee from the hour of temptation.

mp SAFE in the arms of Jesus—
Safe on His gentle breast!
There, by His love o'ershaded,
Sweetly my soul shall rest.

p Hark! 'tis the voice of angels
Borne in a song to me,

cr Over the fields of glory,
Over the crystal sea.

mf 2 Safe in the arms of Jesus!
Safe from corroding care,
Safe from the world's temptations,
Sin cannot harm me there.
Free from the blight of sorrow,
Free from my doubts and fears;
Only a few more trials,
Only a few more tears.

mp 3 Jesus, my heart's dear refuge!
Jesus has died for me;

cr Firm on the Rock of Ages
Ever my trust shall be.

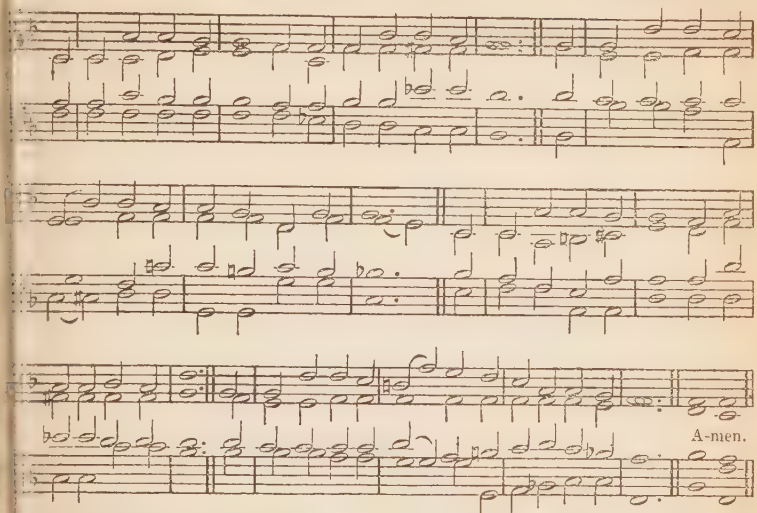
p Here let me wait with patience,
Wait till the night is o'er,

cr Wait till I see the morning
Break on the golden shore. Amen.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

92 SAVOY CHAPEL. 7.6.7.6. D.

J Baptiste Calkin.



Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside Thee.

TO Thee, O dear, dear Saviour
My spirit turns for rest;
My peace is in Thy favor,
My pillow on Thy breast:
Though all the world deceive me,
I know that I am Thine,
And Thou wilt never leave me,
O blessèd Saviour mine.

In Thee my trust abideth,
On Thee my hope relies,
O Thou whose love provideth
For all beneath the skies;
O Thou whose mercy found me,
From bondage set me free,
And then forever bound me
With threefold cords to Thee.

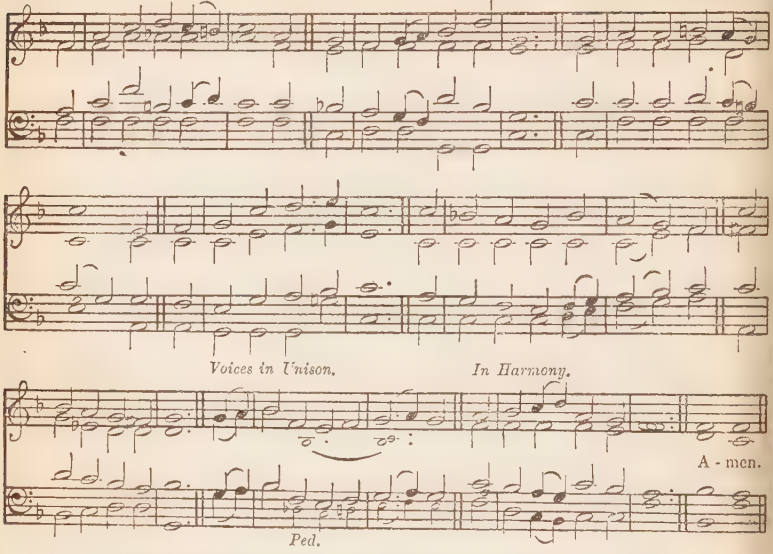
mp 3 My grief is in the dulness
With which this sluggish heart
Doth open to the fulness
Of all Thou wouldst impart;
mf My joy is in Thy beauty
Of holiness divine;
My comfort in the duty
That binds my life in Thine.

mp 4 Alas! that I should ever
Have failed in love to Thee,
The only One who never
Forgot or slighted me.
cr O for a heart to love Thee
More truly as I ought,
And nothing place above Thee
In deed, or word, or thought.

mf 5 O for that choicest blessing
Of living in Thy love,
And thus on earth possessing
The peace of heaven above!
dim O for the bliss that by it
The soul securely knows,
The holy calm and quiet
Of faith's serene repose! Amen.

J. S. B. Monsell.

193 DAY OF REST. 7.6.7.6. D. J. W. Elliott.



Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee.

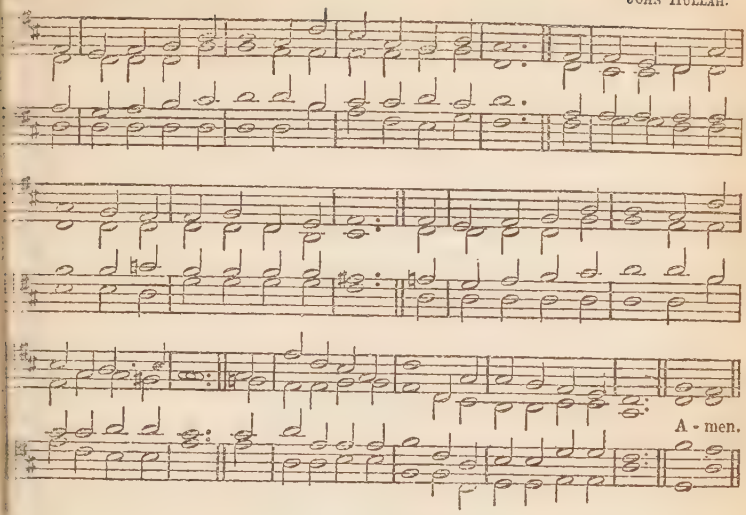
mp IN heavenly love abiding,
No change my heart shall fear,
And safe is such confiding,
For nothing changes here:
The storm may roar without me,
My heart may low be laid,
cr But God is round about me,
And can I be dismayed?

mp 2 Wherever He may guide me,
No want shall turn me back;
cr My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack:
mf His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim:
He knows the way He taketh,
And I will walk with Him.

mp 3 Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where darkest clouds have been:
cr My hope I cannot measure;
My path to life is free;
mf My Saviour has my treasure,
And He will walk with me. Amen.

Anna L. Waring.

94 **BENTLEY.** 7.6.7.6. D. JOHN HULLAH.



Joy and peace in believing.

SOMETIMES a light surprizes
The Christian while he sings;
It is the Lord who rises
With healing in His wings:
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain.

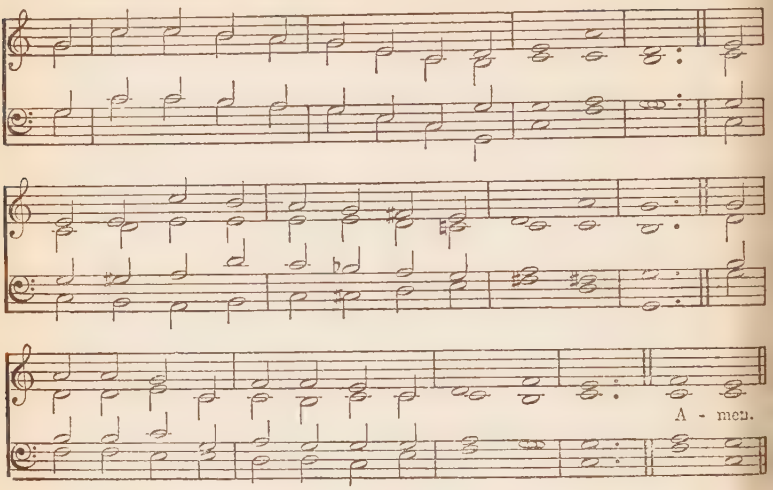
mp 2 In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new:
cr Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
Even let the unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may:

mf 3 It can bring with it nothing,
But He will bear us through;
Who gives the lilies clothing,
Will clothe His people too:
cr Beneath the spreading heavens,
No creature but is fed;
And He who feeds the ravens,
Will give His children bread.

mf 4 Though vine nor fig-tree neither
Their wonted fruit shall bear,
Though all the field should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there;
cr Yet, God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice;
f For while in Him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice. Amen.

WILLIAM COWPER.

195 WENTWORTH. 8.4.8.4.8.4. F. C. Maker.



Giving thanks always for all things unto God and the Father.

mf MY God, I thank Thee, who hast made
The earth so bright,—
So full of splendor and of joy,
Beauty and light,—
So many glorious things are here,
Noble and right.

mf 2 I thank Thee, too, that Thou hast made
Joy to abound,—
So many gentle thoughts and deeds
Circling us round,
That in the darkest spot of earth
Some love is found.

mp 3 I thank Thee more that all our joy
Is touched with pain,
That shadows fall on brightest hours,
That thorns remain,—
cr So that earth's bliss may be our guide,
And not our chain.

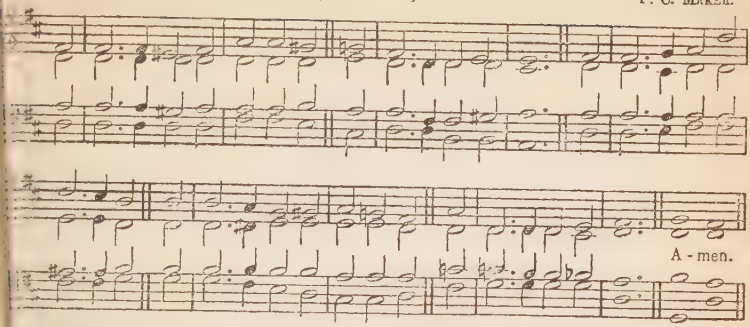
mp 4 For Thou, who knowest, Lord, how soon
Our weak heart clings,
Hast given us joys, tender and true,
Yet all with wings,—
cr So that we see, gleaming on high,
Diviner things.

mf 5 I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast kept
The best in store:
We have enough, yet not too much
To long for more,—
A yearning for a deeper peace
Not known before.

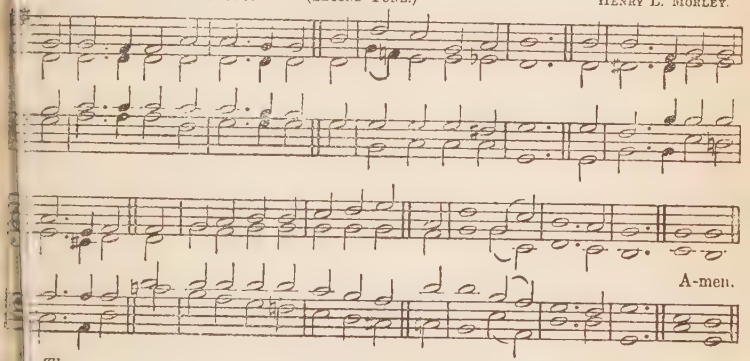
mf 6 I thank Thee, Lord, that here our souls,
Though amply blest,
dim Can never find, although they seek,
A perfect rest,—
cr Nor ever shall, until they lean
On Jesus' breast. Amen.

Adelaide A. Procter.

96 **REST.** 8.6.8.8.6. (First Tune.) F. C. Maker.



EWCASTLE. 8.6.8.8.6. (Second Tune.) Henry L. Morley.



That we may lead a tranquil and quiet life, in all godliness and gravity.

DEAR Lord and Father of mankind,
Forgive our feverish ways!
Re-clothe us in our rightful mind;
n purer lives Thy service find,
In deeper reverence, praise.

n simple trust like theirs who heard
Beside the Syrian sea,
The gracious calling of the Lord,
et us, like them, without a word
Rise up and follow Thee.

Sabbath rest by Galilee!
O calm of hills above,
Where Jesus knelt to share with Thee
he silence of eternity,
Interpreted by love!

pp 4 With that deep hush subduing all
Our words and works that drown
The tender whisper of Thy call,
As noiseless let Thy blessing fall
As fell Thy manna down.

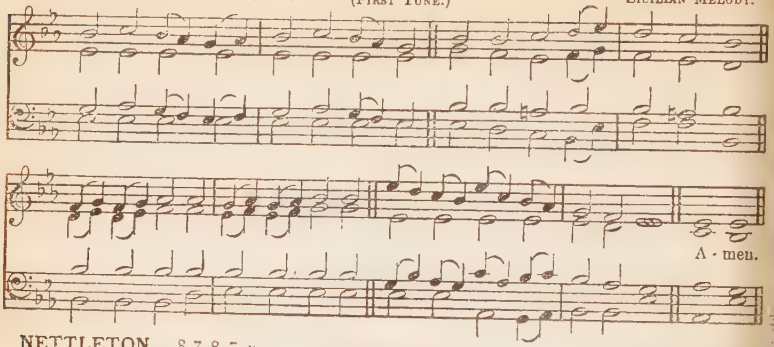
p 5 Drop Thy still dews of quietness,
Till all our strivings cease:
cr Take from our souls the strain and stress,
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of Thy peace.

mp 6 Breathe through the pulses of desire
Thy coolness and Thy balm;
Let sense be dumb, its heats expire:
Speak through the earthquake, wind, and fire,
O still small voice of calm! Amen.

J. G. Whittier.

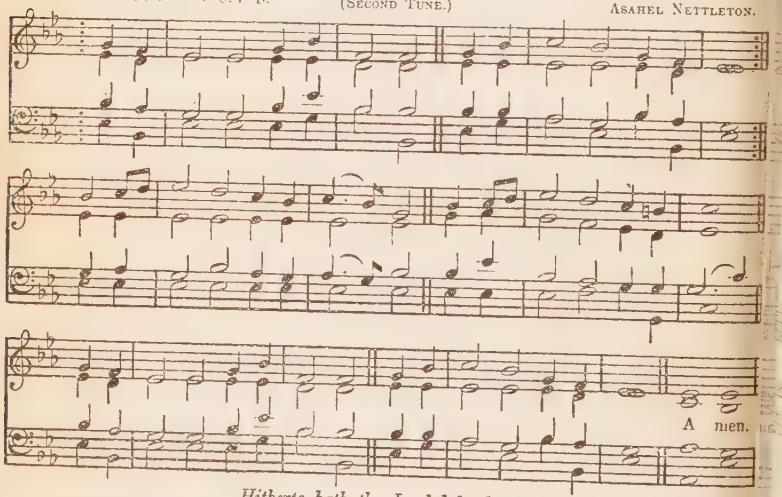
197 MARINERS. 8.7.8.7. (First Tune.)

Sicilian Melody.



NETTLETON. 8 7 8.7 D. (Second Tune.)

Asahel Nettleton.



Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.

mf COME, Thou Fount of every blessing!
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
Streams of mercy never ceasing
Call for songs of loudest praise.

2 With celestial fervor glowing,
Let me sing like those above,
While my heart, with joy o'erflowing,
Dwells on God's unchanging love.

mf 3 Here I raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.

mp 4 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God,
cr He, to save my soul from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

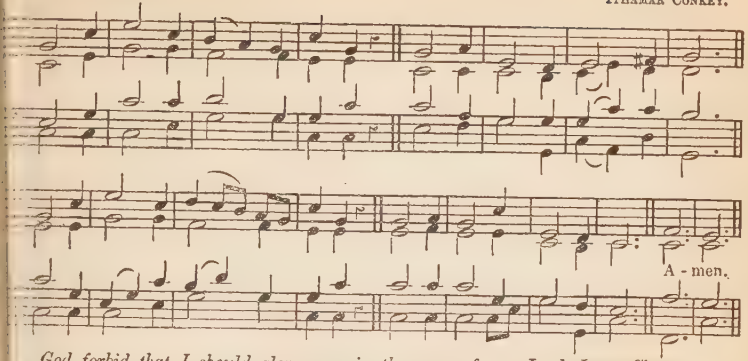
mf 5 Oh! to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee.

mp 6 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love;
cr Here's my heart, O, take and seal it,
Seal it from Thy courts above. Amen.

Robert Robinson.

98 RATHBUN. 8.7.8.7.

ITHAMAR CONKEY.



God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.

IN the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

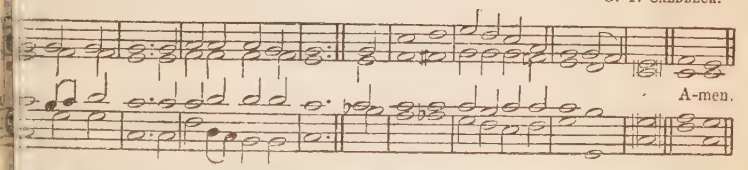
When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me,—
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

mp 3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
cr From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds new lustre to the day.

mp 4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there, that knows no measure,
cr Joys that through all time abide.
Amen. SIR JOHN BOWRING.

99 PAX TECUM. 10.10.

G. T. CALDBECK.



Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee.

mp PEACE, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin?
p The blood of Jesus whispers peace within.

mp 2 Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties pressed?
p To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.

mp 3 Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round?
p On Jesus' bosom nought but calm is found.

mp 4 Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away?
cr In Jesus' keeping we are safe, and they.

mp 5 Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown?
cr Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.

p 6 Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours?
mf Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.

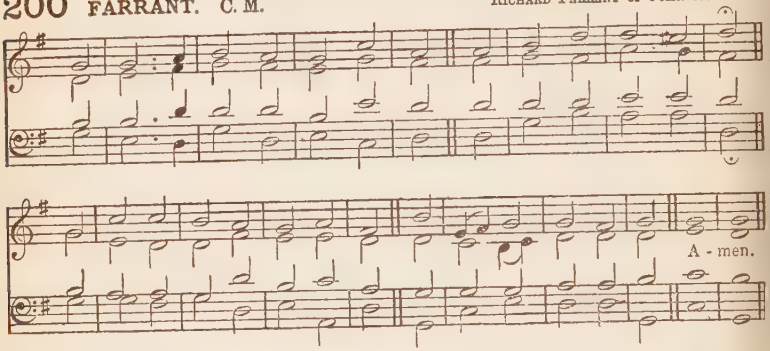
p 7 It is enough: earth's struggles soon shall cease,
cr And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect peace. Amen.

E. H. BICKERSTETH.

4. Holiness and Aspiration

200 FARRANT. C. M.

RICHARD FARRANT or JOHN HILTON.



Create in me a clean heart, O God.

f O FOR a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free,
dim A heart that always feels Thy blood
So freely shed for me!

mf 2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
cr Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone:

mp 3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean;
cr Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within:

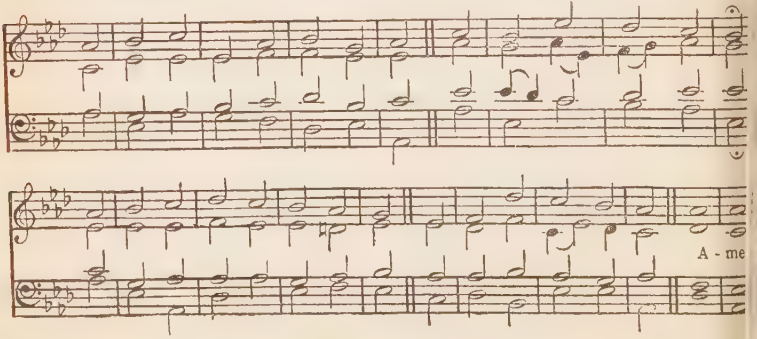
mp 4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine,—
cr Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine!

mf 5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
cr Write Thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of love. Amen.

CHARLES WESLEY.

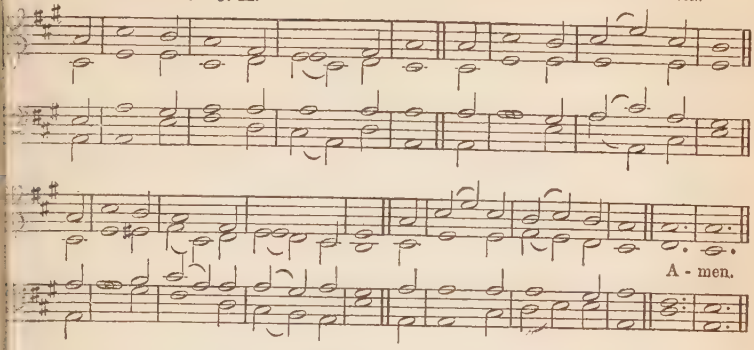
ST. PAUL. C.M.

JAMES CHALMERS' COLLECTION, 1749 or 1749.



201 BALERMA. C. M.

MELODY OF EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.
ADAPTED BY R. SIMPSON.



A new heaven and a new earth.

THE God of glory down to men
Removes His blest abode;
He dwells with men; His people they,
And He His people's God.

2 His gracious hand shall wipe the tears
From every weeping eye:
And pains and groans, and griefs and fears,
And death itself, shall die.

mf 3 Ho, ye that thirst! to you My grace
Shall hidden streams disclose,
And open full the sacred spring,
Whence life forever flows.

4 Blest is the man that overcomes;
I'll own him for a son;
A rich inheritance rewards
The conquests he hath won.

mp 5 O may we stand before the Lamb,
When earth and seas are fled,
cr And hear the Judge pronounce our name,
With blessings on our head! Amen.

ISAAC WATTS.

202 ST. PAUL. C. M.

God of peace, who brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus Christ, that great Shepherd of the sheep, with the blood of the eternal covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do His will.

FATHER of peace, and God of love!
We own Thy power to save,
That power by which our Shepherd rose
Victorious o'er the grave.

mf 2 Him from the dead Thou brought'st again,
When, by His sacred blood,
Confirmed and sealed for evermore,
The eternal covenant stood.

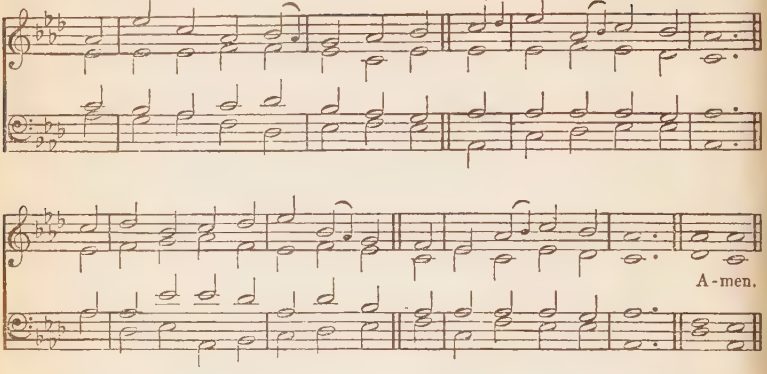
mp 3 O may Thy Spirit seal our souls,
And mould them to Thy will,
cr That our weak hearts no more may stray,
But keep Thy precepts still;

mf 4 That to perfection's sacred height
We nearer still may rise,
cr And all we think, and all we do,
Be pleasing in Thine eyes. Amen.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

203 NEWINGTON. C. M.

WILLIAM JONES.



Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called children of God: and such we are.

mf BEHOLD the amazing gift of love
The Father hath bestowed
On us, the sinful sons of men,
To call us sons of God!

mp 2 Concealed as yet this honor lies,
By this dark world unknown,
A world that knew not when He came,
Even God's eternal Son.

mf 3 High is the rank we now possess,
But higher we shall rise;
Though what we shall hereafter be
Is hid from mortal eyes:

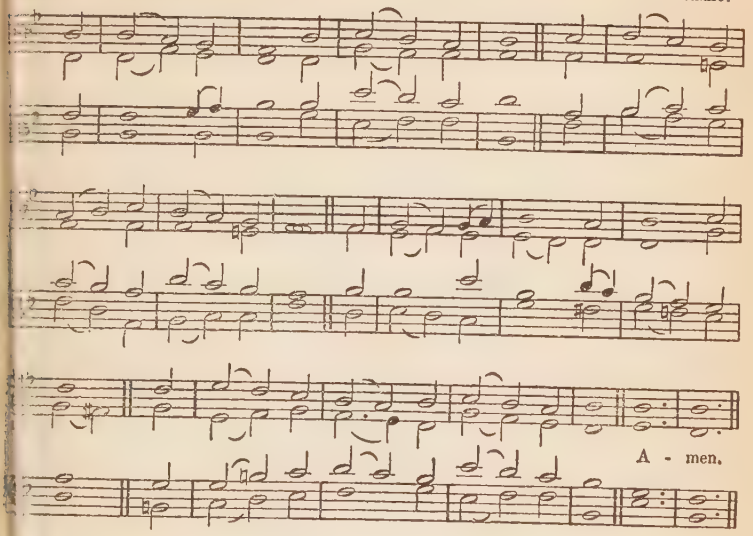
mf 4 Our souls, we know, when He appears,
Shall bear His image bright;
For all His glory, full disclosed,
Shall open to our sight.

f 5 A hope so great, and so divine,
May trials well endure;
And purge the soul from sense and sin,
As Christ Himself is pure. Amen.

ISAAC WATTS (*altd.*).

204 WAREHAM. L. M.

WILLIAM KNAPP.



We walk by faith, not by sight.

mp MY God, permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and Thee;
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.

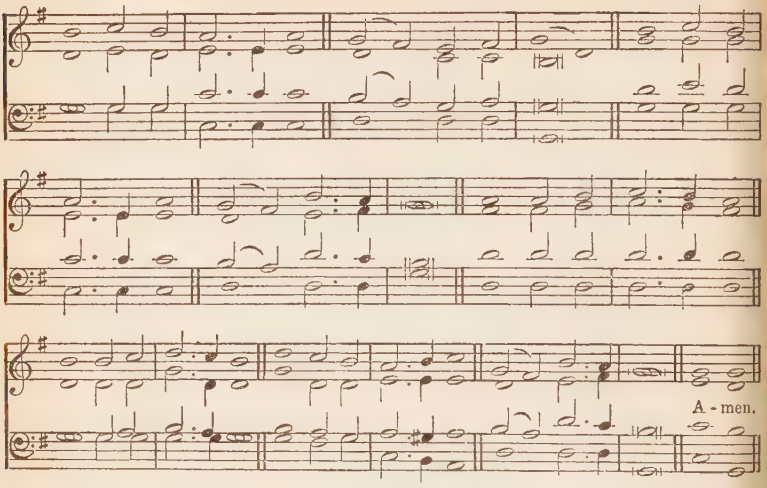
2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heavenly birth?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Saviour, go?

cr 3 Call me away from flesh and sense:
One sovereign word can draw me thence;
mf I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.

mp 4 The earth, with all her scenes, withdrawn,
Let noise and vanity be gone;
p In secret silence of the mind,
My heaven, and there my God, I find. Amen.

ISAAC WATTS.

205 CONSECRATION. 6.4.6.4.6.6.6.4. ROBERT LOWRY.



The Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me.

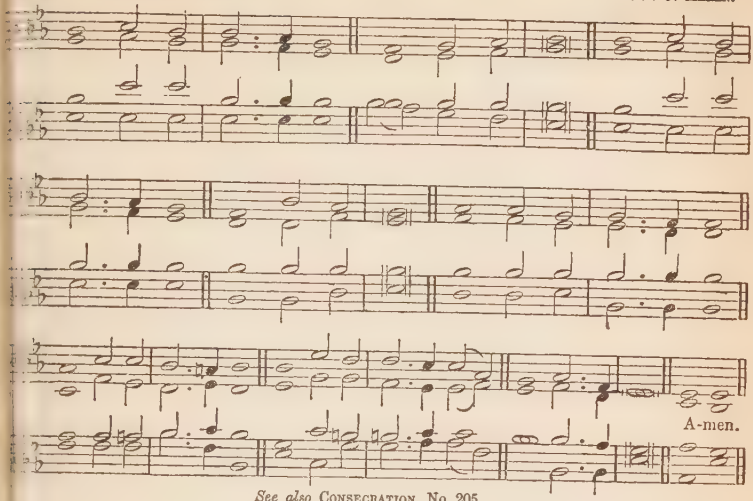
p SAVIOUR, Thy dying love
Thou gavest me:
cr Nor should I aught withhold,
My Lord, from Thee:
mp In love my soul would bow,
My heart fulfil its vow,
Some offering bring Thee now,—
Something for Thee.

2 Give me a faithful heart,
Likeness to Thee,
That each departing day
Henceforth may see
cr Some work of love begun,
Some deed of kindness done,
Some wanderer sought and won,—
Something for Thee.

mf 3 All that I am and have—
Thy gifts so free—
In joy, in grief, through life,
O Lord, for Thee:
cr And, when Thy face I see,
My ransomed soul shall be,
Through all eternity,
Something for Thee. Amen.

SYLVANUS DRYDEN PHELPS.

206 **PILGRIM SONG.** 6.4.6.4.6.6.6.4. H. A. C. Malan.



See also Consecration, No. 205.

He is the propitiation for our sins.

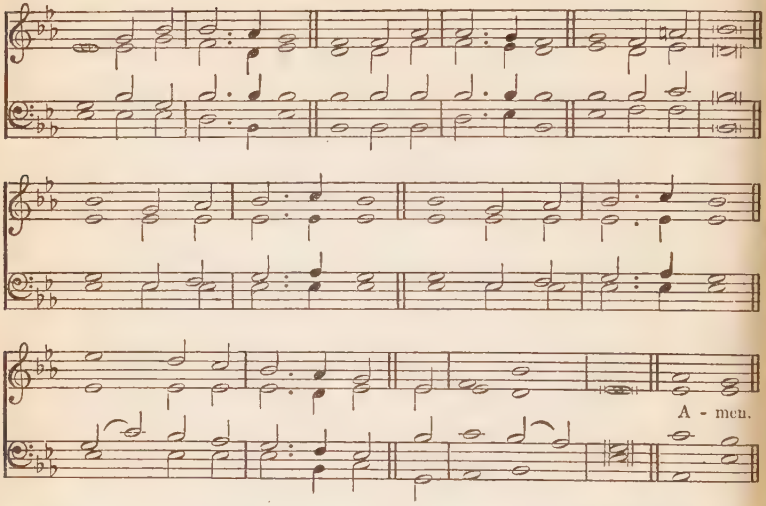
p LORD, at Thy mercy seat,
Humbly I fall;
Pleading Thy promise sweet,
Lord, hear my call;
cr Now let Thy work begin,
Oh, make me pure within,
Cleanse me from every sin,
mp Jesus, my All.

p 2 Tears of repentant grief
Silently fall;
Help Thou my unbelief,
Hear Thou my call;
Oh, how I pine for Thee!
'Tis all my hope and plea:
cr Jesus has died for me,
Jesus, my All.

mp 3 Still at Thy mercy seat,
Saviour, I fall;
Trusting Thy promise sweet,
cr Heard is my call;
mf Faith wings my soul to Thee;
This all my song shall be,
Jesus has died for me,
Jesus, my All. Amen.

Fanny J. Crosby.

207 OLIVET. 6.6.4.6.6.6.4. LOWELL MASON.



Christ Jesus, who of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption.

mp MY faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine:
p Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away;
cr O let me from this day
mp Be wholly Thine!

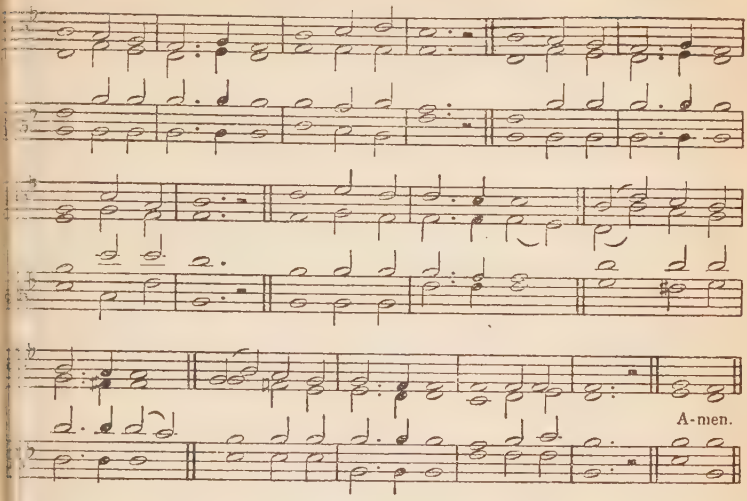
mf 2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
p As Thou hast died for me,
cr O may my love to Thee
mf Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

p 3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my guide;
cr Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
dim Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

p 4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
cr Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
mf O bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul. Amen.

RAY PALMER.

308 MOMENTS OF PRAYER. 6.4.6.4.6.6.4. W H. Doane.



Come ye yourselves apart awhile.

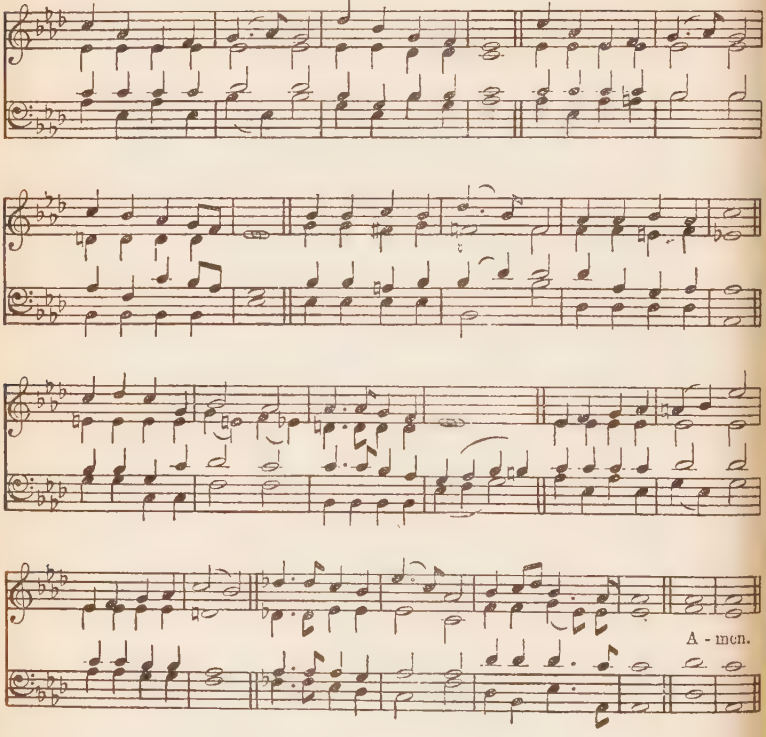
mp HERE from the world we turn,
Jesus to seek;
Here may His loving voice
Tenderly speak!
Jesus, our dearest friend,
While at Thy feet we bend,
Oh, let Thy smile descend!
'Tis Thee we seek.

2 Come, Holy Comforter,
Presence Divine,
Now in our longing hearts
Graciously shine;
cr Oh for Thy mighty power!
Oh for a blessed shower,
Filling this hallowed hour,
With joy divine!

mp 3 Saviour, Thy work revive,
Here may we see
cr Those who are dead in sin
Quickened by Thee;
Come to our hearts to-night,
Make every burden light,
Cheer Thou our waiting sight,
We long for Thee. Amen.

Fanny J Crosby.

209 ROSMORE. 6.5.6.5.6.5. D.

H. G. TREMBATH.

They go from strength to strength.

mf 'FORWARD!' be our watchword,
Steps and voices joined;
Seek the things before us,
Not a look behind;
Burns the fiery pillar
At our army's head;
Who shall dream of shrinking,
By our Captain led?
f Forward through the desert,
Through the toil and fight;
Jordan flows before us,
Zion beams with light.

mf 2 Forward, flock of Jesus,
Salt of all the earth,
Till each yearning purpose
Spring to glorious birth;
dim Sick, they ask for healing,
Blind, they grope for day;
cr Pour upon the nations
Wisdom's loving ray.
Forward, out of error,
Leave behind the night;
Forward through the darkness,
Forward into light!

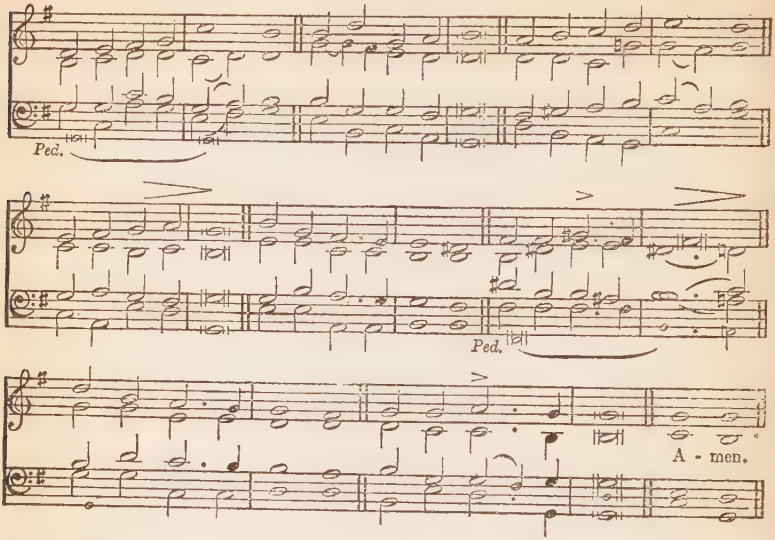
mf 3 Glories upon glories
Hath our God prepared,
By the souls that love Him
One day to be shared;
Eye hath not beheld them,
Ear hath never heard;
Nor of these hath uttered
Thought or speech a word;
f Forward, marching eastward
Where the heaven is bright,
Till the vail be lifted,
Till our faith be sight.

mf 4 Far o'er yon horizon
Rise the city towers,
Where our God abideth;
That fair home is ours:
Flash the streets with jasper,
Shine the gates with gold:
Flows the gladdening river
Shedding joys untold;
f Thither, onward thither,
In the Spirit's might;
Pilgrims to your country,
Forward into light!

f 5 To the Eternal Father
Loudest anthems raise:
To the Son and Spirit
Echo songs of praise:
To the Lord of Glory,
Blessèd Three in One,
Be by men and angels
Endless honor done.
dim Weak are earthly praises,
Dull the songs of night;
Forward into triumph,
f Forward into light! Amen.

HENRY ALFORD.

210 EDINA. 6.5.6.5. D. (First Tune.) Sir Herbert Oakeley.



I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.

mf SAVIOUR, blessèd Saviour,
Listen whilst we sing,
Hearts and voices raising
Praises to our King;
cr All we have to offer,
All we hope to be,
Body, soul, and spirit,
All we yield to Thee.

mp 2 Nearer, ever nearer,
Christ, we draw to Thee;
Deep in adoration
Bending low the knee;
Thou for our redemption
Cam'st on earth to die;
cr Thou, that we might follow
Hast gone up on high.

mf 3 Great and ever greater
Are Thy mercies here,
True and everlasting
Are the glories there,
Where no pain or sorrow,
Toil, or care, is known,
cr Where the angel-legions
Circle round Thy throne.

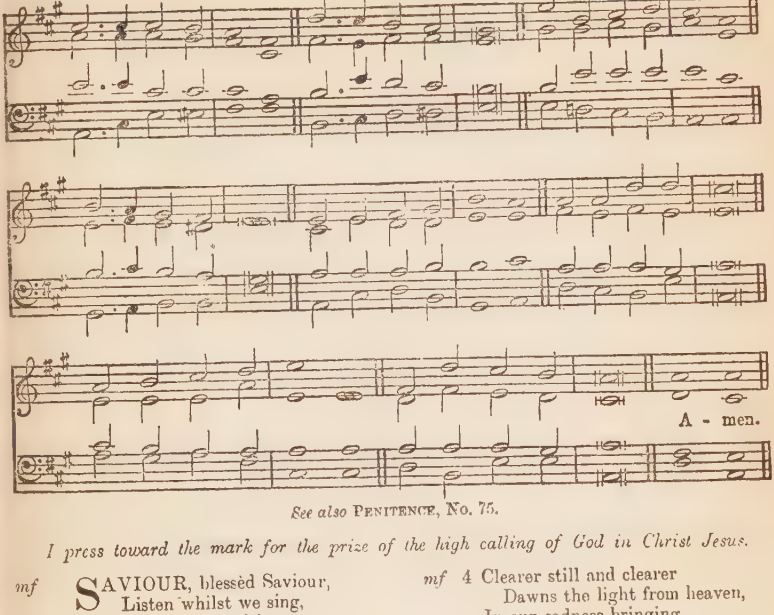
mf 4 Clearer still and clearer
Dawns the light from heaven,
In our sadness bringing
News of sin forgiven;
cr Life has lost its shadows,
Pure the light within;
Thou hast shed Thy radiance
On a world of sin.

mf 5 Onward, ever onward,
Journeying o'er the road
Worn by saints before us,
Journeying on to God,
cr Leaving all behind us,
May we hasten on,
Backward never looking
Till the prize is won.

f 6 Higher then and higher
Bear the ransomed soul,
Earthly toils forgotten,
Saviour, to its goal;
ff Where, in joys unthought of,
Saints with angels sing,
Never weary, raising
Praises to their King. Amen.

Godfrey Thring

HERMAS. 6.5.6.5. D. (SECOND TUNE.) F. R. HAVERGAL.



See also PENITENCE, No. 75.

I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.

mf SAVIOUR, blessèd Saviour,
Listen whilst we sing,
Hearts and voices raising
Praises to our King;
cr All we have to offer,
All we hope to be,
Body, soul, and spirit,
All we yield to Thee.

mp 2 Nearer, ever nearer,
Christ, we draw to Thee;
Deep in adoration
Bending low the knee;
Thou for our redemption
Cam'st on earth to die;
cr Thou, that we might follow
Hast gone up on high.

mf 3 Great and ever greater
Are Thy mercies here,
True and everlasting
Are the glories there,
Where no pain or sorrow,
Toil, or care, is known,
cr Where the angel-legions
Circle round Thy throne.

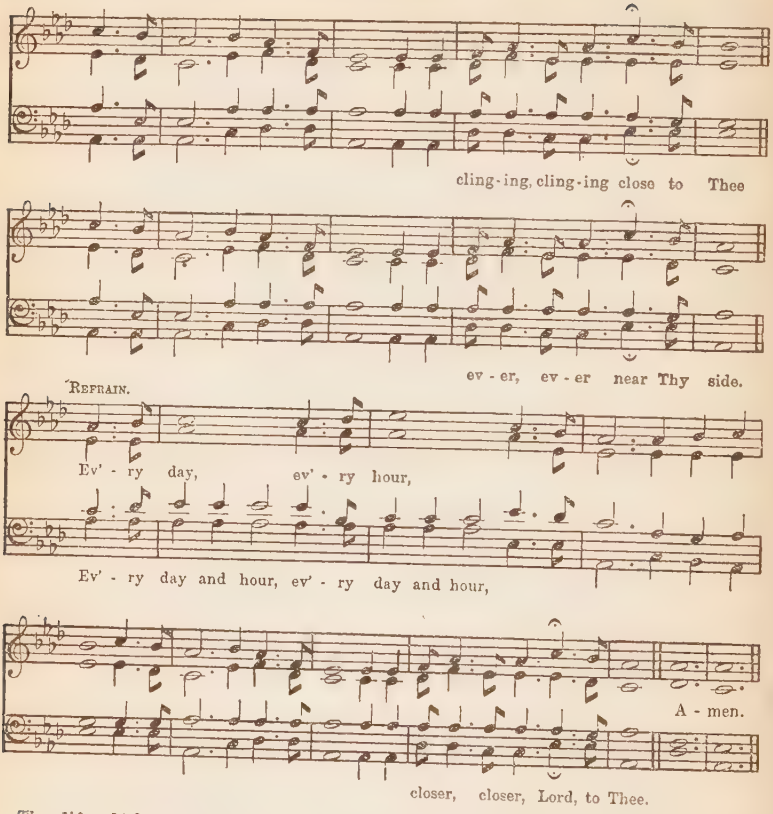
mf 4 Clearer still and clearer
Dawns the light from heaven,
In our sadness bringing
News of sin forgiven;
cr Life has lost its shadows,
Pure the light within;
Thou hast shed Thy radiance
On a world of sin.

mf 5 Onward, ever onward,
Journeying o'er the road
Worn by saints before us,
Journeying on to God,
cr Leaving all behind us,
May we hasten on,
Backward never looking
Till the prize is won.

f 6 Higher then and higher
Bear the ransomed soul,
Earthly toils forgotten,
Saviour, to its goal;
ff Where, in joys unthought of,
Saints with angels sing,
Never weary, raising
Praises to their King. Amen.

GODFREY THRING.

211 EVERY DAY. 7.7.7.7. (*with refrain*).

W. H. DOANE.

cling-ing, cling-ing close to Thee
ev-er, ev-er near Thy side.
REFRAIN.
Ev'-ry day, ev'-ry hour,
Ev'-ry day and hour, ev'-ry day and hour,
A-men.
closer, closer, Lord, to Thee.

That life which I now live in the flesh I live in faith, the faith which is in the Son of God, who loved me and gave Himself for me.

mp SAVIOUR, more than life to me,
I am clinging close to Thee;
Let Thy precious blood applied
Keep me ever near Thy side.

cr *Every day, every hour,*
Let me feel Thy cleansing power:
May Thy tender love to me
Bind me closer, Lord, to Thee.

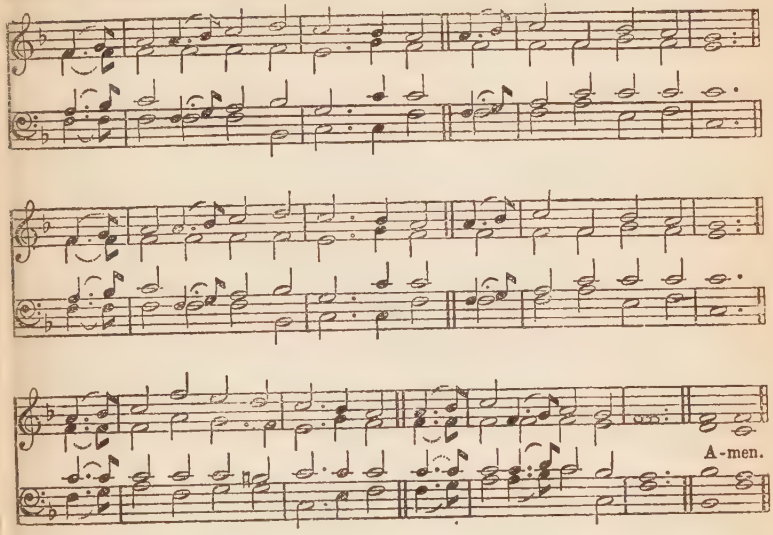
mp 2 Through this changing world below
Lead me gently, as I go;
cr Trusting Thee, I cannot stray,
I can never lose my way.

3 Let me love Thee more and more,
Till this fleeting life is o'er;
mf Till my soul is lost in love,
In a brighter world above. Amen.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

212 LAVINGTON. 8.6.8.6.8.6.

'Congregational Church Music.'



I have learned in whatsoever state I am therewith to be content.

mp FATHER, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me;
And the changes that are sure to come
I do not fear to see;
But I ask Thee for a present mind
Intent on pleasing Thee.

cr 2 I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And wipe the weeping eyes;
And a heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathize.

mp 3 I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know:
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.

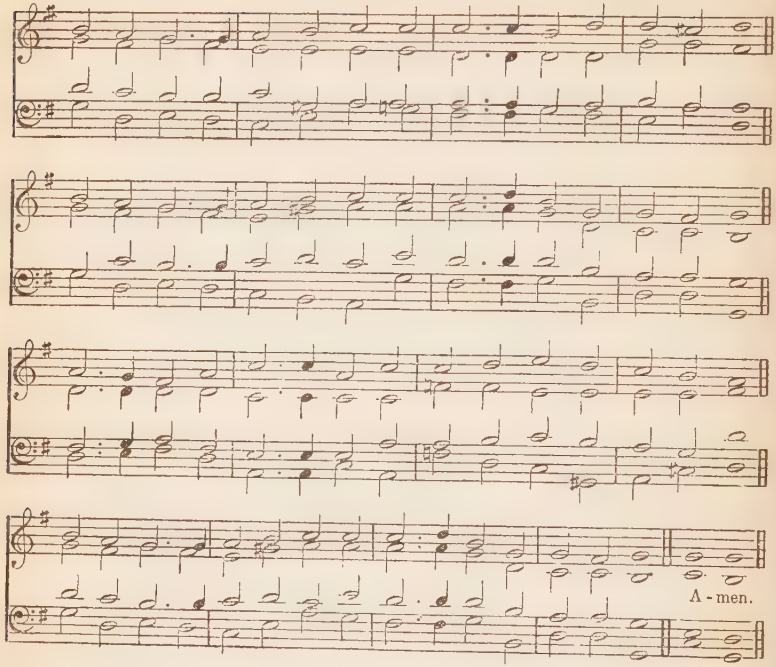
4 Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoe'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate;
And a work of lowly love to do
For the Lord on whom I wait.

cr 5 So I ask Thee for the daily strength,
To none that ask denied;
And a mind to blend with outward life,
While keeping at Thy side;
Content to fill a little space,
If Thou be glorified. Amen.

Anna L. Waring.

213 FALFIELD. 8.7.8.7. D. (First Tune.)

Sir Arthur Sullivan.



I will love him, and will manifest Myself to him.

mf LOVE Divine, all loves excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down!
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
All Thy faithful mercies crown.
p Jesus, Thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love Thou art;
cr Visit us with Thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.

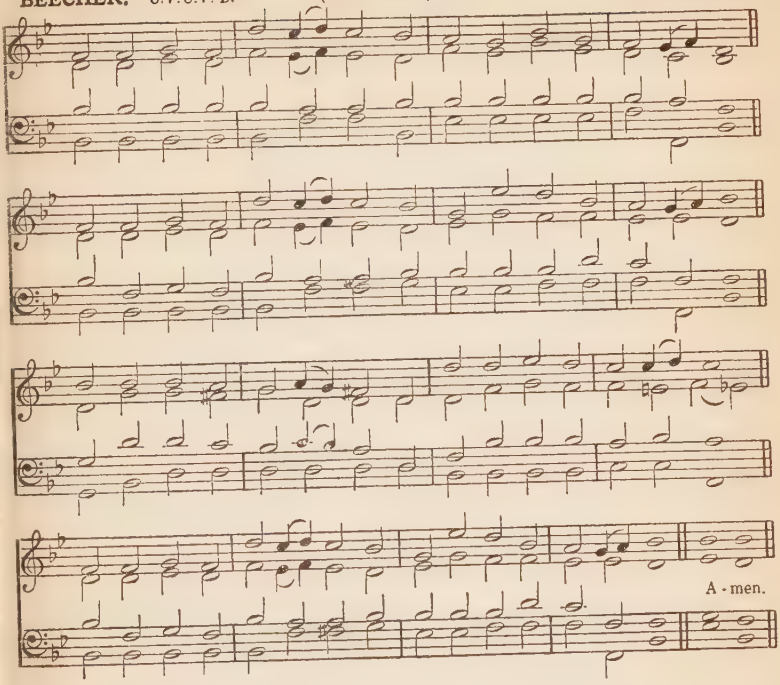
mf 2 Come, almighty to deliver!
Let us all Thy life receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave.
cr Thee would we be always blessing,
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above;
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing,
Glory in Thy perfect love.

mf 3 Finish, then, Thy new creation,
Pure and spotless may we be;
Let us see Thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in Thee.
cr Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
ff Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love and praise. Amen.

Charles Wesley.

Holiness and Aspiration

BEECHER. 8.7.8.7. D. (Second Tune.) JOHN ZUNDEL.



I will love him, and will manifest Myself to him.

mf LOVE Divine, all loves excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down!
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
All Thy faithful mercies crown.
p Jesus, Thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love Thou art;
cr Visit us with Thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.

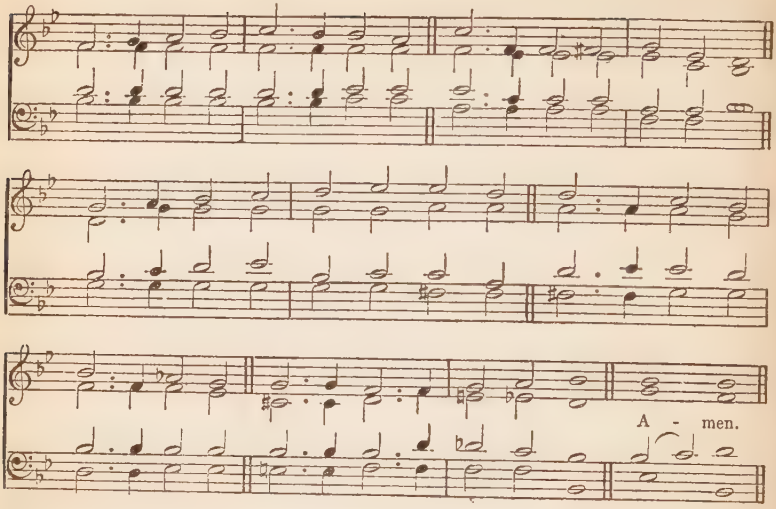
mf 2 Come, almighty to deliver!
Let us all Thy life receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave.
cr Thee would we be always blessing,
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above;
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing.
Glory in Thy perfect love.

mf 3 Finish, then, Thy new creation,
Pure and spotless may we be;
Let us see Thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in Thee.
cr Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
ff Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love and praise. Amen.

CHARLES WESLEY

214 ST. JUDE. 8.7.8.8.7.

CHARLES VINCENT.



We thus judge . . . that He died for all, that they who live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto Him who died for them and rose again.

p O THE bitter shame and sorrow,
That a time could ever be,
When I let the Saviour's pity
Plead in vain, and proudly answered,
cr 'All of self, and none of Thee!'

mp 2 Yet He found me! I beheld Him
dim Bleeding on the accursèd tree,
p Heard Him pray, 'Forgive them, Father!'
And my wistful heart said faintly,
cr 'Some of self, and some of Thee!'

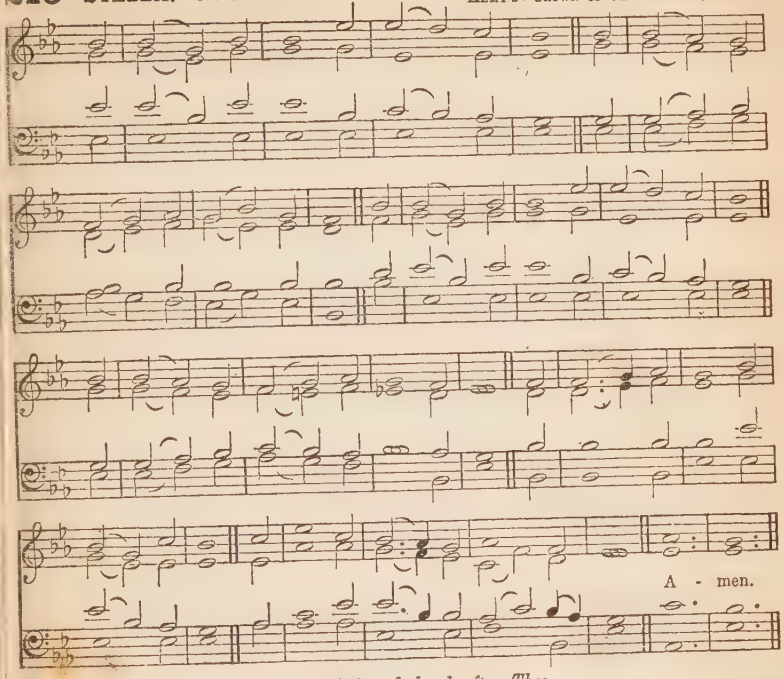
mf 3 Day by day His tender mercy—
Healing, helping, full and free,
mp Sweet and strong, and, ah! so patient—
dim Brought me lower, while I whispered,
cr 'Less of self, and more of Thee!'

mf 4 Higher than the highest heavens,
Deeper than the deepest sea,
cr Lord, Thy love at last has conquered;
Grant me now my supplication,
'None of self, and all of Thee!' Amen.

THEODORE MONOD.

215 STELLA. 8.8.8.8.8.8.

HEMY'S 'CROWN OF JESUS MUSIC,' 1864.



My soul followeth hard after Thee.

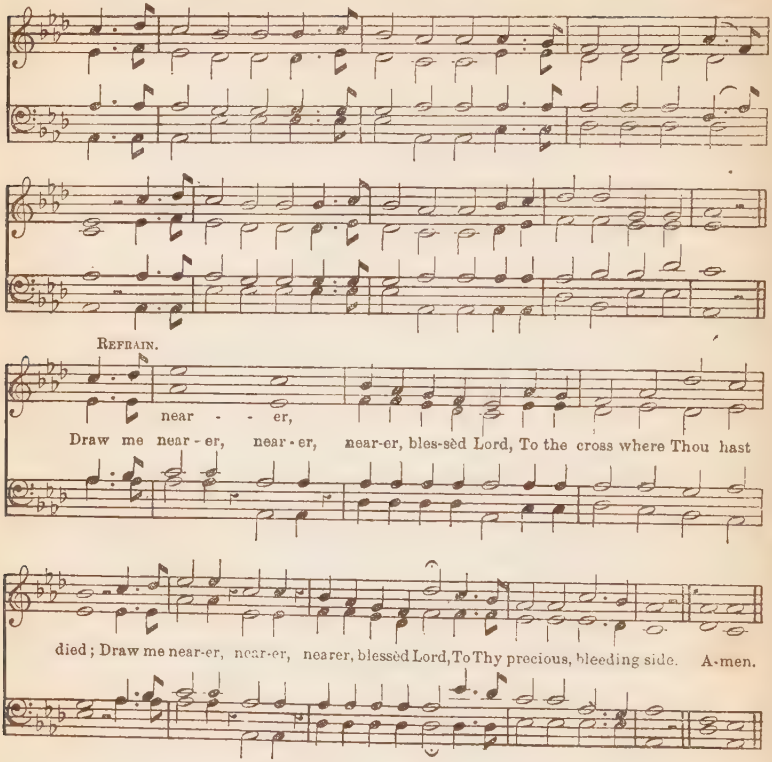
mf THOU hidden love of God, whose height, [knows,
Whose depth unfathomed, no man
I see from far Thy beauteous light,
dim Inly I sigh for Thy repose:
p My heart is pained, nor can it be
At rest, till it finds rest in Thee.

mf 2 'Tis mercy all, that Thou hast brought
My mind to seek its peace in Thee;
Yet while I seek but find Thee not,
No peace my wandering soul shall see—
dim O when shall all my wanderings end,
And all my steps to Thee-ward tend!

mf 3 Is there a thing beneath the sun
That strives with Thee my heart to share?
cr Ah! tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there—
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it hath found repose in Thee.

mp 4 Each moment draw from earth away
My heart that lowly waits Thy call;
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
'I am thy Saviour, God and All!'
f To feel Thy power, to hear Thy voice,
To know Thy love, be all my choice. Amen.

GERHARD TERSTEEGEN, *tr.* JOHN WESLEY.

216 DRAW ME NEARER. 10.7.10.7. (*with refrain*). W. H. DOANE.

REFRAIN.
near - - er,
Draw me near - er, near - er, near-er, bles-sèd Lord, To the cross where Thou hast
died; Draw me near-er, near-er, nearer, blessèd Lord, To Thy precious, bleeding side. A-men.

We are Thine.

mp I AM Thine, O Lord; I have heard Thy voice,
And it told Thy love to me;
cr But I long to rise in the arms of faith,
And be closer drawn to Thee.

mp *Draw me nearer, nearer, blessèd Lord,*
To the cross where Thou hast died;
Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer, blessèd Lord,
To Thy precious, bleeding side.

cr 2 Consecrate me now to Thy service, Lord,
By the power of grace divine:
Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope,
And my will be lost in Thine.

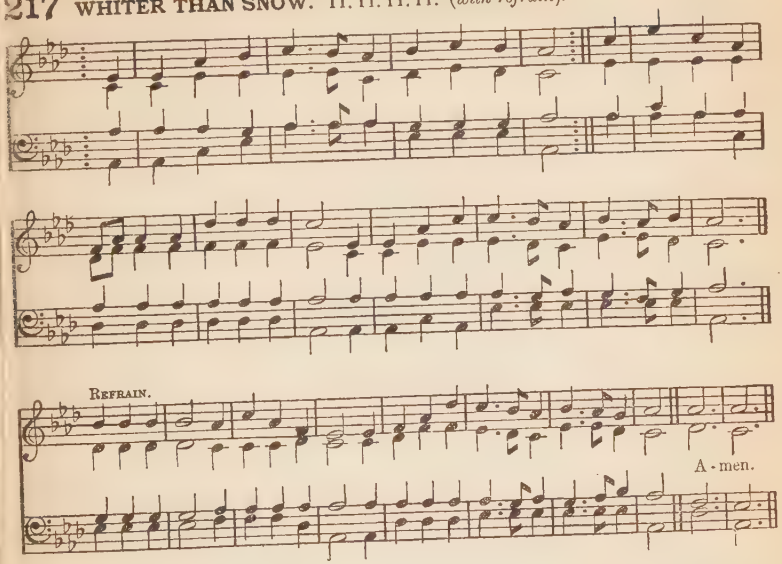
mf 3 Oh, the pure delight of a single hour
That before Thy throne I spend,
When I kneel in prayer, and with Thee, my God,
I commune as friend with friend.

mf 4 There are depths of love that I cannot know
Till I cross the narrow sea;
cr There are heights of joy that I may not reach,
Till I rest in peace with Thee. Amen.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

217 WHITER THAN SNOW. 11. 11. 11. 11. (*with refrain*).

W. G. FISCHER.



Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

mp LORD Jesus, I long to be perfectly whole,
I want Thee forever to live in my soul;
Break down every idol, cast out every foe:
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

cr *Whiter than snow, yes whiter than snow,*
dim *Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.*

mp 2 Lord Jesus, let nothing unholy remain,
Apply Thine own blood and extract every stain;
To get this blest cleansing I all things forego:
dim Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

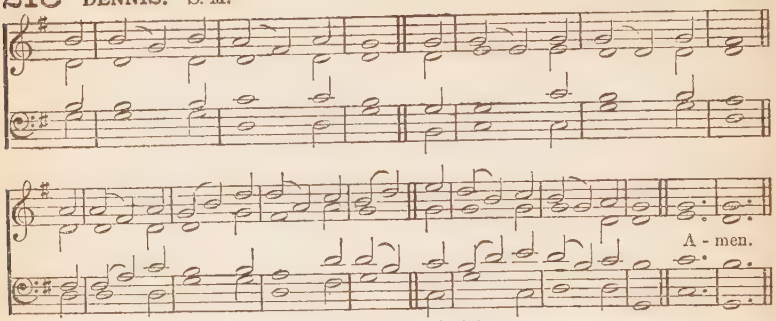
cr 3 Lord Jesus, look down from Thy throne in the skies,
And help me to make a complete sacrifice;
mf I give up myself and whatever I know:
dim Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

p 4 Lord Jesus, for this I most humbly entreat,
I wait, blessèd Lord, at Thy crucified feet.
cr By faith, for my cleansing, I see Thy blood flow:
dim Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow. Amen.

JAMES NICHOLSON.

5. Communion and Fellowship

218 DENNIS. S. M. FROM J. G. NÄGELI.



See also BOYLSTON, No. 219.

The multitude of them that believed were of one heart and of one soul.

mf BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

mp 2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers:
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

mp 3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
dim And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

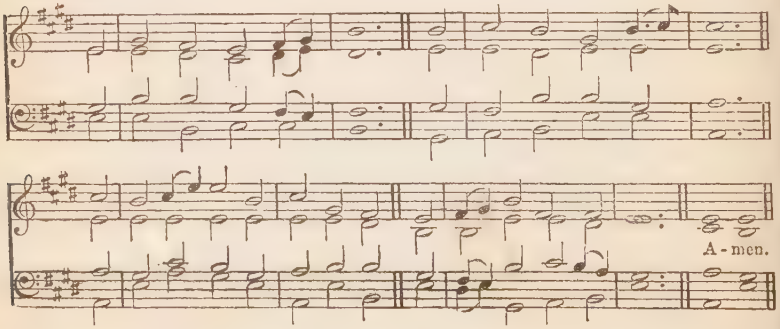
mp 4 When we asunder part,
It gives us keenest pain;
cr But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

mf 5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

mf 6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin we shall be free:
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity. Amen.

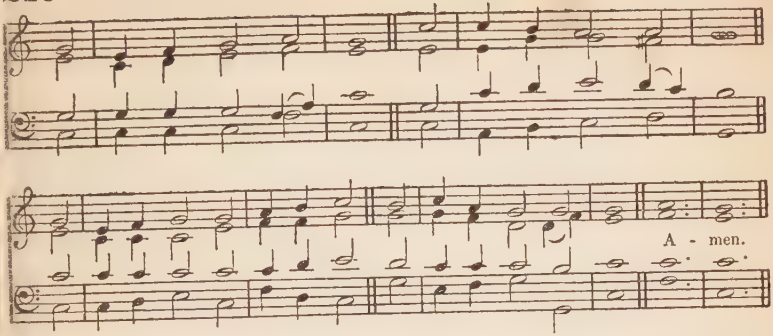
JOHN FAWCETT (*altd.*).

SELMA. S. M. R. A. SMITH'S COLLECTION, 1825.



219 BOYLSTON. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.



Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.

mf BLEST are the pure in heart,
For they shall see their God:
The secret of the Lord is theirs;
Their soul is Christ's abode.

mf 2 The Lord, who left the sky
Our life and peace to bring,
And dwelt in lowliness with men,
Their Pattern and their King,—

mp 3 Still to the lowly soul
He doth Himself impart,
And for His dwelling and His throne
Chooseth the pure in heart.

mp 4 Lord, we Thy presence seek;
Ours may this blessing be;
cr O give the pure and lowly heart,
A temple meet for Thee. Amen.

JOHN KEBLE and W. J. HALL.

220 SELMA. S. M.

When I awake, I am still with Thee.

mp STILL with Thee, O my God,
I would desire to be;
By day, by night, at home, abroad,
I would be still with Thee:

mp 2 With Thee when dawn comes in,
And calls me back to care,
Each day returning to begin
With Thee, my God, in prayer:

mp 3 With Thee, amid the crowd
That throngs the busy mart,
To hear Thy voice, 'mid clamor loud,
dim Speak softly to my heart:

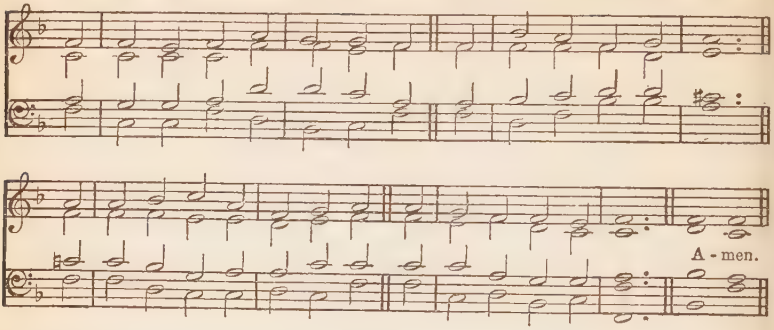
mp 4 With Thee, when day is done,
And evening calms the mind;
The setting, as the rising sun,
With Thee my heart would find:

p 5 With Thee, when darkness brings
The signal of repose;
Calm in the shadow of Thy wings,
Mine eyelids I would close:

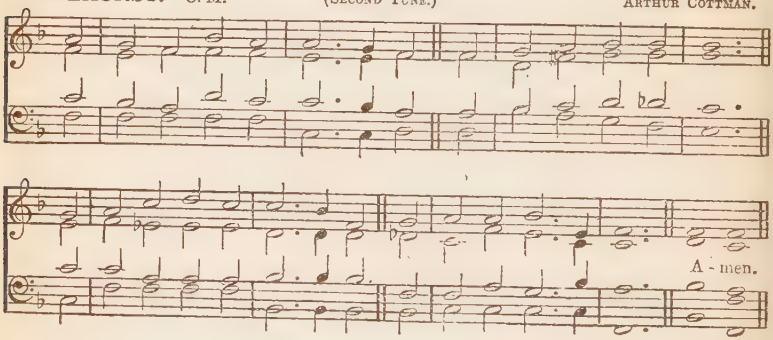
mp 6 With Thee, in Thee, by faith
Abiding, I would be;
By day, by night, in life, in death,
cr I would be still with Thee. Amen.

J. D. BURNS.

221 ST. FLAVIAN. C. M. (First Tune.) Day's 'Psalter,' 1562.



DALEHURST. C. M. (Second Tune.) Arthur Cottman.



Restore unto me the joy of Thy salvation.

p O FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
cr A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

p 2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and His word?

mp 3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
p But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

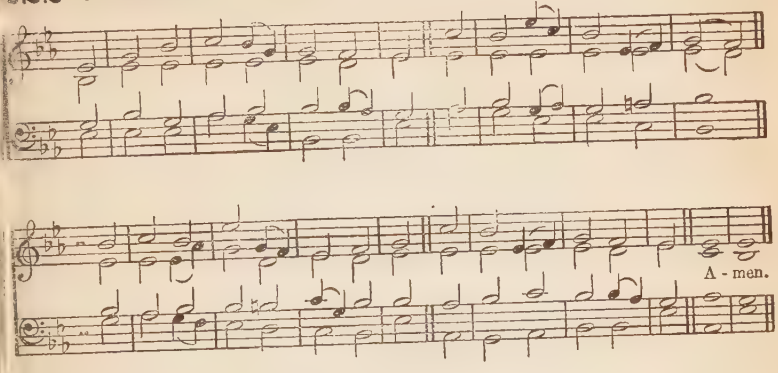
mp 4 Return, O Holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
cr I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.

mf 5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
cr Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.

mf 6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb. Amen.

William Cowper.

222 KILMARNOCK. C. M. NEIL DOUGALL.



We . . . have fled for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before us.

mp DEAR refuge of my weary soul,
On Thee, when sorrows rise,
On Thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.

mp 2 To Thee I tell each rising grief,
For Thou alone canst heal;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief
For every pain I feel.

p 3 But oh! when gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call Thee mine:
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.

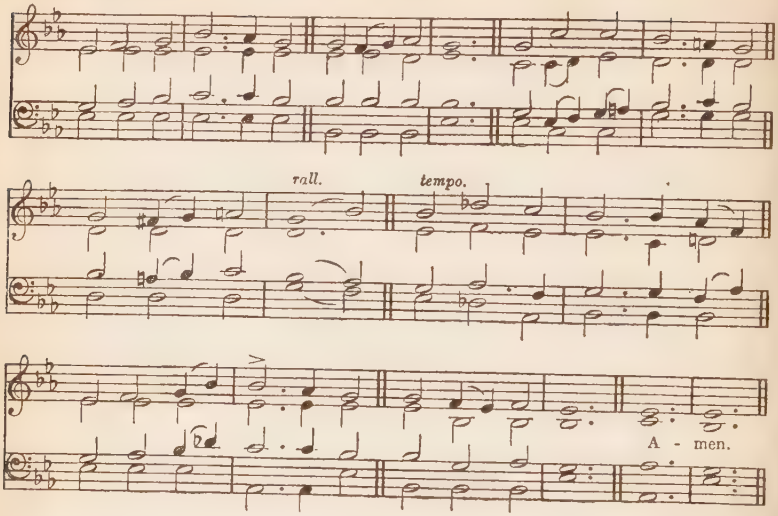
mp 4 Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee?
cr Thou art my only trust;
And still my soul will cleave to Thee
Though prostrate in the dust.

mf 5 Thy mercy-seat is open still,
Here let my soul retreat;
With humble hope attend Thy will,
And wait beneath Thy feet. Amen.

ANNE STEELE.

223 HORBURY. 6.4.6.4.6.6.4. (First Tune.)

J. B. Dykes.



My soul thirsteth for God.

mf NEARER, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
p E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
cr Still all my song shall be,
dim Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

p 2 Though, like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
cr Yet in my dreams I'd be
dim Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

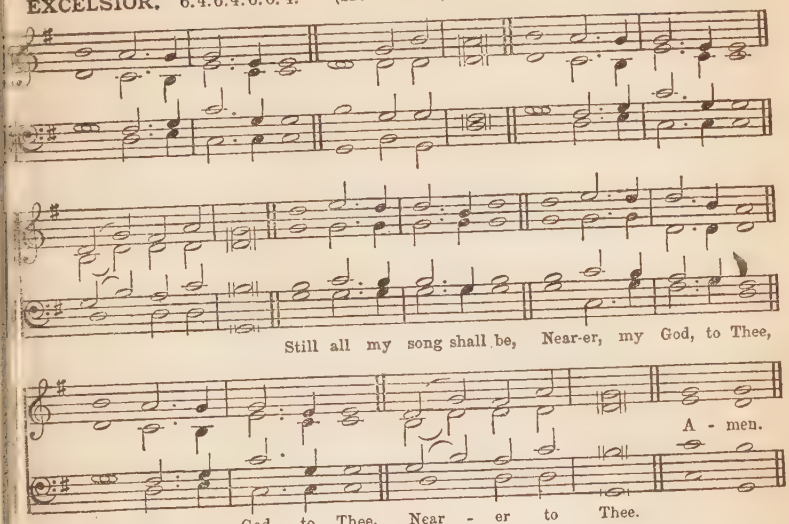
mf 3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou send'st to me,
In mercy given;
cr Angels to beckon me
dim Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

mf 4 Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
cr So by my woes to be
dim Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

f 5 Or if on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
cr Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
dim Nearer to Thee! Amen.

Sarah Flower Adams.

EXCELSIOR. 6.4.6.4.6.6.4. (Second Tune.) LOWELL MASON.



My soul thirsteth for God.

mf NEARER, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
p E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
cr Still all my song shall be,
dim Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

p 2 Though, like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
cr Yet in my dreams I'd be
dim Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

mf 3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou send'st to me,
In mercy given;
cr Angels to beckon me
dim Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

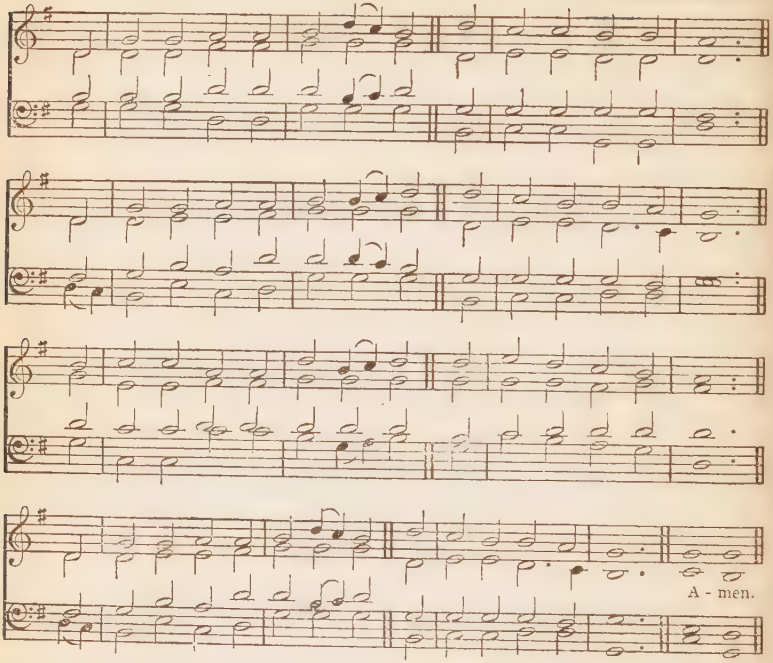
mf 4 Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
cr So by my woes to be
dim Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

f 5 Or if on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
cr Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
dim Nearer to Thee! Amen.

SARAH FLOWER ADAMS.

224 ST. ASAPH. C. M. D.

G. M. GIORNOVICHJ.



From whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named.

mf COME, let us join our friends above,
That have obtained the prize,
And on the eagle wings of love
To joys celestial rise.

f Let all the saints terrestrial sing
With those to glory gone,
For all the servants of our King,
In earth and heaven, are one.

mf 2 One family, we dwell in Him,
One Church, above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.
One army of the living God,
To His command we bow;
Part of His host hath crossed the flood,
And part is crossing now.

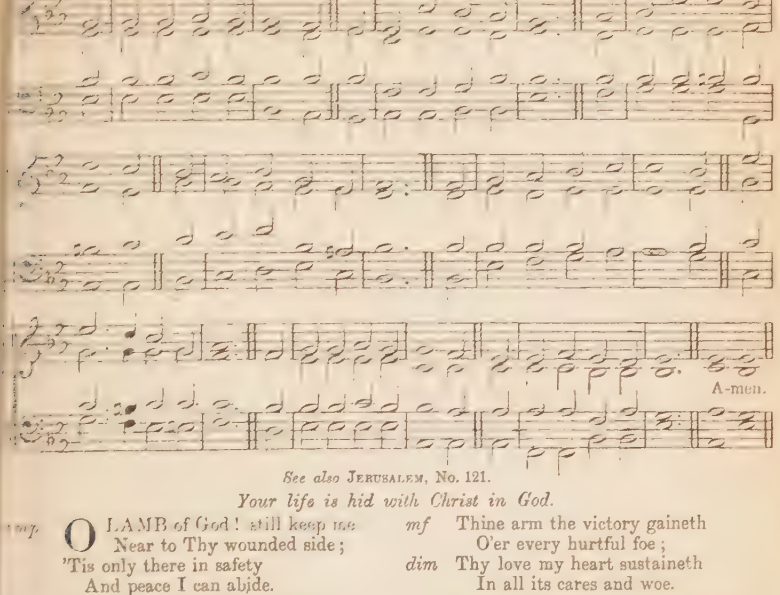
mf 3 Our old companions in distress
We haste again to see,
And eager long for our release
And full felicity:

cr Even now by faith we join our hands
With those that went before,
And greet the blood-besprinkled bands
On the eternal shore. Amen.

CHARLES WESLEY.

225 AURELIA. 7.6.7.6. D.

S. S. Wesley.



See also Jerusalem, No. 121.

Your life is hid with Christ in God.

mp O LAMB of God! still keep me
Near to Thy wounded side;
'Tis only there in safety
And peace I can abide.
What foes and snares surround me!
What lusts and fears within!
cr The grace that sought and found me
Alone can keep me clean.

mp 2 'Tis only in Thee hiding,
I know my life secure;
Only in Thee abiding,
The conflict can endure:
mf Thine arm the victory gaineth
O'er every hurtful foe;
dim Thy love my heart sustaineth
In all its cares and woe.

f 3 Soon shall my eyes behold Thee
With rapture, face to face;
One half hath not been told me
Of all Thy power and grace:
cr Thy beauty, Lord, and glory,
The wonders of Thy love,
Shall be the endless story
Of all Thy saints above. Amen.

J. G. Deck.

226 AURELIA. 7.6.7.6. D.

Endeavoring to keep the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace.

mf OUR blessèd bond of union,
Thou art, O Christ, our Lord!
The rule of our communion
Is Thine own faithful word.
Thou art our Elder Brother,
Who, to redeem us, died:
To Thee, and to none other,
Our souls we do confide.

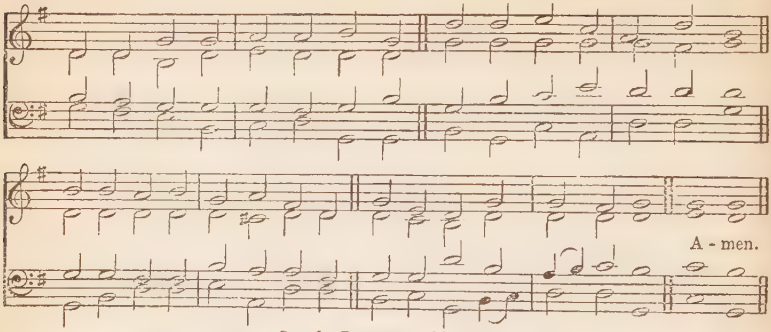
mp 2 Thy peace in us abounding,
Thy presence ever sure,
cr Thy light our path surrounding,
Thy strength to us secure,
mf Beneath Thy banner glorious,
Clad in Thine armor true,
cr We shall march on victorious,
And all our foes subdue.

mp 3 Saviour, most true and gracious,
Thy Spirit now impart,
cr And let Thy love most precious
Possess and fill each heart.
mf We grasp Thy promise given,
We set before our eyes
cr One faith, one hope, one heaven,
One battle, and one prize. Amen.

M 3 Robert Murray.

227 LEIPSIC. 8.7.8.7.

'Gotha Cantional,' 1715.



See also Dorrnance, No. 228.

Christ redeemed us from the curse of the law, having become a curse for us.

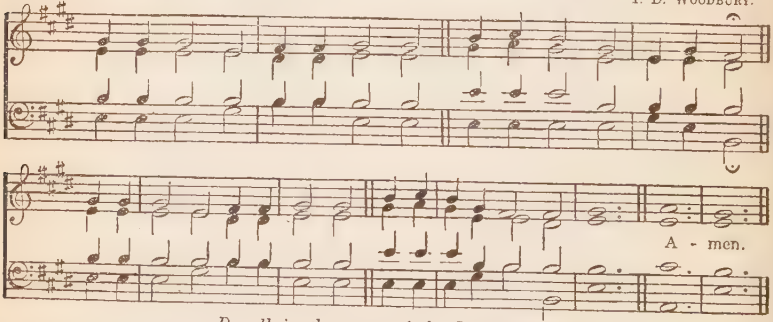
mp SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross we spend,
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend.
Here we rest, in wonder viewing
All our sins on Jesus laid,
mf Here we see redemption flowing
From the sacrifice He made.

mp 2 Here we find the dawn of heaven,
While upon the cross we gaze,
cr See our trespasses forgiven,
And our songs of triumph raise.
mf Oh! that near the cross abiding,
We may to the Saviour cleave,
cr Nought with Him our hearts dividing,
All for Him content to leave. Amen.

James Allen and Walter Shirley

228 DORRNANCE. 8.7.8.7.

I. B. Woodbury.



Do all in the name of the Lord Jesus.

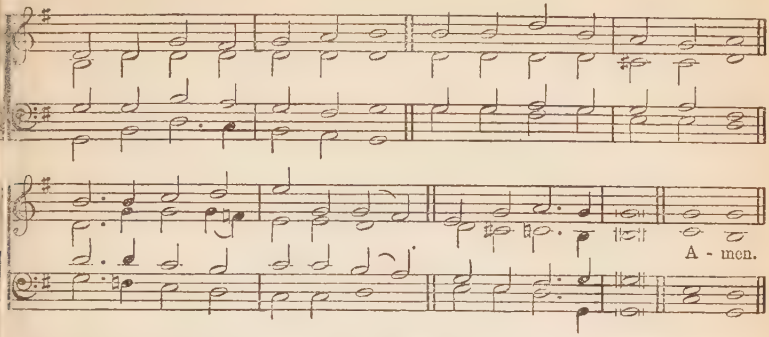
mp TAKE the name of Jesus with you,
Child of sorrow and of woe;
cr It will joy and comfort give you;
Take it then where'er you go.
mf 2 Take the name of Jesus ever,
As a shield from every snare;
dim If temptations round you gather,
Breathe that holy name in prayer.

mf 3 Oh, the precious name of Jesus!
How it thrills our souls with joy,
When His loving arms receive us,
And His songs our tongues employ.
f 4 At the name of Jesus bowing,
Falling prostrate at His feet,
King of kings in heaven we'll crown Him,
When our journey is complete. Amen.

Lydia Baxter.

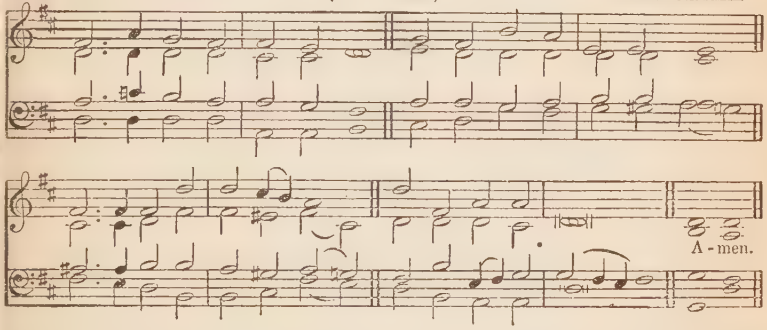
229 CONSOLATOR. 7.7.7.5. (First Tune.)

A. Croil Falconer.



HORTON. 7.7.7.5. (Second Tune.)

Edward Minshall.



The greatest of these is love.

mf GRACIOUS Spirit, Holy Ghost,
Taught by Thee, we covet most,
Of Thy gifts at Pentecost,
Holy, heavenly love.

mp 2 Faith that mountains could remove,
Tongues of earth or heaven above,
Knowledge—all things—empty prove
dim Without heavenly love.

mf 3 Though I as a martyr bleed,
Give my goods the poor to feed,
dim All is vain if love I need;
cr Therefore give me-love.

mp 4 Love is kind and suffers long,
Love is meek and thinks no wrong,
cr Love than death itself more strong;
Therefore give us love.

p 5 Prophecy will fade away,
Melting in the light of day;
cr Love will ever with us stay:
Therefore give us love.

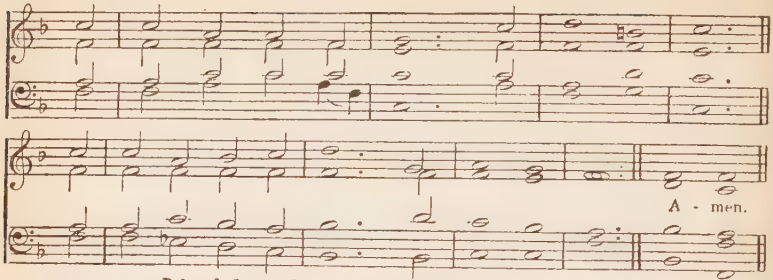
mf 6 Faith will vanish into sight;
Hope be emptied in delight;
cr Love in heaven will shine more bright:
Therefore give us love.

mf 7 Faith and hope and love we see
Joining hand in hand agree;
cr But the greatest of the three,
And the best, is love. Amen.

Christopher Wordsworth.

230 NAIN. 10.10.

LOWELL MASON



Beloved, let us love one another, for love is of God.

mp BELOVÈD, let us love; love is of God,
cr In God alone hath love its true abode.

mp 2 Belovèd, let us love; for they who love—
cr They only are His sons, born from above.

mf 5 Belovèd, let us love; for only thus
cr Shall we behold that God who loveth us. Amen.

p 3 Belovèd, let us love; for love is rest.
And he who loveth not abides unblest.

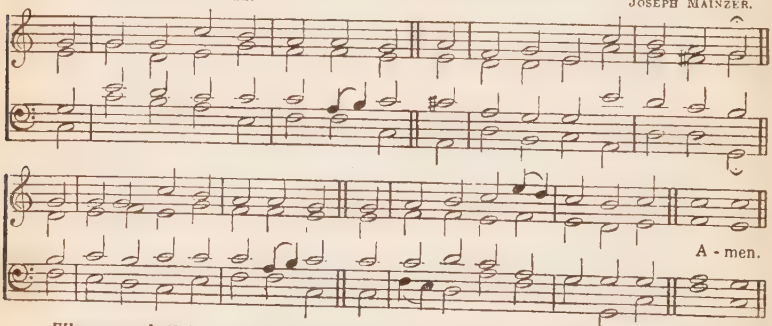
mf 4 Belovèd, let us love; for love is light,
And he who loveth not dwelleth in night.

HORATIUS BONAR.

6. Discipleship and Service

231 MAINZER. L.M.

JOSEPH MAINZER.



Whosoever shall be ashamed of Me, and of My words, . . . of him also shall the Son of man be ashamed.

mf JESUS! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of Thee,—
Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days?

mf 2 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight blush to think of noon;
'Tis midnight with my soul till He,
Bright Morning Star, bids darkness flee.

mf 3 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!

cr No! when I blush, be this my shame,
That I so feebly love His name.

mp 4 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no sins to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no joy to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

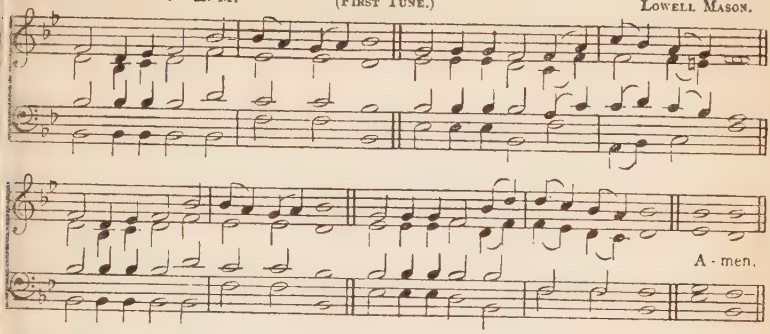
f 5 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then, I boast a Saviour slain!
And, O, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me!
Amen.

JOSEPH GRIGG and B. FRANCIS.

232 ERNAN. L. M.

(First Tune.)

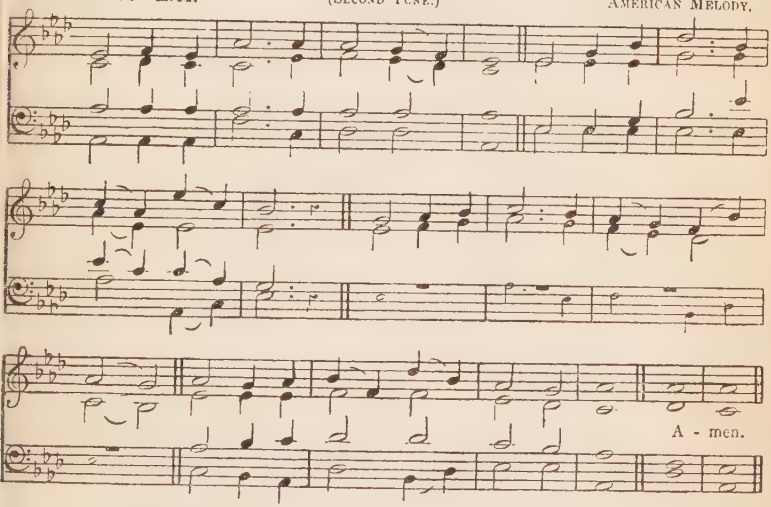
Lowell Mason.



ONTARIO. L. M.

(Second Tune.)

American Melody.



The fire shall ever be burning upon the altar, it shall not go out.

mp O THOU who camest from above,
The pure celestial fire to impart,
cr Kindle a flame of sacred love
On the mean altar of my heart.

mf 2 There let it for Thy glory burn
With inextinguishable blaze,
dim And, trembling, to its source return
In humble prayer and fervent praise.

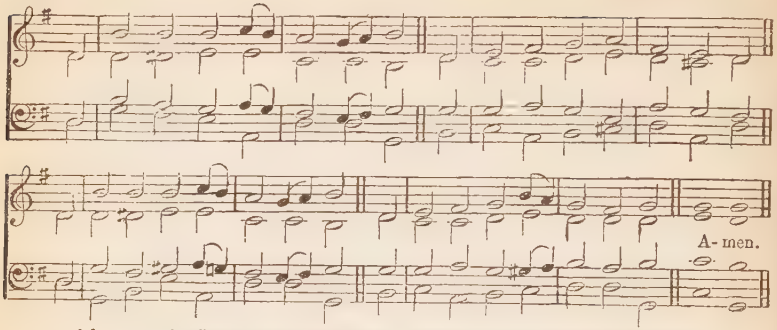
mp 3 Jesus, confirm my heart's desire
To work, and speak, and think for Thee;
Still let me guard the holy fire,
And still stir up Thy gift in me;

mf 4 Ready for all Thy perfect will,
My acts of faith and love repeat,
Till death Thy endless mercies seal,
And make the sacrifice complete. Amen.

Charles Wesley.

233 CANONBURY. L. M.

ROBERT SCHUMANN.



I have set the Lord always before me ; because He is at my right hand, I shall not be moved.

mf FORTH in Thy name, O Lord, I go,
My daily labor to pursue ;
Thee, only Thee, resolved to know,
In all I think, or speak, or do.

mf 2 The task Thy wisdom hath assigned,
O let me cheerfully fulfil ;
In all my works Thy presence find,
And prove Thy good and perfect will.

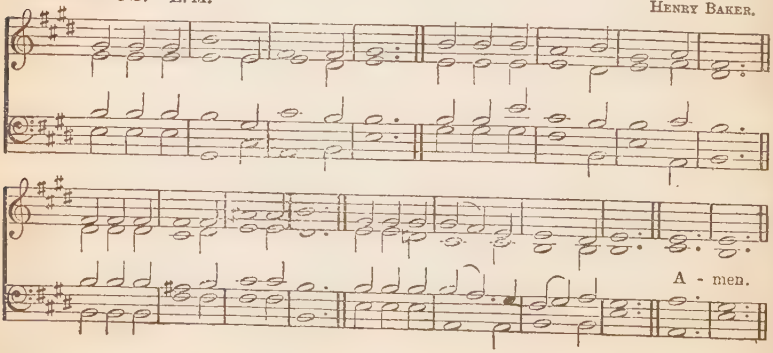
mf 3 Thee may I set at my right hand,
Whose eyes my inmost substance see ;
And labor on at Thy command,
And offer all my works to Thee.

mp 4 Give me to bear Thy easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray,
cr And still to things eternal look,
f And hasten to Thy glorious day. Amen.

CHARLES WESLEY.

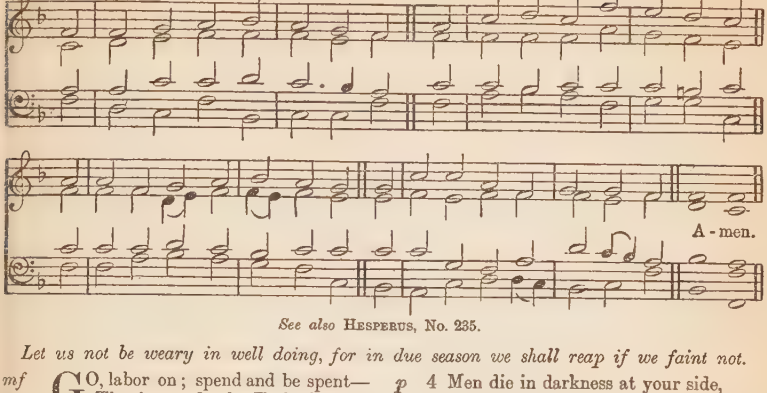
HESPERUS. L. M.

HENRY BAKER.



234 ST. ANSELM. L. M.

ANCIENT MELODY.



See also HESPERUS, No. 235.

Let us not be weary in well doing, for in due season we shall reap if we faint not.

mf GO, labor on; spend and be spent—
Thy joy to do the Father's will:
It is the way the Master went;
Should not the servant tread it still?

mf 2 Go, labor on; your hands are weak,
Your knees are faint, your soul cast down;
cr Yet falter not; the prize you seek
Is near,—a kingdom and a crown.

mf 3 Go, labor on while it is day;
dim The world's dark night is hastening on;
cr Speed, speed thy work; cast sloth away;
It is not thus that souls are won.

p 4 Men die in darkness at your side,
Without a hope to cheer the tomb;
cr Take up the torch and wave it wide,
The torch that lights time's thickest gloom.

mf 5 Toil on, faint not, keep watch and pray;
Be wise the erring soul to win;
f Go forth into the world's highway,
Compel the wanderer to come in.

mf 6 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
For toil comes rest; for exile, home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
f The midnight peal, 'Behold, I come!'
Amen.

HORATIUS BONAR.

235 HESPERUS. L. M.

If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow Me.

mp 'TAKE up thy cross,' the Saviour said,
If thou wouldst My disciple be;
Deny thyself, the world forsake,
And humbly follow after Me.

mp 2 Take up thy cross; let not its weight
Fill thy weak spirit with alarm;
cr His strength shall bear thy spirit up,
And brace thy heart, and nerve thine arm.

mp 3 Take up thy cross, nor heed the shame;
Nor let thy foolish pride rebel:
p Thy Lord for thee the cross endured,
To save thy soul from death and hell.

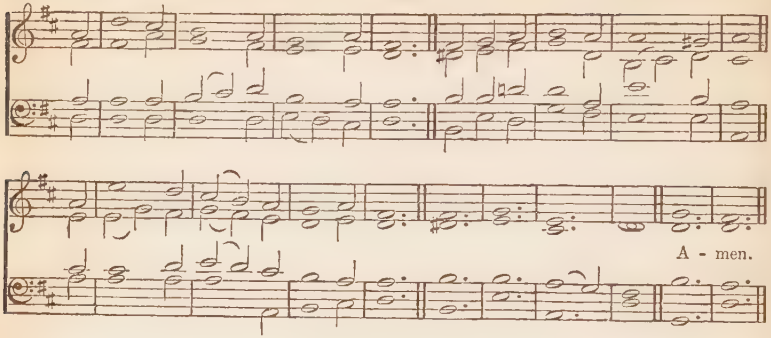
mf 4 Take up thy cross, then, in His strength,
And calmly every danger brave;
'Twill guide thee to a better home,
cr And lead to victory o'er the grave.

mf 5 Take up thy cross and follow Christ,
Nor think till death to lay it down;
For only he who bears the cross
cr May hope to wear the glorious crown. Amen.

C. W. EVEREST.

236 RESIGNATION. 8.8.8.4.

W. F. HURNDALL.



See also SARUM, No. 153.

There are diversities of operations, but it is the same God which worketh all in all.

mp O GOD, not only in distress,
In pain and want and weariness,
Thy tender Spirit stoops to bless,
cr Thy will is done.

mp 2 But oftener on the wings of peace,
And girt about with tenderness,
Thou comest, and all troubles cease:
cr Thy will is done.

mf 3 In youthful days, when joys increase,
In light, in hope, in happiness,
mp In quiet times of trustful peace,
cr Thy will is done.

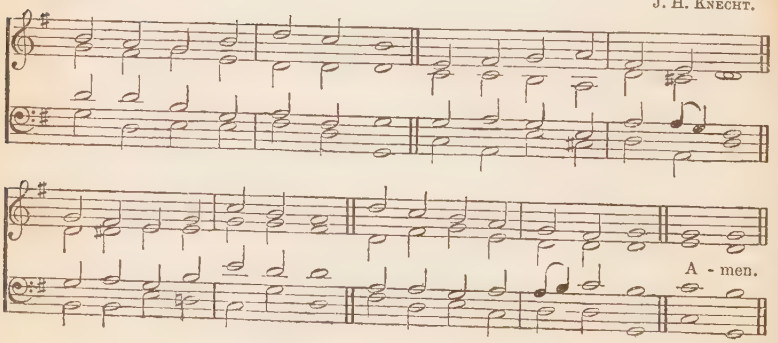
p 4 And when the burdened heart can bring
Its sorrows to Thy feet, and cling
cr Till hope surpasses sorrowing,
Thy will is done.

mf 5 Thy will is pure, O Lord, and just;
dim And we, frail creatures of the dust,
cr Through good or ill, can only trust,
mf Thy will is done. Amen.

F. SMITH.

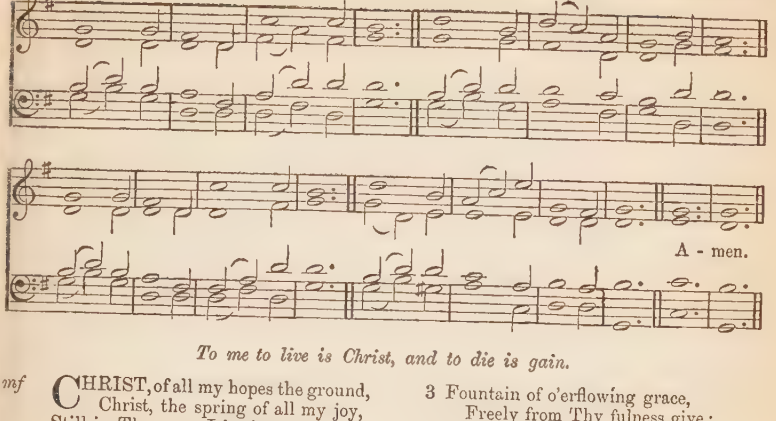
VIENNA. 7.7.7.7.

J. H. KNECHT.



237 MOZART. 7.7.7.7.

From Mozart.



To me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.

mf CHRIST, of all my hopes the ground,
Christ, the spring of all my joy,
Still in Thee may I be found,
Still for Thee my powers employ.

mf 2 Let Thy love my heart inflame;
Keep Thy fear before my sight;
Be Thy praise my highest aim;
Be Thy smile my chief delight.

3 Fountain of o'erflowing grace,
Freely from Thy fulness give;
Till I close my earthly race,
Be it 'Christ for me to live!'

f 4 Firmly trusting in Thy blood,
Nothing shall my heart confound;
Safely I shall pass the flood,
Safely reach Immanuel's ground.

mf 5 Thus, O thus, an entrance give
To the land of cloudless sky:
Having known it 'Christ to live,'
f Let me know it 'gain to die.' Amen.

Ralph Wardlaw.

238 VIENNA. 7.7.7.7.

Who then is willing to consecrate his service thus to the Lord?

mf TAKE my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee.
Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

mf 2 Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love.
Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful for Thee.

mf 3 Take my voice, and let me sing,
Always, only, for my King.
Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee.

mf 4 Take my silver and my gold;
Not a mite would I withhold.
Take my intellect, and use
Every power as Thou shalt choose.

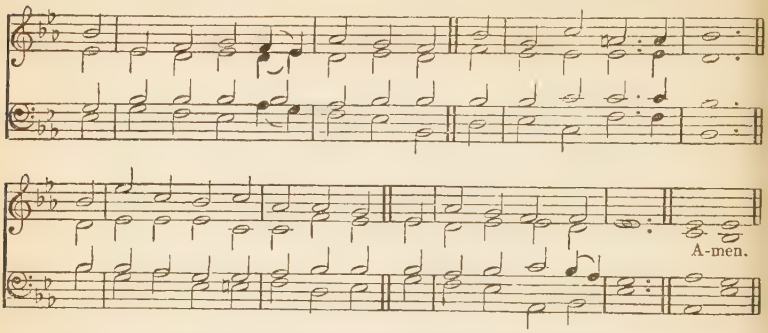
mf 5 Take my will, and make it Thine;
It shall be no longer mine.
cr Take my heart, it is Thine own;
It shall be Thy royal throne.

mf 6 Take my love—my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure-store.
cr Take myself, and I will be,
f Ever, only, all for Thee! Amen.

F. R. Havergal.

139 ST. BERNARD. C. M.

ADAPTED BY JOHN RICHARDSON.



Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.

mp COME unto Me, all ye who groan,
With guilt and fears opprest;
Resign to Me the willing heart,
And I will give you rest.

2 Take up My yoke, and learn of Me
The meek and lowly mind;
And thus your weary troubled souls
Repose and peace shall find.

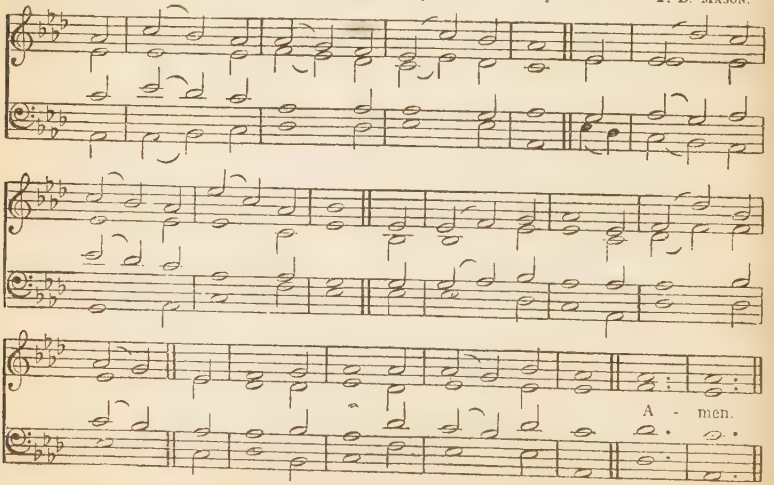
mp 3 For light and gentle is My yoke;
The burden I impose
cr Shall ease the heart, which groaned before
Beneath a load of woes. Amen.

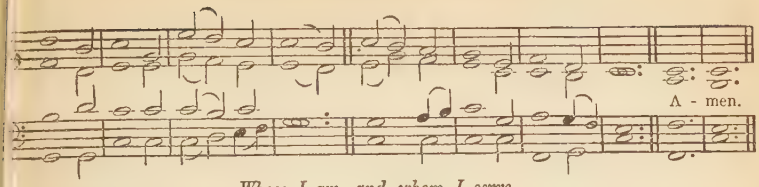
HUGH BLAIR.

140 EDEN. L. M.

(FIRST TUNE.)

T. B. MASON.





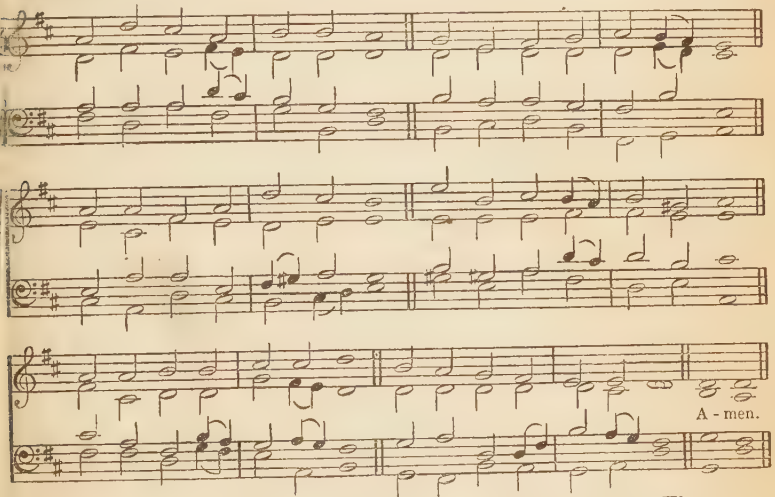
Whose I am, and whom I serve.

p JESUS, Master, whose I am,
Purchased Thine alone to be
By Thy blood, O spotless Lamb,
Shed so willingly for me,
Let my heart be all Thine own,
Let me live to Thee alone.

pp 2 Other lords have long held sway;
Now, Thy name alone to bear,
Thy dear voice alone obey,
Is my daily, hourly prayer:
mf Whom have I in heaven but Thee?
Nothing else my joy can be.

mf 3 Jesus, Master, I am Thine:
Keep me faithful, keep me near;
Let Thy presence in me shine,
All my homeward way to cheer.
p Jesus, at Thy feet I fall,
cr O be Thou my all in all.

HEATHLANDS. 7.7.7.7.7.7. PART II. HENRY SMART.



mp 4 Jesus, Master, whom I serve,
Though so feebly and so ill,
cr Strengthen hand and heart and nerve
All Thy bidding to fulfil;
Open Thou mine eyes to see
All the work Thou hast for me.

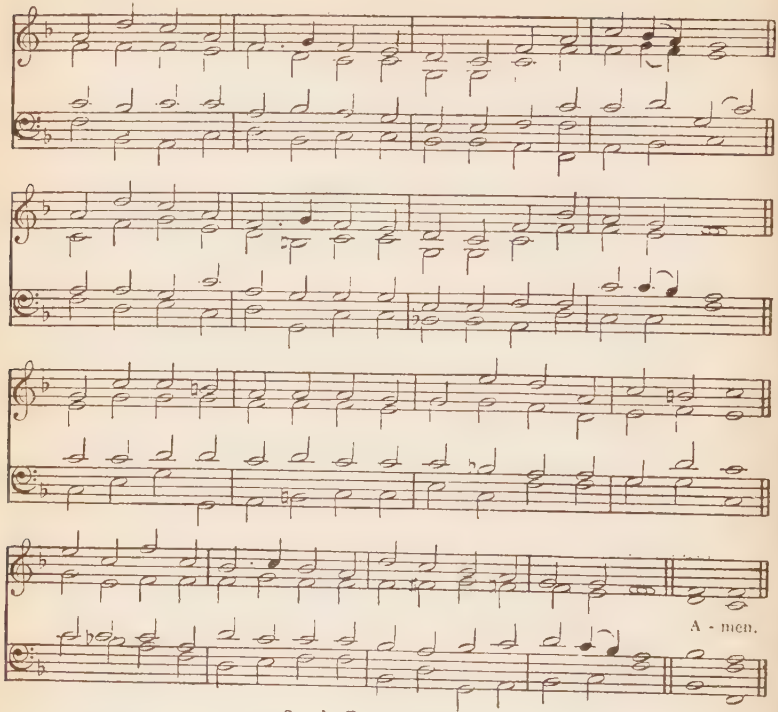
p 5 Lord, Thou needest not, I know,
Service such as I can bring;
cr Yet I long to prove and show
Full allegiance to my King.
Thou an honor art to me;
mf Let me be a praise to Thee.

p 6 Jesus, Master, wilt Thou use
One who owes Thee more than all?
As Thou wilt! I would not choose;
cr Only let me hear Thy call.
mf Jesus, let me always be,
In Thy service, glad and free. Amen.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

241 BETHANY. 8.7.8.7. D.

HENRY SMART.



See also TOLCARNE, No. 242.

In all these things we are more than conquerors, through Him that loved us.

mp JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow Thee;
Destitute, despised, forsaken,
Thou from hence my all shalt be.
Go, then, earthly fame and treasure!
Come disaster, scorn, and pain!
mf In Thy service, pain is pleasure,
With Thy favor, loss is gain.

mp 2 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
cr O 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While Thy love is left to me!
O 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with Thee!

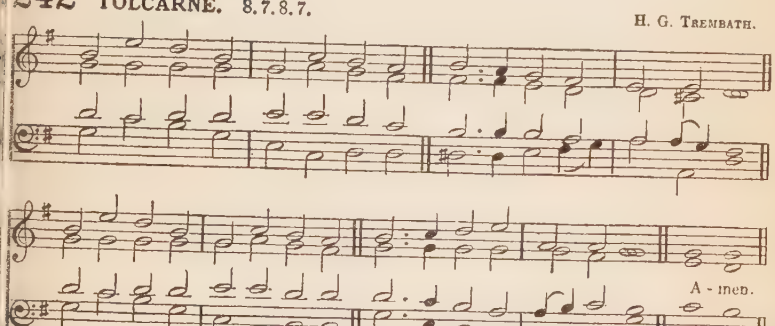
mf 3 Take, my soul, thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find, in every station,
Something still to do or bear.
Think what Spirit dwells within thee!
What a Father's smile is thine!
What a Saviour died to win thee;
Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine?

mf 4 Haste, then, on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;
Heaven's eternal day 's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
p Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days;
mf Hope soon change to glad fruition,
cr Faith to sight, and prayer to praise. Amen.

H. F. Lyte.

242 TOLCARNE. 8.7.8.7.

H. G. Trembath.



Follow Me.

mf JESUS calls us: o'er the tumult
Of our life's wild, restless sea,
Day by day His sweet voice soundeth,
dim Saying, 'Christian, follow Me.'

mf 2 As of old Apostles heard it
By the Galilean lake,
Turned from home, and toil, and kindred,
Leaving all for His dear sake.

mp 3 Jesus calls us from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store,
From each idol that would keep us,
dim Saying, 'Christian, love Me more!'

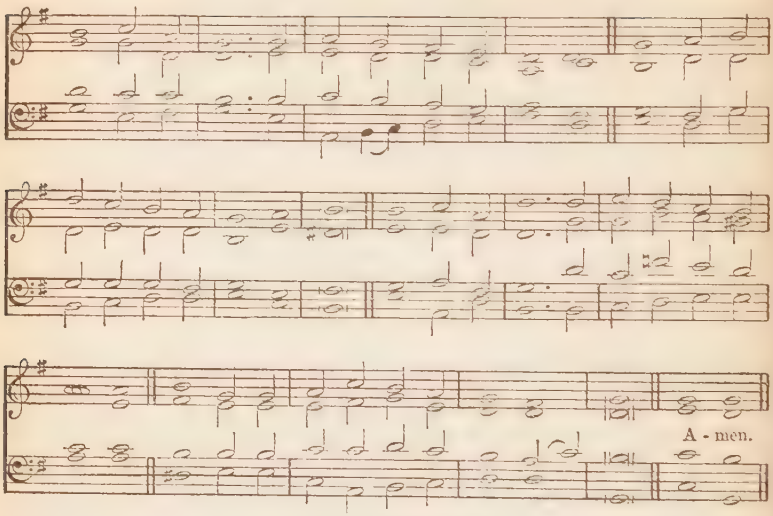
mf 4 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
'Christian, love Me more than these!'

mp 5 Jesus calls us: by Thy mercies,
cr Saviour, may we hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thy obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all. Amen.

C. F. Alexander.

243 EIRENE. 11.10.11.10.

F. R. HAVERGAL.



See also HAPPY HOME, No. 453.

Whether we live, therefore, or die, we are the Lord's.

mf WE are the Lord's: His all-sufficient merit,
Sealed on the cross, to us this grace accords;
We are the Lord's, and all things shall inherit;
Whether we live or die, we are the Lord's.

mf 2 We are the Lord's: then let us gladly tender
Our souls to Him, in deeds, not empty words;
Let heart, and tongue, and life, combine to render
No doubtful witness that we are the Lord's.

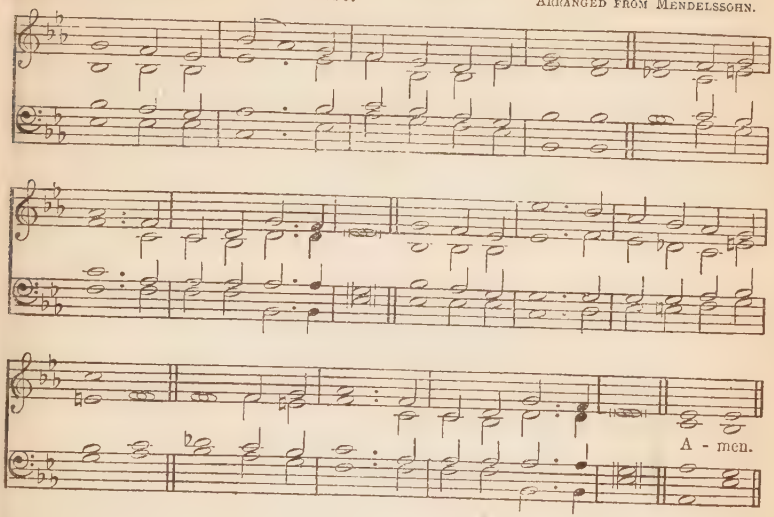
mp 3 We are the Lord's: no darkness brooding o'er us
cr Can make us tremble, while this star affords
mf A steady light along the path before us—
Faith's full assurance that we are the Lord's.

mp 4 We are the Lord's: no evil can befall us
In the dread hour of life's fast loosening cords;
cr No pangs of death shall even then appal us;
f Death we shall vanquish, for we are the Lord's. Amen.

C. J. P. SPITTA, *tr.* C. T. ASTLEY.

244 RAYNOLDS. 11.10.11.10.

ARRANGED FROM MENDELSSOHN.



A little while.

mp OH, for the peace that floweth as a river,
Making life's desert places bloom and smile!
Oh, for the faith to grasp Heaven's bright forever,
Amid the shadows of earth's 'little while!'

mp 2 A little while for patient vigil-keeping,
To face the stern, to wrestle with the strong;
A little while, to sow the seed with weeping,
cr Then bind the sheaves, and sing the harvest song.

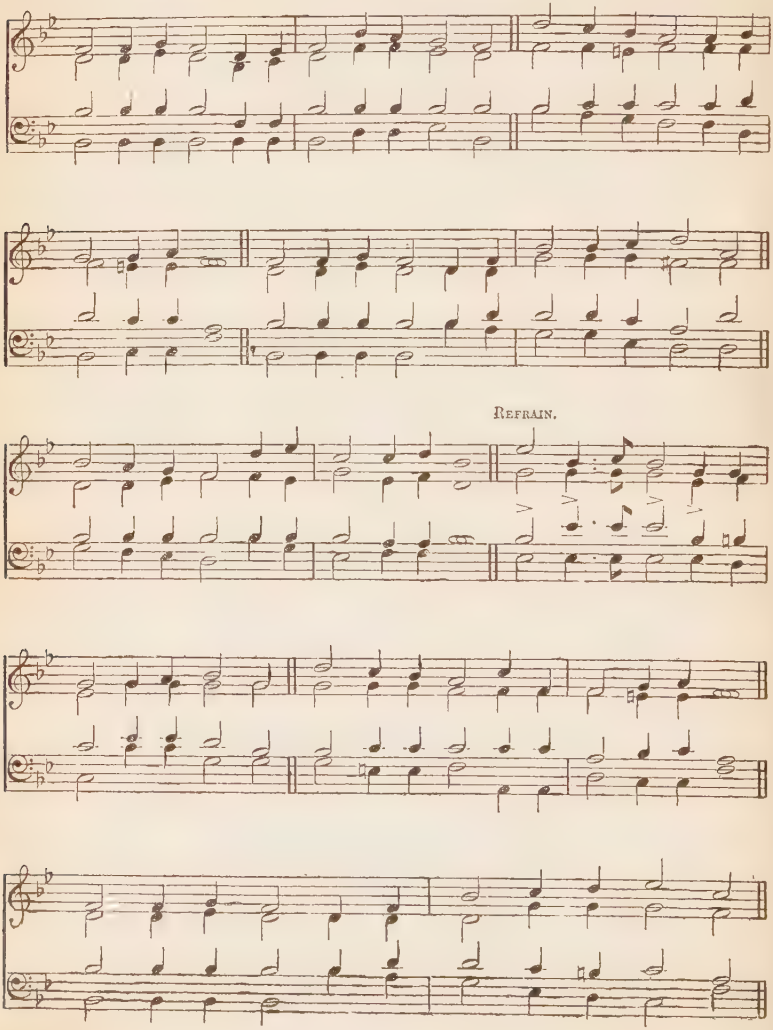
mp 3 A little while, the earthen pitcher taking
To wayside brooks, from far-off fountains fed;
cr Then the cool lip its thirst forever slaking
Beside the fulness of the fountain-head.

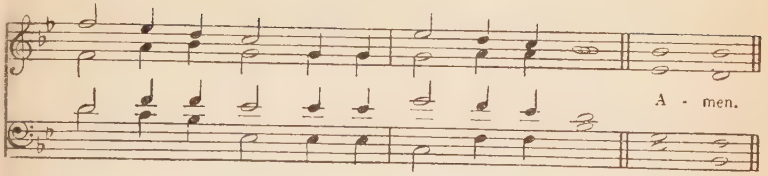
p 4 A little while, to keep the oil from failing;
A little while, faith's flickering lamp to trim;
mp And then the Bridegroom's coming footsteps hailing,
cr To greet His advent with the bridal hymn.

mf 5 And He who is Himself the Gift and Giver—
The future glory and the present smile,
cr With the bright promise of the glad 'forever'
Will light the shadows of the 'little while.' Amen.

JANE CREWDSON.

245 TRUE-HEARTED. 11.10.11.10. (*with refrain*). JOSIAH BOOTH.





Let your heart be perfect with the Lord our God.

mf TRUE-HEARTED, whole-hearted, faithful, and loyal,
King of our lives, by Thy grace we will be!
Under Thy standard exalted and royal,
Strong in Thy strength, we will battle for Thee.

f *Peal out the watchword, and silence it never,*
Song of our spirits rejoicing and free,—
'True-hearted, whole-hearted, now and forever,
King of our lives, by Thy grace we will be!'

mf 2 True-hearted, whole-hearted: fullest allegiance
Yielding henceforth to our glorious King;
Valiant endeavor and loving obedience
Freely and joyously now would we bring.

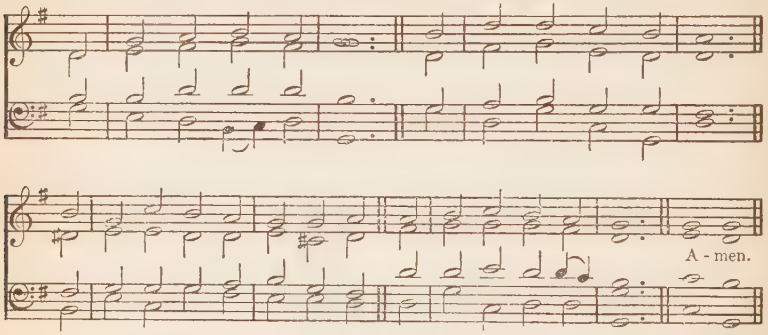
mp 3 True-hearted! Saviour, Thou knowest our story;
Weak are the hearts that we lay at Thy feet,
cr Sinful and treacherous; yet, for Thy glory,
Heal them, and cleanse them from sin and deceit.

mf 4 Whole-hearted! Saviour, beloved and glorious,
Take Thy great power and reign Thou alone,
Over our wills and affections victorious,
cr Freely surrendered, and wholly Thine own. Amen.

F. R. Havergal.

7. Temptation and Conflict

246 AUGUSTINE. S. M. (First Tune.) J. S. Bach's 'Vierstimmige Choralgesänge,' 1769.



Put on the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil.

mf SOLDIERS of Christ! arise
And put your armor on!
cr Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through His eternal Son;

f 2 Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in His mighty power:
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.

mf 3 Stand, then, in His great might,
With all His strength endued;
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God.

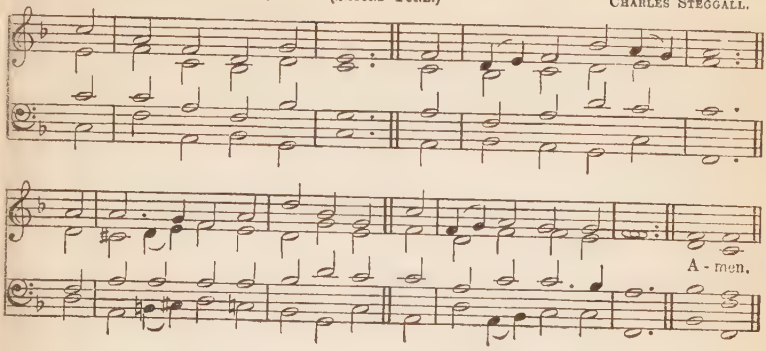
4 To keep your armor bright
Attend with constant care,
Still walking in your Captain's sight,
And watching unto prayer.

f 5 From strength to strength go on,
Wrestle, and fight, and pray;
cr Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day;—

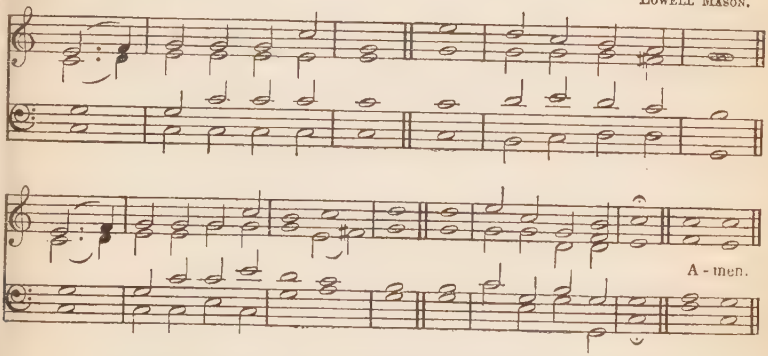
mf 6 That, having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
cr Ye may o'ercome through Christ alone,
f And stand complete at last. Amen.

Charles Wesley (*altd.*)

DAY OF PRAISE. S.M. (Second Tune.) CHARLES STEGGALL.



247 LABAN. S.M. LOWELL MASON.



Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.

mp MY soul, be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise,
And hosts of sins are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

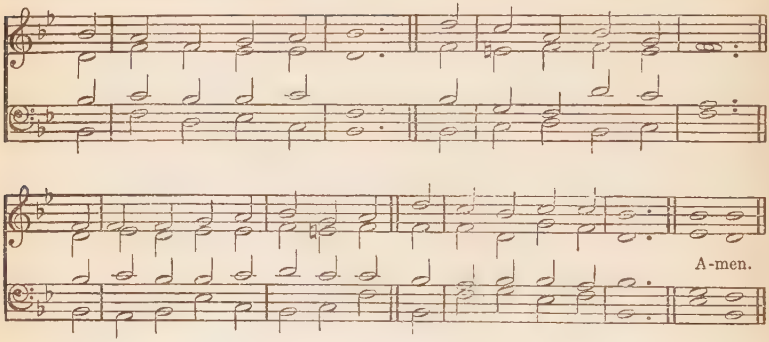
mp 2. Oh, watch and fight and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
cr Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

mp 3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down;
Thine arduous work will not be done
cr Till thou obtain thy crown. Amen.

GEORGE HEATH.

248 NARENZA. S. M.

OLD GERMAN CHORALE.



Blessed are those servants whom the Lord when He cometh shall find watching.

mf YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of His heavenly word,
And watchful at His gate.

f 2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins, as in His sight,
p For awful is His name.

mf 3 Watch,—'tis your Lord's command,
dim And while we speak He's near—
mf Mark the first signal of His hand,
And ready all appear.

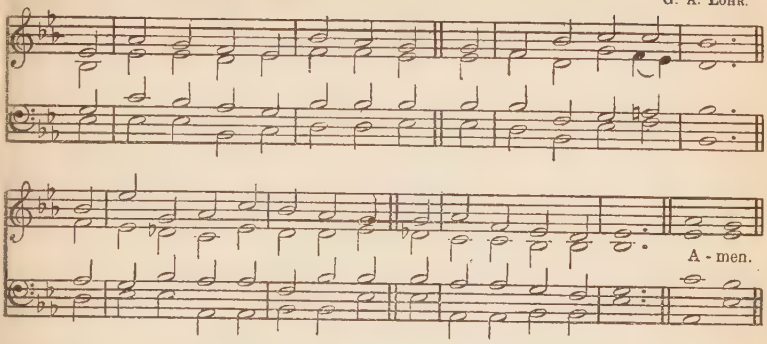
cr 4 O happy servant he
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honor crowned.

f 5 Christ shall the banquet spread
With His own royal hand;
And raise that favored servant's head
Amidst the angelic band. Amen.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

249 ST. FRANCES. C.M.

G. A. Löhr.



Remember Thou me, for Thy goodness' sake, O Lord.

mp O THOU, from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my soul to Thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
p Good Lord, remember me.

mp 2 When on my aching, burdened heart
My sins lie heavily,
cr Thy pardon speak, new peace impart;
Good Lord, remember me.

mp 3 When trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee;
cr O let my strength be as my day;
p Good Lord, remember me.

mp 4 When worn with pain, disease, and grief,
This feeble body see;
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief;
p Good Lord, remember me.

mp 5 If for Thy sake upon my name
Shame and reproach shall be,
All hail reproach, and welcome shame;
p Good Lord, remember me.

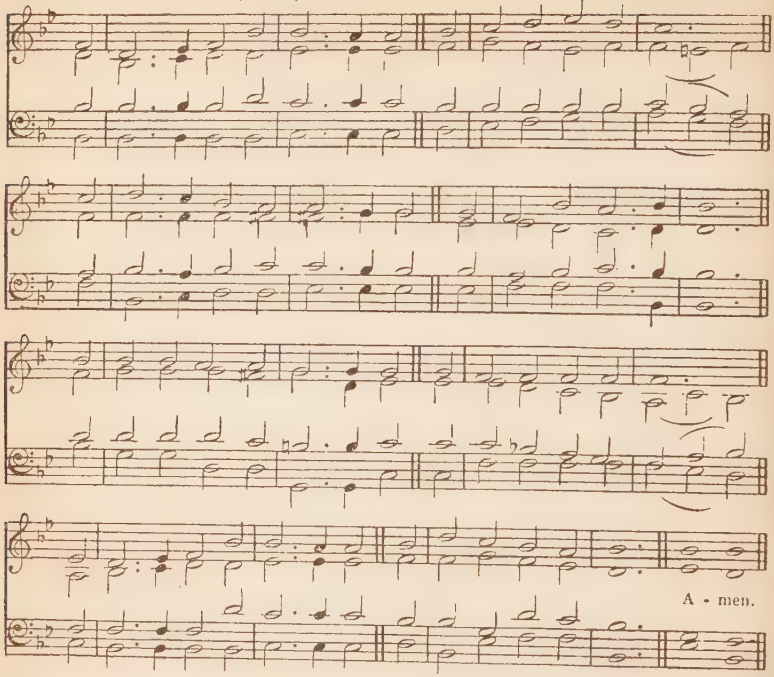
pp 6 When in the solemn hour of death
I wait Thy just decree,
Be this the prayer of my last breath,
p Good Lord, remember me.

mf 7 And when before Thy throne I stand,
And lift my soul to Thee,
cr Then with the saints at Thy right hand,
p Good Lord, remember me. Amen.

Thomas Haweis and Thomas Cotterill.

250 ALL SAINTS (NEW). C.M. D.

HENRY S. CUTLER.



See also ST. ANN, No. 468.

They overcame by the blood of the Lamb, and by the word of their testimony; and they loved not their lives unto the death.

f THE Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain;
His blood-red banner streams afar:
Who follows in His train?
mf Who best can drink His cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain,
dim Who patient bears His cross below,—
f He follows in His train.

mf 2 The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave,
Who saw his Master in the sky,
cr And called on Him to save.
mp Like Him, with pardon on his tongue,
In midst of mortal pain,
cr He prayed for them that did the wrong:
f Who follows in his train?

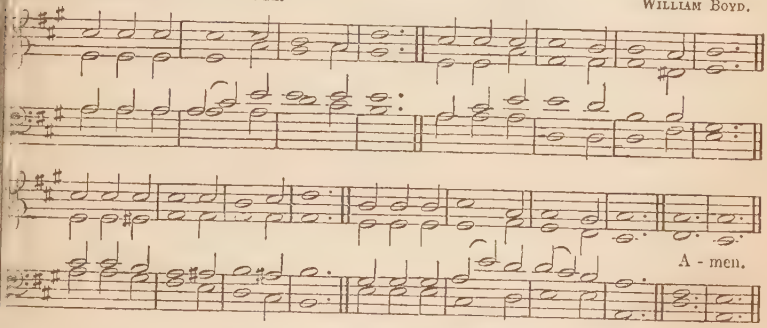
f 3 A glorious band, the chosen few
On whom the Spirit came,
Twelve valiant saints,—their hope they knew,
And mocked the cross and flame.
They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane,
They bowed their necks the death to feel:
Who follows in their train?

mf 4 A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed.
They climbed the steep ascent of heaven
Through peril, toil, and pain;
p O God! to us may grace be given
cr To follow in their train! Amen.

REGINALD HEBER.

251 PENTECOST. L. M.

WILLIAM BOYD.



Be strong in the Lord, and in the strength of His might.

mf FIGHT the good fight with all thy might,
Christ is thy strength, and Christ thy right;
Lay hold on life, and it shall be
Thy joy and crown eternally.

2 Run the straight race through God's good grace;
Lift up thine eyes, and seek His face.
Life with its path before us lies,
cr Christ is the way, and Christ the prize.

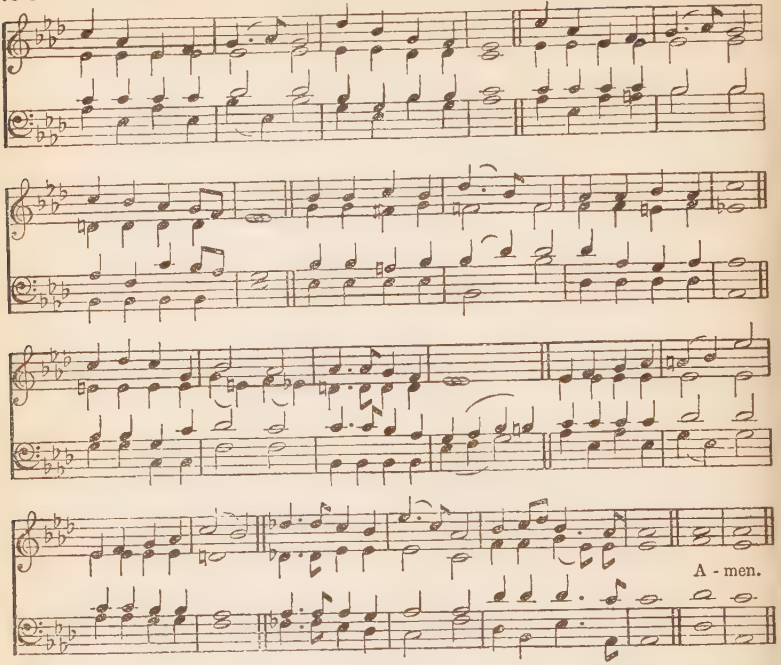
mf 3 Cast care aside, lean on thy Guide;
His boundless mercy will provide;
Trust, and thy trusting soul shall prove
cr Christ is its life, and Christ its love.

mf 4 Faint not, nor fear, His arms are near,
He changeth not, and thou art dear;
cr Only believe, and thou shalt see
That Christ is all in all to thee. Amen.

J. S. B. MONSELL.

252 ROSMORE. 6.5.6.5.6.5. D.

H. G. Tremdath.



Who is on the Lord's side?

mf WHO is on the Lord's side?
Who will serve the King?
Who will be His helpers
Other lives to bring?
Who will leave the world's side?
Who will face the foe?
Who is on the Lord's side?
Who for Him will go?
f By Thy call of mercy,
By Thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side,
Saviour, we are Thine!

mp 2 Not for weight of glory,
Not for crown and palm,
Enter we the army,
Raise the warrior psalm;
cr But for love that claimeth
Lives for whom He died,
He whom Jesus nameth
Must be on His side.
mf By Thy love constraining,
By Thy grace divine,
cr We are on the Lord's side,
Saviour, we are Thine!

mf 3 Jesus, Thou hast bought us,
Not with gold or gem,
But with Thine own life-blood,
For Thy diadem.
cr With Thy blessing filling
Each who comes to Thee,
Thou hast made us willing,
Thou hast made us free.
f By Thy grand redemption,
By Thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side,
Saviour, we are Thine!

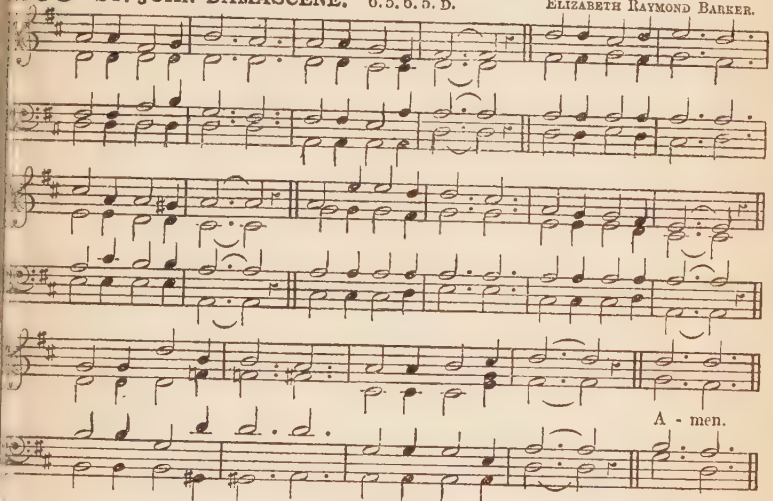
mp 4 Fierce may be the conflict,
Strong may be the foe,
f But the King's own army
None can overthrow.
Round His standard ranging,
Victory is secure;
p For His truth unchanging
Makes the triumph sure.
Joyfully enlisting,
By Thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side,
Saviour, we are Thine!

mf 5 Chosen to be soldiers
In an alien land,
'Chosen, called, and faithful,'
For our Captain's band,
cr In the service royal,
Let us not grow cold;
Let us be right loyal,
Noble, true, and bold.
f Master, Thou wilt keep us
By Thy grace divine,
Always on the Lord's side,
Saviour, always Thine! Amen.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

253 **ST. JOHN DAMASCENE.** 6.5.6.5. D.

ELIZABETH RAYMOND BARKER.



He that overcometh shall inherit all things.

mp THOSE eternal bowers
Man hath never trod,
Those unfading flowers
Round the throne of God:
cr Who may hope to gain them
After weary fight?
Who at length attain them,
Clad in robes of white?

mf 2 He who gladly barters
All on earthly ground:
He who, like the martyrs,
Says, 'I will be crowned:'
He whose one oblation
Is a life of love,
cr He shall win salvation
With the blest above.

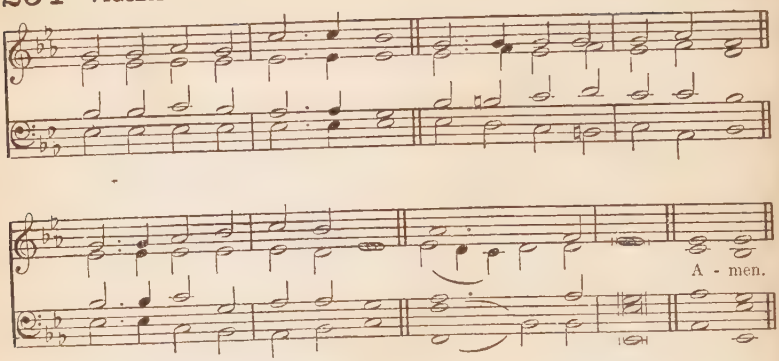
mf 3 Shame upon you, legions
Of the heavenly King,
Denizens of regions
Past imagining!
mp What! with pipe and tabor
Fool away the light,
cr When He bids you labor,
When He tells you 'Fight!'

mf 4 While I do my duty,
Struggling through the tide,
dim Whisper Thou of beauty
On the other side!
Tell who will the story
Of our now distress,
mf O the future glory!
O the loveliness! Amen.

JOHN DAMASCENE, *tr.* NEALE.

254 VIGILATE. 7.7.7.3.

W. H. Monk.



Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation.

mp CHRISTIAN! seek not yet repose,
cr Cast thy dreams of ease away;
Thou art in the midst of foes:
p 'Watch and pray.'

mf 2 Principalities and powers,
Mustering their unseen array,
Wait for thy unguarded hours:
p 'Watch and pray.'

mf 3 Gird thy heavenly armor on,
Wear it ever night and day;
cr Ambushed lies the evil one:
p 'Watch and pray.'

f 4 Hear the victors who o'ercame;
dim Still they mark each warrior's way;
cr All with one sweet voice exclaim,
p 'Watch and pray.'

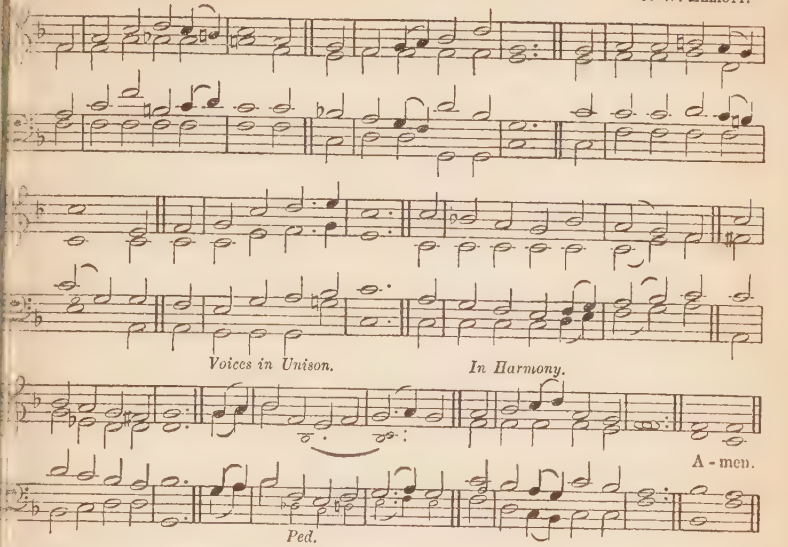
mf 5 Hear, above all, hear thy Lord,
Him thou lovest to obey;
p Hide within thy heart His word,
'Watch and pray.'

mf 6 Watch, as if on that alone
Hung the issue of the day;
Pray, that help may be sent down:
'Watch and pray.' Amen.

Charlotte Elliott.

355 DAY OF REST. 7.6.7.6. D.

J. W. Elliott.



If any man serve Me, let him follow Me; and where I am, there shall also My servant be.

O JESUS, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end;
Be Thou forever near me,
My Master and my Friend!

f I shall not fear the battle
If Thou art by my side,
Nor wander from the pathway
If Thou wilt be my Guide.

p 2 O let me feel Thee near me:
The world is ever near,—
I see the sights that dazzle,
The tempting sounds I hear:
My foes are ever near me,
Around me and within;
But, Jesus, draw Thou nearer,
And shield my soul from sin.

mp 3 O let me hear Thee speaking
In accents clear and still,
Above the storms of passion,
The murmurs of self-will.

cr O speak to reassure me,
To hasten or control;
O speak, and make me listen,
Thou Guardian of my soul.

mf 4 O Jesus, Thou hast promised,
To all who follow Thee,
That where Thou art in glory
There shall Thy servant be;
And, Jesus, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end;

dim O give me grace to follow
My Master and my Friend.

mp 5 O let me see Thy footmarks,
And in them plant mine own;
My hope to follow duly
Is in Thy strength alone.

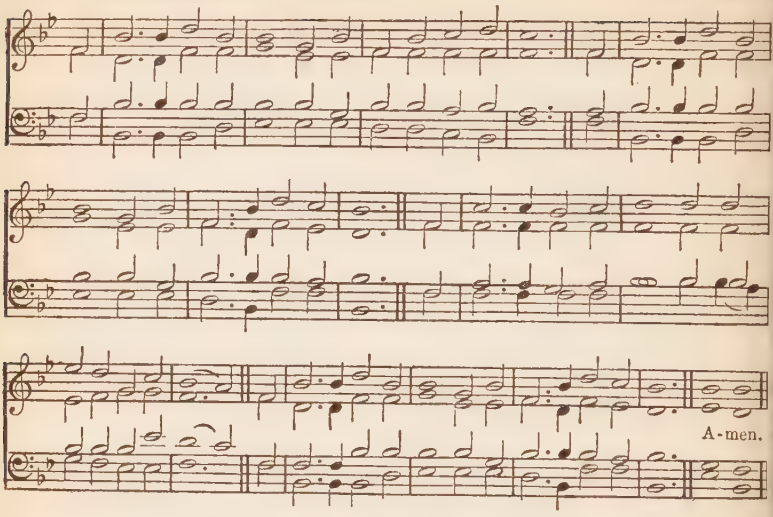
cr O guide me, call me, draw me,
Uphold me to the end;

mf And then in heaven receive me,
My Saviour and my Friend. Amen.

J. E. Bode.

256 MORNING LIGHT. 7.6.7.6. D.

G. J. WEBB.



A good soldier of Jesus Christ.

mf STAND up! stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss;
f From victory unto victory
His army He shall lead,
Till every foe is vanquished
And Christ is Lord indeed.

mf 2 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day:
Ye that are men, now serve Him,
Against unnumbered foes;
cr Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

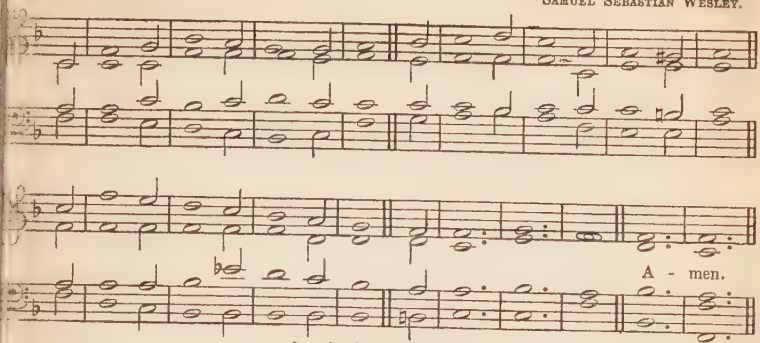
mf 3 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
Stand in His strength alone;
dim The arm of flesh will fail you,
Ye dare not trust your own:
mf Put on the Gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer;
cr Where duty calls or danger,
Be never wanting there!

mf 4 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
f To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
ff He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally. Amen.

GEORGE DUFFIELD.

157 WIMBLEDON. 8.8.8.4.

SAMUEL SEBASTIAN WESLEY.



See also SABUM, No. 153.

Christ is all, and in all.

p JESUS, my Saviour, look on me,
For I am weary and opprest;
I come to cast myself on Thee:
Thou art my Rest.

p 2 Look down on me, for I am weak,
I feel the toilsome journey's length;
Thine aid omnipotent I seek:
cr Thou art my Strength.

p 3 I am bewildered on my way,
Dark and tempestuous is the night;
cr O send Thou forth some cheering ray:
f Thou art my Light.

mf 4 When Satan flings his fiery darts,
I look to Thee; my terrors cease;
Thy cross a hiding-place imparts:
dim Thou art my Peace.

p 5 Vain is all human help for me,
I dare not trust an earthly prop;
cr My sole reliance is on Thee:
Thou art my Hope.

pp 6 Standing alone on Jordan's brink,
In that tremendous, latest strife,
cr Thou wilt not suffer me to sink:
Thou art my Life.

mf 7 Thou wilt my every want supply,
E'en to the end, whate'er befall;
cr Through life, in death, eternally,
f Thou art my All. Amen.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

258 REDEMPTION. 8.7.8.7.8.7. (First Tune.) CHARLES GOUNOD.

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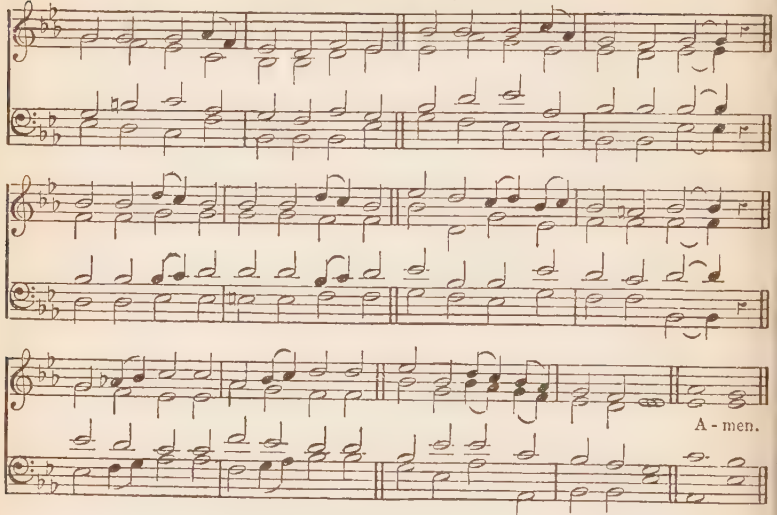


Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.

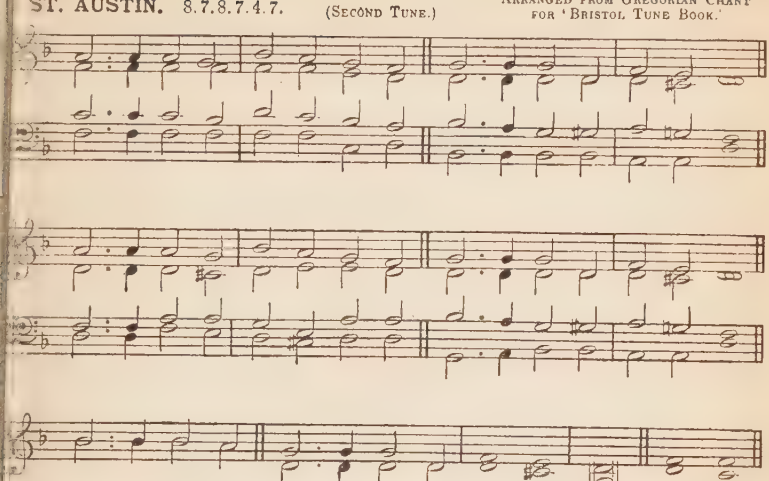
mf JESUS, Lord of life and glory,
Bend from heaven Thy gracious ear,
While our waiting souls adore Thee,
Friend of helpless sinners, hear:
p By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord.

mf 2 Taught by Thine unerring Spirit,
Boldly we draw nigh to God,
Only in Thy spotless merit,
Only through Thy precious blood:
p By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord.

mp 3 From the depth of nature's blindness,
From the hardening power of sin,
From all malice and unkindness,
From the pride that lurks within,
p By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord.

mp 4 When temptation sorely presses,
In the day of Satan's power,
In our times of deep distresses,
In each dark and trying hour,
p By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord.

ST. AUSTIN. 8.7.8.7.4.7. (Second Tune.) Arranged from Gregorian Chant for 'Bristol Tune Book.'



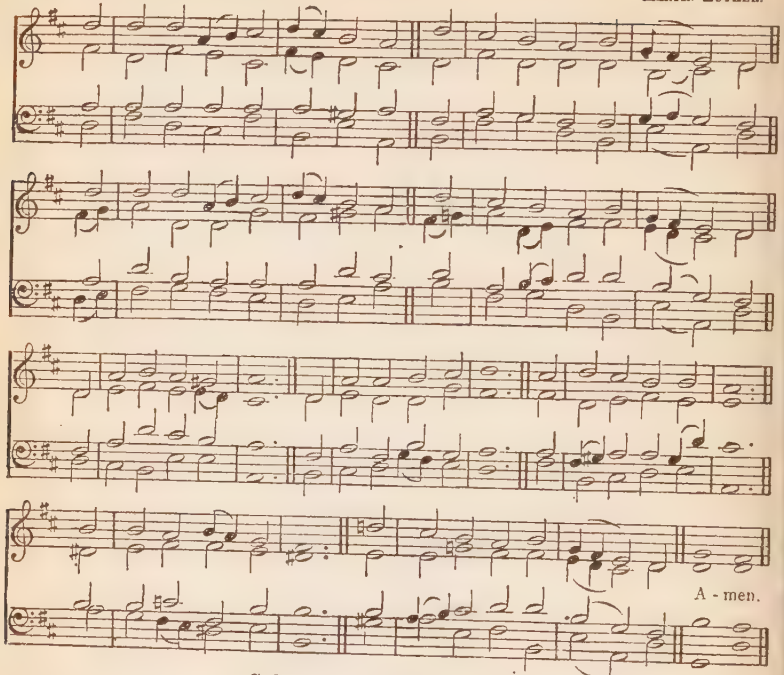
mf 5 When the world around is smiling,
In the time of wealth and ease,
Earthly joys our hearts beguiling,
In the day of health and peace,
p By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord.

p 6 In the weary hours of sickness,
In the times of grief and pain,
When we feel our mortal weakness,
When the creature's help is vain,
pp By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord.

p 7 In the solemn hour of dying,
In the awful judgment day,
cr May our souls, on Thee relying,
mf Find Thee still our Rock and Stay:
p By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord. Amen.

J. J. Cummins.

259 EIN' FESTE BURG. 8.7.8.7.6.6.6.6.7. MARTIN LUTHER.



God is our refuge and strength.

f A SAFE stronghold our God is still,
A trusty shield and weapon;
By His right arm He surely will
Free from all ills that happen.
mf For still our ancient foe
Doth seek to work us woe;
Strong mail of craft and power
He weareth in this hour;
On earth is not his fellow.

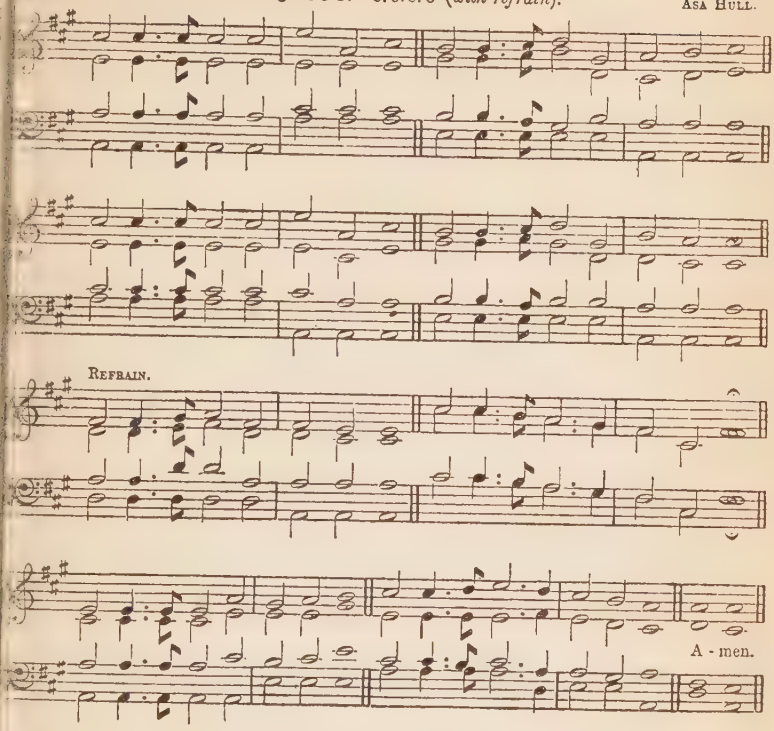
mp 2 Stood we alone in our own might,
Our striving would be losing;
cr For us the one true Man doth fight,
mf The Man of God's own choosing.
Who is this chosen One?
cr 'Tis Jesus Christ, the Son,
f The Lord of Hosts, 'tis He
Who wins the victory
In every field of battle.

f 3 And were the world with devils filled,
And watching to devour us,
Our souls to fear we need not yield,
They cannot overpower us;
Their dreaded Prince no more
Can harm us as of yore;
His rage we can endure;
For lo! his doom is sure,
ff A word shall overthrow him.

mf 4 Still must they leave God's word its might,
For which no thanks they merit;
Still is He with us in the fight,
With His good gifts and Spirit.
mp Even should they, in the strife,
Take kindred, goods, and life.
cr We freely let them go,
They profit not the foe;
f With us remains the kingdom.

LUTHER (a combination of translations). Amen.

260 **STAND UP FOR JESUS.** 8.8.8.8 (*with refrain*). ASA HULL.



Stand fast in the Lord.

f STAND up for Jesus, Christian, stand!
Firm as a rock on ocean's strand!
Beat back the waves of sin that roll
Like raging floods around thy soul!

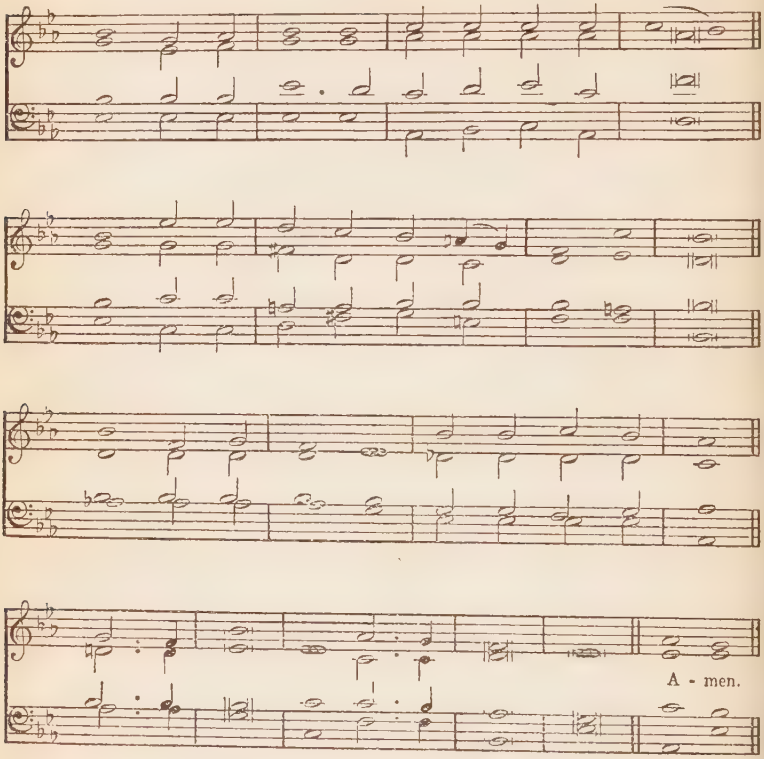
Stand up for Jesus, nobly stand!
Firm as a rock on ocean's strand!
Stand up, His righteous cause defend;
Stand up for Jesus, your best Friend.

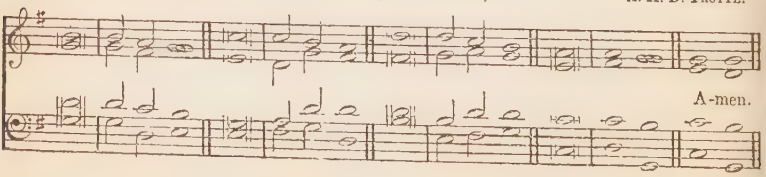
mf 2 Stand up for Jesus, Christian, stand!
Sound forth His Name o'er sea and land!
Spread ye His glorious Word abroad,
Till all the world shall own Him Lord!

or 3 Stand up for Jesus, Christian, stand!
Lift high the cross with steadfast hand!
Till heathen lands with wondering eye
Its rising glory shall descry.

f 4 Stand up for Jesus, Christian, stand!
Soon with the blest immortal band
We'll dwell for aye, life's journey o'er,
In realms of light on heaven's bright shore. Amen.

ASA HULL.
N 3

261 **ST. PHILIP.** 10.10.10.4. (First Tune.) Sir Joseph Barnby.

METRICAL CHANT. 10.10.10.4. (Second Tune.) A. H. D. Troyte.



I am glorified in them.

mf FOR all the saints who from their labors rest,
Who Thee by faith before the world confessed,
cr Thy Name, O Jesus, be forever blest.
f Hallelujah!

f 2 Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress, and their Might;
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight;
Thou in the darkness drear their one true Light.
Hallelujah!

mf 3 O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
cr And win, with them, the victor's crown of gold.
f Hallelujah!

mf 4 O blest communion! fellowship divine!
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine,
cr Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine.
Hallelujah!

p 5 And, when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
cr And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong.
f Hallelujah!

mp 6 The golden evening brightens in the west;
Soon, soon, to faithful warriors comes their rest;
p Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest.
cr Hallelujah!

f 7 But lo! there breaks a yet more glorious day,
The saints triumphant rise in bright array;
The King of glory passes on His way;
Hallelujah!

ff 8 From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Hallelujah! Amen.

W. W. How.

262 ST. GERTRUDE. 6, 5, 6, 5, 6, 5. D.

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

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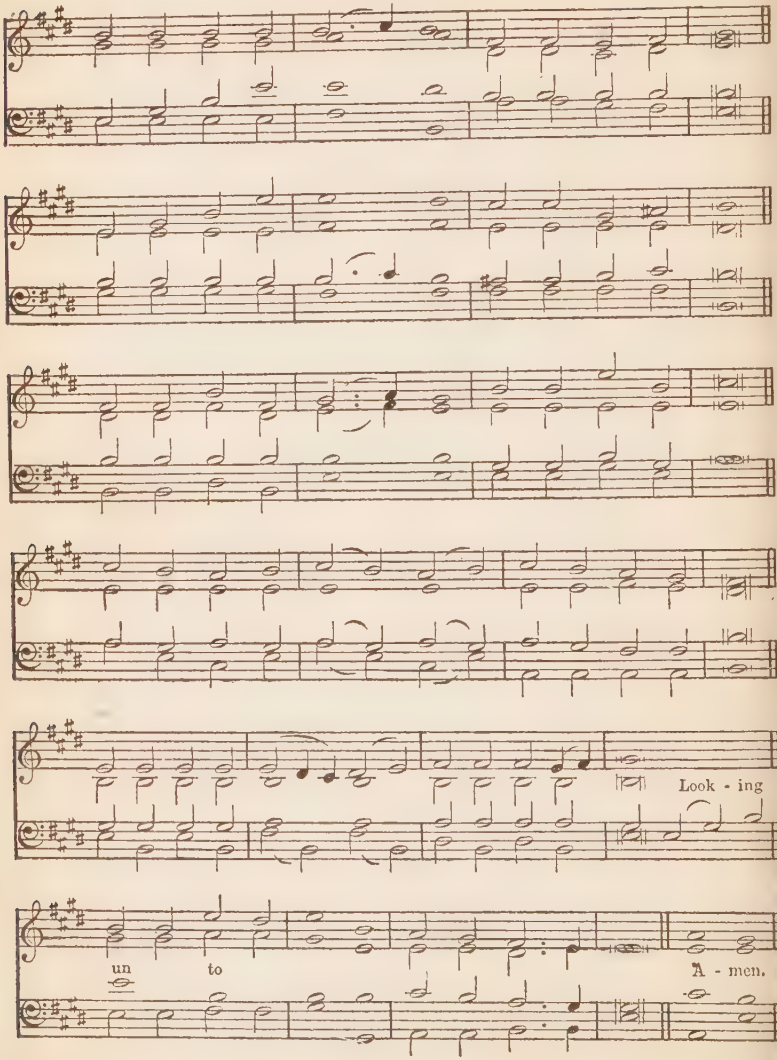


Temptation and Conflict

Be strong and of a good courage, .. and the Lord, He it is that doth go before you.

f ONWARD, Christian soldiers, marching as to war,
Looking unto Jesus, who is gone before.
Christ, the Royal Master, leads against the foe,
Forward into battle see His banners go.

ff *Onward, Christian soldiers, marching as to war,*
Looking unto Jesus, who is gone before.

f 2 At the name of Jesus, Satan's host doth flee;
On, then, Christian soldiers, on to victory!
Hell's foundations quiver at the shout of praise:
Brothers, lift your voices; loud your anthems raise.

ff *Onward, Christian soldiers, marching as to war,*
Looking unto Jesus, who is gone before.

f 3 Like a mighty army, moves the Church of God;
mf Brothers, we are treading where the saints have trod:
We are not divided, all one body we—
cr One in hope and doctrine, one in charity.

ff *Onward, Christian soldiers, marching as to war,*
Looking unto Jesus, who is gone before.

mp 4 Crowns and thrones may perish, kingdoms rise and wane;
cr But the Church of Jesus constant will remain:
f Gates of hell can never 'gainst that Church prevail:
We have Christ's own promise, that can never fail.

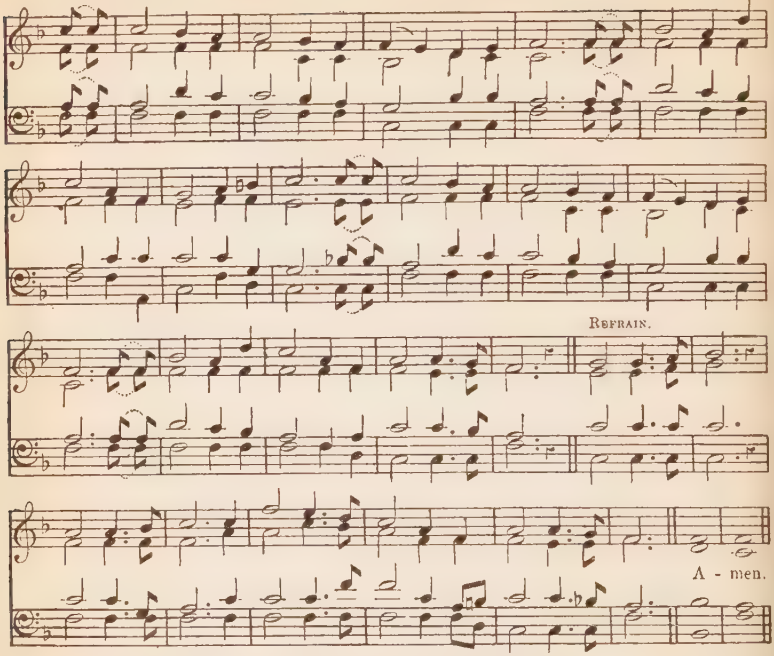
ff *Onward, Christian soldiers, marching as to war,*
Looking unto Jesus, who is gone before.

f 5 Onward, then, ye people, join our happy throng;
Blend with ours your voices in the triumph-song;
ff Glory, praise, and honor unto Christ the King,
This through countless ages men and angels sing.

Onward, Christian soldiers, marching as to war,
Looking unto Jesus, who is gone before. Amen.

S. Baring-Gould.

263 HIDING IN THEE. 11.11.11.11. (*with refrain*).

IRA D. SANKEY.

My strong Rock, for a house of defence.

mp OH, safe to the Rock that is higher than I
My soul in its conflicts and sorrows would fly;
So sinful, so weary, Thine, Thine would I be;
cr Thou blest 'Rock of Ages,' I'm hiding in Thee.
Hiding in Thee, hiding in Thee—
f *Thou blest 'Rock of Ages,' I'm hiding in Thee.*

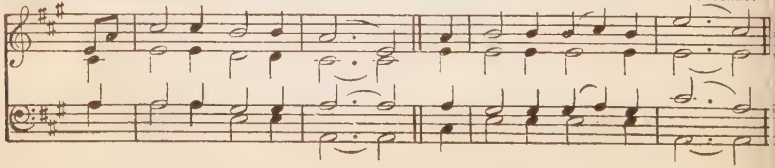
mp 2 In the calm of the noon-tide, in sorrow's lone hour,
In times when temptation casts o'er me its power.
In the tempests of life, on its wide, heaving sea,
cr Thou blest 'Rock of Ages,' I'm hiding in Thee.

mf 3 How oft in the conflict, when pressed by the foe,
I have fled to my Refuge and breathed out my woe!
How often when trials like sea-billows roll,
Have I hidden in Thee, O Thou Rock of my soul! Amen.

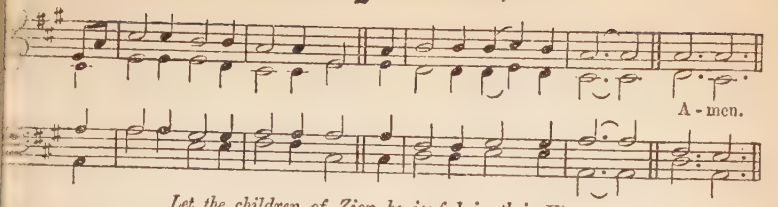
W. O. CUSHING.

264 BARBER. S. M.

ARRANGED FROM MOZART.



8. Courage and Cheer



Let the children of Zion be joyful in their King.

f COME, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

f 2 Let those refuse to sing
That never knew our God;
But children of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

f 3 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

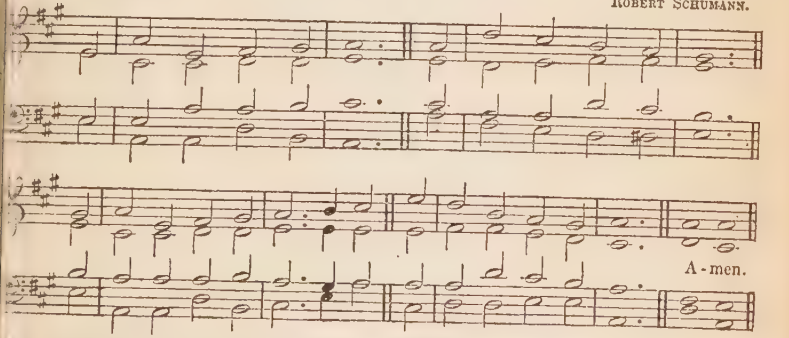
4 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

f 5 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry; [ground,
cr We're marching through Immanuel's
To fairer worlds on high. Amen.

ISAAC WATTS.

65 BUCER. S.M.

ROBERT SCHUMANN.



Wait on the Lord; be of good courage, and He shall strengthen thine heart: wait, I say, on the Lord.

p YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take;
Loud to the praise of love divine,
Bid every string awake.

p 2 Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home,
And nearer to our house above
We every moment come.

3 His grace will to the end
Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the spark divine.

mp 4 When we in darkness walk,
Nor feel the heavenly flame,
cr Then is the time to trust our God,
And rest upon His name.

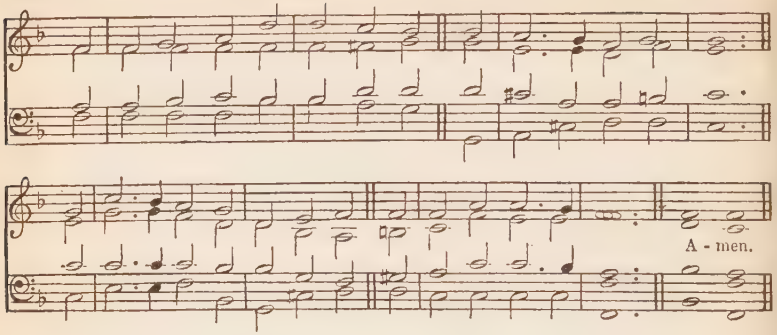
mf 5 Soon shall our doubts and fears
Subside at His control;
cr His lovingkindness shall break through
The midnight of the soul.

mf 6 Blest is the man, O God,
That stays himself on Thee!
cr Who wait for Thy salvation, Lord,
f Shall Thy salvation see. Amen.

A. M. TOPLADY.

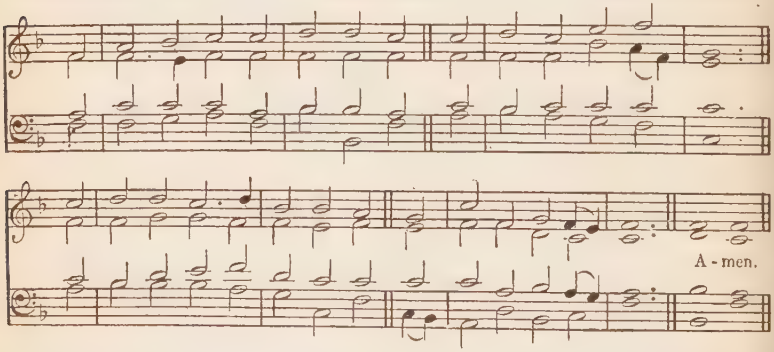
266 NORTHREPPS. C. M. (First Tune.)

Josiah Booth.



SOLOMON. C. M. (Second Tune.)

From G. F. Handel.



Let not your heart be troubled.

mp LET not your hearts with anxious thoughts
Be troubled or dismayed;
cr But trust in Providence divine,
And trust My gracious aid.

2 I to My Father's house return;
There numerous mansions stand,
mf And glory manifold abounds
Through all the happy land.

mp 3 I go your entrance to secure,
And your abode prepare;
cr Regions unknown are safe to you,
When I, your friend, am there.

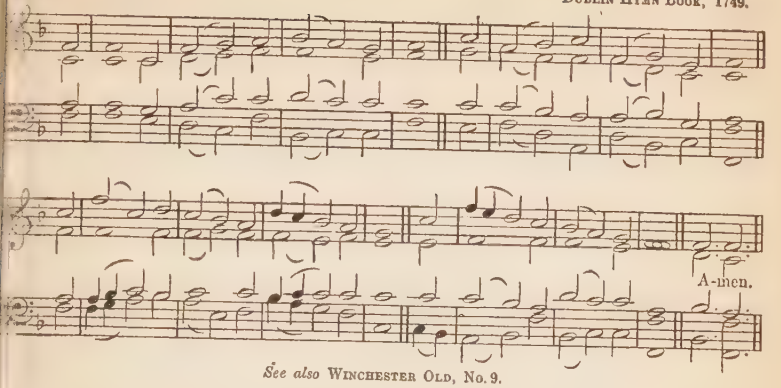
4 Thence shall I come, when ages close,
To take you home with Me;
mf There we shall meet to part no more,
And still together be.

5 I am the Way, the Truth, the Life:
No son of human race,
But such as I conduct and guide,
Shall see My Father's face. Amen.

William Robertson.

267 IRISH. C. M.

'Dublin Hymn Book,' 1749.



See also Winchester Old, No. 9.

They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength.

SUPREME in wisdom as in power
The Rock of Ages stands;
Though Him thou canst not see, nor trace
The working of His hands.

mf 2 He gives the conquest to the weak,
Supports the fainting heart,
cr And courage in the evil hour
His heavenly aids impart.

mp 3 Mere human power shall fast decay,
And youthful vigor cease;
cr But they who wait upon the Lord
In strength shall still increase.

mf 4 They with unwearied feet shall tread
The path of life divine;
cr With growing ardor onward move,
With growing brightness shine.

f 5 On eagles' wings they mount, they soar,
Their wings are faith and love,
cr Till, past the cloudy regions here,
They rise to heaven above. Amen.

Isaac Watts (*altd.*).

268 IRISH. C. M.

We have a strong city; salvation will God appoint for walls and bulwarks.

mf HOW glorious Zion's courts appear,
The city of our God!
His throne He hath established here,
Here fixed His loved abode.

cr 2 Its walls, defended by His grace,
No power shall e'er o'erthrow,
Salvation is its bulwark sure
Against the assailing foe.

f 3 Lift up the everlasting gates,
The doors wide open fling;
Enter, ye nations, who obey
The statutes of our King.

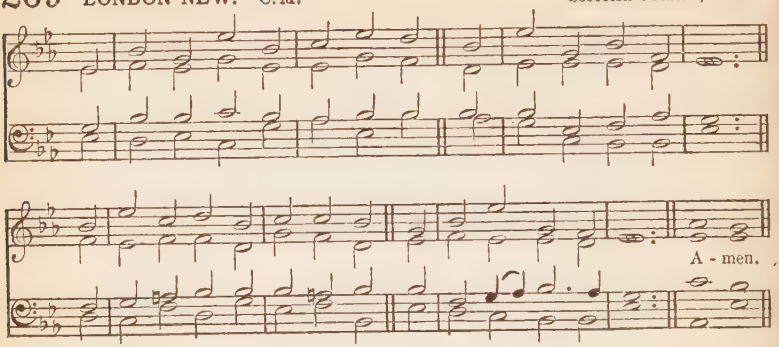
4 Here shall ye taste unmingled joys,
And dwell in perfect peace,
Ye, who have known Jehovah's name,
And trusted in His grace.

ff 5 Trust in the Lord, forever trust,
And banish all your fears;
Strength in the Lord Jehovah dwells
Eternal as His years. Amen.

Isaac Watts (*altd.*).

269 LONDON NEW. C.M.

'Scottish Psalter,' 1635.



If God be for us, who can be against us?

mf LET Christian faith and hope dispel
The fears of guilt and woe;
cr The Lord Almighty is our friend,
And who can prove a foe?

mp 2 He who His Son, most dear and loved,
Gave up for us to die,
cr Shall He not all things freely give
That goodness can supply?

mf 3 Behold the best, the greatest gift,
Of everlasting love!
Behold the pledge of peace below,
And perfect bliss above!

cr 4 Where is the judge who can condemn,
Since God hath justified?
Who shall charge those with guilt or crime
For whom the Saviour died?

mp 5 The Saviour died, but rose again
cr Triumphant from the grave;
mf And pleads our cause at God's right hand,
Omnipotent to save.

mf 6 Who then can e'er divide us more
From Jesus and His love,
Or break the sacred chain that binds
The earth to heaven above?

mp 7 Let troubles rise, and terrors frown,
And days of darkness fall;
cr Through Him all dangers we'll defy,
And more than conquer all.

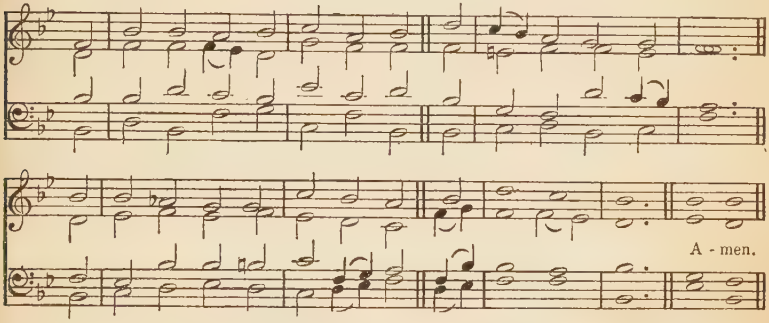
mf 8 Nor death, nor life, nor earth, nor hell,
Nor time's destroying sway,
Can e'er efface us from His heart,
Or make His love decay.

mf 9 Each future period that will bless
As it has blessed the past;
cr He loved us from the first of time,
He loves us to the last. Amen.

ANON. and JOHN LOGAN.

270 MORNING. 8.6.8.4.

J. G. WERNER'S 'CHORALBUCH,' 1815.



The bright and morning star.

mp THE gloomy night will soon be past,
cr The morning will appear,
The rays of blessèd light at last
Each eye will cheer.

mf 2 Thou bright and morning Star, Thy light
Will to our joy be seen;
cr Thou, Lord, wilt meet our longing sight—
No cloud between.

mf 3 Thy love sustains us on our way
While pilgrims here below;
Thou dost, O Saviour, day by day,
Thy grace bestow.

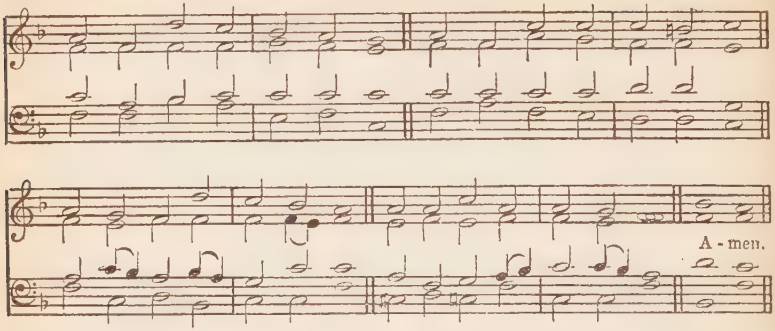
mp 4 But oh! the more we learn of Thee
And Thy rich mercy prove,
cr The more we long Thy face to see,
And know Thy love.

mf 5 Then shine, Thou bright and morning Star,
cr Dispel the dreary gloom;
Oh, take from sin and grief afar
Thy people home. Amen.

S. PRIDEAUX TREGELLES.

271 UNIVERSITY COLLEGE. 7.7.7.7.

H. J. Gauntlett.



Fight the good fight of the faith, lay hold on the life eternal.

mf MUCH in sorrow, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go!
cr Fight the fight, though worn with strife,
Strengthened with the bread of life.

f 2 Onward, Christians, onward go!
Join the war, and face the foe;
Faint not! much doth yet remain,
dim Dreary is the long campaign.

f 3 Shrink not, Christians! will ye yield?
Will ye quit the painful field?
Will ye flee in danger's hour?
Know ye not your Captain's power?

mf 4 Let your drooping hearts be glad;
March, in heavenly armor clad;
Fight, nor think the battle long,
f Victory soon shall tune your song.

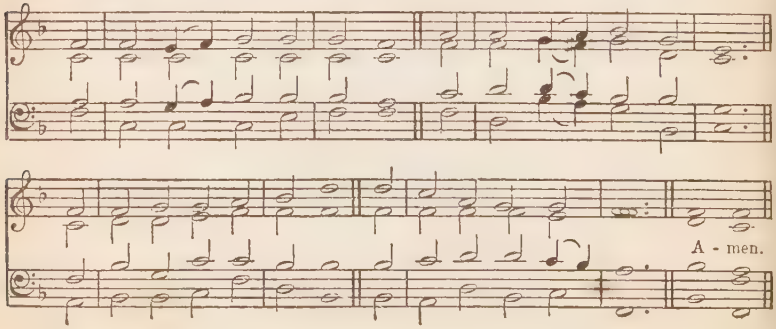
mp 5 Let not sorrow dim your eye,
cr Soon shall every tear be dry;
mf Let not fears your course impede,
f Great your strength, if great your need.

f 6 Onward then to battle move,
More than conquerors ye shall prove;
cr Though opposed by many a foe,
ff Christian soldiers, onward go! Amen.

H. K. White, and others.

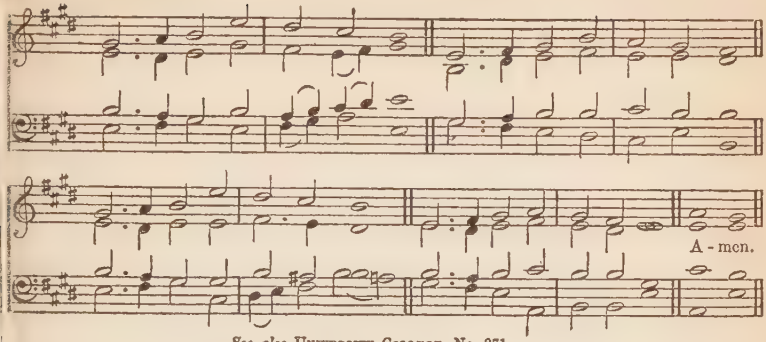
MORLAIX. 7.6.7.6.

J. H. Knecht.



272 INNOCENTS. 7.7.7.7.

'Parish Choir,' 1851.



See also University College, No. 271.

The ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs.

mf CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey sweetly sing:
cr Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in His works and ways.

mf 2 We are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod:
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

f 3 Shout, ye little flock and blest;
You on Jesus' throne shall rest:
There your seat is now prepared,
There your kingdom and reward.

f 4 Lift your eyes, ye sons of light,
Zion's city is in sight;
There our endless home shall be,
There our Lord we soon shall see.

mf 5 Fear not, brethren; joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
cr Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.

mf 6 Lord, obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below;
cr Only Thou our leader be
f And we still will follow Thee. Amen.

John Cennick.

273 MORLAIX. 7.6.7.6.

The Lord is my light and my salvation.

mf GOD is my strong salvation,
What foe have I to fear?
In darkness and temptation,
My light, my help, is near.

2 Though hosts encamp around me,
Firm to the fight I stand:
cr What terror can confound me,
With God at my right hand?

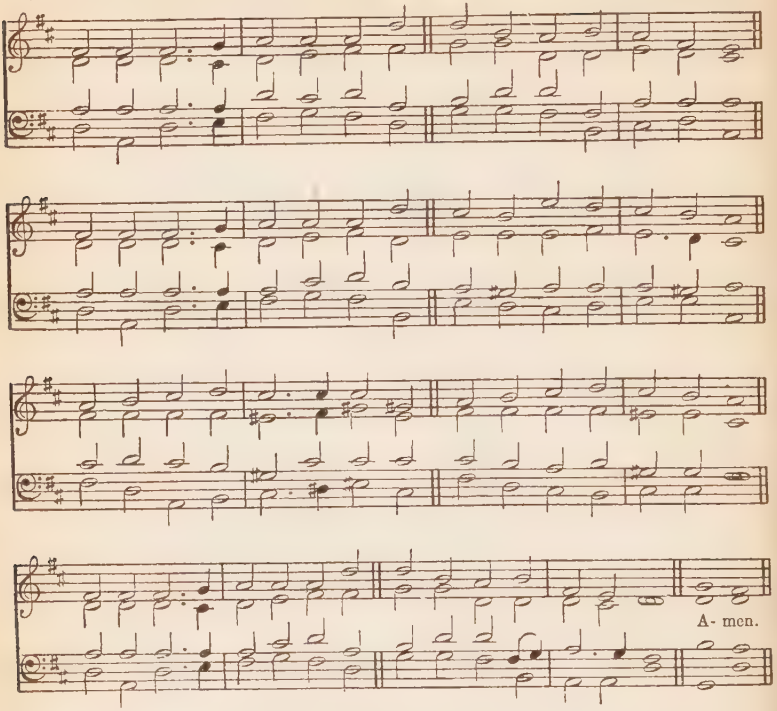
mf 3 Place on the Lord reliance;
My soul, with courage wait;
His truth be thine affiance,
When faint and desolate.

f 4 His might thy heart shall strengthen,
His love thy joy increase;
mf Mercy thy days shall lengthen;
The Lord will give thee peace. Amen.

James Montgomery.

274 ST. ASAPH. 8.7.8.7. D. (First Tune.)

William S. Bambridge.



Called in one hope of your calling.

mf THROUGH the night of doubt and sorrow
Onward goes the pilgrim band,
Singing songs of expectation,
Marching to the promised land.

2 Clear before us through the darkness
Gleams and burns the guiding Light;
Brother clasps the hand of brother,
Stepping fearless through the night.

3 One the Light of God's own presence
O'er His ransomed people shed,
Chasing far the gloom and terror,
Brightening all the path we tread:

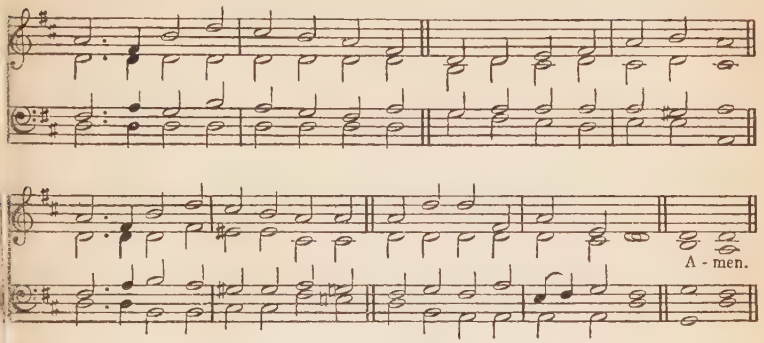
4 One the object of our journey,
One the faith which never tires,
One the earnest looking forward,
One the hope our God inspires;

mf 5 One the strain that lips of thousands
Lift as from the heart of one;
One the conflict, one the peril,
cr One the march in God begun:

f 6 One the gladness of rejoicing
On the far eternal shore,
Where the One Almighty Father
Reigns in love for evermore. Amen.

B. S. Ingemann, *tr.* S. Baring-Gould.

ST. OSWALD. 8.7.8.7. (Second Tune.) J. B. Dykes.



Called in one hope of your calling.

mf THROUGH the night of doubt and sorrow
Onward goes the pilgrim band,
Singing songs of expectation,
Marching to the promised land.

2 Clear before us through the darkness
Gleams and burns the guiding Light;
Brother clasps the hand of brother,
Stepping fearless through the night.

3 One the Light of God's own presence
O'er His ransomed people shed,
Chasing far the gloom and terror,
Brightening all the path we tread:

4 One the object of our journey,
One the faith which never tires,
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One the hope our God inspires;

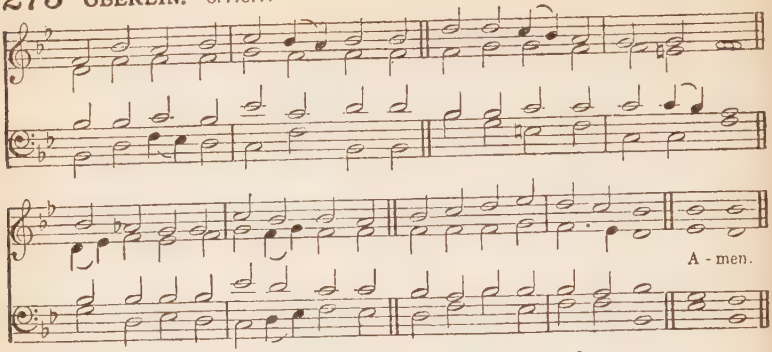
mf 5 One the strain that lips of thousands
Lift as from the heart of one;
One the conflict, one the peril,
cr One the march in God begun:

f 6 One the gladness of rejoicing
On the far eternal shore,
Where the One Almighty Father
Reigns in love for evermore. Amen.

B. S. Ingemann, *tr.* S. Baring-Gould.

275 OBERLIN. 8.7.8.7.

J. G. WERNER'S 'CHORALBUCH,' 1815.



Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong.

mf COURAGE, brother! do not stumble,
Though thy path be dark as night;
There's a star to guide the humble,—
cr 'Trust in God, and do the right.'

mp 2 Let the road be rough and dreary,
And its end far out of sight,
cr Foot it bravely! strong or weary,
mf Trust in God, and do the right.

3 Perish policy and cunning!
Perish all that fears the light!
Whether losing, whether winning,
cr Trust in God, and do the right.

mf 4 Trust no party, sect, or faction;
Trust no leaders in the fight;
But in every word and action
f Trust in God, and do the right.

mf 5 Trust no lovely forms of passion—
Fiends may look like angels bright;
Trust no custom, school, or fashion;
cr Trust in God, and do the right.

mp 6 Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
Some will flatter, some will slight:
cr Cease from man, and look above thee,—
f Trust in God, and do the right.

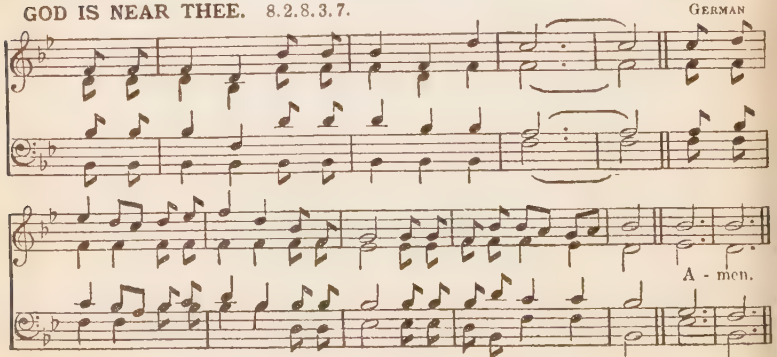
mf 7 Simple rule, and safest guiding,
Inward peace, and inward might,
Star upon our path abiding,—
f 'Trust in God, and do the right.'

mf 8 Courage, brother! do not stumble,
Though thy path be dark as night;
There's a star to guide the humble,—
f 'Trust in God, and do the right.'
Amen.

NORMAN MACLEOD.

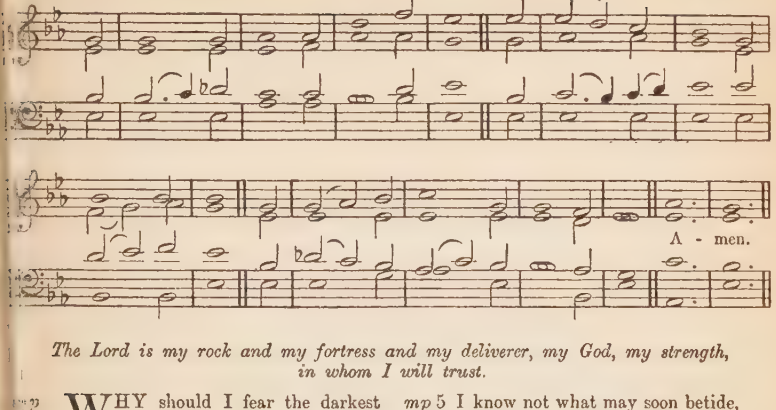
GOD IS NEAR THEE. 8.2.8.3.7.

GERMAN



276 ST. AIDAN. 8.8.8.

F. R. GREY.



The Lord is my rock and my fortress and my deliverer, my God, my strength, in whom I will trust.

p WHY should I fear the darkest hour,
Or tremble at the tempter's power?
Jesus vouchsafes to be my tower.

p 2 Though hot the fight, why quit the field?
Why must I either flee or yield,
f Since Jesus is my mighty shield?

3 When creature-comforts fade and die,
Worldlings may weep, but why should I?
Jesus still lives, and still is nigh.

4 Though all the flocks and herds were dead,
My soul a famine need not dread,
For Jesus is my living bread.

mp 5 I know not what may soon betide,
Or how my wants shall be supplied;
cr But Jesus knows, and will provide.

mp 6 Though sin would fill me with distress,
cr The Throne of Grace I dare address,
mf For Jesus is my righteousness.

p 7 Though faint my prayers, and cold my love,
cr My steadfast hope shall not remove,
While Jesus intercedes above.

mp 8 Against me earth and hell combine,
cr But on my side is power divine;
f Jesus is all, and He is mine. Amen.

JOHN NEWTON.

277 GOD IS NEAR THEE. 8.2.8.3.7.

Thou art near, O Lord.

GOD is near thee, therefore cheer thee,
Sad soul!
He'll defend thee when around thee
Billows roll,—
When around thee billows roll.

2 Calm thy sadness, look in gladness
On high!
Faint and weary, pilgrim, cheer thee,
Help is nigh!
Pilgrim, cheer thee, help is nigh.

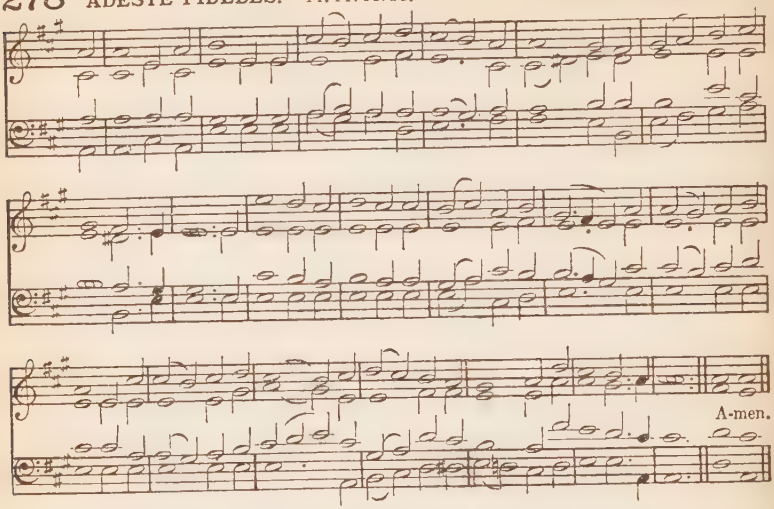
mp 3 Mark the sea-bird wildly wheeling
Through the skies!
cr God defends him, God attends him,
When he cries,—
God attends him when he cries.

p 4 God is near thee, therefore cheer thee,
Sad soul!
cr He'll defend thee, when around thee
Billows roll,—
When around thee billows roll.
Amen.

CURWEN'S 'STANDARD COURSE.'

278 ADESTE FIDELES. 11.11.11.11.

WEBBE'S 'ANTIPHONS,' 1792.



It was founded upon a rock.

mf HOW firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in His excellent Word!
What more can He say than to you He hath said,
To you, who for refuge to Jesus have fled?

mf 2 'Fear not, I am with thee; oh, be not dismayed!
For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
cr I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by My gracious, omnipotent hand.

mp 3 'When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
cr The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
mf For I will be with thee, thy trials to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

mp 4 'When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
cr My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply:
mf The flames shall not hurt thee; I only design
cr Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

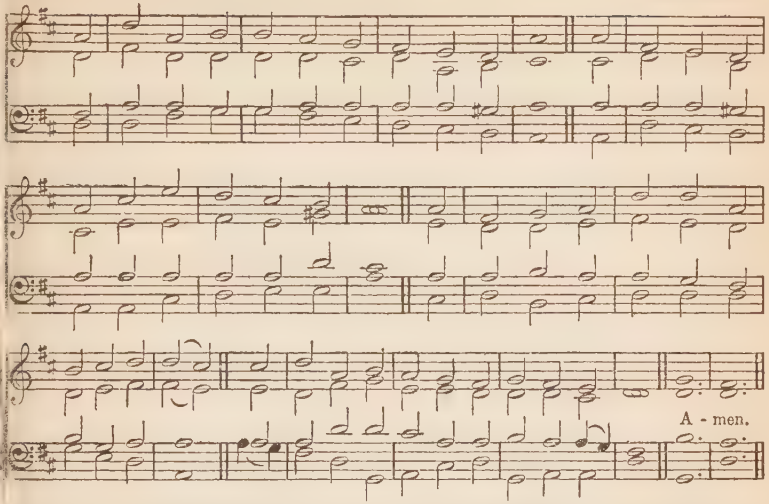
mf 5 'E'en down to old age all My people shall prove
cr My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
mp And then, when grey hairs shall their temples adorn,
dim Like lambs they shall still in My bosom be borne.

mp 6 'The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose
cr I will not—I will not desert to His foes;
f That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
ff I'll never—no, never—no, never forsake!' Amen.

GEORGE KEITH

279 STANLEY. 11.11.11.11.

JOHN STANLEY.



This is the name whereby He shall be called, 'Jehovah Tsidkenu,' that is, 'The Lord our Righteousness.'

p I ONCE was a stranger to grace and to God,
I knew not my danger, and felt not my load;
Though friends spoke in rapture of Christ on the tree,
'Jehovah Tsidkenu;' 'twas nothing to me.

mp 2 Like tears from the daughters of Zion that roll,
I wept when the waters went over His soul;
Yet thought not that my sins had nailed to the tree
'Jehovah Tsidkenu;' 'twas nothing to me.

cr 3 When free grace awoke me, by light from on high,
Then legal fears shook me, I trembled to die;
dim No refuge, no safety in self could I see—
'Jehovah Tsidkenu' my Saviour must be.

mp 4 My terrors all vanished before the sweet name;
cr My guilty fears banished, with boldness I came
To drink at the fountain, life giving and free,
mf 'Jehovah Tsidkenu' is all things to me.

mf 5 Even treading the valley, the shadow of death,
This watchword shall rally my faltering breath;
cr For if from life's fever my God set me free,
'Jehovah Tsidkenu' my death-song shall be.

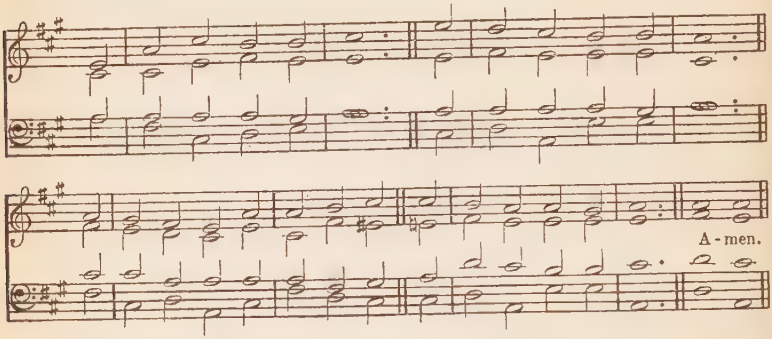
f 6 'Jehovah Tsidkenu!' my treasure and boast,
'Jehovah Tsidkenu!' I ne'er can be lost;
cr In Thee I shall conquer by flood and by field,
My cable, my anchor, my breastplate and shield! Amen.

R. M. McCHEYNE.

9. Trust and Resignation

280 ST. MICHAEL. S. M.

'Genevan Psalter,' 1543.



The sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed to us.

mp OH! what, if we are Christ's,
Is earthly shame or loss?
cr Bright shall the crown of glory be,
When we have borne the cross.

p 2 Keen was the trial once,
Bitter the cup of woe,
When martyred saints, baptized in blood,
Christ's sufferings shared below.

mf 3 Bright is their glory now,
Boundless their joy above,
Where, on the bosom of their God,
They rest in perfect love.

mp 4 Lord, may that grace be ours,
Like them in faith to bear
All that of sorrow, grief, or pain
May be our portion here:

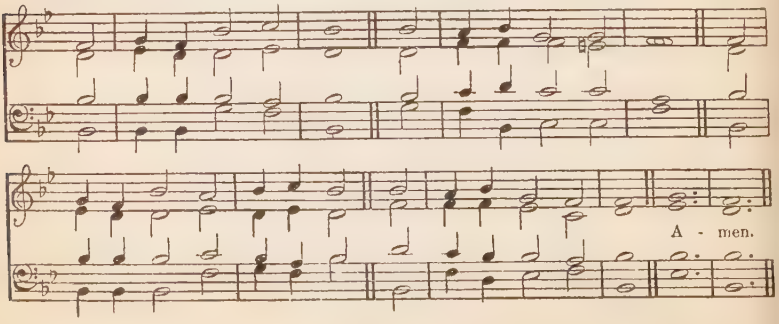
mp 5 Enough, if Thou at last
The word of blessing give,
And let us rest beneath Thy feet,
Where saints and angels live.

f 6 All glory, Lord, to Thee,
Whom heaven and earth adore;
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God for evermore. Amen.

Sir H. W. Baker.

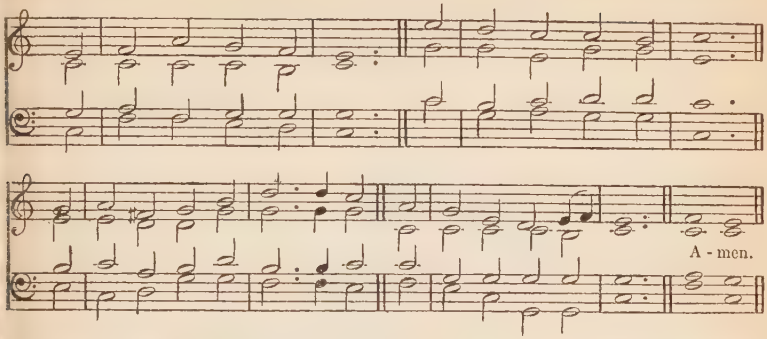
OLMUTZ. S. M.

Gregorian. Arranged by Lowell Mason.



281 ST. OLAVE. S.M.

H. J. GAUNTLETT.



Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in Him, and He shall bring it to pass.

mf COMMIT thou all thy griefs
And ways into His hands,
To His sure truth and tender care,
Who earth and heaven commands.

mf 2 Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey,
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
He shall prepare thy way.

mf 3 Thou on the Lord rely,
So safe shalt thou go on;
Fix on His work thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.

mp 4 No profit canst thou gain
By self-consuming care;
To Him commend thy cause; His ear
dim Attends the softest prayer.

mf 5 Thy everlasting truth,
Father! Thy ceaseless love,
Sees all Thy children's wants, and knows
What best for each will prove.

mf 6 And whatsoe'er Thou will'st
Thou dost, O King of kings;
What Thy unerring wisdom chose
Thy power to being brings.

7 When Thou arisest, Lord,
Who shall Thy work withstand?
When all Thy children want Thou giv'st,
cr Who, who shall stay Thy hand? Amen.

PAUL GERHARDT, *tr.* JOHN WESLEY.

282 OLMUTZ. S.M.

Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee.

f GIVE to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismayed;
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears,
God shall lift up thy head.

pp 2 Through waves, and clouds, and
He gently clears thy way; [storms,
Wait thou His time; so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

f 3 What though thou rulest not?
Yet heaven and earth and hell
Proclaim, God sitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well!

mf 4 Leave to His sovereign sway
To choose and to command;
So shalt thou, wondering, own His way
How wise, how strong His hand!

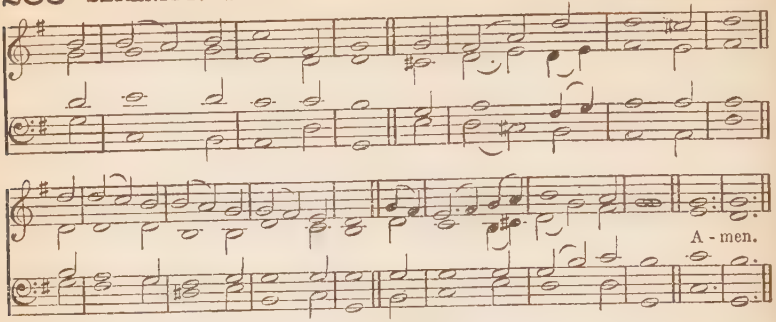
p 5 Thou seest our weakness, Lord;
Our hearts are known to Thee:
cr O lift Thou up the sinking hand,
Confirm the feeble knee.

mf 6 Let us, in life, in death,
Thy steadfast truth declare,
cr And publish with our latest breath
Thy love and guardian care. Amen.

PAUL GERHARDT, *tr.* JOHN WESLEY.

283 SERENITY. S. M.

CORNELIUS BRYAN.



My times are in Thy hand.

mp MY times are in Thy hand;
My God, I wish them there.
cr My life, my soul, my all, I leave
Entirely to Thy care.

mf 2 My times are in Thy hand,
Whatever they may be—
cr Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
As best may seem to Thee.

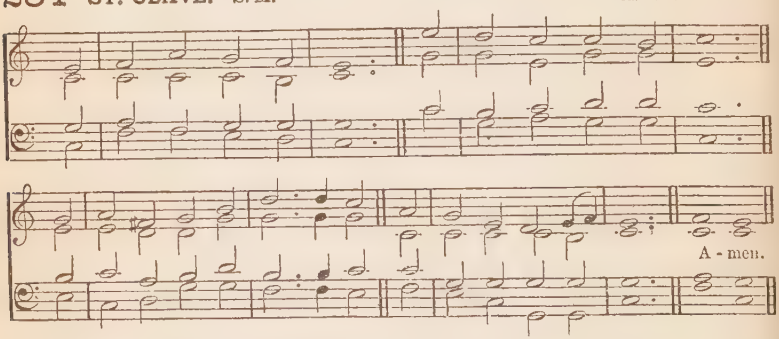
mp 3 My times are in Thy hand;
cr Why should I doubt or fear?
mf A Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.

4 My times are in Thy hand;
cr I'll always trust in Thee;
f And, after death, at Thy right hand
I shall forever be. Amen.

W. F. LLOYD.

284 ST. OLAVE. S. M.

H. J. GAUNTLETT.



Whether we live, therefore, or die, we are the Lord's.

mf JESUS, I live to Thee,
The loveliest and best;
cr My life in Thee, Thy life in me—
In Thy blest love I rest.

mp 2 Jesus, I die to Thee,
Whenever death shall come;
To die in Thee is life to me
In my eternal home.

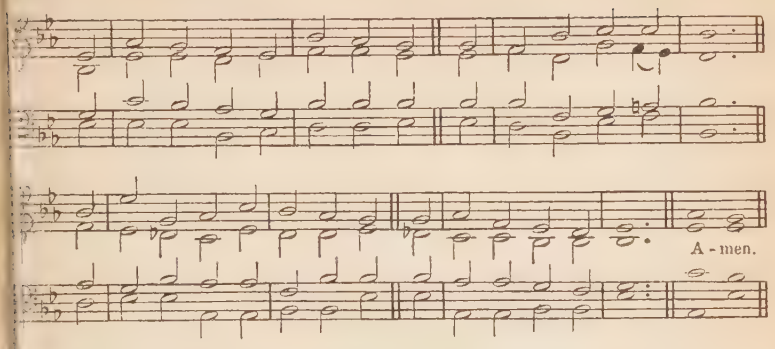
mf 3 Whether to live or die—
I know not which is best;
To live in Thee is bliss to me,
To die is endless rest.

mp 4 Living or dying, Lord,
I ask but to be Thine;
cr My life in Thee, Thy life in me,
mf Makes heaven forever mine. Amen.

HENRY HARBAUGH.

285 ST. FRANCES. C.M.

G. A. Lohr.



Have this mind in you which was also in Christ Jesus.

LORD, as to Thy dear cross we flee,
And plead to be forgiven,
So let Thy life our pattern be,
And form our souls for heaven.

2 Help us, through good report and ill,
Our daily cross to bear,
Like Thee, to do our Father's will,
Our brethren's griefs to share.

3 Let grace our selfishness expel,
Our earthliness refine,
And kindness in our bosoms dwell,
As free and true as Thine.

mp 4 If joy shall at Thy bidding fly,
And grief's dark day come on,
dim We, in our turn, would meekly cry,
p 'Father, Thy will be done!'

mp 5 Should friends misjudge, or foes defame,
Or brethren faithless prove,
cr Then, like Thine own, be all our aim
To conquer them by love.

mp 6 Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
Forgiving and forgiven,
cr O may we lead the pilgrim's life,
And follow Thee to heaven. Amen.

J. Hampden Gurney.

286 ST. FRANCES. C.M.

Christ shall be magnified in my body, whether it be by life or by death.

LORD, it belongs not to my care
Whether I die or live;
To love and serve Thee is my share,
And this Thy grace must give.

2 If life be long, I will be glad
That I may long obey;
If short, yet why should I be sad
To welcome endless day?

3 Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than He went through before;
He that unto God's kingdom comes
Must enter by this door.

cr 4 Come, Lord, when grace hath made me meet
Thy blessèd face to see;
For if Thy work on earth be sweet,
What will Thy glory be?

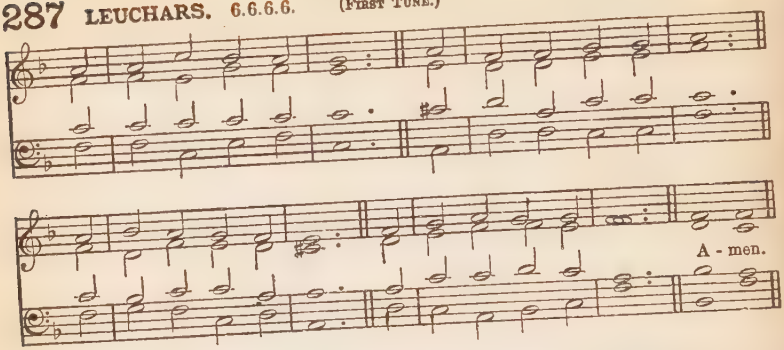
mf 5 Then I shall end my sad complaints
And weary sinful days,
cr And join with the triumphant saints
f That sing Jehovah's praise.

mf 6 My knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of faith is dim;
cr But it's enough that Christ knows all,
f And I shall be with Him. Amen.

Richard Baxter.

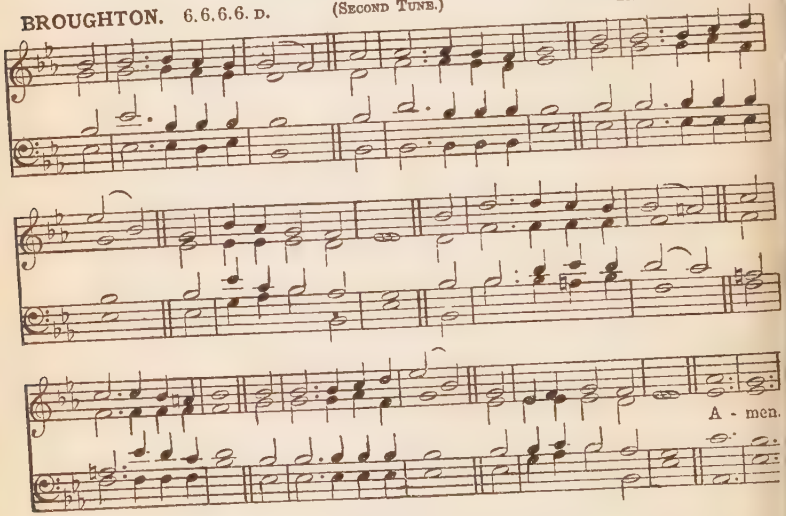
287 LEUCHARS. 6.6.6.6. (First Tune.)

T. L. Hately.



BROUGHTON. 6.6.6.6. D. (Second Tune.)

Thomas Hastings.



Not My will, but Thine, be done.

p THY way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be!
cr Lead me by Thine own hand,
Choose out the path for me.

p 2 Smooth let it be or rough,
cr It will be still the best;
Winding or straight, it leads
mp Right onward to Thy rest.

p 3 I dare not choose my lot;
I would not if I might:
mf Choose Thou for me, my God,
So shall I walk aright.

mp 4 The kingdom that I seek
cr Is Thine; so let the way
That leads to it be Thine,
Else I must surely stray.

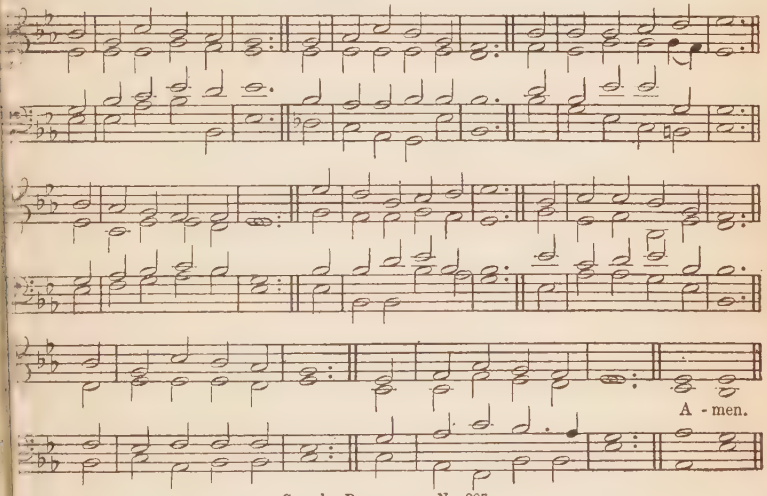
(Verse 1 to be sung to latter half of tune Broughton.*)*

mp 5 Take Thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to Thee may seem;
Choose Thou my good and ill.

mf 6 Choose Thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health;
dim Choose Thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.

mf 7 Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small;
cr Be Thou my guide, my strength,
f My wisdom, and my all. Amen. HORATIUS BONAR.

288 **BROADLANDS.** 6.6.6.6. D. CANTIQUES SACREZ, &c., 1740.



See also BROUGHTON, No. 287.

It is the Lord, let Him do what seemeth Him good.

MY Saviour, as Thou wilt:
O may Thy will be mine!
Into Thy hand of love
I would my all resign.
Through sorrow, or through joy,
Conduct me as Thine own,
And help me still to say,
My Lord, Thy will be done!

2 My Saviour, as Thou wilt:
If needy here and poor,
Give me Thy people's bread,
Their portion rich and sure.
The manna of Thy word
Let my soul feed upon;
And if all else should fail,
My Lord, Thy will be done!

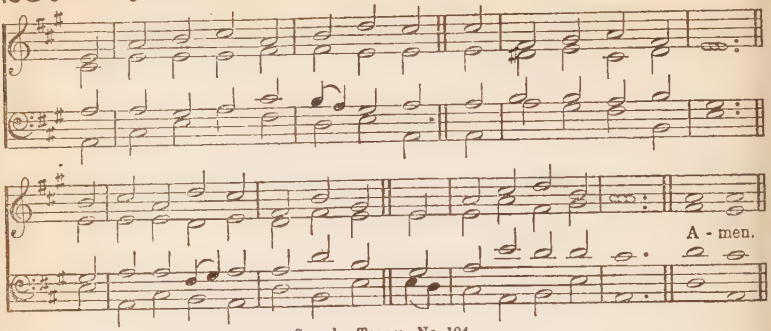
mp 3 My Saviour, as Thou wilt:
Though seen through many a tear,
cr Let not my star of hope
Grow dim or disappear.
mp Since Thou on earth hast wept
And sorrowed oft alone,
If I must weep with Thee,
p My Lord, Thy will be done.

mf 4 My Saviour, as Thou wilt:
All shall be well for me;
Each changing future scene
I gladly trust with Thee.
cr Straight to my home above
I travel calmly on,
And sing in life or death,
My Lord, Thy will be done! Amen.

B. SCHMOLK, *tr.* JANE BORTHWICK.

289 ST. JAMES. C. M.

RAPHAEL COUNTEVILLE.



See also TALLIS, No. 104.

He hath made with me an everlasting covenant.

mf MY God, the covenant of Thy love
Abides forever sure,
And in its matchless grace I feel
My happiness secure.

2 Since Thou, the everlasting God,
My Father art become,
Jesus, my Guardian and my Friend,
And heaven my final home,—

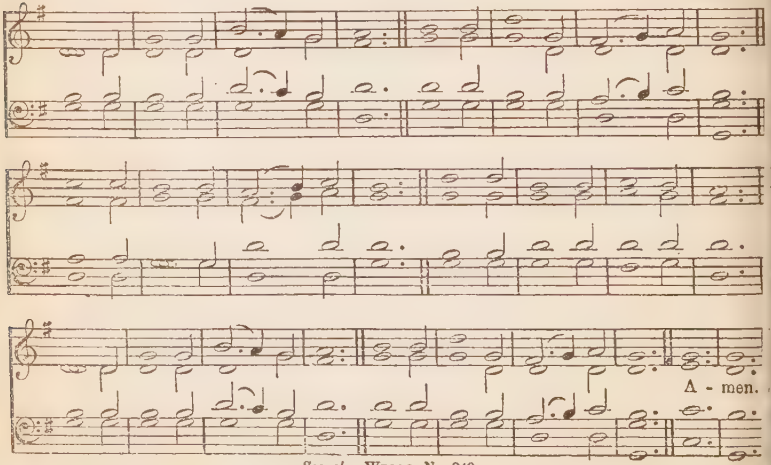
mf 3 I welcome all Thy sovereign will,
For all that will is love;
mp And, when I know not what Thou dost,
cr I wait the light above.

mf 4 Thy covenant, in the darkest gloom,
Shall heavenly rays impart,
Which, when my eyelids close in death,
Shall warm my chilling heart. Amen.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

GUIDE. 7.7.7.7.7.7.

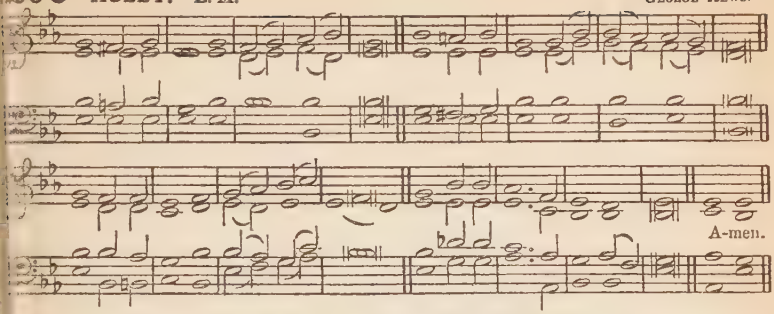
M. M. WELLS.



See also WELLS, No. 240.

290 HOLLY. L. M.

GEORGE HEWS.



Nevertheless I am continually with Thee.

p 1 O THOU, by long experience tried,
Near whom no grief can long abide
My Lord! how full of sweet content
I pass my years of banishment.

mp 2 All scenes alike engaging prove
To souls impressed with sacred love:
Where'er they dwell, they dwell in
In heaven, in earth, or on the sea. [Thee–

mp 3 To me remains nor place nor time:
My country is in every clime;
I can be calm and free from care
On any shore, since God is there.

mp 4 While place we seek, or place we shun,
The soul finds happiness in none;
mf But with our God to guide our way,
'Tis equal joy to go or stay. Amen.

WILLIAM COWPER (from MME. GUYON).

291 HOLLY. L. M.

He will regard the prayer of the destitute.

p 1 GOD of my life, to Thee I call;
Afflicted at Thy feet I fall;
When the great water-floods prevail,
Leave not my trembling heart to fail.

2 Friend of the friendless and the faint,
Where should I lodge my deep com-
plaint?
Where but with Thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor?

mp 3 Did ever mourner plead with Thee,
And Thou refuse that mourner's plea?
mf Does not the word still fixed remain,
That none shall seek Thy face in vain?

mp 4 Poor though I am, despised, forgot,
cr Yet God, my God, forgets me not;
mf And he is safe, and must succeed,
For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.
Amen.

WILLIAM COWPER.

292 GUIDE. 7.7.7.7.7.7.

Be ye followers of God, as dear children.

p 1 QUIET, Lord, my froward heart,
Make me teachable and mild,
Upright, simple, free from art,
Make me as a weanèd child,
From distrust and envy free,
Pleased with all that pleaseth Thee.

2 What Thou shalt to-day provide,
Let me as a child receive;
What to-morrow may betide
Calmly to Thy wisdom leave:
'Tis enough that Thou wilt care,
Why should I the burden bear?

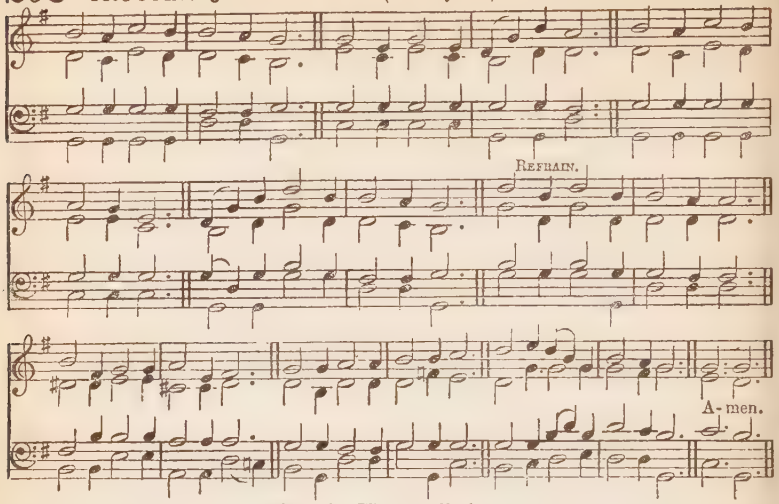
mp 3 As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own,
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
Fears to stir a step alone;
cr Let me thus with Thee abide,
As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

mf 4 Thus preserved from Satan's wiles,
Safe from dangers, free from fears,
May I live upon Thy smiles,
Till the promised hour appears,
cr When the sons of God shall prove
All their Father's boundless love. Amen.

JOHN NEWTON.

293 TRUSTING JESUS. 7.7.7.7. (*with refrain*).

IRA D. SANKEY.



Trust in Him at all times.

mp SIMPLY trusting every day,
Trusting through a stormy way,
Even when my faith is small
Trusting Jesus—that is all.

mf *Trusting as the moments fly,*
Trusting as the days go by;
Trusting Him whate'er befall:
Trusting Jesus—that is all

mf 2 Brightly doth His Spirit shine
Into this poor heart of mine:
While He leads I cannot fall:
Trusting Jesus—that is all.

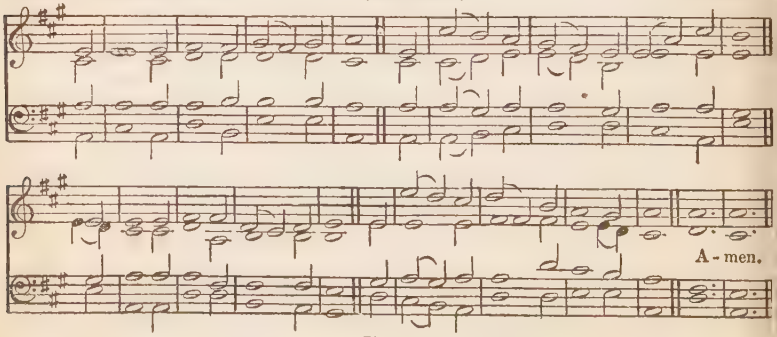
mf 3 Singing, if my way be clear;
Praying, if the path be drear;
If in danger, for Him call:
Trusting Jesus—that is all.

mf 4 Trusting Him while life shall last,
Trusting Him till earth be past,—
cr Till within the jasper wall:
Trusting Jesus—that is all. Amen.

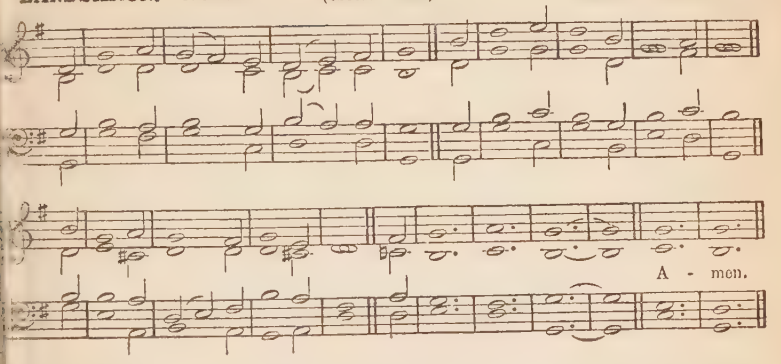
EDGAR PAGE.

294 RESIGNATION. 8.8.8.4. (FIRST TUNE.)

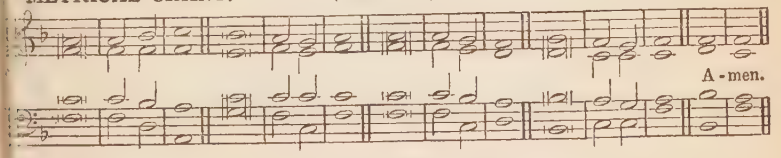
ANONYMOUS.



LANDSKRON. 8.8.8.4. (Second Tune.) Bohemian Hymnal, 1531.



METRICAL CHANT. (Third Tune.) A. H. D. Troyte.



See also St. Crispin, No. 151.

Thy will be done.

MY God and Father, while I stray
Far from my home on life's rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say,
p Thy will be done.

2 Though dark my path and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not,
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
p 'Thy will be done.'

3 If Thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine;
I only yield Thee what is Thine:
p Thy will be done.

4 What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved, no longer nigh,
Submissive would I still reply,
p 'Thy will be done.'

mp 5 Should pining sickness waste away
My life in premature decay;
My Father, still I'd strive to say,
p 'Thy will be done.'

cr 6 Let but my fainting heart be blessed
With Thy free Spirit for its guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest:
p Thy will be done.

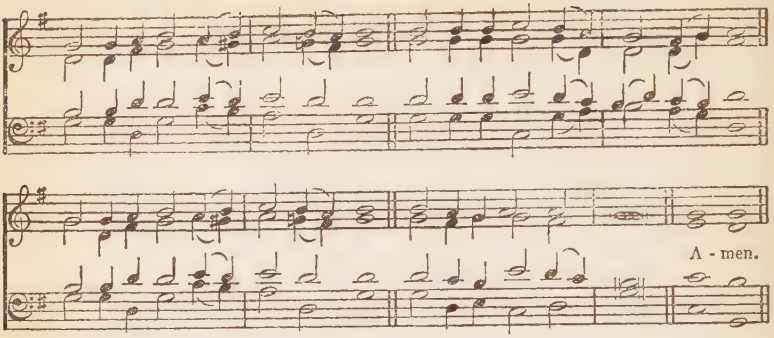
mf 7 Renew my will from day to day;
Blend it with Thine; and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
p 'Thy will be done.'

mp 8 Then, when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer, oft mixed with tears before,
mf I'll sing upon a happier shore,
'Thy will be done.'
Amen.

Charlotte Elliott.

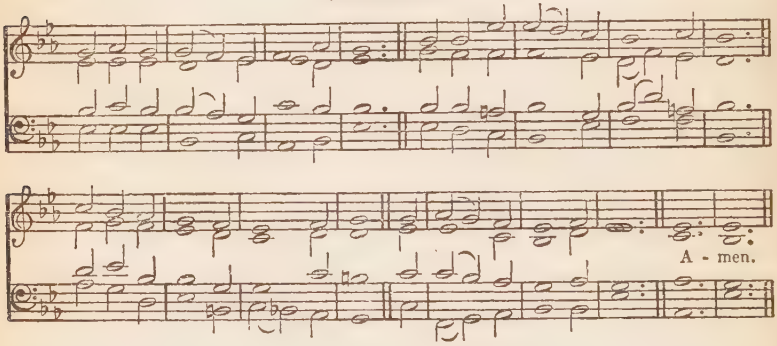
295 HAMBURG. 8.8.8.6. (First Tune.)

Lowell Mason.



TRUST. 8.8.8.6. (Second Tune.)

G. W. Torrance.



On whom, though now ye see Him not, yet believing, ye rejoice.

mf O HOLY Saviour, Friend unseen,
The faint, the weak, on Thee may lean:
Help me, throughout life's varying scene,
mp By faith to cling to Thee!

cr 2 Blest with communion so divine,
Take what Thou wilt, shall I repine,
When, as the branches to the vine,
mp My soul may cling to Thee?

p 3 Far from her home, fatigued, opprest,
Here she has found a place of rest,
cr An exile still, yet not unblest
mp While she can cling to Thee!

p 4 Oft when I seem to tread alone
Some barren waste with thorns o'ergrown,
cr A voice of love, in gentlest tone,
Whispers, 'Still cling to Me.'

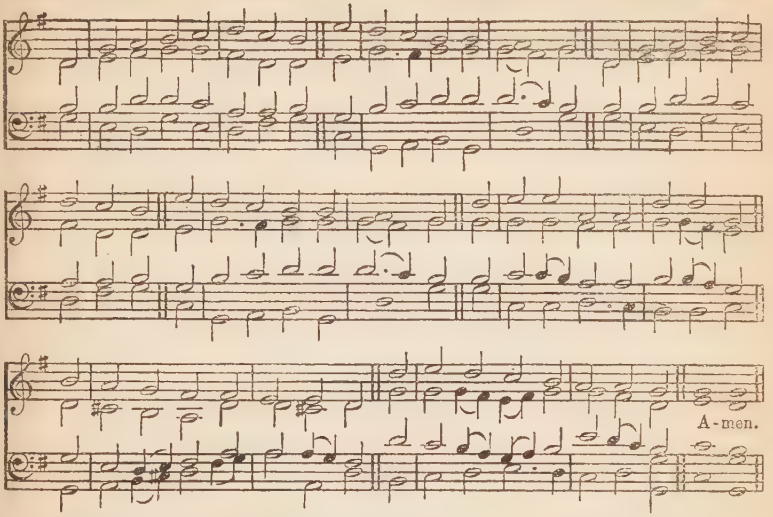
mp 5 Though faith and hope awhile be tried,
cr I ask not, need not, aught beside:
mf How safe, how calm, how satisfied,
The soul that clings to Thee!

mf 6 Blest is my lot, whate'er befall:
cr What can disturb me, who appal,
f While, as my strength, my rock, my all,
Saviour! I cling to Thee. Amen.

Charlotte Elliott.

296 BADEN. 8.7.8.7.4.4.8.8.

SEVERUS GASTORIUS, or JOHANN PACHELBEL.



It is good that a man should both hope and quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord.

mf WHATE'ER my God ordains is right:
Holy His will abideth;
dim I will be still, whate'er He doth,
And follow where He guideth,
cr He is my God;
Though dark my road,
He holds me that I shall not fall;
Wherefore to Him I leave it all.

mf 2 Whate'er my God ordains is right:
He never will deceive me;
He leads me by the proper path;
I know He will not leave me,
And take, content,
What He hath sent:
His hand can turn my grief away
And patiently I wait His day.

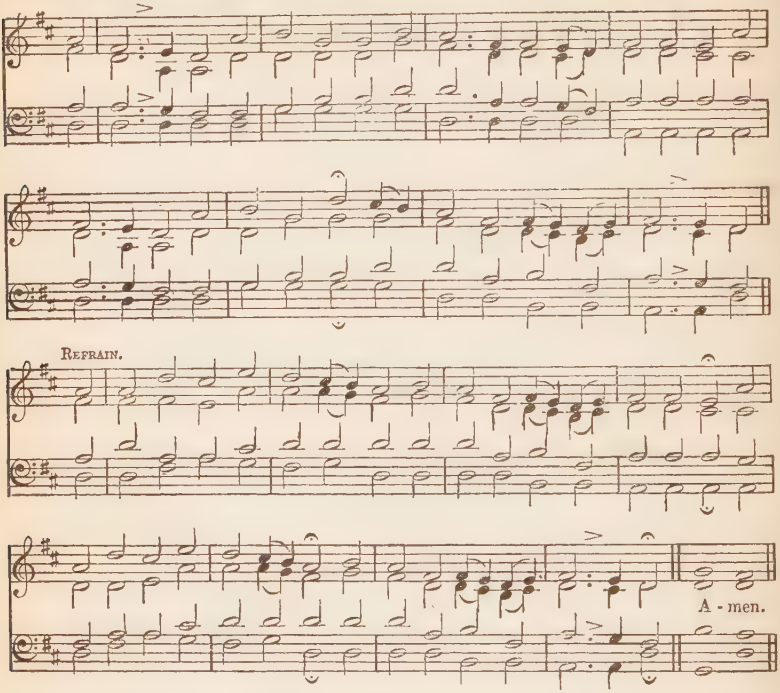
mf 3 Whate'er my God ordains is right:
mp Though now this cup in drinking
May bitter seem to my faint heart,
cr I take it, all unshrinking;
Tears pass away
With dawn of day;
Sweet comfort yet shall fill my heart,
And pain and sorrow shall depart.

mf 4 Whate'er my God ordains is right:
Here shall my stand be taken;
mp Though sorrow, need, or death be mine,
cr Yet am I not forsaken:
My Father's care
Is round me there;
mf He holds me that I shall not fall,
And so to Him I leave it all. Amen.

S. RODIGAST, *tr.* CATHERINE WINKWORTH.

297 HE LEADETH ME. L. M. (*with refrain*).

W. B. BRADBURY.



He calleth His own sheep by name, and leadeth them out; . . . He goeth before them, and the sheep follow Him.

mp HE leadeth me! O blessèd thought!
O words with heavenly comfort
cr Whate'er I do, where'er I be, [fraught!
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

mf *He leadeth me! He leadeth me!*
By His own hand He leadeth me!
His faithful follower I would be,
For by His hand He leadeth me!

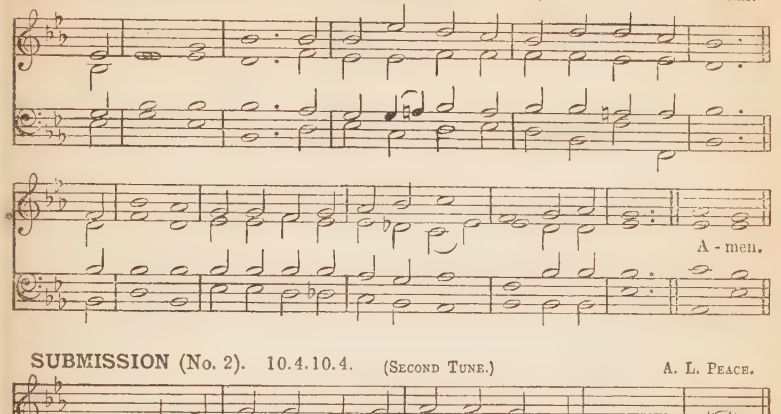
p 2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
cr Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
mp By waters calm, o'er troubled sea,—
Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me.

mf 3 Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine,
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

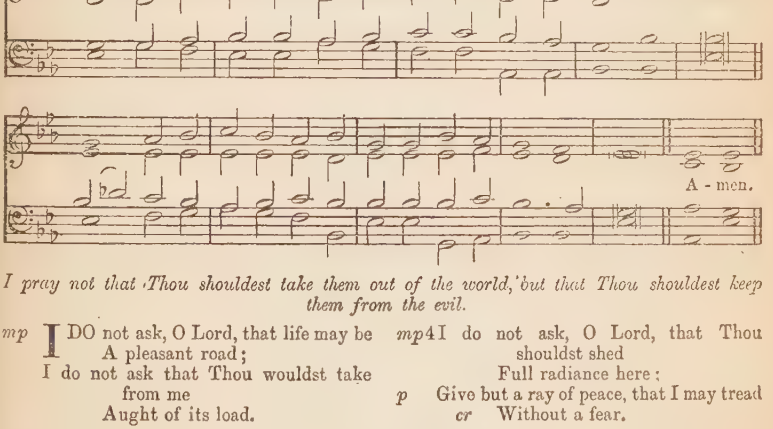
mp 4 And, when my task on earth is done,
cr When, by Thy grace, the victory's won,
mf Even death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since Thou through Jordan leadest me. Amen.

J. H. GILMORE.

298 SUBMISSION (No. 1). 10.4.10.4. (First Tune.) George Lomas.



SUBMISSION (No. 2). 10.4.10.4. (Second Tune.) A. L. Peace.



I pray not that 'Thou shouldest take them out of the world,' but that Thou shouldest keep them from the evil.

mp I DO not ask, O Lord, that life may be
A pleasant road;
I do not ask that Thou wouldst take
from me
Aught of its load.

cr 2 I do not ask that flowers shall always
Beneath my feet; [spring
I know too well the poison and the sting
Of things too sweet.

mf 3 For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord,
Lead me aright, [I plead:
dim Though strength should falter, and
though heart should bleed,
cr Through peace to light.

mp 4 I do not ask, O Lord, that Thou
shouldst shed
Full radiance here:
p Give but a ray of peace, that I may tread
cr Without a fear.

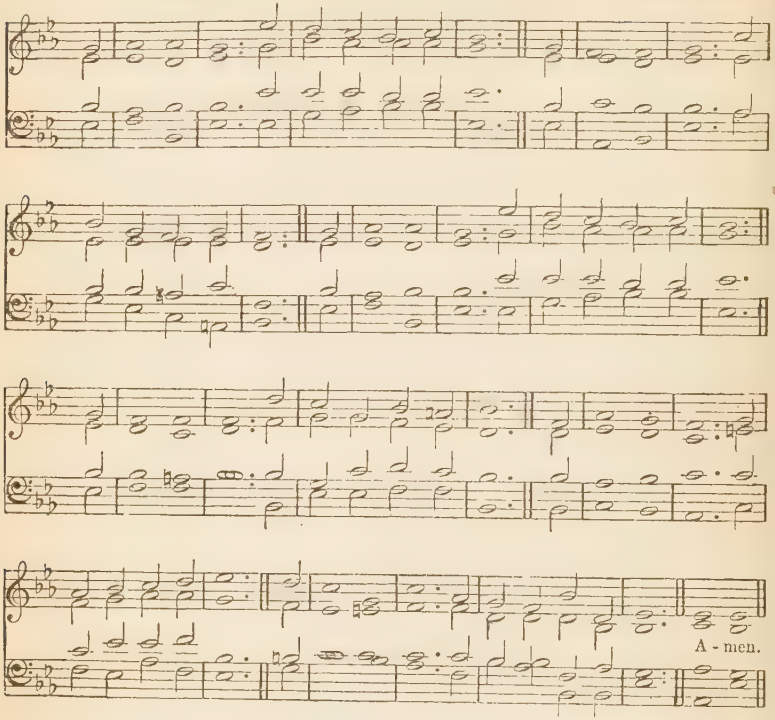
mp 5 I do not ask my cross to understand,
My way to see;
cr Better in darkness just to feel Thy hand,
And follow Thee.

6 Joy is like restless day; but peace divine
p Like quiet night:
cr Lead me, O Lord, till perfect day shall
shine
mf Through peace to light. Amen.

Adelaide A. Procter.

299 ST. HELEN. 10.10.10.10.10.10.

WALTER HATELY.



Be patient therefore, brethren, until the coming of the Lord.

mp BE still, my soul; the Lord is on thy side;
Bear patiently thy cross of grief and pain;
Leave to thy God to order and provide;
In every change He faithful will remain.
Be still, my soul; thy best, thy heavenly Friend,
Through thorny ways leads to a joyful end.

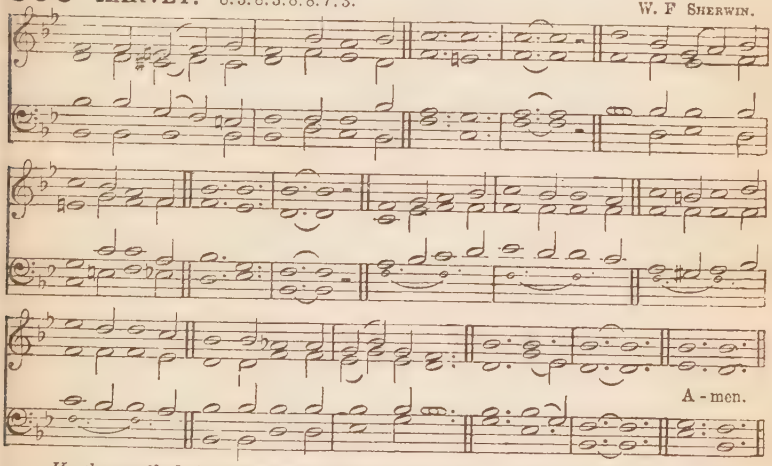
mp 2 Be still, my soul; thy God doth undertake
To guide the future as He has the past.
Thy hope, thy confidence, let nothing shake;
All now mysterious shall be bright at last.
Be still, my soul; the waves and winds shall know
His voice Who ruled them while He dwelt below.

p 3 Be still, my soul; when dearest friends depart,
And all is darkened in the vale of tears,
cr Then thou shalt better know His love, His heart,
Who comes to soothe thy sorrow and thy fears.
mp Be still, my soul; thy Jesus can repay
From His own fulness all He takes away.
mp 4 Be still, my soul; the hour is hastening on
When we shall be forever with the Lord;
cr When disappointment, grief, and fear are gone,
Sorrow forgot, love's purest joys restored.
Be still, my soul; when change and tears are past,
mf All safe and blessèd we shall meet at last. Amen.

CATHARINA A. D. SCHLEGEL, *tr.* JANE BORTHWICK.

300 HARVEY. 8.3.8.3.8.8.7.3.

W. F SHERWIN.



He that walketh in darkness, and hath no light, let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon his God.

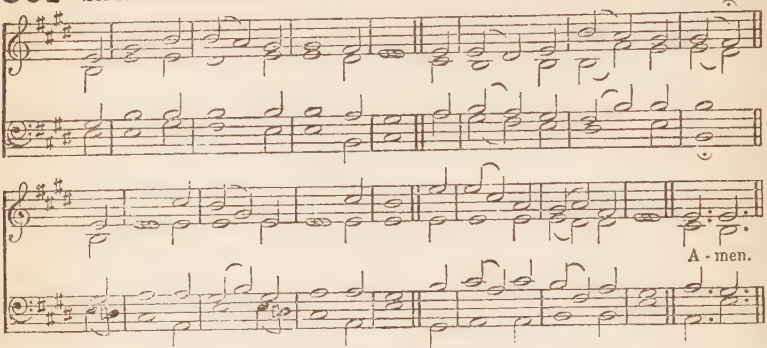
mp SINCE thy Father's arm sustains thee,
Peaceful be;
When a chastening hand restrains thee,
It is He!
cr Know His love in full completeness
Fills the measure of thy weakness;
If He wound thy spirit sore,
mf Trust Him more.
mf 2 Without murmur, uncomplaining,
In His hand
Lay whatever things thou canst not
Understand;
mp Though the world thy folly spurneth,
From thy faith in pity turneth,
Peace thy inmost soul shall fill,
Lying still.
cr 3 Fearest sometimes that thy Father
Hath forgot?
When the clouds around thee gather,
mf Doubt Him not!
cr Always hath the daylight broken,
Always hath He comfort spoken;
Better hath He been for years
Than thy fears.
mf 4 To His own thy Saviour giveth
Daily strength;
To each troubled soul that liveth,
Peace at length:
dim Weakest lambs have largest sharing
Of this tender Shepherd's caring;
cr Ask Him not, then, when or how.
Only bow. Amen.

C. R. HAGENBACH, *tr.* 'H. A. P.'

10. Pilgrimage and Rest

301 SALZBURG. C. M.

ARRANGED FROM MICHAEL HAYDN.



See also ST. PAUL, No. 106.

And Jacob vowed . . . If God will be with me, and keep me in this way that I go, . . . so that I come again to my father's house in peace, then shall Jehovah be my God.

mp O GOD of Bethel! by whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led

cr 2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before Thy throne of grace,
God of our fathers! be the God
Of their succeeding race.

mp 3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

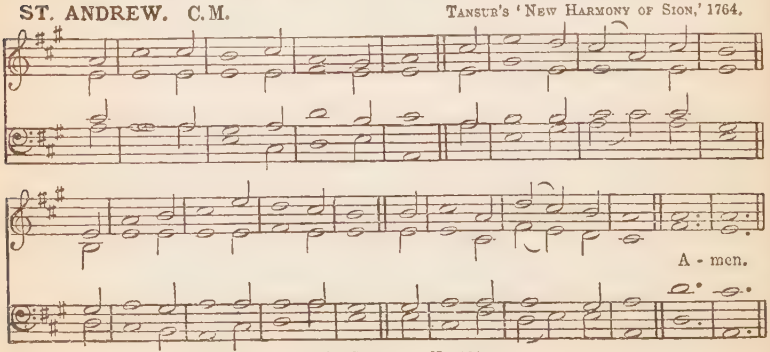
mp 4 O spread Thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
cr And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace.

5 Such blessings from Thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore;
mf And Thou shalt be our chosen God,
And portion evermore. Amen.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

ST. ANDREW. C. M.

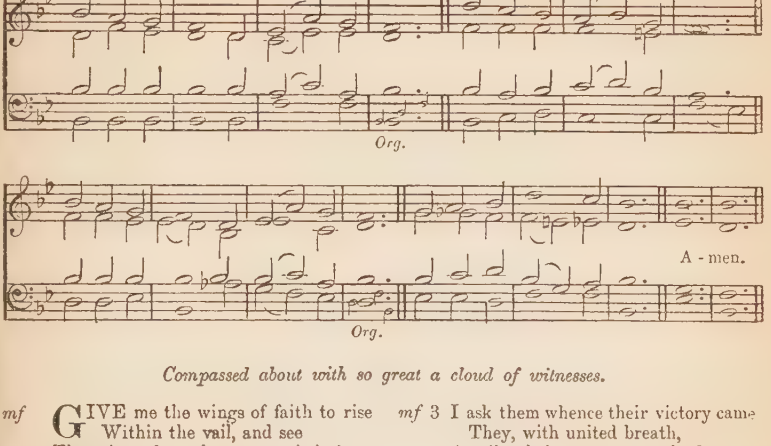
TANSUR'S 'NEW HARMONY OF SION,' 1764.



See also SALZBURG, No. 301.

302 SAWLEY. C. M.

JAMES WALCH.



Compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses.

mf GIVE me the wings of faith to rise
Within the vail, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.

mp 2 Once they were mourning here below,
And poured forth cries and tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

mf 3 I ask them whence their victory came
They, with united breath,
cr Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to His death.

mf 4 They marked the footsteps that He trod,
His zeal inspired their breast;
And, following their incarnate God,
They gained the promised rest.

f 5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise
For His own pattern given,
ff While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven. Amen.

ISAAC WATTS.

303 ST. ANDREW. C. M

Let us run with patience the race . . . looking unto Jesus, the Author and Perfecter of our faith.

mf BEHOLD what witnesses unseen
Encompass us around;
Men, once like us, with suffering tried,
But now with glory crowned.

mf 2 Let us, with zeal like theirs inspired,
Begin the Christian race,
cr And, freed from each encumbering weight,
Their holy footsteps trace.

f 3 Behold a witness nobler still
Who trod affliction's path,
Jesus, at once the Finisher
And Author of our faith.

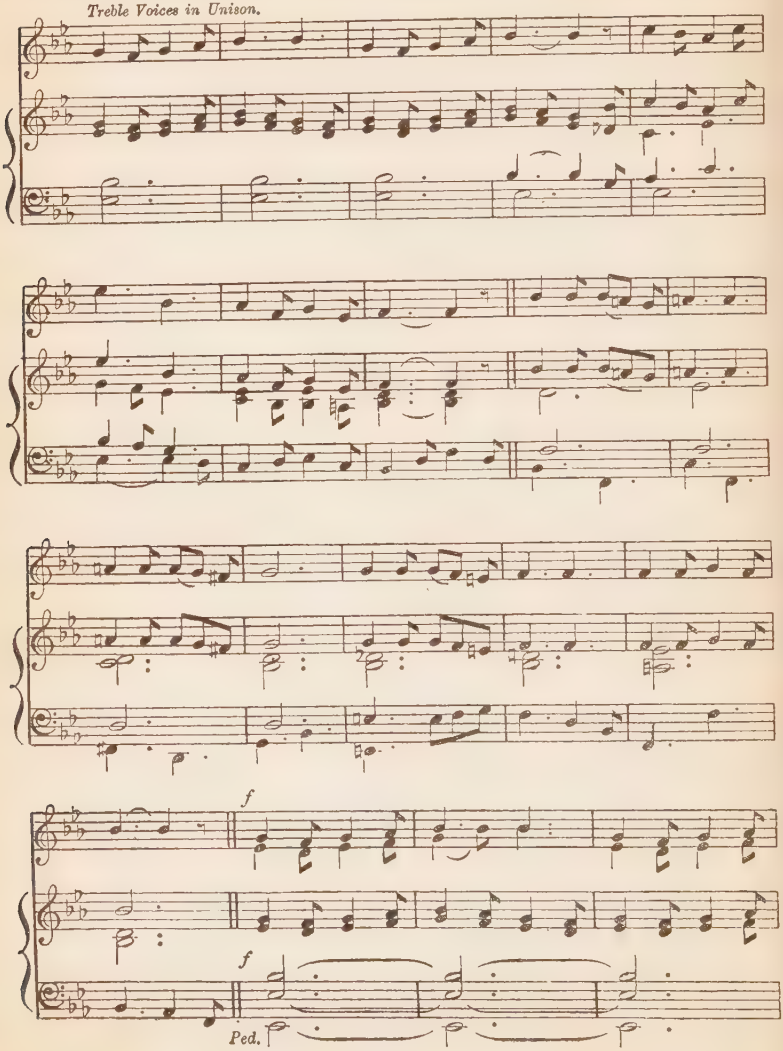
mf 4 He for the joy before Him set,
So generous was His love,
dim Endured the cross, despised the shame,
f And now He reigns above. Amen.

ANON.

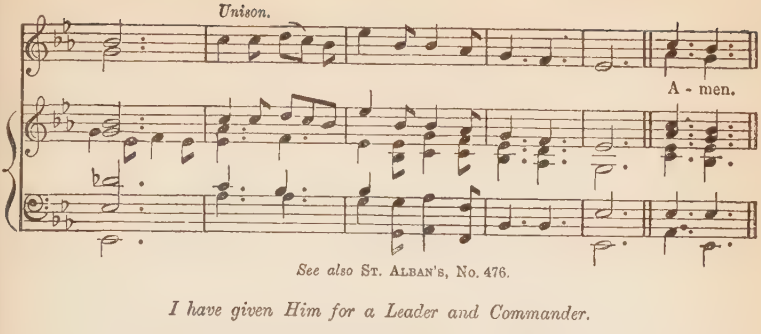
304 ST. THERESA. 6.5.6.5. D. *(with refrain).*

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

Treble Voices in Unison.



Pilgrimage and Rest



See also St. Alban's, No. 476.

I have given Him for a Leader and Commander.

mf BRIGHTLY gleams our banner,
Pointing to the sky,
Waving on Christ's soldiers
To their home on high.
cr Marching through the desert,
Gladly thus we pray,
Still with hearts united
Singing on our way.
f *Brightly gleams our banner,*
Pointing to the sky,
Waving on Christ's soldiers
To their home on high.

mf 2 Jesus, Lord and Master,
At Thy sacred feet,
Here, with hearts rejoicing
See Thy children meet.
dim Often have we left Thee,
Often gone astray;
cr Keep us, mighty Saviour,
In the narrow way.

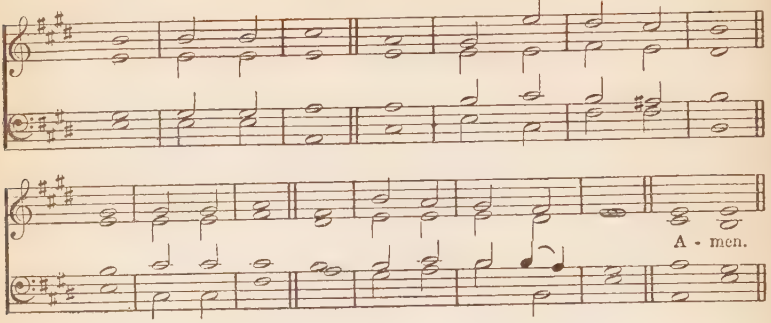
mp 3 Pattern of our childhood,
Once Thyself a child,
Make our childhood holy,
Pure, and meek, and mild.
p In the hour of danger
Whither can we flee,
cr Save to Thee, dear Saviour,
Only unto Thee?

mp 4 All our days direct us
In the way we go;
cr Crown us still victorious
Over every foe;
p Bid Thine angels shield us
When the storm-clouds lour;
Pardon Thou and save us
In the last dread hour.

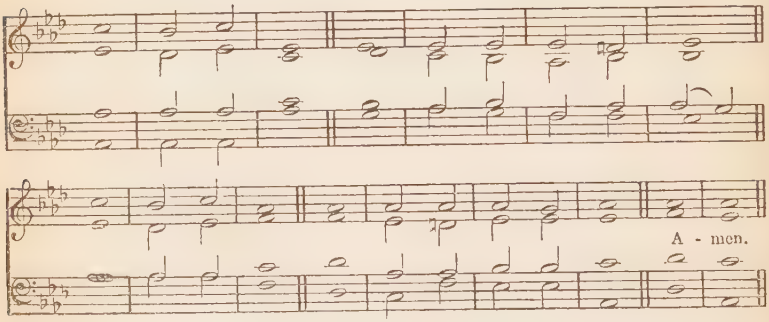
mf 5 Then with saints and angels
May we join above,
Offering prayers and praises
At Thy throne of love.
p When the march is over,
Then come rest and peace,
cr Jesus in His beauty,
Songs that never cease. Amen.

T. J. Potter (*altd.*).

305 CHANT. (First Tune.) Samuel Wesley.



CHANT. (Second Tune.) William Jacobs.



Now is our salvation nearer than when we believed.

p ONE sweetly | solemn | thought
Comes | to me | o'er and | o'er—
cr I'm nearer my | home to | day
Than I | ever have | been be | fore.

2 Nearer my | Father's | house,
Where the | many | mansions | be;
Nearer the | great white | throne,
Near | er the | crystal | sea;

3 Nearer the | bound of | life,
Where we | lay our | burdens | down;
Nearer | leaving the | cross,
Nearer | gain – | ing the | crown.

p 4 But the waves of that | silent | sea
Roll | dark be | fore my | sight,
cr That brightly the | other | side
Break | on a | shore of | light.

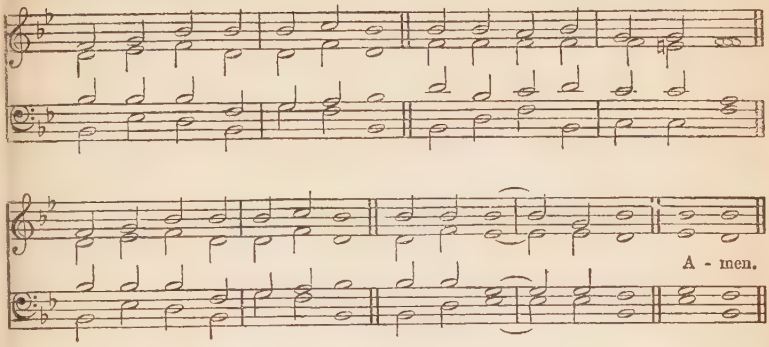
mp 5 O, if my | mortal | feet
Have | almost | gained the | brink,
If it be I am | nearer | home
Even to | day – | than I | think,

mf 6 Father, | perfect my | trust;
Let my | spirit | feel in | death
That her feet are | firmly | set
On the | rock of-a | living | faith.
Amen.

Phœbe Cary (text of 1869).

306 ST. AMBROSE. 7 7.7.5.

ANCIENT CHURCH MELODY.



My sheep hear My voice, and I know them, and they follow Me.

mp JESUS, Shepherd of the sheep,
Who Thy Father's flock dost keep,
cr Safe we wake and safe we sleep,
Guarded still by Thee.

mf 2 In Thy promise firm we stand,
None can pluck us from Thy hand,
Speak—we hear—at Thy command,
We will follow Thee.

mf 3 By Thy blood our souls were bought,
By Thy life salvation wrought,
By Thy light our feet are taught,
Lord, to follow Thee.

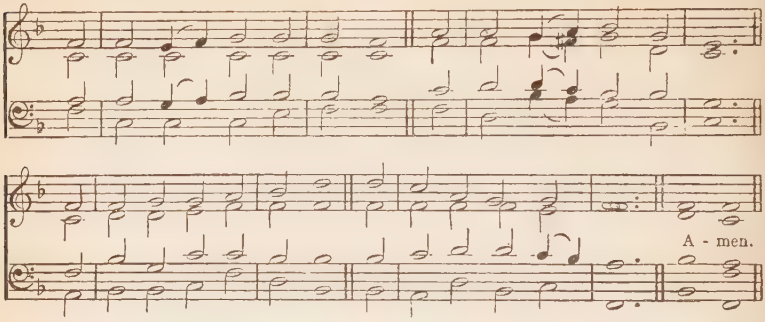
mp 4 Father, draw us to Thy Son,
cr We with joy will follow on,
Till the work of grace is done,
And, from sin set free,

mf 5 We, in robes of glory drest,
cr Join the assembly of the blest,
Gathered to eternal rest,
In the fold with Thee. Amen.

HENRY COOKE.

307 MORLAIX. 7.6.7.6.

J. H. KNECHT



The fellowship of His sufferings.

mf O HAPPY band of pilgrims,
If onward ye will tread,
With Jesus as your Fellow,
To Jesus as your Head!

2 O happy, if ye labor
As Jesus did for men;
O happy if ye hunger
As Jesus hungered then!

p 3 The cross that Jesus carried
He carried as your due;
f The crown that Jesus weareth
He weareth it for you.

mf 4 The faith by which ye see Him,
The hope in which ye yearn,
The love that through all troubles
To Him alone will turn,—

5 What are they but the heralds
To lead you to His sight?
What are they save the effluence
Of uncreated light?

p 6 The trials that beset you,
The sorrows ye endure,
The manifold temptations
That death alone can cure,—

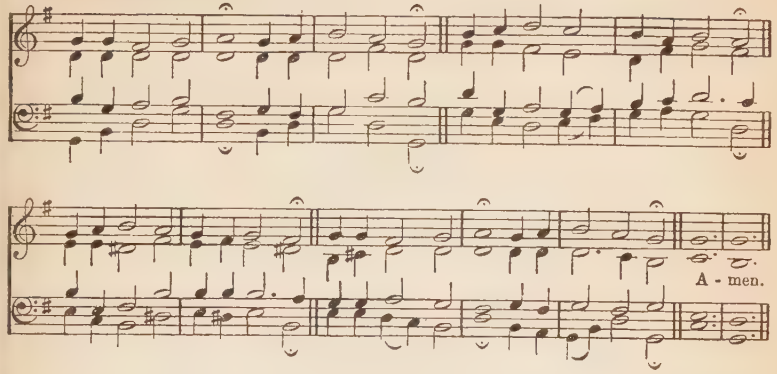
cr 7 What are they but His jewels
Of right celestial worth?
What are they but the ladder
Set up to heaven on earth?

f 8 O happy band of pilgrims,
Look upward to the skies,
dim Where such a light affliction
f Shall win so great a prize. Amen.

J. M. NEALE.

308 ZINZENDORF. 5.5.8.8.5.5.

ADAM DRESE.



Looking unto Jesus, the Author and Perfecter of our faith.

mf JESUS, still lead on,
Till our rest be won;
dim And, although the way be cheerless,
cr We will follow, calm and fearless:
Guide us by Thy hand
To our Fatherland.

mp 2 If the way be drear,
If the foe be near,
or Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,
Let not faith and hope forsake us;
For, through many a foe,
To our home we go.

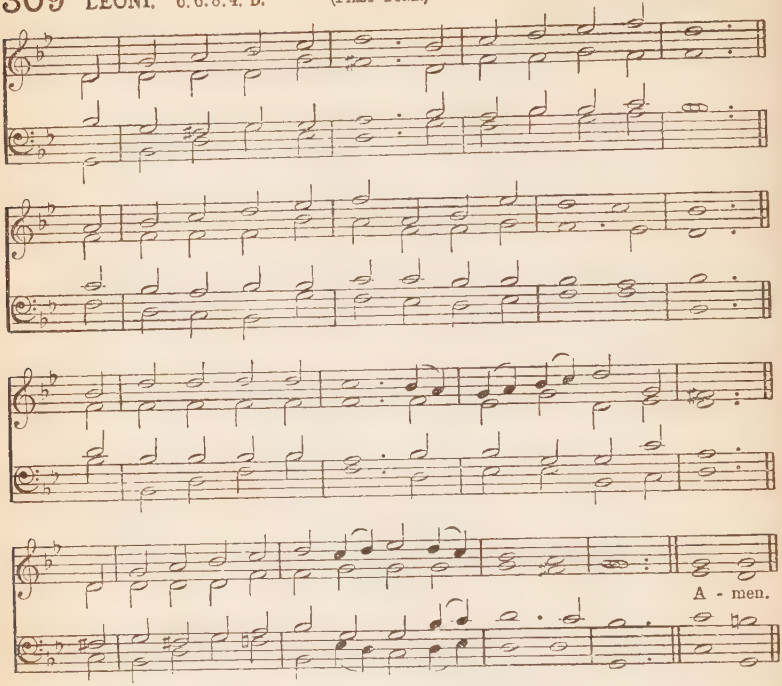
mp 3 When we seek relief
From a long-felt grief,
When oppressed by new temptations,
cr Lord, increase and perfect patience;
mf Show us that bright shore
Where we weep no more.

mf 4 Jesus, still lead on,
Till our rest be won:
Heavenly Leader, still direct us,
cr Still support, console, protect us,
f Till we safely stand
In our Fatherland. Amen.

ZINZENDORF, *tr.* JANE BORTHWICK.

309 LEONI. 6.6.8.4. D. (First Tune.)

Old Hebrew Melody.



The God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob: this is My Name forever, and this is My Memorial unto all generations.

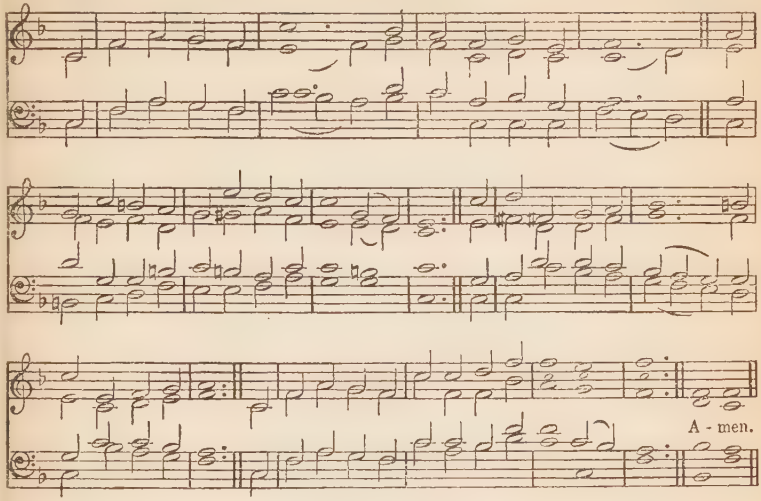
f THE God of Abraham praise,
Who reigns enthroned above,
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love:
Jehovah, Great I AM,
By earth and heaven confessed—
I bow and bless the sacred name
Forever blessed.

2 The God of Abraham praise,
At whose supreme command
From earth I rise and seek the joys
At His right hand:
dim I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power;
f And Him my only portion make,
My shield and tower.

mf 3 The God of Abraham praise,
Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide me all my happy days
In all my ways:
He calls a worm His friend,
He calls Himself my God!
cr And He shall save me to the end,
Through Jesus' blood.

mf 4 He by Himself hath sworn,
I on His oath depend;
I shall, on eagle's wings upborne,
To heaven ascend:
cr I shall behold His face,
I shall His power adore,
f And sing the wonders of His grace
For evermore.

COVENANT. 6.6.8.4. D. (Second Tune.) Sir John Stainer.



mp 5 Though nature's strength decay,
And earth and hell withstand,
cr To Canaan's bounds I urge my way
At His command:
The watery deep I pass
With Jesus in my view,
mf And through the howling wilderness
My way pursue.

mf 6 The goodly land I see,
With peace and plenty blest:
A land of sacred liberty,
And endless rest:
There milk and honey flow,
And oil and wine abound,
And trees of life forever grow,
With mercy crowned.

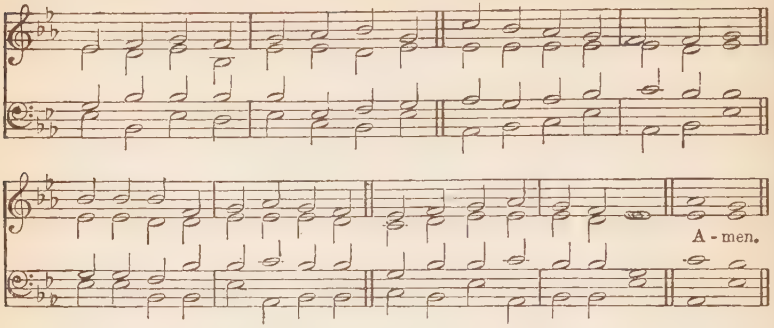
mf 7 There dwells the Lord our King,
The Lord our righteousness!
cr Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
The Prince of Peace,
On Zion's sacred height,
His kingdom still maintains;
cr And glorious with His saints in light,
f Forever reigns!

f 8 The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high;
'Hail Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!'
They ever cry:
Hail Abraham's God, and mine!
I join the heavenly lays;
All might and majesty are Thine,
f And endless praise. Amen.

Thomas Olivers.

310 BATTY. 8.7.8.7.

JOHANN THOMMEN'S 'CHORALBUCH,' 1745.



They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.

mp NOW the sowing and the weeping,
Working hard and waiting long;
cr Afterward the golden reaping,
Harvest-home and grateful song.

mp 2 Now the pruning, sharp, unsparing,
Scattered blossom, bleeding shoot;
mf Afterward the plenteous bearing
Of the Master's pleasant fruit.

mp 3 Now the long and toilsome duty,
Stone by stone to carve and bring;
mf Afterward the perfect beauty
Of the palace of the King.

mp 4 Now the spirit conflict-riven,
Wounded heart, unequal strife;
mf Afterward the triumph given,
f And the victor-crown of life. Amen.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

311 BATTY. 8.7.8.7.

All forsook me: . . . but the Lord stood by me, and strengthened me.

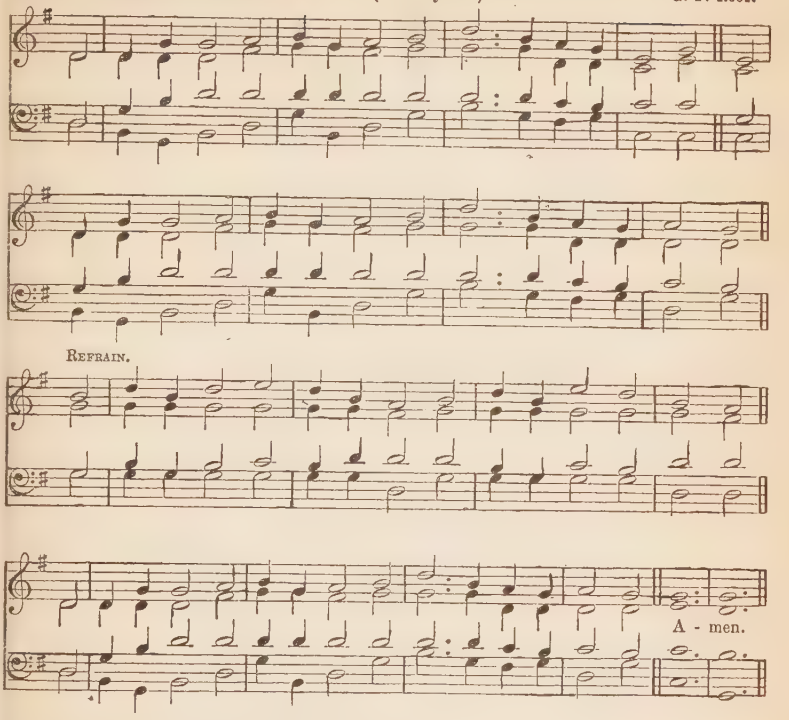
mp ALL unseen the Master walketh,
By the toiling servant's side;
cr Comfortable words He speaketh
While His hands uphold and guide.

2 Grief, nor pain, nor any sorrow
Rends thy heart, to Him unknown;
mf He to-day and He to-morrow
Grace sufficient gives His own.

mf 3 Holy strivings nerve and strengthen,
Long endurance wins the crown;
mp When the evening shadows lengthen,
Thou shalt lay thy burden down. Amen. THOMAS MACKELLAR.

312 SHINING SHORE. 8.7.8.7. (*with refrain*).

G. F. Root.



Set your hope perfectly on the grace that is being brought unto you at the revelation of Jesus Christ.

mp MY days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly,
These hours of toil and danger.

For now we stand on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing over;
And just before, the shining shore
We may almost discover.

cr 2 Our absent Lord has left us word,
Let every lamp be burning;
mf With eye of faith we look afar
Our happy home discerning.

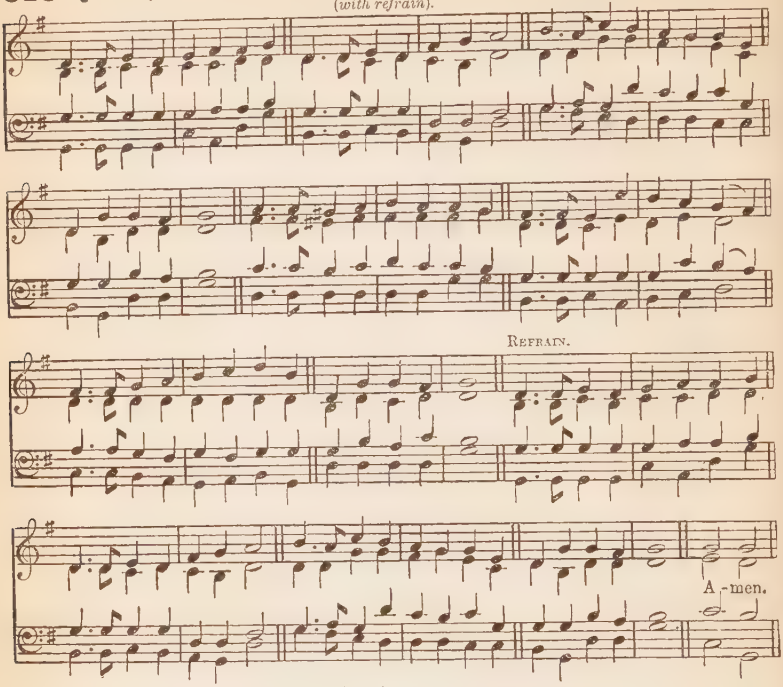
mp 3 Should coming days be cold and dark
cr We need not cease our singing;
That perfect rest none can molest
Where golden harps are ringing.

mp 4 Let sorrow's rudest tempest rise,
Each cord on earth to sever;
mf There, bright and joyous in the skies,
cr There is our home forever. Amen.

David Nelson.

313 JESUS, I AM RESTING. 8.7.8.5. D. (*with refrain*).

J. MOUNTAIN. FROM 'HYMNS OF CONSECRATION AND FAITH.'



I will give you rest.

mp JESUS, *I am resting, resting*
In the joy of what Thou art,
I am finding out the greatness
Of Thy loving heart.
Thou hast bid me gaze upon Thee,
And Thy beauty fills my soul,
cr For by Thy transforming power
Thou hast made me whole.
Jesus, I am resting, &c.

mf 2 Oh how great Thy lovingkindness,
Vaster, broader than the sea;
cr Oh how marvellous Thy goodness
Lavished all on me
mp Yes, I rest in Thee, Belovèd,
Know what wealth of grace is Thine,
cr Know Thy certainty of promise
mf And have made it mine.

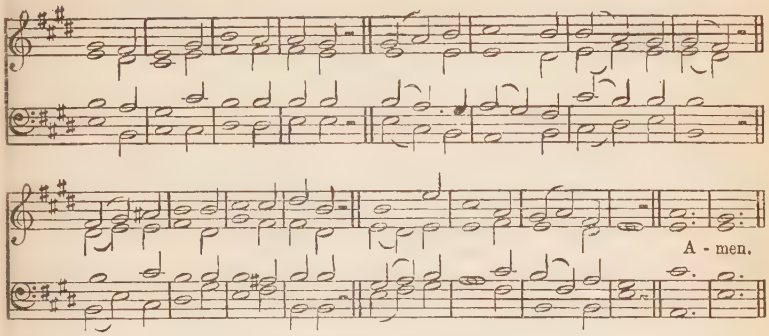
mf 3 Simply trusting Thee, Lord Jesus,
I behold Thee as Thou art,
And Thy love, so pure, so changeless,
Satisfies my heart,
cr Satisfies its deepest longing,
And supplies its every need,
Compasseth me round with blessings:
Thine is love indeed.

mp 4 Ever lift Thy face upon me
As I work and wait for Thee;
Resting 'neath Thy smile, Lord Jesus,
Earth's dark shadows flee.
cr Brightness of Thy Father's glory,
Sunshine of Thy Father's face,
Keep me ever trusting, resting,
mf Fill me with Thy grace. Amen.

JEAN SOPHIA PIGOTT.

314 BORLAN. 8.7.8.7.

CONRAD KOCHER'S 'ZIONSHARFE,' 1855.



The Lord Jehovah is my strength and my song; He also is become my salvation.

mf CALL Jehovah thy Salvation,
Rest beneath the Almighty's shade,
In His secret habitation
Dwell, nor ever be dismayed.

mf 2 There no tumult can alarm thee,
Thou shalt dread no hidden snare;
Guile nor violence can harm thee—
In eternal safeguard there.

cr 3 Thee, though winds and waves are swelling,
God, thy hope, shall bear through all;
Plague shall not come nigh thy dwelling,
Thee no evil shall befall.

mp 4 He shall charge His angel legions
Watch and ward o'er thee to keep;
Though thou walk through hostile regions,
Though in desert wilds thou sleep.

mf 5 Since with firm and pure affection
Thou on God hast set thy love,
cr With the wings of His protection
He shall shield thee from above. Amen.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

315 BORLAN. 8.7.8.7.

Abounding in hope through the power of the Holy Ghost.

mf RISE, my soul, thy God directs thee,
Stranger hands no more impede;
Pass thou on, His strength protects thee,
Strength that has the captive freed.

mf 2 Light divine surrounds thy going,
God Himself shall mark the way;
Secret blessings, richly flowing,
Lead to everlasting day.

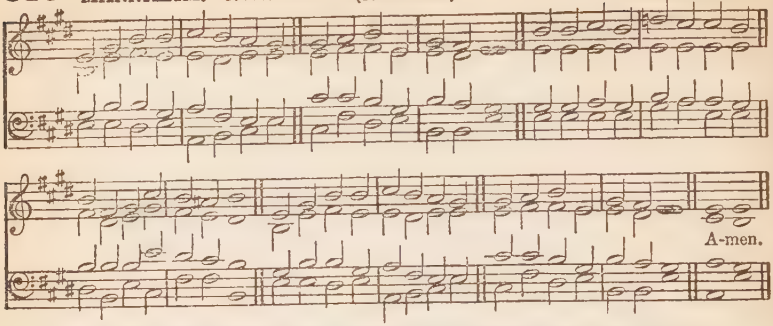
mp 3 Though thy way be long and dreary,
cr Eagle strength He'll still renew;
Garments fresh and feet unweary
Tell how God will bear thee through,

mf 4 Till to Canaan's long-loved dwelling
Love divine thy foot shall bring—
f There, with shouts of triumph swelling,
Zion's songs in rest to sing. Amen.

J. N. DARBY.

316 MANNHEIM. 8.7.8.7.8.7. (First Tune.)

Friedrich Filitz.



Thou shalt guide me with Thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory.

mf LEAD us, heavenly Father, lead us
O'er the world's tempestuous sea;
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
For we have no help but Thee;
cr Yet possessing every blessing,
If our God our Father be.

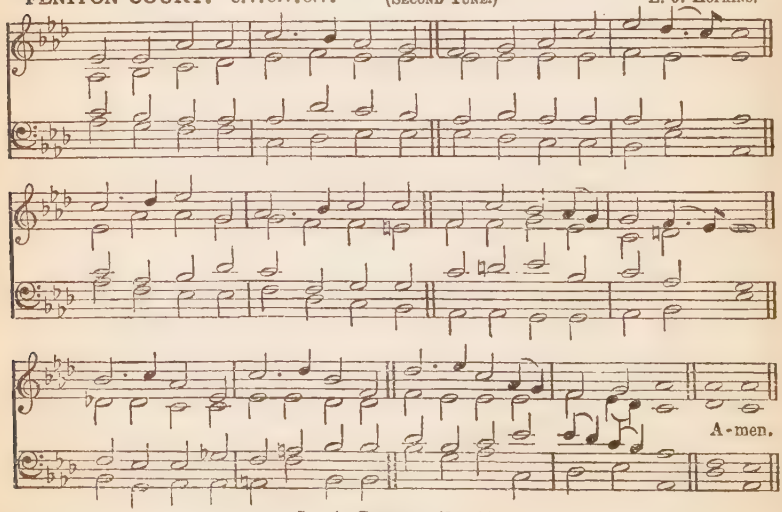
mp 2 Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us,
All our weakness Thou dost know;
Thou didst tread this earth before us,
Thou didst feel its keenest woe;
p Lone and dreary, faint and weary,
Through the desert Thou didst go.

mf 3 Spirit of our God, descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy,
Love with every passion blending,
Pleasure that can never cloy;
cr Thus provided, pardoned, guided,
f Nothing can our peace destroy.
Amen.

James Edmeston.

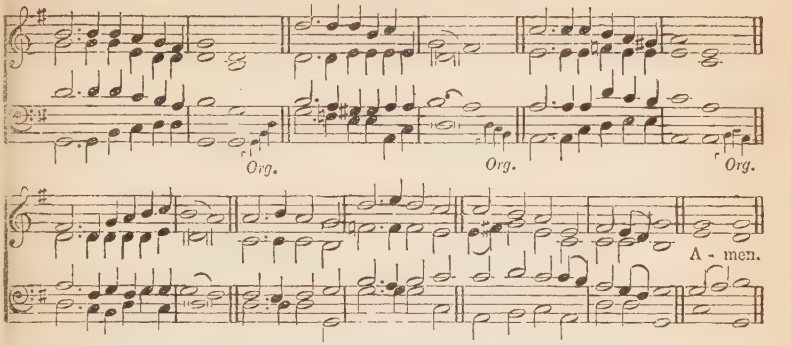
FENITON COURT. 8.7.8.7.8.7. (Second Tune.)

E. J. Hopkins.



See also Rousseau, No. 317.

317 PILGRIM. 8.7.8.7.8.7. (First Tune.) A. L. Peace.



He will be our guide even unto death.

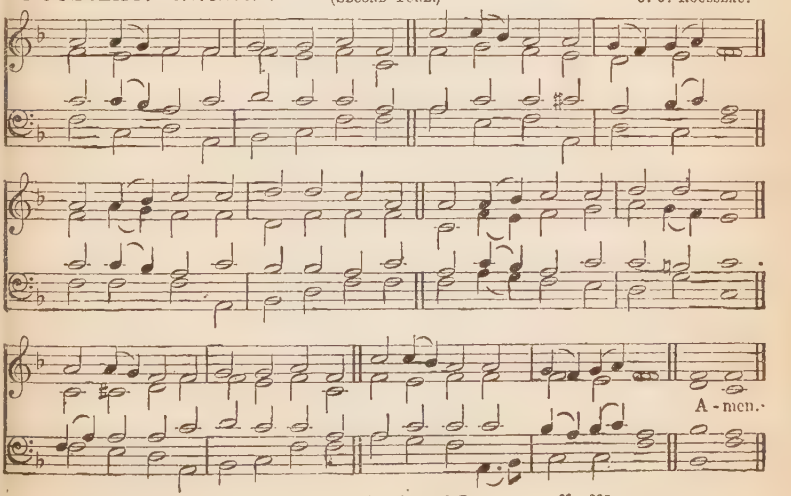
mp GUIDE me, O Thou great Jehovah!
Pilgrim through this barren land:
dim I am weak, but Thou art mighty,
cr Hold me with Thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me now and evermore.

mf 2 Open now the crystal fountain
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
cr Strong Deliverer,
f Be Thou still my strength and shield.

p 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan
cr Bid my anxious fears subside;
mf Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
ff Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee. Amen.

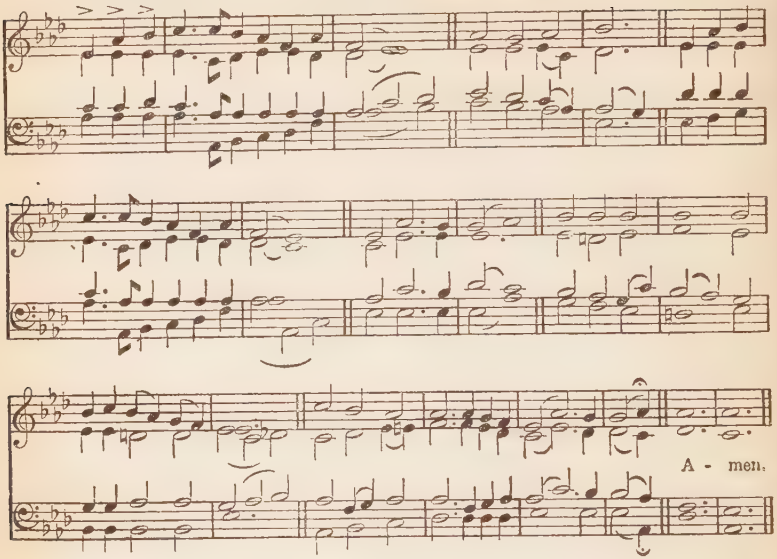
William Williams.

ROUSSEAU. 8.7.8.7.8.7. (Second Tune.) J. J. Rousseau.



See also Mannheim, No. 316, and Benediction, No. 605.

318 LUX BENIGNA. 10.4.10.4.10.10. (First Tune.) J. B. Dykes.



O send out Thy light and Thy truth; let them lead me.

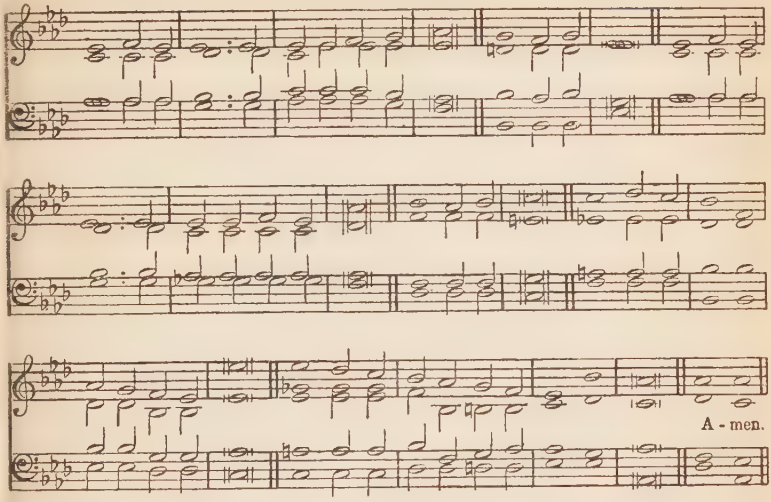
mp LEAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on;
p The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on;
cr Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

mf 2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
mp Lead Thou me on:
cr I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will—(*p*) remember not past years.

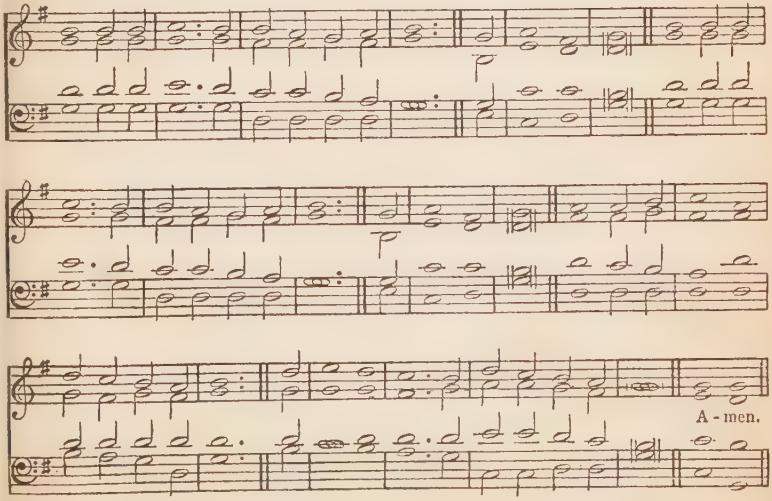
mf 3 So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
cr O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
dim Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile. Amen.

J. H. Newman.

LUX BEATA. 10.4.10.4.10.10. (Second Tune.) A. L. Peace.

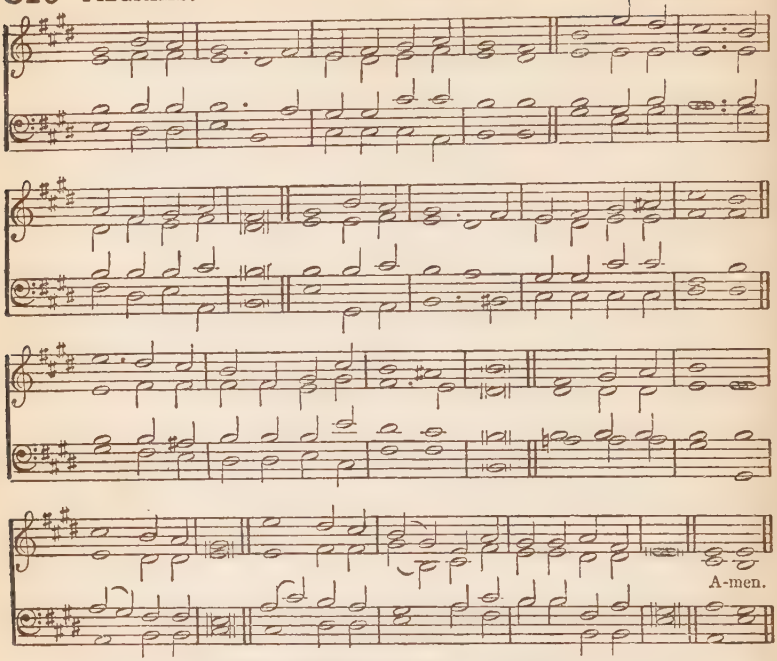


SANDON. 10.4.10.4.10.10. (Third Tune.) C. H. Purday.



319 PILGRIMS. 11.10.11.10.9.11. (First Tune.)

Henry Smart.



Angels . . . all ministering spirits sent forth for ministry for those about to inherit salvation.

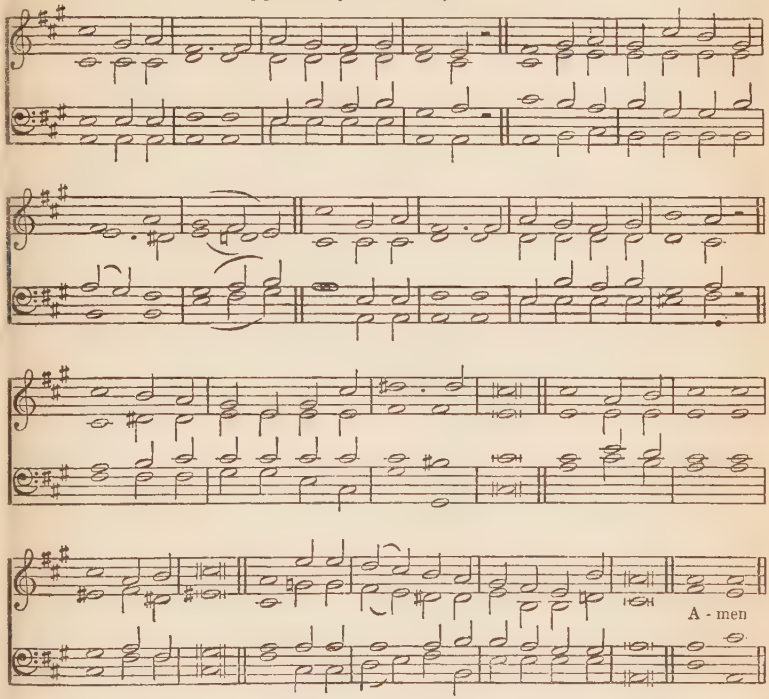
mf HARK! hark, my soul! angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore;
How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling
Of that new life when sin shall be no more.
cr *Angels of Jesus, angels of light,*
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

mf 2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
dim 'Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come;'
cr And, through the dark its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the Gospel leads us home.
Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

p 3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.
Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

PILGRIMS. 11.10.11.10.9.11. (Second Tune.) Sir Joseph Barnby.

By permission of Messrs. Novello, Ewer & Co.

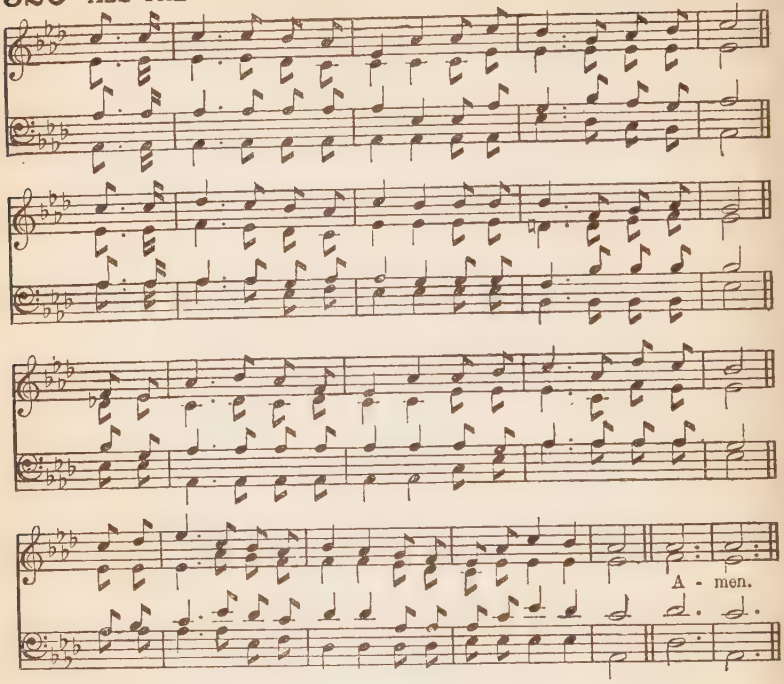


mp 4 Rest comes at length; though life be long and dreary,
cr The day must dawn, and darksome night be passed;
Faith's journey ends in welcome to the weary,
mf And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.
Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

mf 5 Angels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping,
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above,
cr Till morning's joys shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.
Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night. Amen.

F. W. Faber.

320 ALL THE WAY. 8.7.8.7. D.

ROBERT LOWRY.

He goeth before them, and the sheep follow Him.

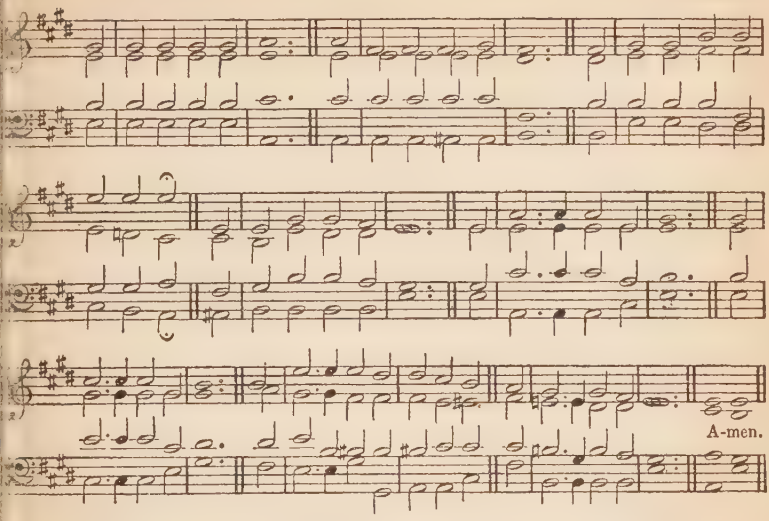
mf ALL the way my Saviour leads me—
What have I to ask beside?
Can I doubt His tender mercy
Who through life has been my guide?
dim Heavenly peace, divinest comfort,
Here by faith in Him to dwell—
cr For I know, whate'er befall me,
Jesus doeth all things well.

mf 2 All the way my Saviour leads me,
Cheers each winding path I tread,
Gives me grace for every trial,
Feeds me with the living bread.
mp Though my weary steps may falter,
And my soul athirst may be,
cr Gushing from the Rock before me,
mf Lo, a spring of joy I see!

mf 3 All the way my Saviour leads me—
Oh, the fulness of His love!
Perfect rest to me is promised
In my Father's house above:
cr When my spirit clothed immortal
Wings its flight to realms of day,
f This my song through endless ages,
'Jesus led me all the way!' Amen.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

321 LEOMINSTER. S. M. D. G. W. MARTIN.



The time is short.

A FEW more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come;
And we shall be with those that rest
Asleep within the tomb.
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that great day;
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

2 A few more suns shall set
O'er these dark hills of time;
And we shall be where suns are not,
A far serener clime.
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that blest day;
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

3 A few more storms shall beat
On this wild rocky shore;
And we shall be where tempests cease
And surges swell no more.
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that calm day;
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

4 A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more.
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that bright day;
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

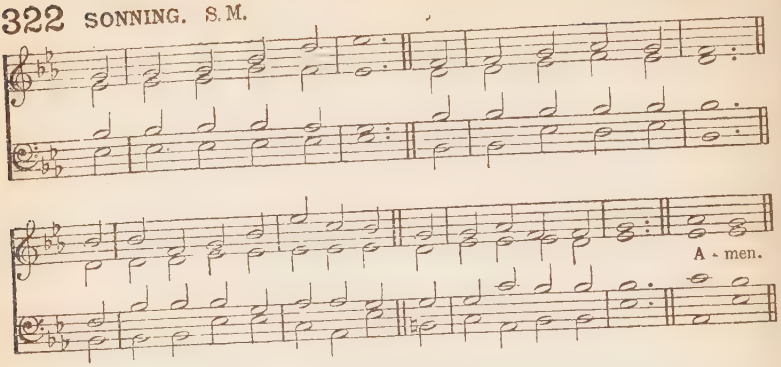
5 A few more Sabbaths here
Shall cheer us on our way;
And we shall reach the endless rest,
The eternal Sabbath-day.
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that sweet day;
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

6 'Tis but a little while,
And He shall come again
Who died that we might live, Who lives
That we with Him may reign.
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that glad day;
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away. Amen.

HORATIUS BONAR.

322 SONNING. S.M.

H. J. GAUNTLETT.



To depart and to be with Christ; which is far better.

mf IT is not death to die,
To leave this weary road,
And 'midst the brotherhood on high
To be at home with God.

mp 2 It is not death to close
The eye long dimmed by tears,
cr And wake in glorious repose
To spend eternal years.

mf 3 It is not death to bear
The wrench that sets us free
From dungeon chains, to breathe the air
Of boundless liberty.

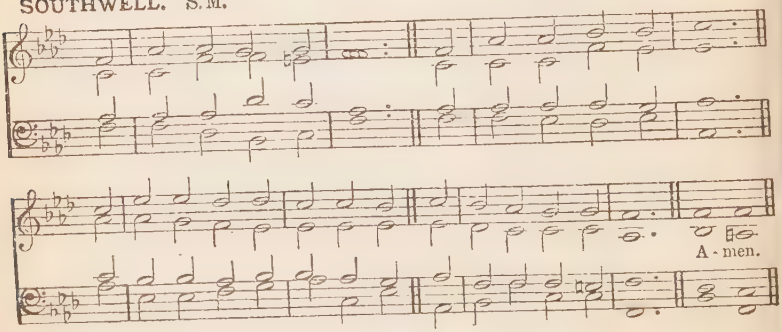
mf 4 It is not death to fling
Aside this sinful dust,
cr And rise on strong, exulting wing
To live among the just.

mf 5 Jesus, Thou Prince of Life,
Thy chosen cannot die!
cr Like Thee they conquer in the strife
f To reign with Thee on high. Amen.

H. A. C. MALAN, *tr.* G. W. BETHUNE.

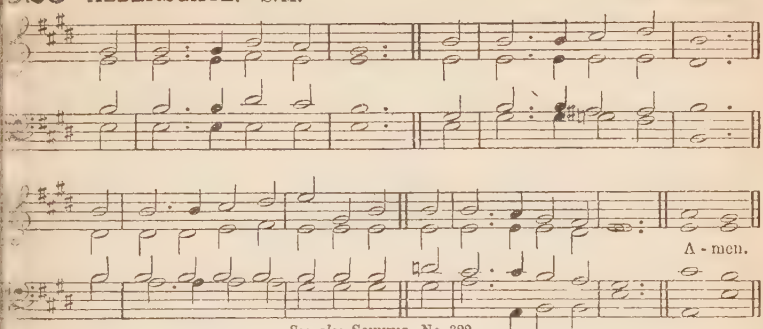
SOUTHWELL. S.M.

HENRIE DENHAM'S PSALTER, 1588.



323 ALDERSGATE. S.M.

G. P. Merrick.



See also Sonning, No. 322.

There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God.

p WHERE shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul?
'Twere vain the ocean's depths to sound
Or pierce to either pole.

2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

cr 3 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above
Unmeasured by the flight of years;
And all that life is love.

p 4 There is a death whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath—
O what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death!

mp 5 Lord God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be banished from Thy face,
And evermore undone.

6 Here would we end our quest;
Alone are found in Thee
cr The life of perfect love, the rest
Of immortality. Amen.

James Montgomery.

324 SOUTHWELL. S.M.

Take ye heed, watch and pray: for ye know not when the time is.

pp THOU Judge of quick and dead,
Before whose bar severe
With holy joy or guilty dread
We all shall soon appear,

p 2 Our cautioned souls prepare
For that tremendous day,
And fill us now with watchful care,
And stir us up to pray—

mp 3 To pray, and wait the hour,
That awful hour unknown,
When robed in majesty and power
Thou shalt from heaven come down,

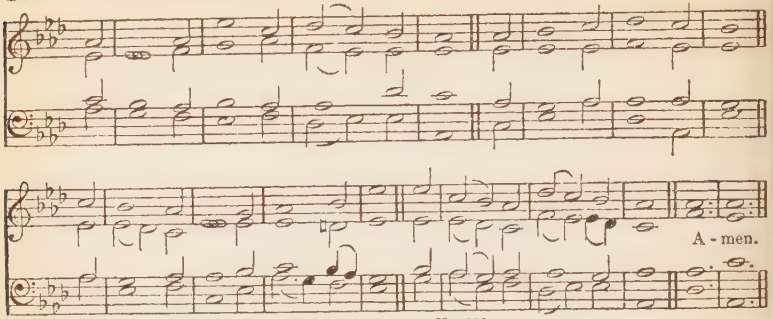
cr 4 The immortal Son of Man,
To judge the human race,
With all Thy Father's dazzling train,
With all Thy glorious grace.

mf 5 O may we thus be found
Obedient to His word,
Attentive to the trumpet's sound,
And looking for our Lord. Amen.

Charles Wesley.

325 STROUDWATER. C. M.

WILKINS'S PSALMODY, *c.* 1730.



See also KILMARNOCK, No. 222.

So shall we ever be with the Lord.

mp TAKE comfort, Christians, when your friends
In Jesus fall asleep;
Their better being never ends;
Why then dejected weep?

mp 2 Why inconsolable, as those
To whom no hope is given?
Death is the messenger of peace,
And calls the soul to heaven.

cr 3 As Jesus died, and rose again
Victorious from the dead;
mf So His disciples rise and reign
With their triumphant Head.

mp 4 The time draws nigh when from the clouds
Christ shall with shouts descend,
And the last trumpet's awful voice
The heavens and earth shall rend.

cr 5 Then they who live shall changèd be,
And they who sleep shall wake;
The graves shall yield their ancient charge,
And earth's foundations shake.

f 6 The saints of God, from death set free,
With joy shall mount on high;
The heavenly hosts with praises loud
Shall meet them in the sky.

mf 7 Together to their Father's house
With joyful hearts they go;
And dwell forever with the Lord
Beyond the reach of woe.

dim 8 A few short years of evil past,
We reach the happy shore,
mf Where death-divided friends at last
Shall meet to part no more. Amen.

MICHAEL BRUCE

326 RETREAT. L. M.

Them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him.

mp ASLEEP in Jesus! blessèd sleep
From which none ever wakes to weep,
A calm and undisturbed repose
Unbroken by the last of foes!

mp 2 Asleep in Jesus! O how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet,
cr With holy confidence to sing
That death hath lost his venomed sting.

mp 3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woe shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

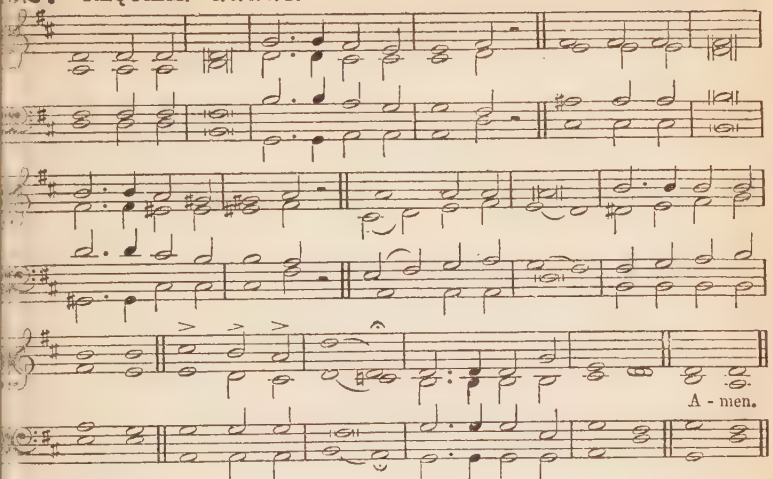
4 Asleep in Jesus! O for me
May such a blissful refuge be!
Securely shall my ashes lie
Waiting the summons from on high.

mp 5 Asleep in Jesus! time nor space
Debars this precious hiding-place;
On Indian plains or Lapland snows
Believers find the same repose.

6 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But thine is still a blessèd sleep
From which none ever wakes to weep.
Amen.

MARGARET MACKAY.

327 **REQUIEM.** 4.6.4.6. D. SIR JOSEPH BARNBY.



Fallen asleep in Christ.

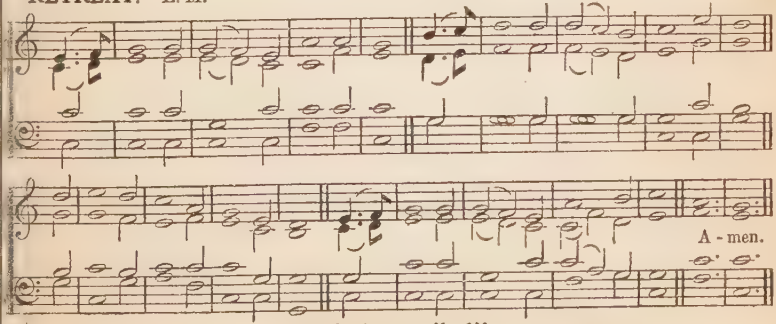
p SLEEP thy last sleep,
Free from care and sorrow;
Rest where none weep,
Till the eternal morrow;
Though dark waves roll
O'er the silent river.
Thy fainting soul
Jesus can deliver.

p 2 Life's dream is past,
All its sin, its sadness;
cr Brightly at last
Dawns a day of gladness.
Under the sod,
Earth, receive our treasure,
p To rest in God,
Waiting all His pleasure.

p 3 Though we may mourn
Those in life the dearest,
cr They shall return,
Christ, when Thou appearest:
Soon shall Thy voice
Comfort those now weeping,
mf Bidding rejoice
dim All in Jesus sleeping. Amen.

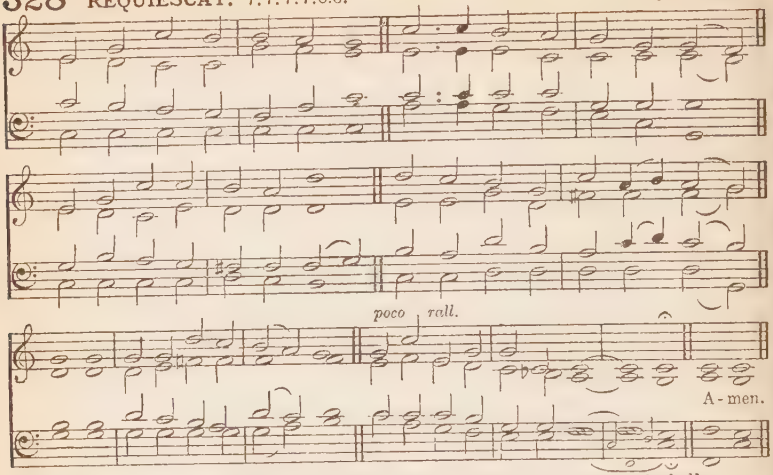
E. A. DAYMAN.

RETREAT. L. M. THOMAS HASTINGS.



See also ANGELUS, No. 366.

328 REQUIESCAT. 7.7.7.7.8.8. J. B. Dykes.



They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, . . . and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

p NOW the laborer's task is o'er;
Now the battle-day is past;
cr Now upon the further shore
Lands the voyager at last.
p *Father, in Thy gracious keeping*
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

2 There the tears of earth are dried;
There its hidden things are clear;
cr There the work of life is tried
By a juster Judge than here.

p 3 There the Shepherd, bringing home
Many a lamb forlorn and strayed,
cr Shelters each, no more to roam,
Where the wolf can ne'er invade.

p 4 There the penitents who turn
To the cross their dying eyes,
cr All the love of Jesus learn
At His feet in Paradise.

mf 5 There no more the powers of hell
Can prevail to mar their peace;
cr Christ the Lord shall guard them well,
He who died for their release.

p 6 'Earth to earth, and dust to dust,'
Calmly now the words we say;
Left behind, we wait in trust
cr For the resurrection day.* Amen.

John Ellerton.

329 BATH. 6.6.8.6.8.8.

Here we have no continuing city, but we seek one to come.

mp FRIEND after friend departs;
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts
That finds not here an end:
Were this frail world our only rest,
Living or dying, none were blest.

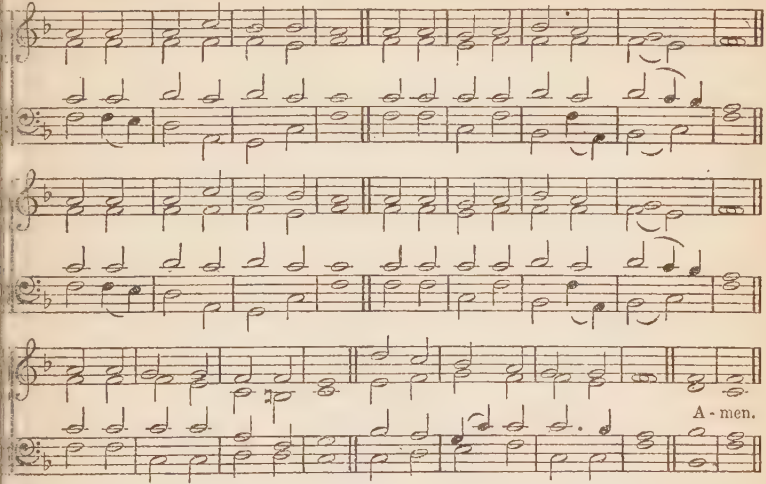
mp 2 Beyond the flight of time,
Beyond this vale of death,
cr There surely is some blessèd clime
Where life is not a breath,
Nor life's affections transient fire
Whose sparks fly upwards to expire.

mf 3 There is a world above
Where parting is unknown;
A whole eternity of love
Formed for the good alone:
And faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that happier sphere.

p 4 Thus star by star declines
Till all are passed away,
cr As morning high and higher shines
mf To pure and perfect day;
Nor sink those stars in empty night;
cr They hide themselves in heaven's own light. Amen. James Montgomery.

330 **MEINHOLD.** 7.8.7.8.7.7.

J. S. Bach's 'Vierstimmige Choralgesänge,' 1769,
Arranged by Margaret J. MacMillan.



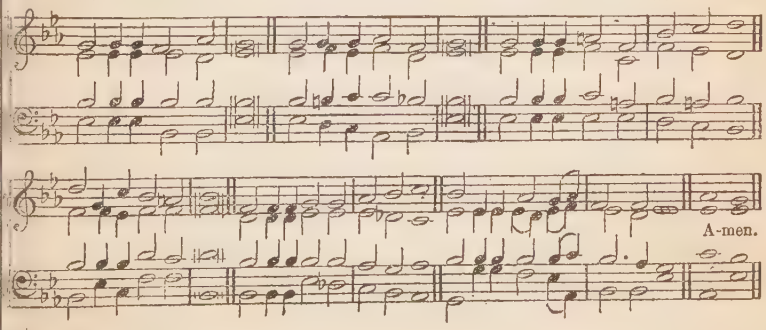
I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me.

TENDER Shepherd, Thou hast stilled
Now Thy little lamb's brief weeping;
O how peaceful, pale, and mild,
In its narrow bed 'tis sleeping,
r And no sigh of anguish sore
Heaves that little bosom more.
mp 2 In a world of pain and care,
Lord, Thou wouldst no longer leave it;
r To Thy meadows bright and fair
Lovingly Thou dost receive it;
mf Clothed in robes of spotless white
Now it dwells with Thee in light.
mp 3 Ah, Lord Jesus, grant that we
There may live where it is living,
cr And the blissful pastures see
That its heavenly food are giving;
Lost awhile our treasured love,
f Gained for ever, safe above. Amen.

J. W. Meinhold, *tr.* Catherine Winkworth.

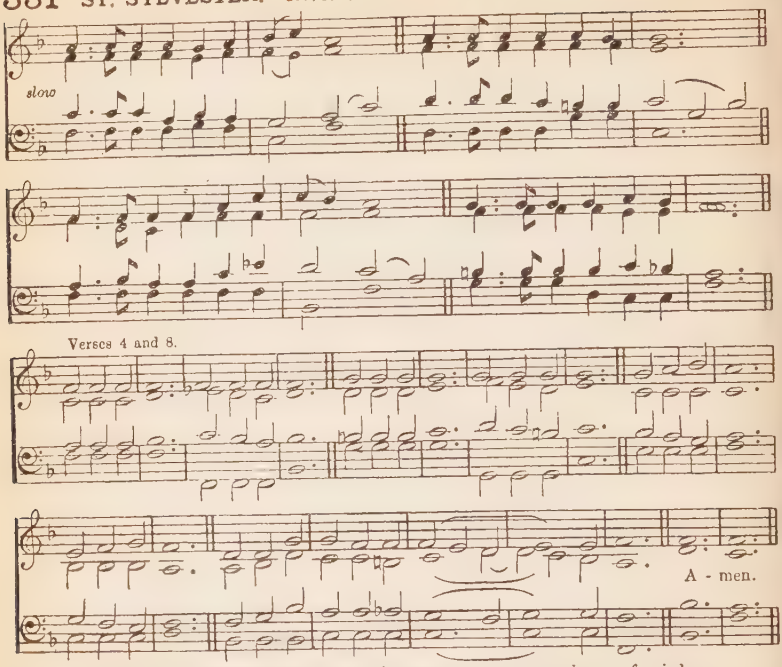
BATH. 6.6.8.6.8.8.

W. H. Cooke.



331 ST. SYLVESTER. 8.7.8.7. and 8.8.8.9.

J. B. Dykes.



So teach us to number our days, that we may get us a heart of wisdom.

mf DAYS and moments quickly flying
Speed us onward to the dead:
p O, how soon shall we be lying
Each within his narrow bed!

mf 2 Jesus, merciful Redeemer,
Rouse dead souls to hear Thy voice;
Wake, O wake each idle dreamer
Now to make the eternal choice.

mp 3 Mark we whither we are wending;
Ponder how we soon must go
cr To inherit bliss unending
dim Or eternity of woe.

p 4 Life passeth soon;
Death draweth near;
Keep us, good Lord,
Till Thou appear;
For Thee to live,
In Thee to die,
cr With Thee to reign through eternity.

p 5 As a shadow life is fleeting;
As a vapor so it flies;
For the bygone years retreating
Pardon grant, and make us wise—

mp 6 Wise, that we our days may number,
Strive and wrestle with our sin,
cr Stay not in our work nor slumber
Till Thy holy rest we win.

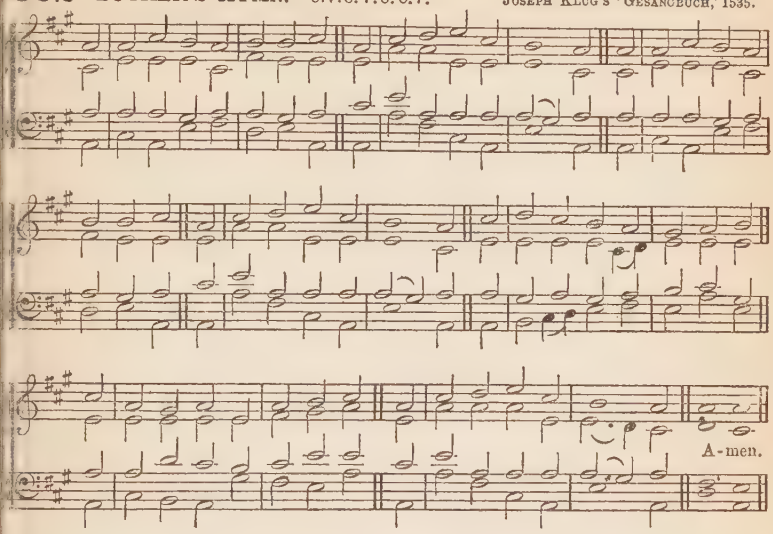
mf 7 Soon before the Judge all glorious
We with all the dead shall stand:
cr Saviour, over death victorious,
Place us then on Thy right hand.

p 8 Life passeth soon;
Death draweth near;
Keep us, good Lord,
Till Thou appear;
For Thee to live,
In Thee to die,
cr With Thee to reign through eternity.

Edward Caswall (*altd.*). Amen.

332 LUTHER'S HYMN. 8.7.8.7.8.7.

JOSEPH KLUG'S 'GESANGBUCH,' 1535.



I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God.

sf GREAT God, what do I see and hear!
The end of things created!
p The Judge of mankind doth appear
On clouds of glory seated!
cr The trumpet sounds; the graves restore
The dead which they contained before;
Prepare, my soul, to meet Him!

f 2 The dead in Christ shall first arise,
At the last trumpet's sounding,
Caught up to meet Him in the skies,
With joy their Lord surrounding:
No gloomy fears their souls dismay;
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet Him.

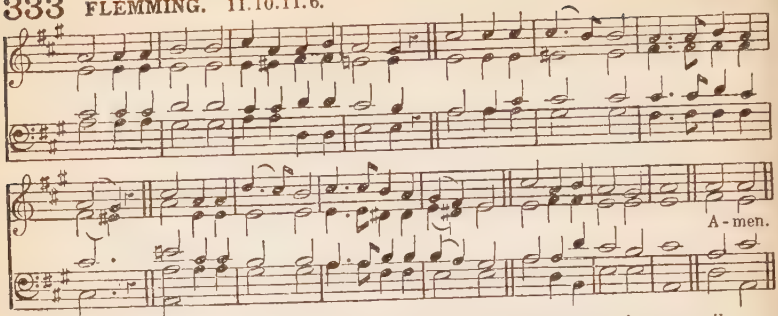
mp 3 But sinners, filled with guilty fears,
Behold His wrath prevailing;
For they arise, and find their tears
And sighs are unavailing:
The day of grace is past and gone;
Trembling they stand before the throne,
All unprepared to meet Him.

f 4 Great God, what do I see and hear!
The end of things created!
The Judge of mankind doth appear
On clouds of glory seated!
Beneath His cross I view the day
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet Him. Amen.

ANON., W. B. COLLYER, and THOMAS COTTERILL.

333 FLEMMING. 11.10.11.6.

F. F. Flemming.



Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me.

p WHEN on my day of life the night is falling, [spaces blown
And in the winds from unsunned spaces blown
I hear far voices out of darkness calling
My feet to paths unknown—

mp 2 Thou, who hast made my home of life so pleasant, [decay;
Leave not its tenant when its walls
O Love Divine, O Helper ever present,
cr Be Thou my strength and stay!

mp 3 Be near me when all else is from me drifting—
Earth, sky, home's pictures, days of shade and shine,
And kindly faces to my own uplifting
The love which answers mine.

4 I have but Thee, my Father! let Thy Spirit [hold;
Be with me then to comfort and up-
p No gate of pearl, no branch of palm I
Nor street of shining gold. [merit,

5 Suffice it if—my good and ill unreckoned,
And both forgiven through Thy abounding grace—
cr I find myself by hands familiar beckoned
Unto my fitting place.

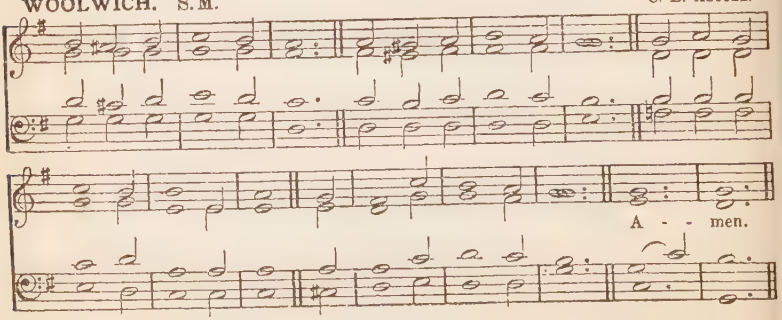
mp 6 Some humble door among Thy many mansions, [striving cease,
Some sheltering shade where sin and
cr And flows forever through heaven's green expansions
The river of Thy peace.

mp 7 There from the music round about me stealing
I fain would learn the new and holy song,
cr And find at last, beneath Thy trees of healing,
The life for which I long. Amen.

J. G. Whittier.

WOOLWICH. S.M.

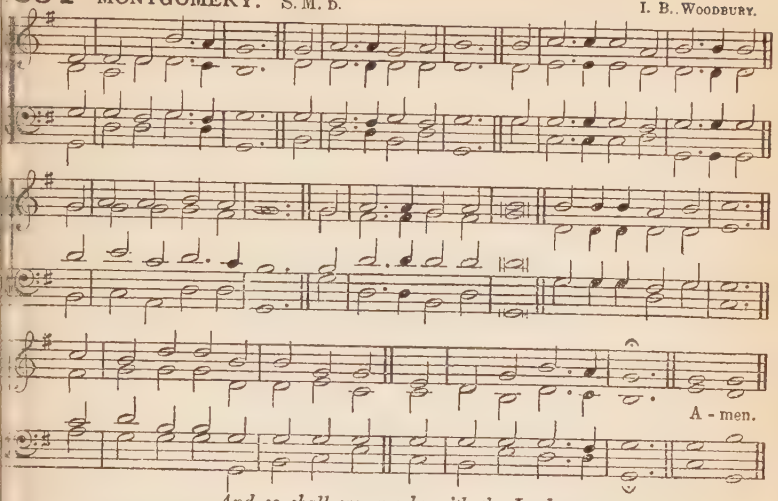
C. E. Kettle.



12. The Life Everlasting

334 MONTGOMERY. S. M. D.

I. B. Woodbury.



And so shall we ever be with the Lord.

f FOREVER with the Lord!
p Amen! so let it be;
cr Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.
p Here, in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam,
cr Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.
mf 2 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near,
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye
Thy golden gates appear!
p Ah! then my spirit faints
cr To reach the land I love,
f The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.

f 3 Forever with the Lord!
dim Father, if 'tis Thy will,
The promise of that faithful word
Even here to me fulfil:
cr Be Thou at my right hand,
Then can I never fail;
Uphold Thou me, and I shall stand;
Fight, and I must prevail.
p 4 So, when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
cr By death I shall escape from death,
mf And life eternal gain.
f Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
cr And oft repeat before the throne,
ff 'Forever with the Lord!' Amen.

James Montgomery.

335 WOOLWICH. S. M.

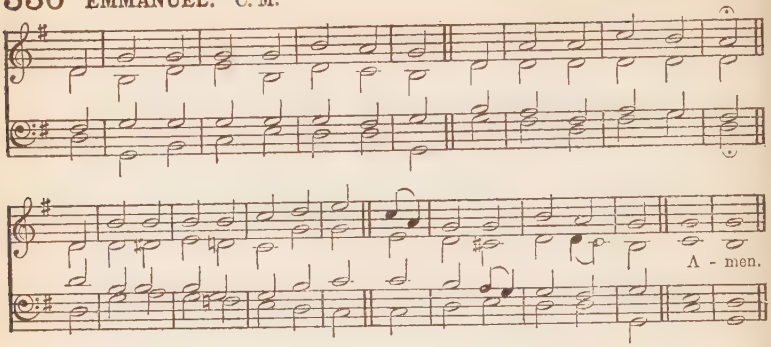
Death shall be no more; neither shall there be mourning, nor crying, nor pain, any more: the first things are passed away.

f THERE is no night in heaven:
p In that blest world above
Work never can bring weariness,
For work itself is love.
f 2 There is no grief in heaven:
For life is one glad day;
And tears are of those former things
Which all have passed away.
f 3 There is no sin in heaven;
Behold that blessed throng—
All-holy is their spotless robe!
All-holy is their song!
mf 4 There is no death in heaven:
For they who gain that shore
cr Have won their immortality,
And they can die no more.
mp 5 Lord Jesus, be our Guide;
cr And lead us safely on,
mf Till night, and grief, and sin, and death
f Are past, and heaven is won! Amen.

Francis M. Knollis.

336 EMMANUEL. C. M.

From Beethoven.



Let me go over and see the good land that is beyond Jordan.

mf THERE is a land of pure delight
Where saints immortal reign,
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

mp 4 But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

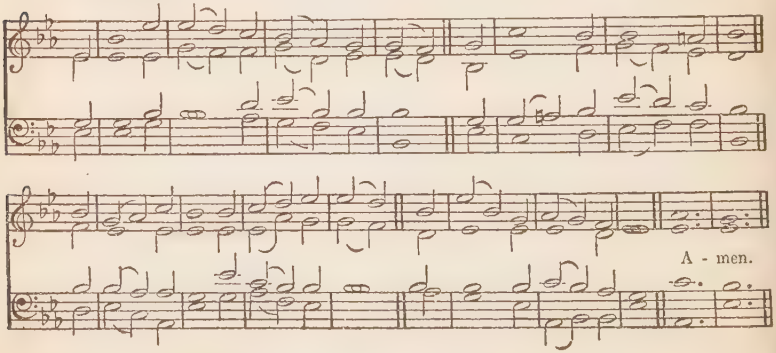
mp 5 O could we make our doubts remove,
These gloomy doubts that rise,
cr And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes;

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
mf Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.
Amen.

Isaac Watts.

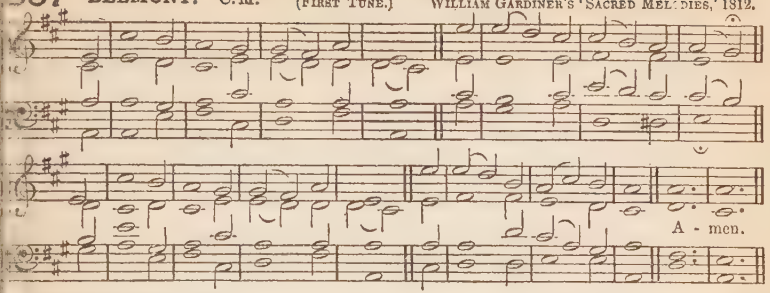
ST. STEPHEN. C. M.

Isaac Smith.



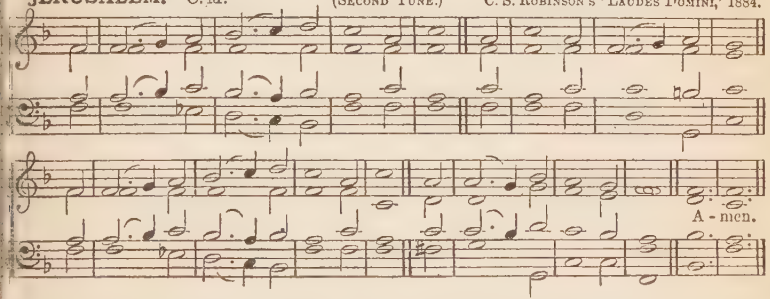
337 BELMONT. C.M.

(First Tune.) William Gardiner's 'Sacred Melodies,' 1812.



JERUSALEM. C.M.

(Second Tune.) C. S. Robinson's 'Laudes Domini,' 1884.



The holy city, New Jerusalem.

nf JERUSALEM, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labors have an end,
In joy, and peace, and thee?

nf 2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built [walls
And pearly gates behold?
cr Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

mf 3 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom, [scenes
Nor sin nor sorrow know:
Blest seats! through rude and stormy
cr I onward press to you.

mp 4 Why should I shrink from pain and [woe,
Or feel at death dismay?
cr I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

mf 5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

mf 6 Jerusalem, my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee;
cr Then shall my labors have an end,
f When I thy joys shall see. Amen.

'Eckington Collection' (after the Latin).

338 ST. STEPHEN. C.M.

Begat us to a living hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ.

mf BLESSED be the everlasting God,
The Father of our Lord;
cr Be His abounding mercy praised,
His majesty adored.

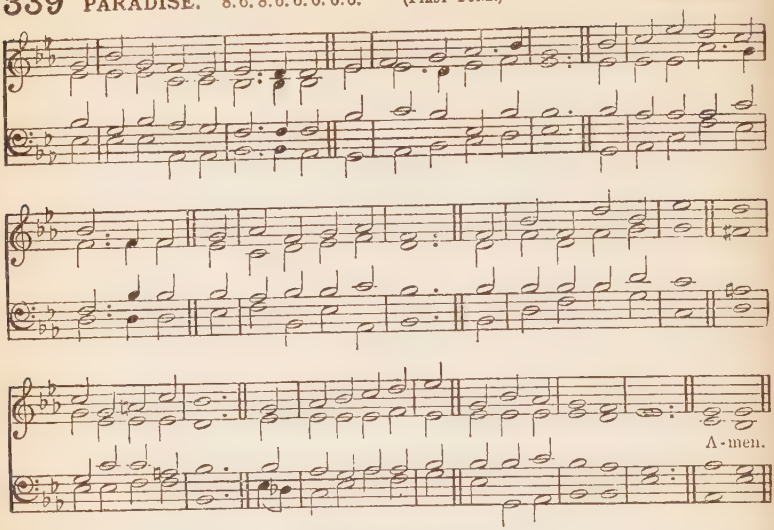
mf 2 When from the dead He raised His Son
And called Him to the sky,
cr He gave our souls a lively hope
That they should never die.

3 To an inheritance divine
He taught our hearts to rise:
cr 'Tis uncorrupted, undefiled,
Unfading in the skies.

mf 4 Saints by the power of God are kept
Till the salvation come;
We walk by faith as strangers here;
cr But Christ shall call us home. Amen.

Isaac Watts (*altd.*).

339 PARADISE. 8.6.8.6.6.6.6.6. (First Tune.) Henry Smart.



The Paradise of God.

mf O PARADISE! O Paradise!
Who doth not crave for rest?
Who would not seek the happy land
Where they that loved are blest?
f *Where loyal hearts and true*
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
dim *In God's most holy sight.*

mp 2 O Paradise! O Paradise!
The world is growing old;
cr Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold?
f *Where loyal hearts and true*
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
dim *In God's most holy sight.*

mp 3 O Paradise! O Paradise!
'Tis weary waiting here;
cr I long to be where Jesus is,
To feel, to see Him near,
f *Where loyal hearts and true*
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
dim *In God's most holy sight.*

mf 4 O Paradise! O Paradise!
I want to sin no more;
I want to be as pure on earth
As on thy spotless shore,
f *Where loyal hearts and true*
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
dim *In God's most holy sight.*

p 5 Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,
Oh, keep me in Thy love,
cr And guide me to that happy land
Of perfect rest above;
f *Where loyal hearts and true*
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
dim *In God's most holy sight.* Amen.

F. W. Faber (*altd.*)

PARADISE. 8.6.8.6.6.6.6.6. (Second Tune.) Sir Joseph Barnby.

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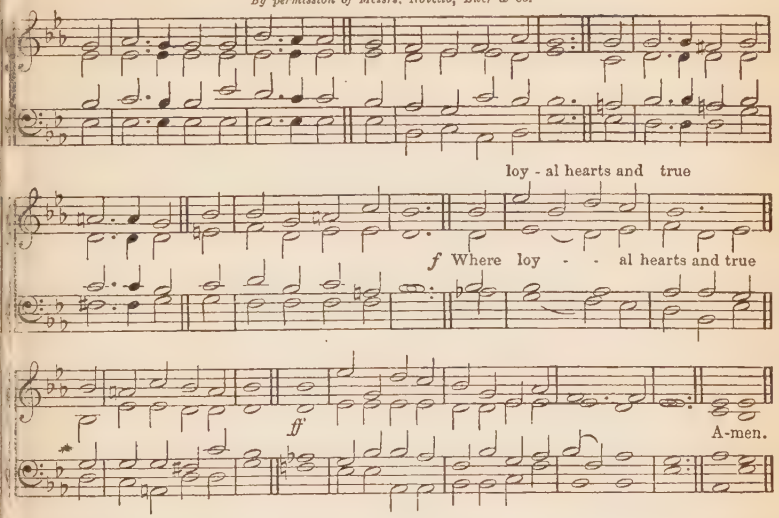
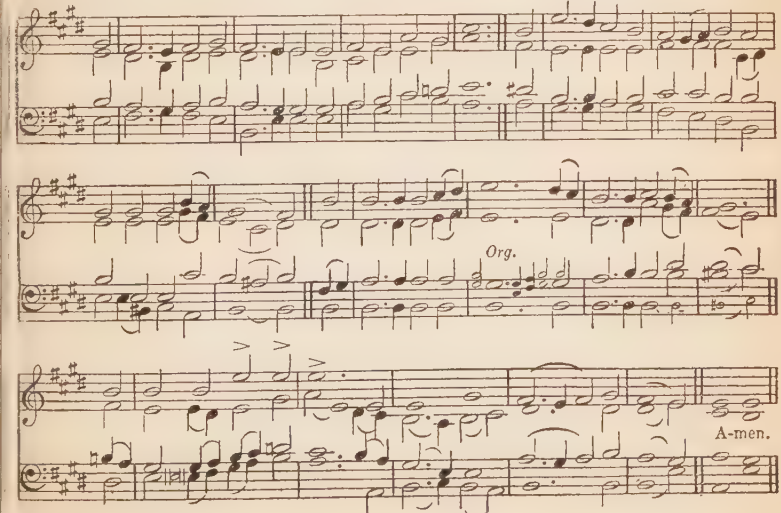
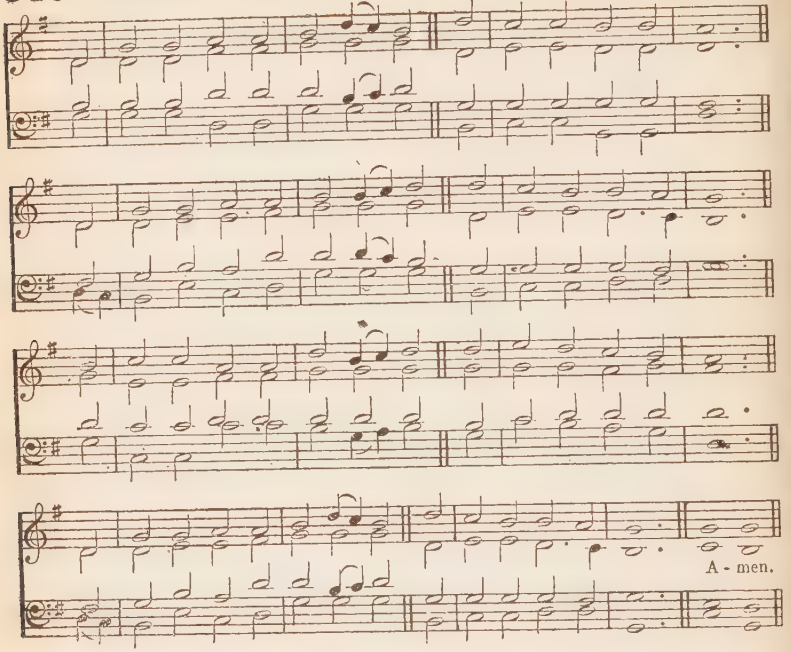


PARADISE. 8.6.8.6.6.6.6.6. (Third Tune.) J. B. Dykes.



340 ST. ASAPH. C. M. D.

G. M. GIORNOVICHI.



God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

mf HOW bright these glorious spirits shine!
Whence all their white array?
How came they to the blissful seats
Of everlasting day?

mp 2 Lo! these are they from sufferings great
Who came to realms of light,
cr And in the blood of Christ have washed
Those robes which shine so bright.

f 3 Now with triumphal palms they stand
Before the throne on high,
And serve the God they love amidst
The glories of the sky.

4 His presence fills each heart with joy,
Tunes every mouth to sing:
By day, by night, the sacred courts
With glad hosannas ring.

mf 5 Hunger and thirst are felt no more,
Nor suns with scorching ray;
f God is their sun, whose cheering beams
Diffuse eternal day.

mf 6 The Lamb which dwells amidst the throne
Shall o'er them still preside,
Feed them with nourishment divine,
And all their footsteps guide.

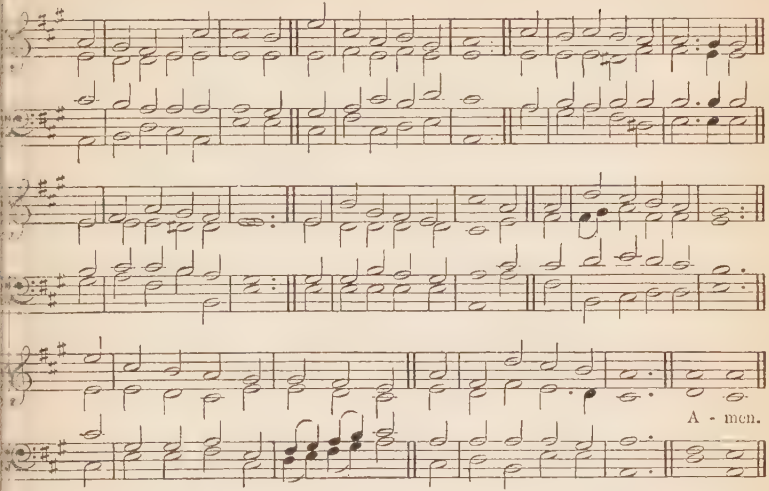
7 'Mong pastures green He'll lead His flock
Where living streams appear;
And God the Lord from every eye
Shall wipe off every tear.

f 8 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, and is,
And shall be evermore. Amen.

ISAAC WATTS (*altd.*).

341 ST. CATHARINE. 7.6.8.6. D.

J. Montgomerie Bell.



We shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air.

TEN thousand times ten thousand
In sparkling raiment bright,
The armies of the ransomed saints
Throng up the steeps of light:
mf 'Tis finished! all is finished,
Their fight with death and sin:
Fling open wide the golden gates,
And let the victors in.

f 2 What rush of hallelujahs
Fills all the earth and sky!
What ringing of a thousand harps
Bespeaks the triumph nigh!
O day, for which creation
And all its tribes were made!
O joy, for all its former woes
A thousandfold repaid!

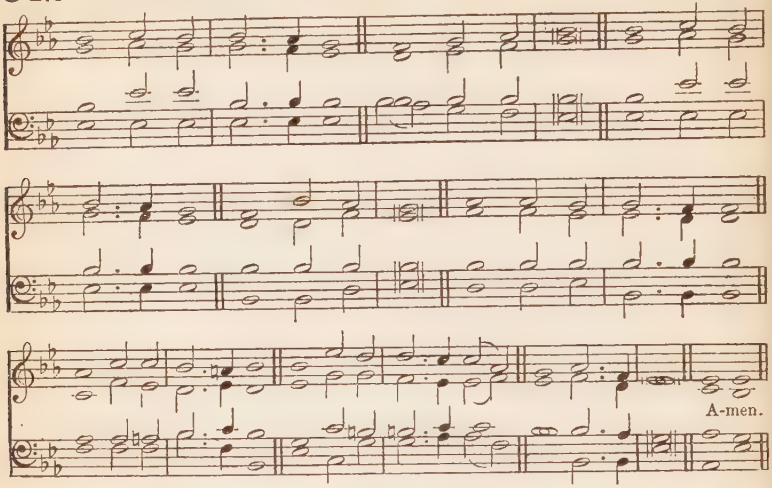
mf 3 Oh then what raptured greetings
On Canaan's happy shore;
What knitting severed friendships up
Where partings are no more!
f Then eyes with joy shall sparkle
dim That brimmed with tears of late;
Orphans no longer fatherless,
Nor widows desolate.

mp 4 Bring near Thy great salvation,
Thou Lamb for sinners slain;
cr Fill up the roll of Thine elect,
f Then take Thy power and reign:
mf Appear, Desire of nations!
mp Thine exiles long for home;
cr Show in the heavens Thy promised sign;
f Thou Prince and Saviour, come! Amen.

Henry Alford.

342 PILGRIM SONG. 6.4.6.4.6.6.6.4.

H. A. C. Malan.



Confessed that they were pilgrims and strangers on the earth.

p I'M but a stranger here,
cr Heaven is my home;
p Earth is a desert drear,
cr Heaven is my home:
p Danger and sorrow stand
Round me on every hand;
cr Heaven is my fatherland,
Heaven is my home.

mf 2 What though the tempest rage,
Heaven is my home;
mp Short is my pilgrimage,
cr Heaven is my home:
And time's wild wintry blast
Soon shall be overpast;
mf I shall reach home at last,
Heaven is my home.

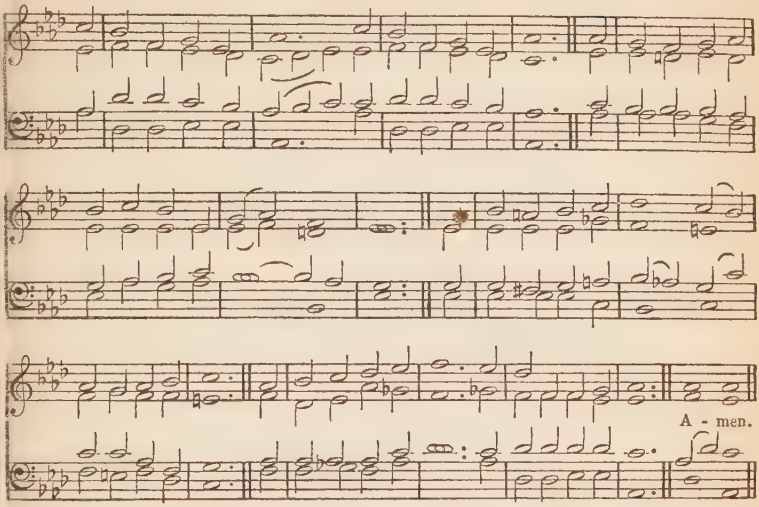
mf 3 There at my Saviour's side,
Heaven is my home;
I shall be glorified,
Heaven is my home.
There are the good and blest,
Those I love most and best;
And there I too shall rest,
Heaven is my home.

mp 4 Therefore I murmur not,
Heaven is my home;
Whate'er my earthly lot,
Heaven is my home;
cr For I shall surely stand
mf Then at my Lord's right hand;
f Heaven is my fatherland,
Heaven is my home. Amen.

Thomas R. Taylor.

343 THE BLESSED HOME. 6.6.6.6. D.

SIR JOHN STAINER.



They shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.

mf THERE is a blessèd home
Beyond this land of woe,
Where trials never come,
Nor tears of sorrow flow;
cr Where faith is lost in sight,
And patient hope is crowned,
f And everlasting light
Its glory throws around.

p 2 There is a land of peace,—
Good angels know it well;
cr Glad songs that never cease
Within its portals swell;
mf Around its glorious throne
Ten thousand saints adore
Christ, with the Father one,
And Spirit evermore.

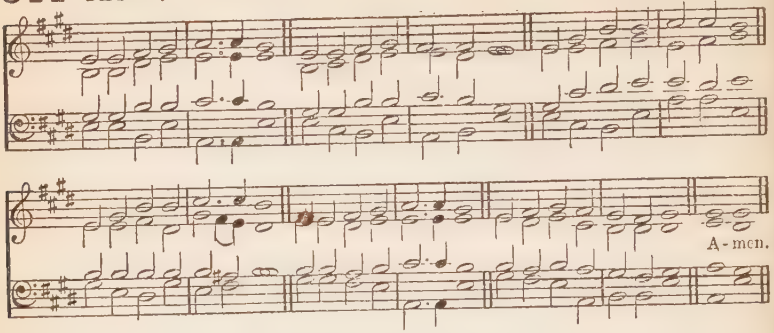
f 3 O joy all joys beyond,
To see the Lamb who died,
p And count each sacred wound
In hands and feet and side;
mf To give to Him the praise
Of every triumph won
cr And sing through endless days
The great things He hath done.

mf 4 Look up, ye saints of God,
Nor fear to tread below
The path your Saviour trod
p Of daily toil and woe;
cr Wait but a little while
In uncomplaining love,
mf His own most gracious smile
Shall welcome you above. Amen.

SIR H. W. BAKER.

344 PETRA. 7.7.7.7.7.7.

RICHARD REDHEAD.



Then shall I know even as also I am known.

mp WHEN this passing world is done,
When has sunk yon glaring sun,
cr When we stand with Christ in glory
Looking o'er life's finished story,—
mf Then, Lord, shall I fully know,
Not till then, how much I owe.

mf 2 When I stand before the throne
Dressed in beauty not my own,
When I see Thee as Thou art,
Love Thee with unsinning heart,—
cr Then, Lord, shall I fully know,
Not till then, how much I owe.

mf 3 When the praise of heaven I hear
Loud as thunders to the ear,
Loud as many waters' noise,
Sweet as harp's melodious voice,—
f Then, Lord, shall I fully know,
Not till then, how much I owe.

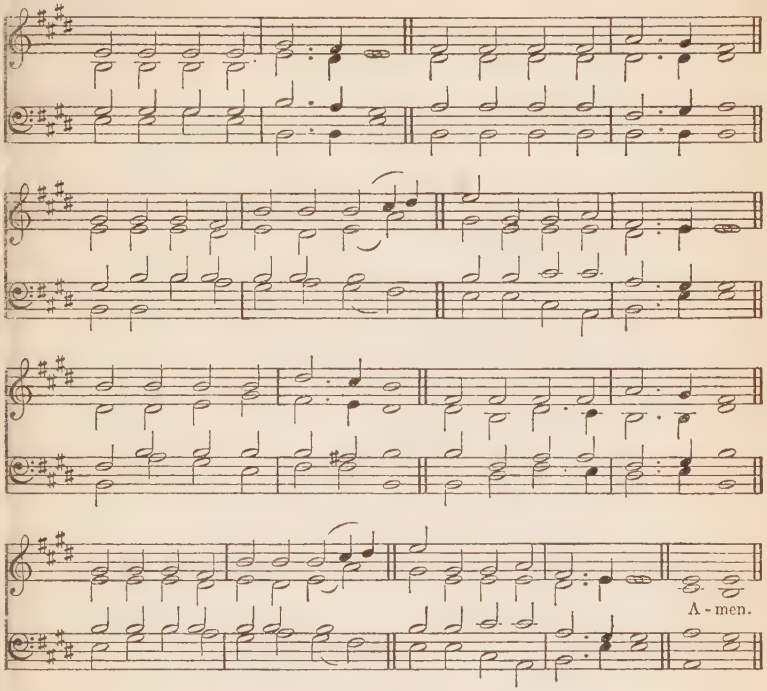
mp 4 Even on earth, as through a glass
Darkly let Thy glory pass;
cr Make forgiveness feel so sweet,
Make Thy Spirit's help so meet,—
mf Even on earth, Lord, make me know
Something of how much I owe.

mp 5 Chosen not for good in me,
Wakened up from wrath to flee,
Hidden in the Saviour's side,
By the Spirit sanctified,—
mf Teach me, Lord, on earth to show,
By my love, how much I owe. Amen.

R. M. McCHEYNE.

345 BENEVENTO. 7.7.7.7. D.

SAMUEL WEBBE.



See also WOODMAN, No. 484.

Is it well with the child? . . . It is well.

mf SAFELY, safely gathered in,
No more sorrow, no more sin,
No more childish griefs or fears,
No more sadness, no more tears;
For the life, so young and fair,
Now hath passed from earthly care:
God Himself the soul will keep,
Giving His beloved sleep.

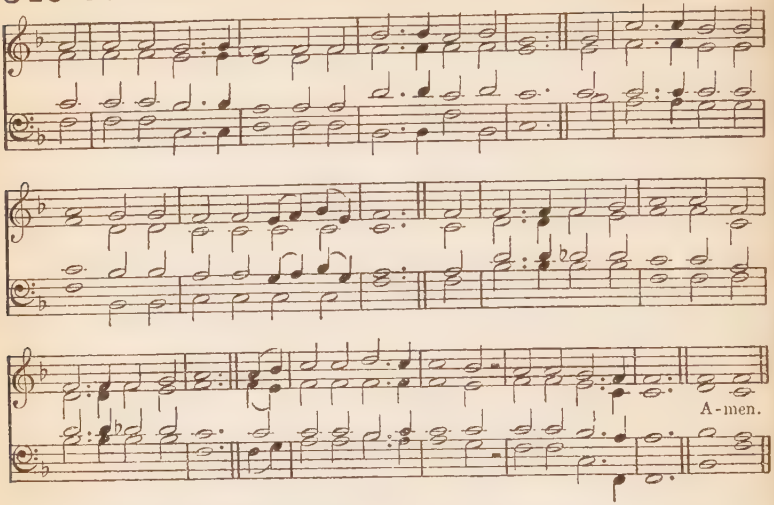
cr 2 Safely, safely gathered in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin,
Passed beyond all grief and pain,
Death, for thee, is truest gain:
For our loss we must not weep,
Nor our loved one long to keep
From the home of rest and peace,
Where all sin and sorrow cease.

mp 3 Safely, safely gathered in,
No more sorrow, no more sin;
God has saved from weary strife,
In its dawn, this young fresh life,
Which awaits us now above,
Resting in the Saviour's love.
Jesus, grant that we may meet
There, adoring at Thy feet. Amen.

H. O. DOBBEE.

346 RUTHERFORD. 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.5.

CHRÉTIEN URHAN.



Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty.

mp THE sands of time are sinking;
cr The dawn of heaven breaks;
mp The summer morn I've sighed for,
cr The fair sweet morn awakes.
p Dark, dark hath been the midnight
cr But dayspring is at hand,
mf And glory—glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

mp 2 O Christ! He is the fountain,
The deep sweet well of love!
The streams on earth I've tasted;
cr More deep I'll drink above:
mf There to an ocean fulness
His mercy doth expand,
cr And glory—glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

mp 3 O, I am my Belovèd's,
And my Beloved is mine;
He brings a poor vile sinner
Into His house of wine.
mf I stand upon His merit,
I know no other stand,
Not e'en where glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

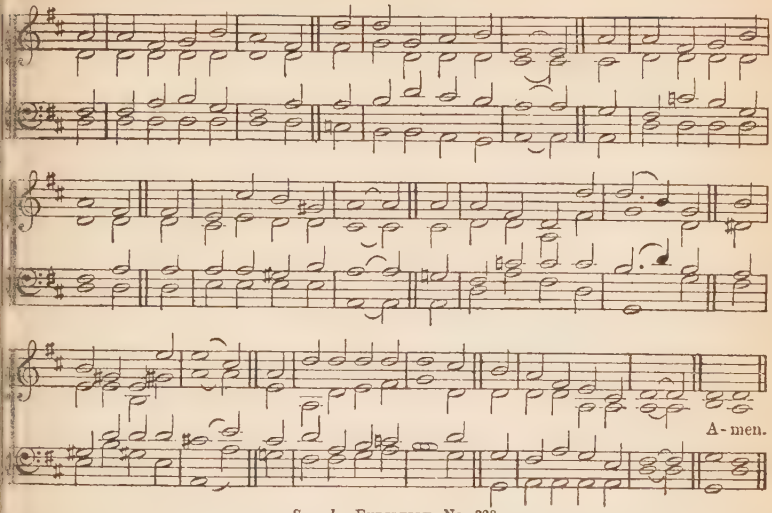
mp 4 The bride eyes not her garment,
But her dear bridegroom's face;
I will not gaze at glory,
cr But on my King of grace,—
Not at the crown He gifteth,
But on His piercèd hand:
mf The Lamb is all the glory
Of Immanuel's land.

mp 5 With mercy and with judgment
My web of time He wove,
And aye the dews of sorrow
Were lustred by His love;
mf I'll bless the hand that guided,
I'll bless the heart that planned,
cr When throned where glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

mp 6 I've wrestled on towards heaven,
'Gainst storm and wind and tide;
Now, like a weary traveller
That leaneth on his guide,
Amid the shades of evening,
While sinks life's linge'ring sand,
cr I hail the glory dawning
In Immanuel's land. Amen.

ANNE ROSS COUSIN.

347 LANCASHIRE. 7.6.7.6. D. HENRY SMART.



See also ENDSLEIGH, No. 383.

There came such a voice . . . from the excellent glory.

mf OH, fair the gleams of glory,
And bright the scenes of mirth
That lighten human story
And cheer this weary earth;
But richer far our treasure
With whom the Spirit dwells,
Ours, ours in heavenly measure
The glory that excels.

mp 2 The lamplight faintly gleameth
Where shines the noonday ray;
From Jesus' face there beameth
Light of a sevenfold day;
And earth's pale lights, all faded,
The light from heaven dispels;
cr But shines for aye unshaded
The glory that excels.

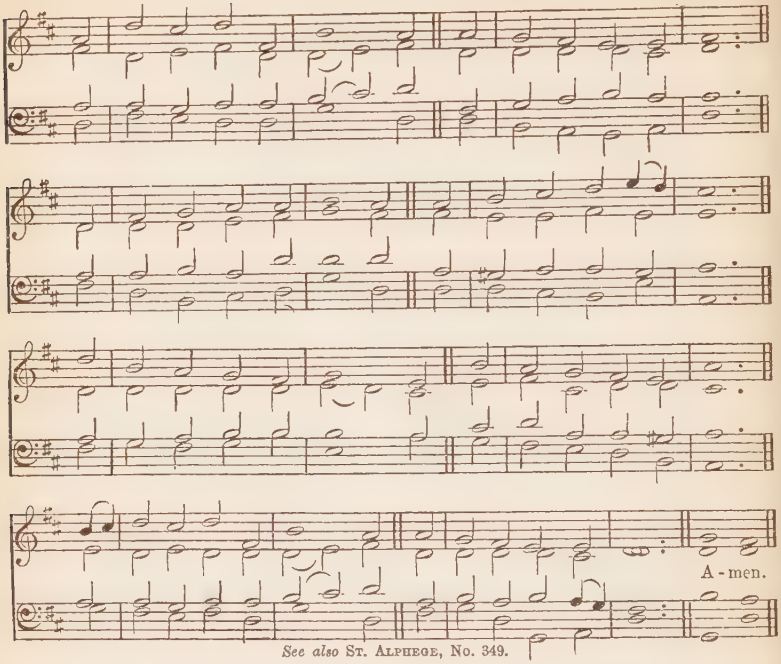
3 No broken cisterns need they
Who drink from living rills;
No other music heed they
Whom God's own music thrills.
Earth's precious things are tasteless,
Its boisterous mirth repels,
Where flows in measure wasteless
The glory that excels.

mp 4 Since on our life descended
Those beams of light and love
cr Our steps have heavenward tended,
Our eyes have looked above,
mf Till through the clouds concealing
The home where glory dwells
f Our Jesus comes revealing
The glory that excels. Amen.

CHARLES INNIS CAMERON.

348 PEARSALL. 7.6.7.6. D.

St. Gall 'Katholisches Gesangbuch,' 1863.



See also St. Alphege, No. 349.

But now they desire a better country, that is, an heavenly.

mp THE world is very evil,
The times are waxing late;
Be sober and keep vigil,
The Judge is at the gate,—
mf The Judge that comes in mercy,
The Judge that comes with might,
To terminate the evil,
To diadem the right.

2 Then glory yet unheard of
Shall shed abroad its ray
Resolving all enigmas,
An endless Sabbath-day.
Then, then from his oppressors
The Hebrew shall go free,
And celebrate in triumph
The year of Jubilee.

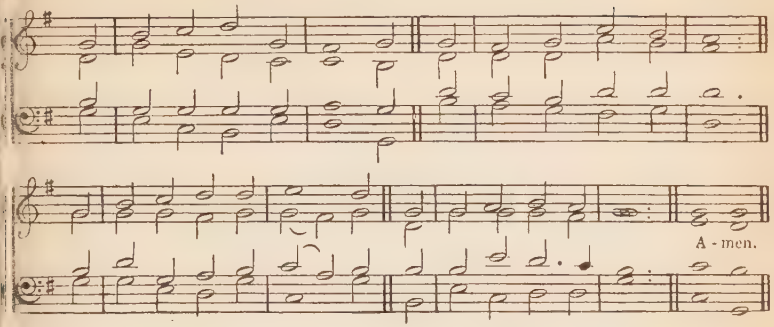
mp 3 There nothing can be feeble,
There none can ever mourn,
There nothing is divided,
There nothing can be torn.
Strive, man, to win that glory;
Toil, man, to gain that light;
Send hope before to grasp it,
Till hope be lost in sight.

p 4 O sweet and blessèd country,
The home of God's elect!
mp O sweet and blessèd country,
That eager hearts expect!
p Jesus, in mercy bring us
cr To that dear land of rest;
f Who art, with God the Father
And Spirit, ever blest. Amen.

Bernard of Cluny, *tr.* J. M. Neale.

349 ST. ALPHEGE. 7.6.7.6.

H. J. GAUNTLETT.



There shall be no more curse.

p BRIEF life is here our portion,
Brief sorrow, short-lived care;
cr The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life, is there.
mf O happy retribution!
Short toil, eternal rest;
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the blest!

mf 2 There grief is turned to pleasure,
Such pleasure as below
No human voice can utter,
No human heart can know.
mp And now we fight the battle,
cr But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown.

mp 3 And now we watch and struggle,
And now we live in hope,
And Zion in her anguish
With Babylon must cope;
mf But He whom now we trust in
Shall then be seen and known,
cr And they that know and see Him
Shall have Him for their own.

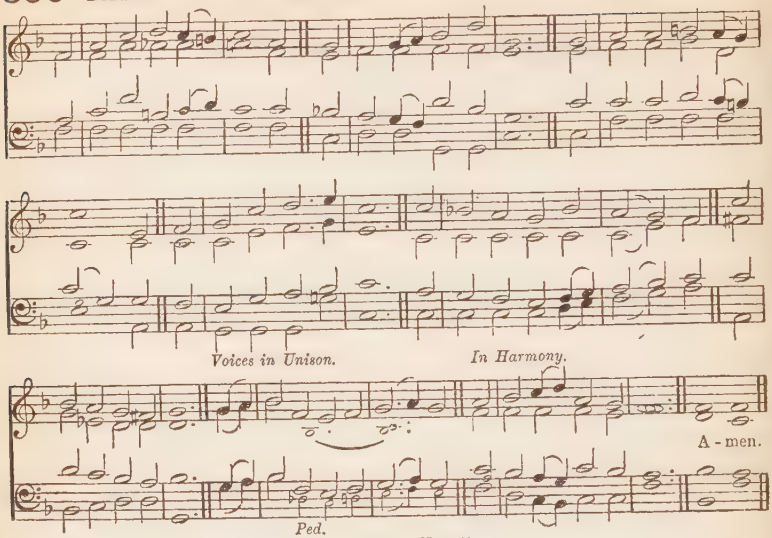
mf 4 The morning shall awaken,
The shadows flee away,
cr And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as doth the day.
f There God, our King and portion,
In fulness of His grace,
We then shall see forever,
And worship face to face.

p 5 O sweet and blessèd country,
The home of God's elect!
mp O sweet and blessèd country,
That eager hearts expect!
p Jesus, in mercy bring us
cr To that dear land of rest;
f Who art, with God the Father
And Spirit, ever blest. Amen.

BERNARD of Cluny, *tr.* J. M. NEALE.

350 DAY OF REST. 7.6.7.6. D.

J. W. ELLIOTT.



See also EWING, No. 351.

For he looked for a city which hath foundations.

mp FOR thee, O dear, dear country,
Mine eyes their vigils keep;
For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep;
cr The mention of thy glory
Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love, and life, and rest.

mf 2 O one, O only mansion!
O Paradise of joy!
Where tears are ever banished,
And smiles have no alloy:
With jaspers glow thy bulwarks;
Thy streets with emeralds blaze;
The sardius and the topaz
Unite in thee their rays:

cr 3 Thine ageless walls are bonded
With amethyst unpriced;
Thy saints build up its fabric,
And the corner-stone is Christ.
f The cross is all thy splendor,
The Crucified thy praise:
His laud and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise.

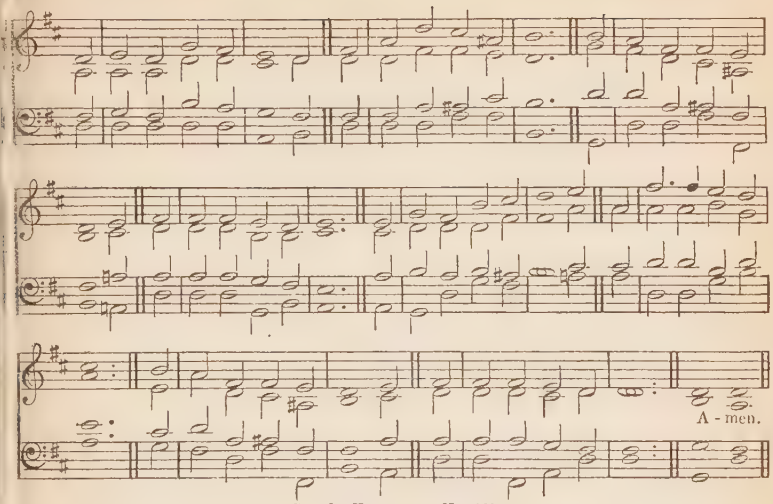
mf 4 Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!
Thou hast no time, bright day!
mp Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away.
cr Upon the Rock of Ages
They raise thy holy tower;
f Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower.

p 5 O sweet and blessèd country,
The home of God's elect!
mp O sweet and blessèd country,
That eager hearts expect!
p Jesus, in mercy bring us
cr To that dear land of rest;
f Who art, with God the Father
And Spirit, ever blest. Amen.

BERNARD of Cluny, *tr.* J. M. NEALE.

351 EWING. 7.6.7.6. D.

ALEXANDER EWING.



See also ENDSLEIGH, No. 383.

The city was pure gold, like unto clear glass.

mf JERUSALEM the golden,
With milk and honey blest,
dim Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppress't:
cr I know not, O, I know not,
What social joys are there;
f What radiancy of glory,
What light beyond compare!

f 2 They stand, those halls of Zion,
Conjubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng:
The Prince is ever in them;
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blessèd
Are decked in glorious sheen.

mf 3 There is the throne of David,
And there, from care released,
cr The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast;
f And they, who with their Leader
Have conquered in the fight,
dim Forever and forever
Are clad in robes of white.

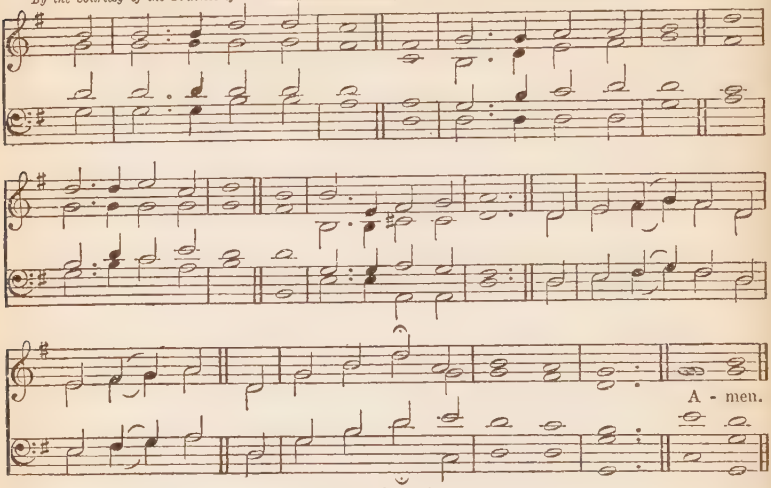
p 4 O sweet and blessèd country,
The home of God's elect!
mp O sweet and blessèd country,
That eager hearts expect!
p Jesus, in mercy bring us
cr To that dear land of rest;
f Who art, with God the Father
And Spirit, ever blest. Amen.

BERNARD of Cluny, *tr.* J. M. NEALE.

352 LAUS DEO. 6.6.6.6.8.8.

JOHN H. GOWER.

By the Courtesy of the Trustees of the Presbyterian Board of Publication and Sabbath-School Work, Philadelphia.



See also ST. JOHN, No. 359.

They shall see His face.

mf JERUSALEM on high
My song and city is,
My home whene'er I die,
The centre of my bliss:
f O happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
To see Thy face?

mf 2 There dwells my Lord, my King,
p Judged here unfit to live;
cr There angels to Him sing,
And lowly homage give:
f O happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
To see Thy face?

mf 3 The patriarchs of old
There from their travels cease;
The prophets there behold
Their longed-for Prince of Peace:
f O happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
To see Thy face?

mf 4 The Lamb's apostles there
I might with joy behold,
The harpers I might hear
Harping on harps of gold:
f O happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
To see Thy face?

mp 5 The bleeding martyrs, they
Within these courts are found,
cr Clothèd in pure array,
Their scars with glory crowned:
f O happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
To see Thy face?

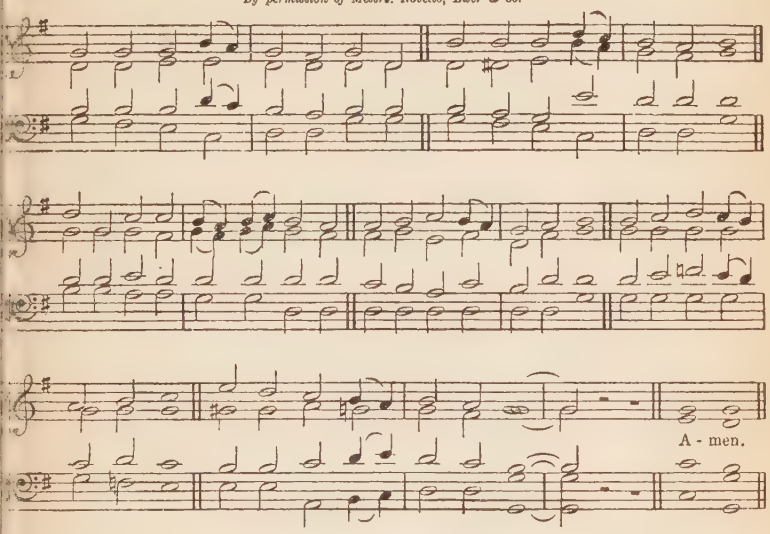
p 6 Ah me! ah me! that I
In Kedar's tents here stay;
cr No place like that on high;
Lord, thither guide my way:
f O happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
To see Thy face? Amen.

SAMUEL CROSSMAN.

353 GOUNOD. 8.7.8.7.7.7.

CHARLES GOUNOD.

By permission of Messrs. Novello, Ewer & Co.



Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.

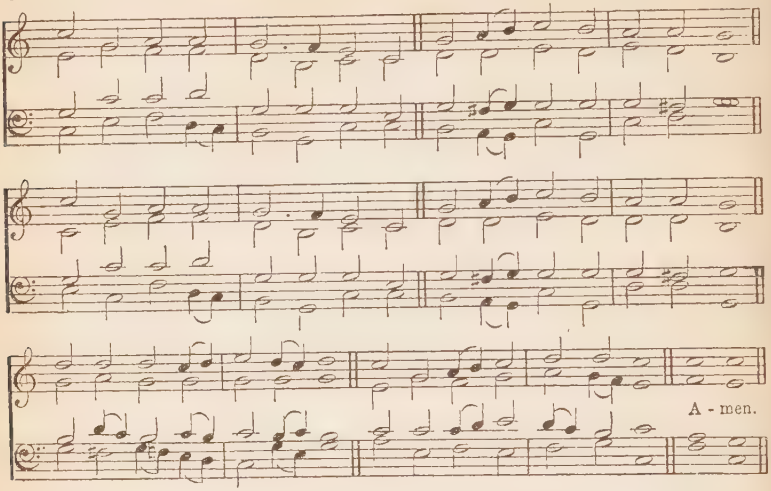
p HARK! a voice! it cries from heaven,
cr 'Happy in the Lord who die;'
Happy they to whom 'tis given
From a world of grief to fly:
They indeed are truly blest;
dim From their labors then they rest.

mf 2 All their toils and conflicts over,
Lo! they dwell with Christ above;
cr Oh, what glories they discover
In the Saviour whom they love!
Now they see Him face to face,
Him who saved them by His grace.

mf 3 'Tis enough, enough forever;
'Tis His people's bright reward;
They are blest indeed who never
Shall be absent from the Lord:
p Oh that we may die like those
Who in Jesus then repose! Amen.

THOMAS KELLY.

354 ALL SAINTS. 8.7.8.7.7.7. Darmstädter Gesangbuch, 1698.



Who are these, and whence came they?

mf WHO are these like stars appearing,
These before God's throne who stand?
Each a golden crown is wearing;
Who are all this glorious band?
Alleluia! hark they sing,
f Praising loud their Heavenly King.

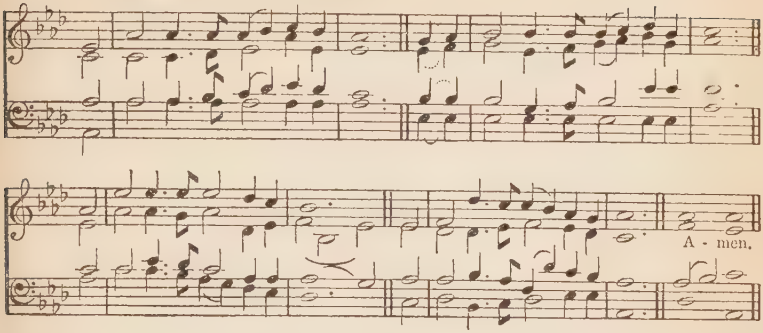
mf 2 These are they who have contended
For their Saviour's honor long,
Wrestling on till life was ended,
Following not the sinful throng:
These, who well the fight sustained,
cr Triumph by the Lamb have gained.

mp 3 These are they whose hearts were riven
Sore with woe and anguish tried,
Who in prayer full oft have striven
With the God they glorified;
cr Now, their painful conflict o'er,
God has bid them weep no more.

mf 4 These like priests have watched and waited,
Offering up to Christ their will,
Soul and body consecrated,
Day and night to serve Him still:
f Now in God's most holy place,
Blest they stand before His face. Amen.

H. T. Schenk, *tr.* F. E. Cox.

355 REALMS OF THE BLEST. 8.8.8.8.



It doth not yet appear what we shall be.

mf WE speak of the realms of the blest,
Of that country so bright and so fair,
And oft are its glories confessed;
cr But what must it be to be there!

mf 2 We speak of its pathways of gold,
Of its walls decked with jewels so rare,
Of its wonders and pleasures untold;
cr But what must it be to be there!

mp 3 We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation, and care,
From trials without and within;
cr But what must it be to be there!

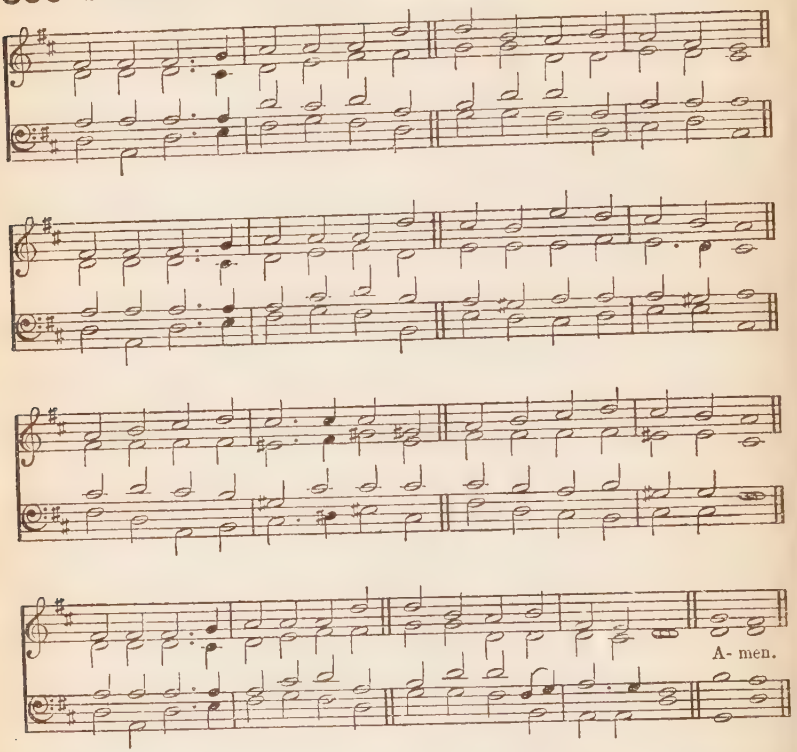
mf 4 We speak of its anthems of praise,
With which we can never compare
The sweetest on earth we can raise;
cr But what must it be to be there!

mf 5 We speak of its service of love,
Of the robes which the glorified wear,
Of the Church of the first-born above;
cr But what must it be to be there!

mp 6 Then let us, 'midst pleasure or woe,
cr Still for heaven our spirits prepare;
mf And shortly we also shall know
f And feel what it is to be there. Amen.

ELIZABETH MILLS.

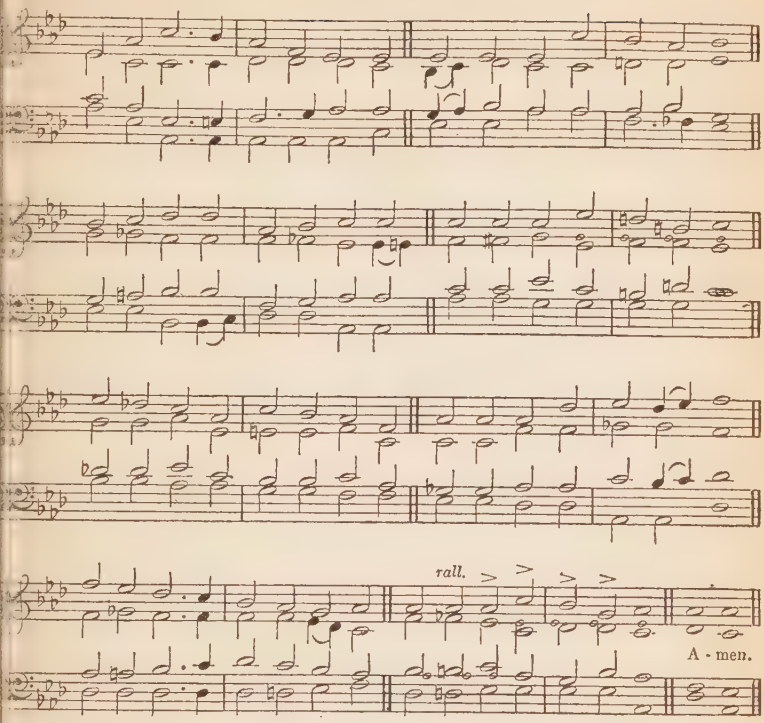
356 ST. ASAPH. 8.7.8.7. D. (First Tune.) William S. Bambridge.



Lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands.

mf HARK! the sound of holy voices, chanting at the crystal sea
mp Hallelujah, (*mf*) hallelujah, (*f*) hallelujah, Lord, to Thee:
mf Multitude, which none can number, like the stars in glory stands,
Clothed in white apparel, holding palms of victory in their hands.

mp 2 They have come from tribulation, and have washed their robes in blood,
cr Washed them in the blood of Jesus; tried they were, and firm they stood;
p Mocked, imprisoned, stoned, tormented, sawn asunder, slain with sword,
cr They have conquered Death and Satan by the might of Christ the Lord.

SANCTUARY. 8.7.8.7. D. (Second Tune.) J. B. Dykes.

f 3 Marching with Thy cross their banner, they have triumphed following
Thee, the Captain of Salvation, Thee, their Saviour and their King;
dim Gladly, Lord, with Thee they suffered; gladly, Lord, with Thee they died,
cr And by death to life immortal they were born and glorified.

f 4 Now they reign in heavenly glory, now they walk in golden light,
Now they drink, as from a river, holy bliss and infinite;
mp Love and peace they taste forever, and all truth and knowledge see
cr In the beatific vision of the blessèd Trinity.

mf 5 God of God, the One-Begotten, Light of Light, Immanuel,
In whose body joined together all the saints forever dwell,
cr Pour upon us of Thy fulness, that we may for evermore
f God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost adore. Amen.

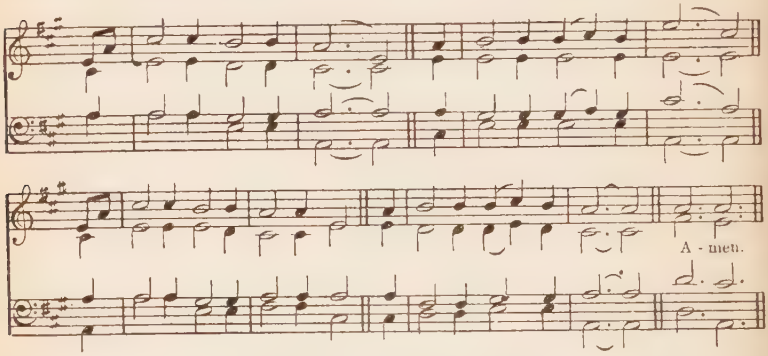
Christopher Wordsworth.

1. Worship

(1) OPENING OF SERVICE

357 BARBER. S. M.

ARRANGED FROM MOZART.



Stand up and bless the Lord.

mf STAND up and bless the Lord,
Ye people of His choice;
Stand up and bless the Lord your God,
With heart and soul and voice.

mf 2 Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
p Who would not fear His holy name,
cr And laud and magnify?

mf 3 Oh, for the living flame,
From His own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our souls inspire,
cr And wing to heaven our thought!

f 4 God is our strength and song,
And His salvation ours;
Then be His love in Christ proclaimed
With all our ransomed powers.

ff 5 Stand up and bless the Lord;
The Lord your God adore;
Stand up and bless His glorious name,
Henceforth, for evermore. Amen.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

358 BEMERTON. 6.5.6.5.

The same day, being the first day of the week, came Jesus and stood in the midst.

f JESUS, stand among us
In Thy risen power,
Let this time of worship
Be a hallowed hour.

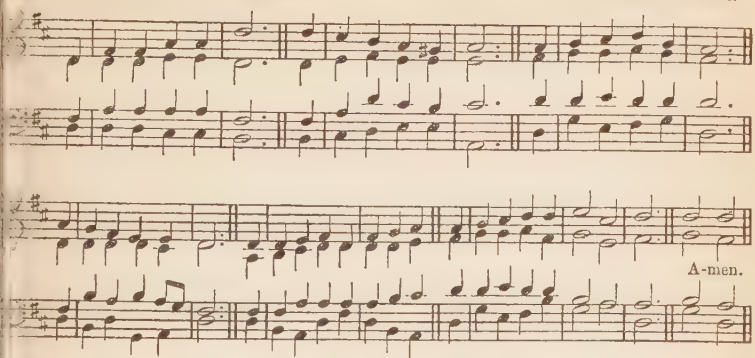
mp 2 Breathe the Holy Spirit
Into every heart,
cr Bid the fears and sorrows
From each soul depart.

mf 3 Thus with quickened footsteps
We pursue our way,
Watching for the dawning
Of eternal day. Amen.

WILLIAM PENNEFATHER.

59 ST. JOHN. 6.6.6.6.8.8.

OLD ENGLISH MELODY.



This is the day which the Lord hath made; we will rejoice and be glad in it.

AWAKE, ye saints, awake,
And hail the sacred day;
In loftiest songs of praise
Your joyful homage pay:
Come, bless the day that God hath blest,
The type of heaven's eternal rest.

2 On this auspicious morn
The Lord of life arose;
He burst the bars of death,
And vanquished all our foes;
And now He pleads our cause above,
And reaps the fruit of all His love.

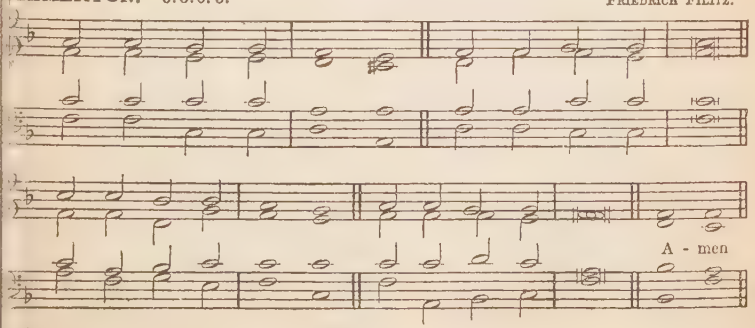
f 3 All hail! triumphant Lord,
Heaven with hosannas rings;
And earth, in humbler strains,
Thy praise responsive sings:
Worthy the Lamb that once was slain,
Through endless years to live and reign.

f 4 Great King, gird on Thy sword,
Ascend Thy conquering car,
While justice, power, and love
Maintain the glorious war:
This day let sinners own Thy sway,
And rebels cast their arms away. Amen.

ELIZABETH SCOTT, *altd. by* THOMAS COTTERILL.

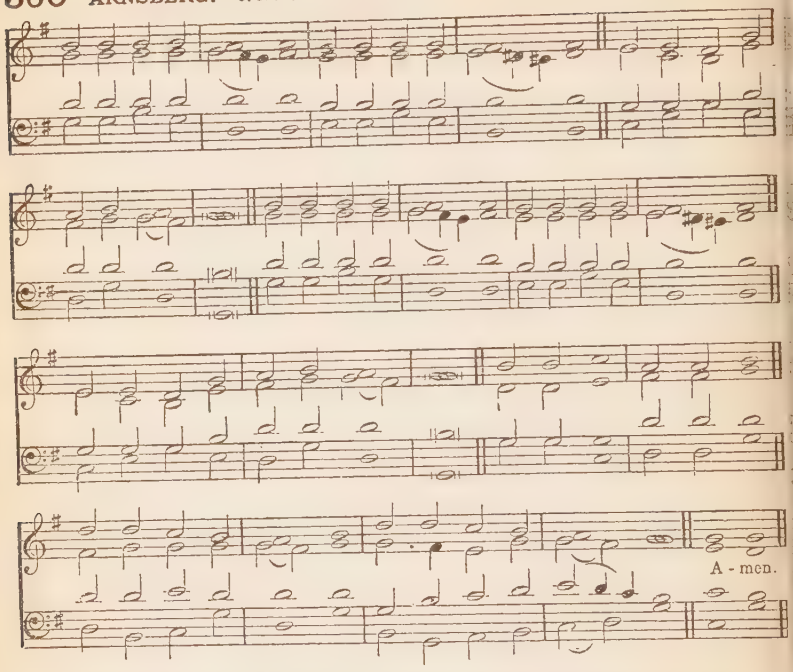
BEMERTON. 6.5.6.5.

FRIEDRICH FILITZ.



360 ARNSBERG. 6.6.8. D. 3.3.6.6.

JOACHIM NEANDER.



The Lord is in His holy temple; let all the earth keep silence before Him.

mf GOD reveals His presence—
Let us now adore Him,
And with awe appear before Him.
God is in His temple—
dim All within keep silence,
Prostrate lie with deepest reverence.
cr Him alone
God we own,
Him our God and Saviour:
f Praise His name forever.

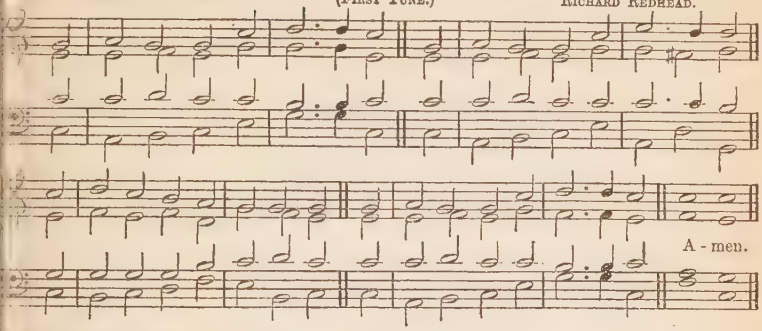
mf 2 God reveals His presence—
Hear the harps resounding!
See the crowds the throne surrounding!
p 'Holy, (*mp*) holy, (*mf*) holy,'
mf Hear the hymn ascending,
Angels, saints, their voices blending!
mp Bow Thine ear
To us here:
Hearken, O Lord Jesus,
To our meaner praises.

mf 3 O Thou Fount of blessing,
Purify my spirit
Trusting only in Thy merit.
Like the holy angels
Who behold Thy glory
May I ceaselessly adore Thee.
cr Let Thy will
Ever still
Rule Thy church terrestrial,
As the hosts celestial. Amen.

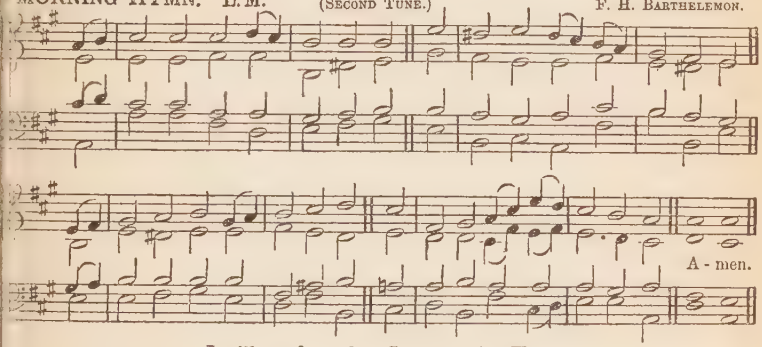
G. TERSTEEGEN, *tr.* FOSTER and MILLER, *altd.* MERCER.

(2) MORNING

61 LAUDS. L.M. (First Tune.) Ancient Melody. Arranged by Richard Redhead.



MORNING HYMN. L.M. (Second Tune.) F. H. Barthelemon.



I will awake early; I will praise Thee.

AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 Thy precious time misspent redeem;
Each present day thy last esteem;
Improve thy talent with due care;
For the great day thyself prepare.

3 In conversation be sincere;
Keep conscience as the noontide clear;
Think how All-seeing God thy ways
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

4 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praise to the eternal King.

mf 5 All praise to Thee who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me whilst I slept:
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall [wake
I may of endless light partake.

mp 6 Lord, I my vows to Thee renew;
Disperse my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and [will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

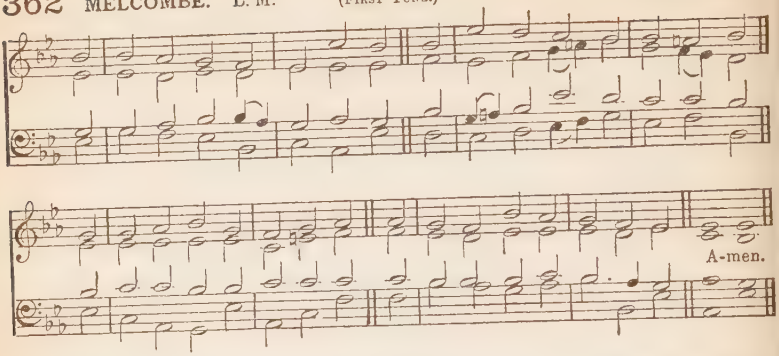
cr 7 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers with all their might [flow;
In Thy sole glory may unite.

ff 8 Praise God, from whom all blessings
Praise Him all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Thomas Ken. Amen.

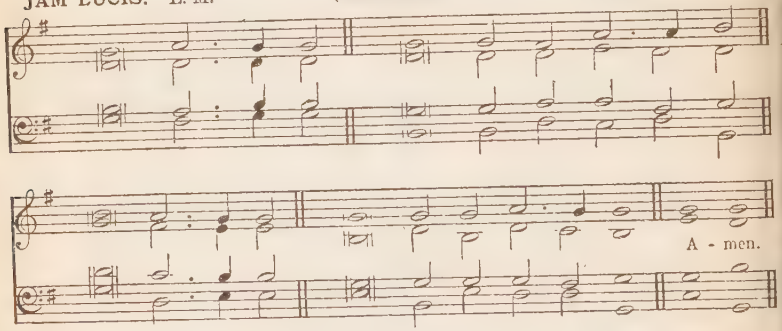
362 MELCOMBE. L. M. (First Tune.)

Samuel Webbe.



JAM LUCIS. L. M. (Second Tune.)

Ancient Plain-Song.



His compassions fail not: they are new every morning; great is Thy faithfulness.

mf O TIMELY happy, timely wise,
Hearts that with rising morn arise!
Eyes that the beam celestial view
Which evermore makes all things new.

cr 2 New every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove:
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life and power and thought.

3 New mercies each returning day
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

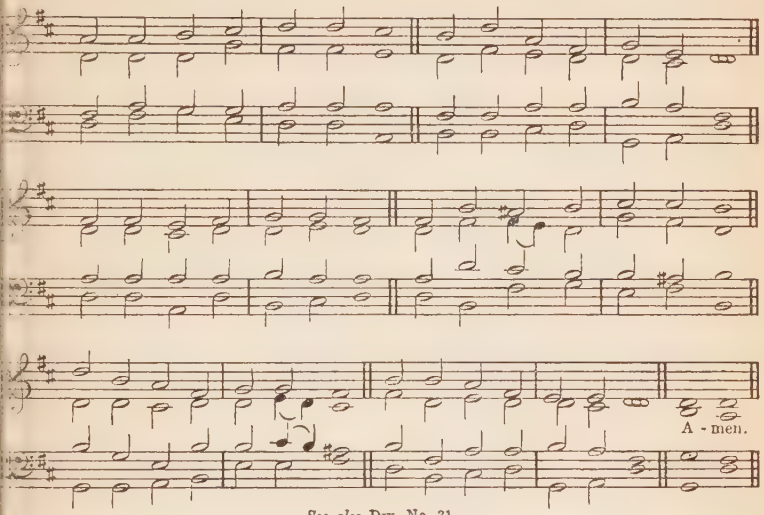
mf 4 If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
cr New treasures still of countless price
God will provide for sacrifice.

5 The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask—
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

mp 6 Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love
cr Fit us for perfect rest above;
mf And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.
Amen.

John Keble.

863 **RATISBON.** 7.7.7.7.7.7. J. G. Werner's 'Choralbuch,' 1815.



See also Dix, No. 31.

Unto you that fear My name shall the Sun of Righteousness arise.

f CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only Light,
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night!
Day-spring from on high, be near;
Day-star, in my heart appear.

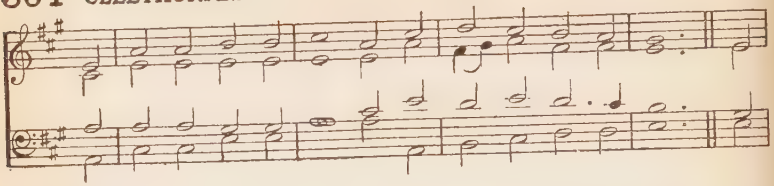
p 2 Dark and cheerless is the morn
Unaccompanied by Thee;
Joyless is the day's return
Till thy mercy's beams I see,
Till they inward light impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

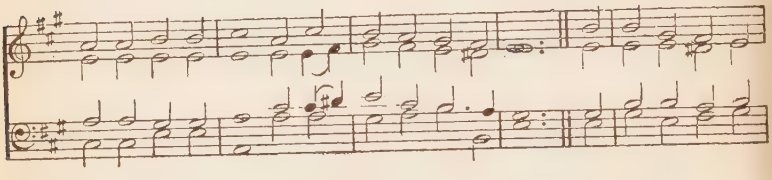
mp 3 Visit then this soul of mine,
cr Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
mf Fill me, Radiancy Divine,
Scatter all my unbelief:
cr More and more Thyself display,
f Shining to the perfect day! Amen.

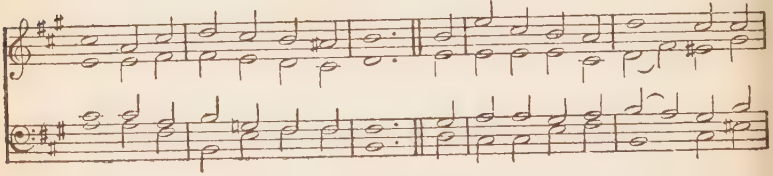
Charles Wesley.

364 CLEETHORPES. 7.6.7.6. D. (*with refrain*).

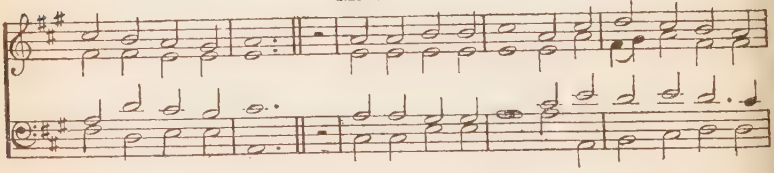
T. Richard Matthews.

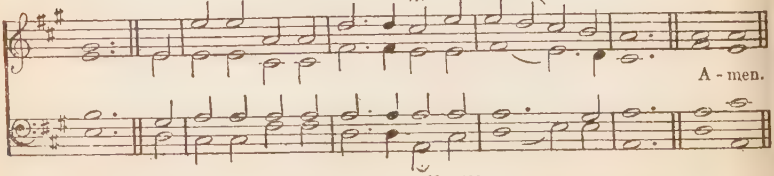






Refrain.





See also Dresden, No. 488.

I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord.

mf AGAIN the morn of gladness,
The morn of light, is here;
And earth itself looks fairer,
And heaven itself more near;
The bells, like angel voices,
Speak peace to every breast;
And all the land lies quiet
To keep the day of rest.

f *Glory be to Jesus,*
Let all His children say;
He rose again, He rose again
On this glad day!

mf 2 Again, O loving Saviour,
The children of Thy grace
Prepare themselves to seek Thee
Within Thy chosen place.
cr Our song shall rise to greet Thee,
If Thou our hearts wilt raise;
If Thou our lips wilt open,
Our mouths shall show Thy praise.

mf 3 The shining choir of angels
That rest not day or night,
The crowned and palm-decked martyrs,
The saints arrayed in white,
The happy lambs of Jesus
In pastures fair above—
These all adore and praise Him,
Whom we too praise and love.

mf 4 The Church on earth rejoices
To join with these to-day;
In every tongue and nation
She calls her sons to pray;
Across the Northern snow-fields,
Beneath the Indian palms,
She makes the same pure offering,
And sings the same sweet psalms.

cr 5 Tell out, sweet bells, His praises!
Sing, children, sing His name!
Still louder and still further
His mighty deeds proclaim,
Till all whom He redeemèd
Shall own Him Lord and King,
Till every knee shall worship,
And every tongue shall sing,

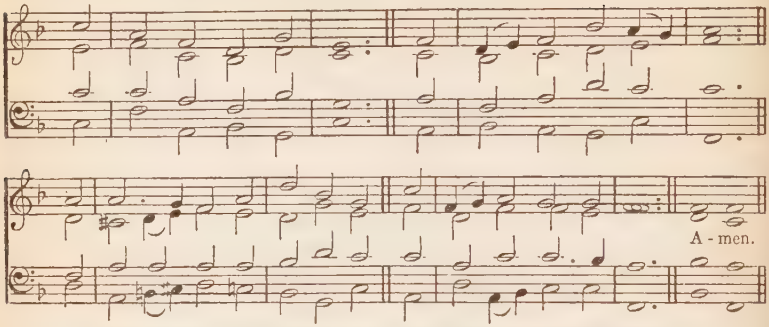
f *Glory be to Jesus,*
Let all creation say;
He rose again, He rose again
On this glad day! Amen.

JOHN ELLERTON.

(3) EVENING

365 DAY OF PRAISE. S.M.

CHARLES STEGGALL.



Every morning to thank and praise the Lord, and likewise at even.

p OUR day of praise is done,
The evening shadows fall;
cr But pass not from us with the sun,
True Light that lightenest all!

mf 2 Around the throne on high,
Where night can never be,
The white-robed harpers of the sky
Bring ceaseless hymns to Thee.

p 3 Too faint our anthems here;
Too soon of praise we tire;
cr But oh, the strains how full and clear
Of that eternal choir.

mf 4 Yet, Lord, to Thy dear will
If Thou attune the heart,
We in Thine angels' music still
May bear our lower part.

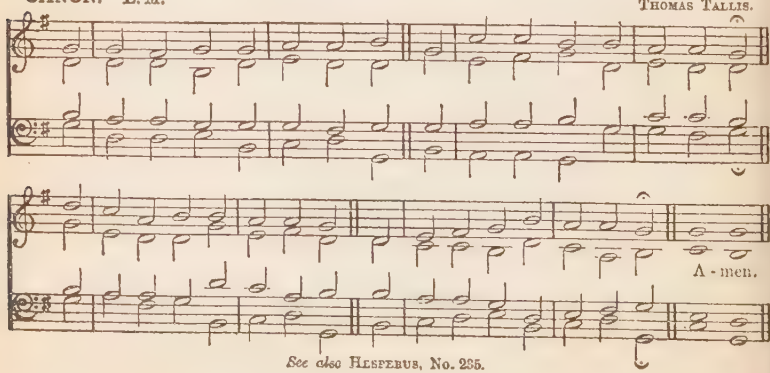
mp 5 'Tis Thine each soul to calm,
Each wayward thought reclaim,
And make our life a daily psalm
Of glory to Thy name.

p 6 A little while, and then
cr Shall come the glorious end;
f And songs of angels and of men
In perfect praise shall blend. Amen.

JOHN ELLERTON.

CANON. L.M.

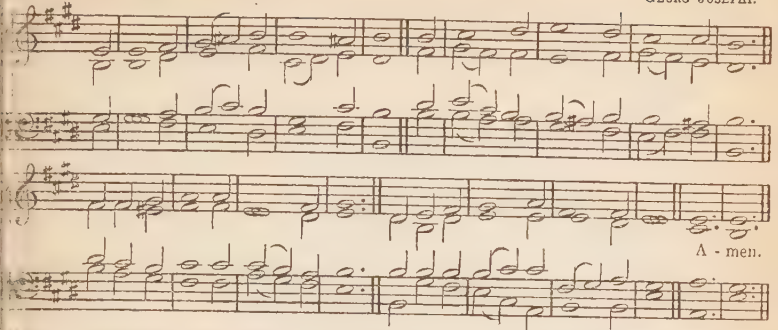
THOMAS TALLIS.



See also HESPERUS, No. 235.

366 ANGELUS. L. M.

GEORG JOSEPHI.



And at even, when the sun did set, they brought unto Him all that were diseased, and them that were possessed with devils. And all the city was gathered together at the door.

mp AT even, ere the sun was set,
The sick, O Lord, around Thee lay;
dim O in what divers pains they met!
O with what joy they went away!

mp 2 Once more 'tis eventide, and we,
Oppressed with various ills, draw near;
What if Thy form we cannot see,
We know and feel that Thou art here.

3 O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel:
For some are sick, and some are sad,
And some have never loved Thee well,
And some have lost the love they had;

mf 4 And some are pressed with worldly care,
And some are tried with sinful doubt;
And some such grievous passions tear
That only Thou canst cast them out;

mf 5 And some have found the world is vain,
Yet from the world they break not free;
p And some have friends who give them pain,
Yet have not sought a friend in Thee.

mp 6 And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,
For none are wholly free from sin:
And they who fain would serve Thee best
dim Are conscious most of wrong within.

p 7 O Saviour Christ, Thou too art Man:
Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried;
Thy kind but searching glance can scan
The very wounds that shame would hide!

f 8 Thy touch has still its ancient power:
No word from Thee can fruitless fall:
dim Hear in this solemn evening hour
p And in Thy mercy heal us all. Amen.

HENRY TWELLS.

367 CANON. L. M.

Hide me under the shadow of Thy wings.

f ALL praise to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
dim Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thine own almighty wings!

2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That, with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

cf 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
dim Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the judgment-day.

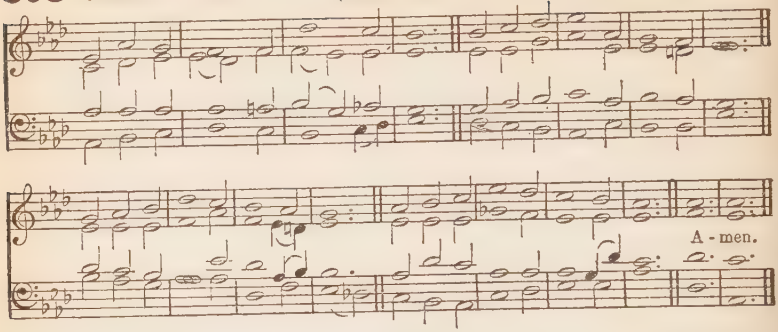
p 4 O may my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close—
cr Sleep that may me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake.

mp 5 When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

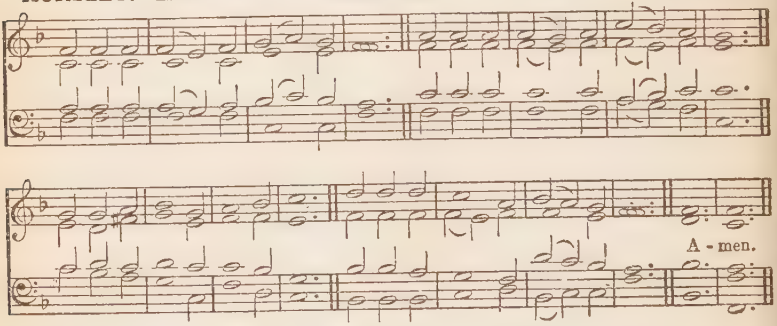
ff 6 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
Amen.

THOMAS KEN.

368 ABENDS. L.M.* (First Tune.) Sir Herbert Oakeley.



HURSLEY. L.M. (Second Tune.) Peter Ritter.



The Lord God is a Sun and Shield.

mp *cr* SUN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear!
It is not night if Thou be near;
O may no earth-born cloud arise
a To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes!

mp 2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
Forever on my Saviour's breast!

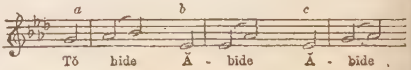
cr 3 *b* Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
p *c* Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

mp 4 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
cr Now, Lord, the gracious work begin,
Let him no more lie down in sin.

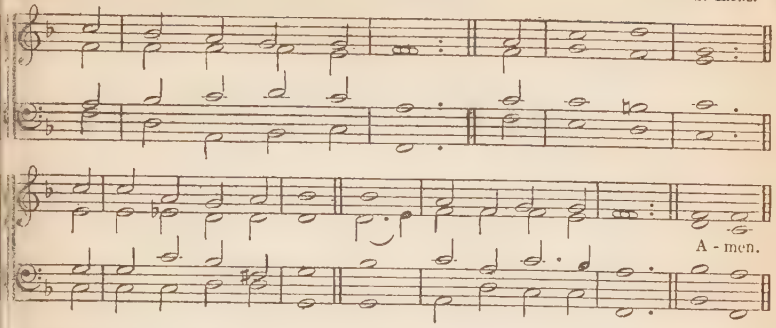
mf 5 Watch by the sick, enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night
dim Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

mf 6 Come near and bless us when we wake;
Ere through the world our way we take,
cr Till, in the ocean of Thy love,
We lose ourselves in Heaven above.
Amen.

John Keble.

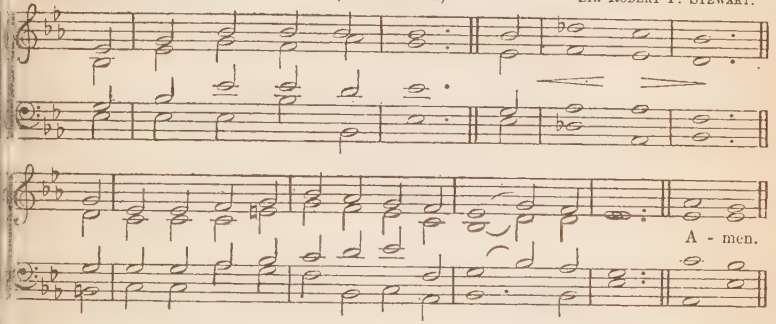
* The alteration in these three instances, of Trochaic to Iambic metre, requires, in 'Abenda,' corresponding change in musical rhythm, thus,—

369 ST. COLUMBA. 6.4.6.6. (First Tune.)

H. S. Irons.



VESPERS. 6.4.6.6. (Second Tune.)

Sir Robert P. Stewart.



At the time of the offering of the evening sacrifice.

mp THE sun is sinking fast,
The daylight dies;
cr Let love awake, and pay
Her evening sacrifice.

pp 2 As Christ upon the cross
His head inclined,
Into His Father's hands
His parting soul resigned;

mf 3 So now herself my soul
Would wholly give
Into His sacred charge,
In whom all spirits live;

mp 4 So now beneath His eye
Would calmly rest—
Without a wish or thought
Abiding in the breast,

mf 5 Save that His will be done
Whate'er betide—
Dead to herself, and dead
In Him to all beside.

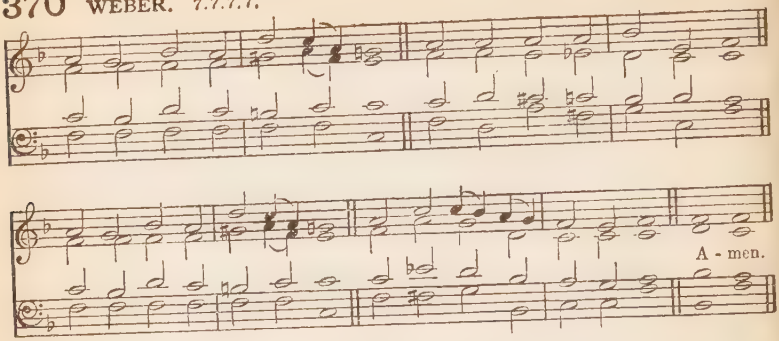
mf 6 Thus would I live; yet now
Not I, but He
In all His power and love
Henceforth alive in me;

f 7 One Sacred Trinity!
One Lord Divine!
Myself forever His,
And He forever mine. Amen.

Edward Caswall (from the Latin).

370 WEBER. 7.7.7.7.

C. M. von Weber.



Thy face, Lord, will I seek.

p SOFTLY now the light of day
Fades upon my sight away—
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, I would commune with Thee.

mp 2 Thou, whose all-pervading eye
Nought escapes without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault and secret sin.

p 3 Soon for me the light of day
Shall forever pass away;
cr Then, from sin and sorrow free,
mp Take me, Lord! to dwell with Thee. Amen.

George W. Doane.

371 WIMBLEDON. 8.8.8.4.

The Lord God giveth them light, and they shall reign for ever and ever.

mp THE radiant morn hath passed away,
And spent too soon her golden store;
The shadows of departing day
Creep on once more.

mp 2 Our life is but an autumn sun,
Its glorious noon how quickly past—
cr Lead us, O Christ, our life-work done,
Safe home at last.

mf 3 O by Thy soul-inspiring grace
Uplift our hearts to realms on high:
Help us to look to that bright place
Beyond the sky,

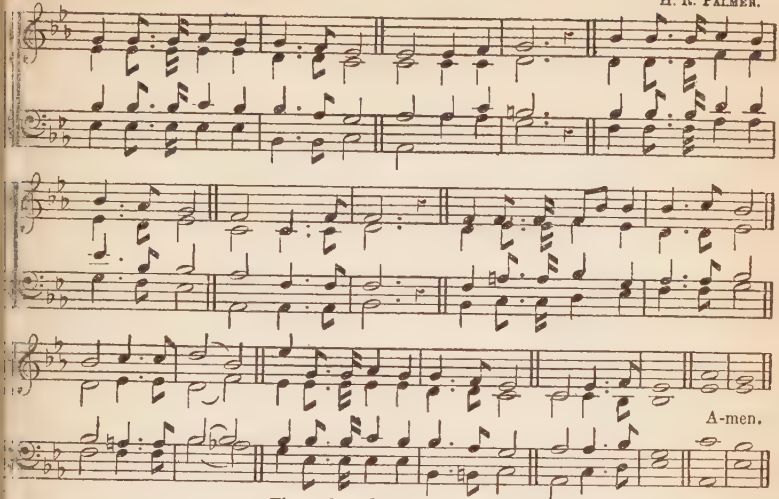
f 4 Where light, and life, and joy, and peace,
In undivided empire reign,
And thronging angels never cease
Their deathless strain—

mf 5 Where saints are clothed in spotless white,
And evening shadows never fall;
f Where Thou, Eternal Light of Light,
Art Lord of all. Amen.

Godfrey Thring.

372 **VINCENT.** 8.4.8.4. D.

H. R. PALMER.



There shall be no night there.

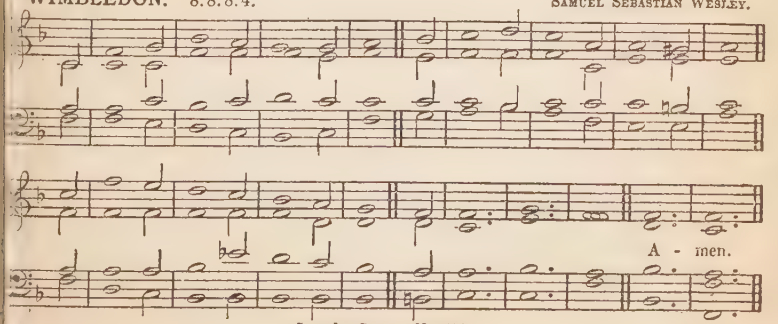
p THE sun declines; o'er land and sea
Creeps on the night;
The twinkling stars come one by one
To shed their light;
cr With Thee there is no darkness, Lord;
With us abide,
And 'neath Thy wings we rest secure
This eventide.

p 2 Forgive the wrong this day we've done
Or thought or said,
Each moment with its good or ill
To Thee has fled:
O Father, in Thy mercy great
Will we confide;
Thy benediction now bestow
This eventide.

mf 3 And when with morning light we rise,
Kept by Thy care,
cr We'll lift to Thee, with grateful hearts,
Our morning prayer:
f Be Thou, through life, our Strength and
Leader and Guide [Stay,
To that dear home where there will be
No eventide. Amen. R. WALMSLEY.

WIMBLEDON. 8.8.8.4.

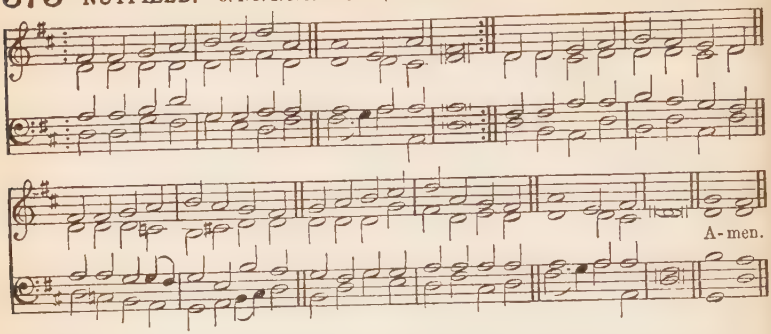
SAMUEL SEBASTIAN WESLEY.



See also SARUM, No. 401.

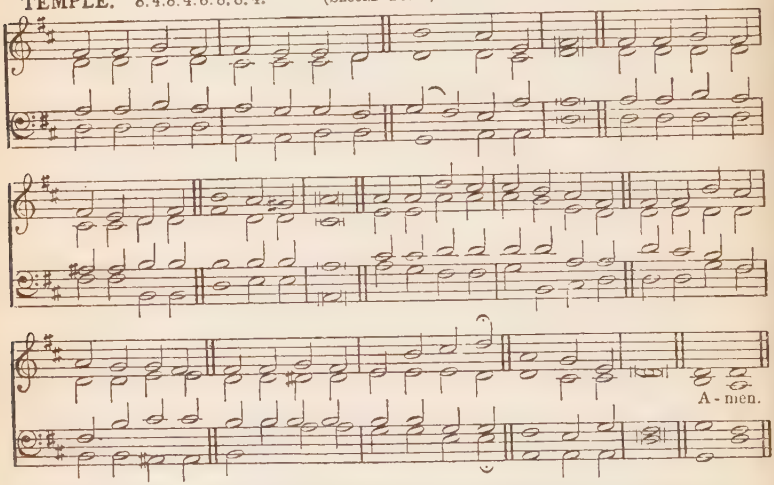
373 NUTFIELD. 8.4.8.4.8.8.8.4. (First Tune.)

W. H. Monk.



TEMPLE. 8.4.8.4.8:8.8.4. (Second Tune.)

E. J. Hopkins.



The Lord will command His lovingkindness in the daytime, and in the night His song shall be with me.

mf GOD, that madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light;
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night;

mp May Thine angel-guards defend us,
Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This livelong night.

mf 2 Guard us waking, guard us sleeping;

mp And, when we die,
May we, in Thy mighty keeping,
All peaceful lie. [us,

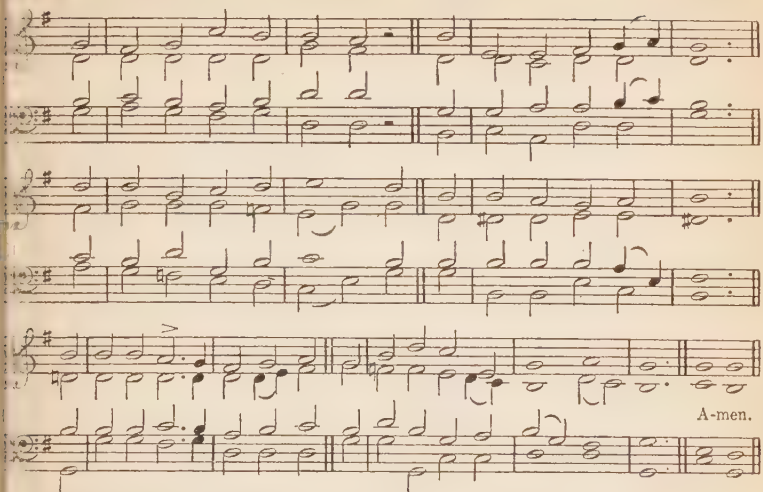
p When the last dread trump shall wake

cr Do not Thou, O God, forsake us;

f But to reign in glory take us
With Thee on high. Amen.

Reginald Heber and Richard Whately.

374 **ST. ANATOLIUS.** 7.6.7.6.8.8. (First Tune.) J. B. Dykes.



I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep: for Thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety.

sf THE day is past and over:
All thanks, O Lord, to Thee;
dim I pray Thee now that sinless
The hours of dark may be:
pp O Jesus, keep me in Thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night.

mf 2 The joys of day are over:
I lift my heart to Thee,
dim And ask Thee that offenceless
The hours of dark may be:
pp O Jesus, keep me in Thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night.

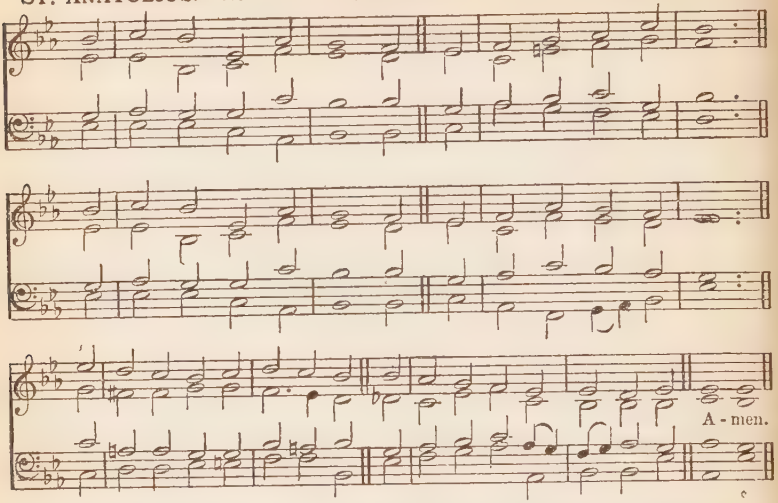
mf 3 The toils of day are over:
I raise the hymn to Thee,
dim And ask that free from peril
The hours of dark may be:
pp O Jesus, keep me in Thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night.

mp 4 Lighten mine eyes, O Saviour,
Or sleep in death shall I,
And he, my wakeful tempter,
Triumphantly shall cry,
cr 'He could not make their darkness light,
Nor guard them through the hours of night.'

mp 5 Be Thou my soul's Preserver,
O God, for Thou dost know
How many are the perils
Through which I have to go:
pp Lover of men, O hear my call,
cr And guard and save me from them all. Amen.

Anatolius, *tr.* J. M. Neale.

ST. ANATOLIUS. 7.6.7.6.8.8. (Second Tune.) Arthur Henry Brown.



I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep: for Thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety.

mf THE day is past and over:
All thanks, O Lord, to Thee;
dim I pray Thee now that sinless
The hours of dark may be:
pp O Jesus, keep me in Thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night.

mf 2 The joys of day are over:
I lift my heart to Thee,
dim And ask Thee that offenceless
The hours of dark may be:
pp O Jesus, keep me in Thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night.

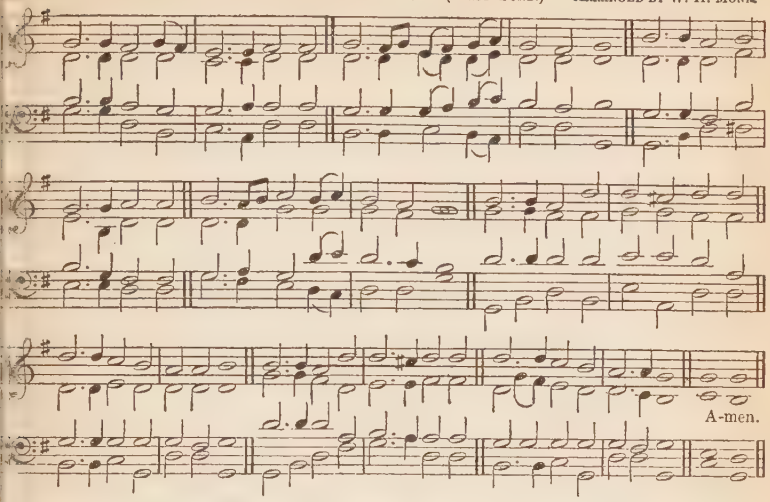
mf 3 The toils of day are over:
I raise the hymn to Thee,
dim And ask that free from peril
The hours of dark may be:
pp O Jesus, keep me in Thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night.

mp 4 Lighten mine eyes, O Saviour,
Or sleep in death shall I,
And he, my wakeful tempter,
Triumphantly shall cry,
cr 'He could not make their darkness light,
Nor guard them through the hours of night.'

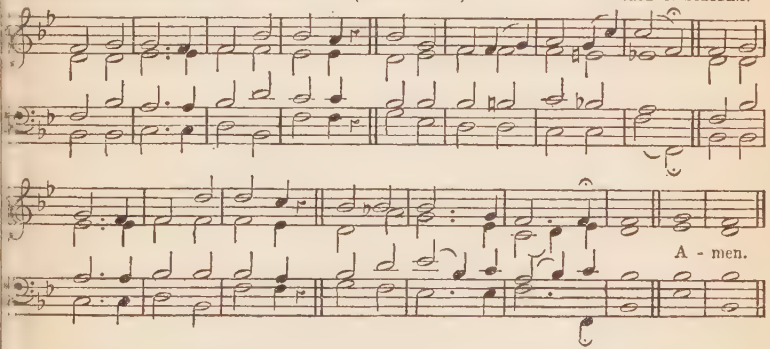
mp 5 Be Thou my soul's Preserver,
O God, for Thou dost know
How many are the perils
Through which I have to go:
pp Lover of men, O hear my call,
cr And guard and save me from them all. Amen.

Anatolius, *tr.* J. M. Neale.

375. ITALIAN CHORALE. 8.7.8.7. D. (First Tune.) Arranged by W. H. Monk.



EVENING PRAYER. 8.7.8.7. (Second Tune.) George C. Stebbins.



Thou shalt not be afraid of the terror by night.

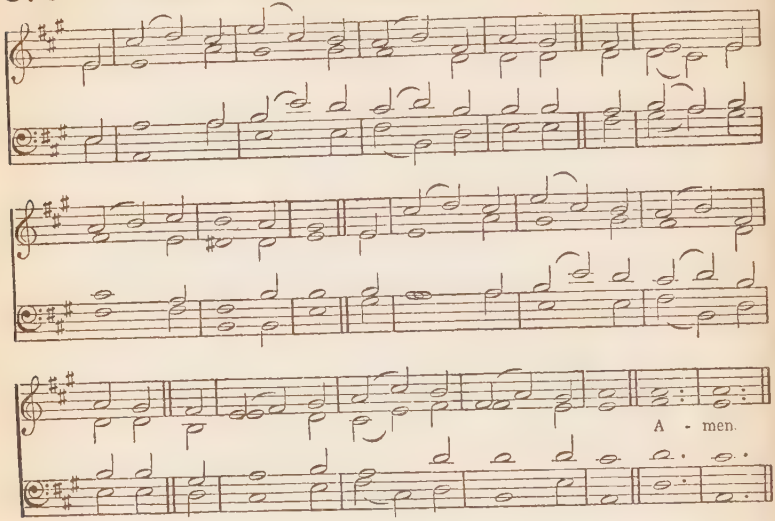
p SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing;
Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal.
cr Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrows past us fly,
f Angel-guards from Thee surround us;
We are safe if Thou art nigh.

p 2 Though the night be dark and dreary,
cr Darkness cannot hide from Thee;
Thou art He, who, never weary,
Watchest where Thy people be.
p Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
cr May the morn in Heaven awake us,
f Clad in light and deathless bloom.
Amen.

James Edmeston.

376 ST. CLEMENT. 9.8.9.8. (First Tune)

C. C. Scholefield.



From the rising of the sun unto the going down of the same My name shall be great among the Gentiles.

mp THE day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended;
The darkness falls at Thy behest;
cr To Thee our morning hymns ascended,
Thy praise shall sanctify our rest.

mf 2 We thank Thee that Thy Church unsleeping,
While earth rolls onward into light,
Through all the world her watch is keeping,
And rests not now by day or night.

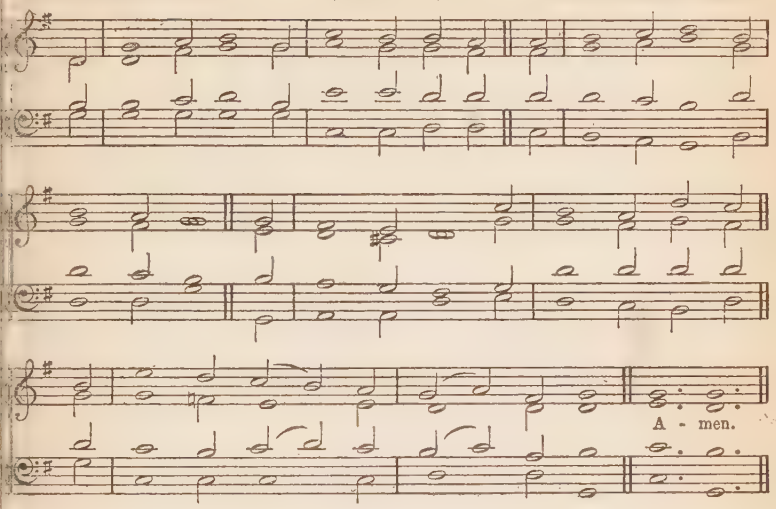
mf 3 As o'er each continent and island
The dawn leads on another day,
The voice of prayer is never silent,
Nor dies the strain of praise away.

mf 4 The sun, that bids us rest, is waking
Our brethren 'neath the western sky,
And hour by hour fresh lips are making
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.

cr 5 So be it, Lord! Thy throne shall never,
Like earth's proud empires, pass away;
f Thy Kingdom stands, and grows forever,
Till all Thy creatures own Thy sway. Amen.

John Ellerton.

RADFORD. 9.8.9.8. (Second Tune.) Samuel Sebastian Wesley.



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mp THE day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended;
The darkness falls at Thy behest;
cr To Thee our morning hymns ascended,
Thy praise shall sanctify our rest.

mf 2 We thank Thee that Thy Church unsleeping,
While earth rolls onward into light,
Through all the world her watch is keeping,
And rests not now by day or night.

mf 3 As o'er each continent and island
The dawn leads on another day,
The voice of prayer is never silent,
Nor dies the strain of praise away.

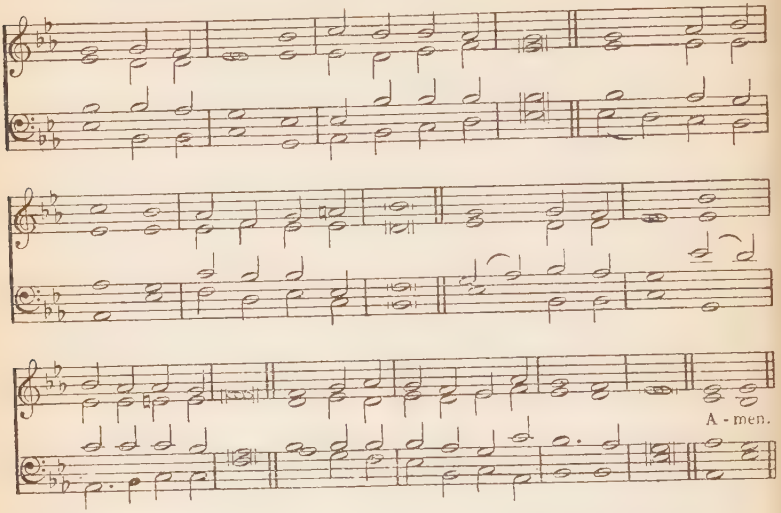
mf 4 The sun, that bids us rest, is waking
Our brethren 'neath the western sky,
And hour by hour fresh lips are making
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.

cr 5 So be it, Lord! Thy throne shall never,
Like earth's proud empires, pass away;
f Thy Kingdom stands, and grows forever,
Till all Thy creatures own Thy sway. Amen.

John Ellerton.

377 EVENTIDE. 10.10.10.10. (First Tune.)

W. H. Monk.



Abide with us; for it is towards evening, and the day is far spent.

mp ABIDE with me! fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide!
cr When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, (*p*) O abide with me!

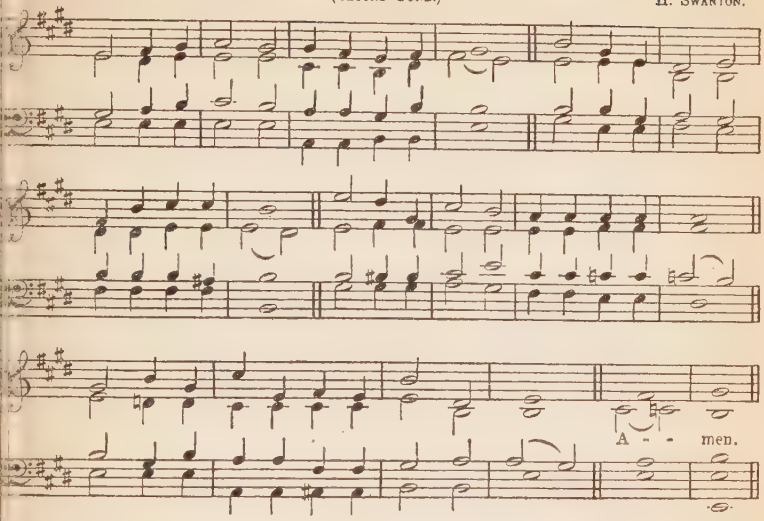
p 2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see:
cr O Thou who changest not (*p*) abide with me!

mp 3 Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word;
cr But as Thou dwell'st with Thy disciples, Lord,
Familiar, condescending, patient, free,
Come, not to sojourn, (*dim*) but abide with me.

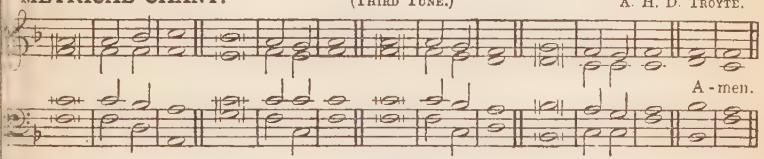
mp 4 Come not in terrors, as the King of kings,
cr But kind and good, with healing in Thy wings;
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea;
Come, Friend of sinners, (*dim*) thus abide with me.

mp 5 Thou on my head in early youth didst smile;
And, though rebellious and perverse meanwhile,
Thou hast not left me, oft as I left Thee:
On to the close, O Lord, (*p*) abide with me!

SWANTON. 10.10.10.10. (Second Tune.) H. Swanton.



METRICAL CHANT. (Third Tune.) A. H. D. Troyte.



mf 6 I need Thy presence every passing hour;
cr What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, (*p*) O abide with me!

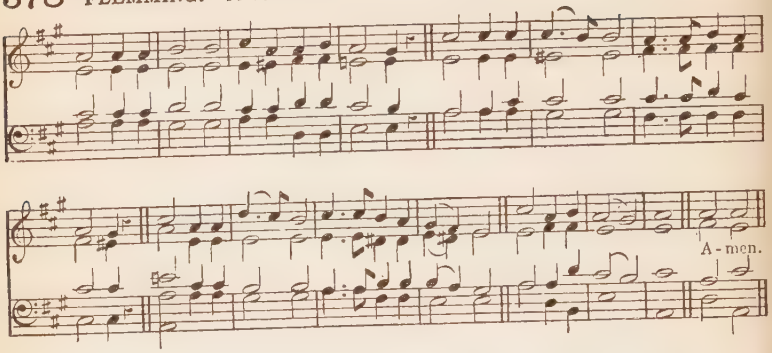
mf 7 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness:
cr Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still if Thou abide with me.

p 8 Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes,
cr Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
f Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee:
In life, (*p*) in death, O Lord, (*cr*) abide with me! Amen.

Henry Francis Lyte.

378 FLEMMING. 11.11.11.5.

E. F. Flemming.



He that keepeth thee will not slumber.

mf NOW God be with us, for the night is closing;
The light and darkness are of His disposing,
dim And 'neath His shadow here to rest we yield us,
cr For He will shield us.

mf 2 Let evil thoughts and spirits flee before us;
Till morning cometh, watch, O Father, o'er us;
In soul and body Thou from harm defend us;
Thine angels send us.

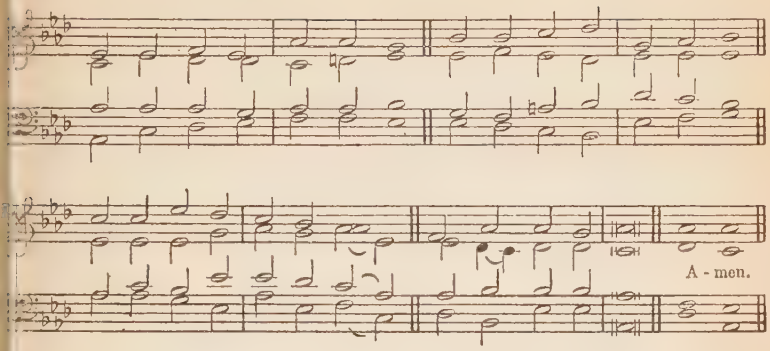
mp 3 Let holy thoughts be ours when sleep o'ertakes us;
Our earliest thoughts be Thine when morning wakes us;
cr All day serve Thee; in all that we are doing
Thy praise pursuing.

mp 4 We have no refuge; none on earth to aid us
Save Thee, O Father, who Thine own hast made us;
But Thy dear Presence will not leave them lonely,
Who seek Thee only.

mf 5 Father, Thy name be praised, Thy kingdom given,
Thy will be done on earth as 'tis in heaven;
cr Keep us in life, forgive our sins, deliver
Us now and ever. Amen.

Petrus Herbert, *tr.* Catherine Winkworth.

379 **IRENE.** 7.7.7.5. C. C. Scholefield.



At Thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore.

p WHEN the day of toil is done,
When the race of life is run,
Father, grant Thy wearied one
pp Rest for evermore.

p 2 When the strife of sin is stilled,
When the foe within is killed,
cr Be Thy gracious word fulfilled—
p Peace for evermore.

mf 3 When the darkness melts away
At the breaking of Thy day,
cr Bid us hail the cheering ray—
f Light for evermore.

p 4 When the heart by sorrow tried,
Feels at length its throbs subside,
cr Bring us where all tears are dried—
f Joy for evermore.

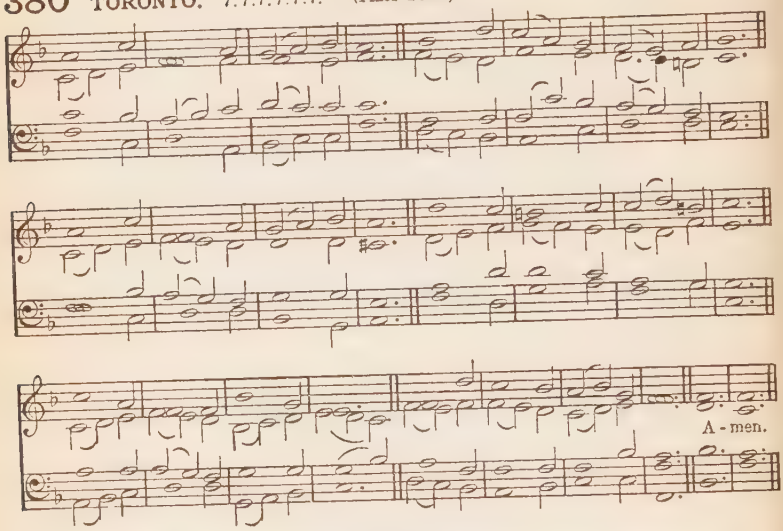
p 5 When for vanished days we yearn,
Days that never can return,
cr Teach us in Thy love to learn
mf Love for evermore.

pp 6 When the breath of life is flown,
When the grave must claim its own,
cr Lord of life, be ours Thy crown,
f Life for evermore. Amen.

John Ellerton.

(4) SATURDAY EVENING

380 **TORONTO.** 7.7.7.7.7.7. (First Tune.) E. J. Hopkins.



Sanctify yourselves, for to-morrow the Lord will do wonders among you.

mp SAFELY through another week
God has brought us on our way;
cr Let us now a blessing seek
On the approaching Sabbath day,
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.

mf 2 Mercies multiplied each hour,
Through the week, our praise de-
Guarded by Almighty power, [mand—
Fed and guided by His hand,
dim Though ungrateful we have been,
Only made returns of sin.

mp 3 While we pray for pardoning grace
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
cr Show Thy reconcilèd face,
Shine away our sin and shame:
From our earthly cares set free,
May we rest this night with Thee.

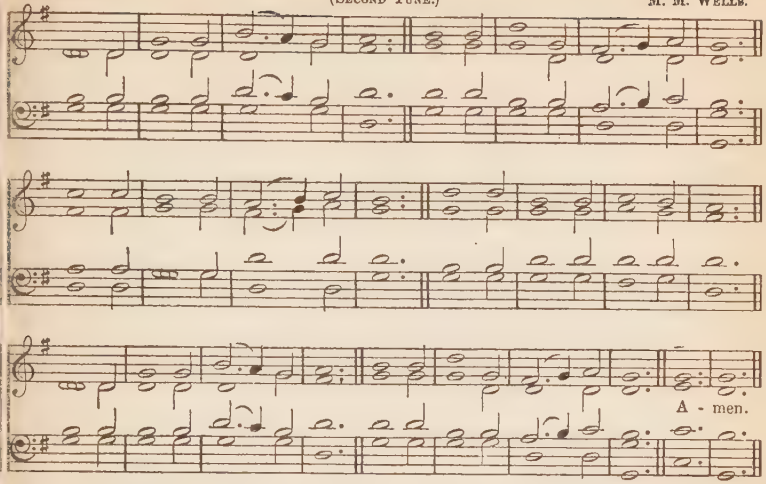
mf 4 When the morn shall bid us rise,
May we feel Thy presence near!
cr May Thy glory meet our eyes
When we in Thy house appear:
There afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

mf 5 May Thy Gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief for all complaints:
cr Thus may all our Sabbaths prove
Till we join the Church above! Amen.

John Newton.

Saturday Evening

GUIDE. 7.7.7.7.7.7. (Second Tune.) M. M. Wells.



Sanctify yourselves, for to-morrow the Lord will do wonders among you.

mp SAFELY through another week
God has brought us on our way;
cr Let us now a blessing seek
On the approaching Sabbath day,
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.

mf 2 Mercies multiplied each hour,
Through the week, our praise de-
Guarded by Almighty power, [mand—
Fed and guided by His hand,
dim Though ungrateful we have been,
Only made returns of sin.

mp 3 While we pray for pardoning grace
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
cr Show Thy reconcilèd face,
Shine away our sin and shame:
From our earthly cares set free,
May we rest this night with Thee.

mf 4 When the morn shall bid us rise,
May we feel Thy presence near!
cr May Thy glory meet our eyes
When we in Thy house appear:
There afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

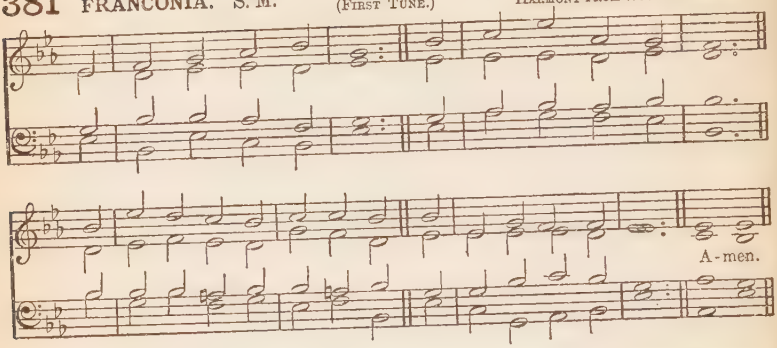
mf 5 May Thy Gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief for all complaints:
cr Thus may all our Sabbaths prove
Till we join the Church above! Amen.

John Newton.

(5) THE LORD'S DAY

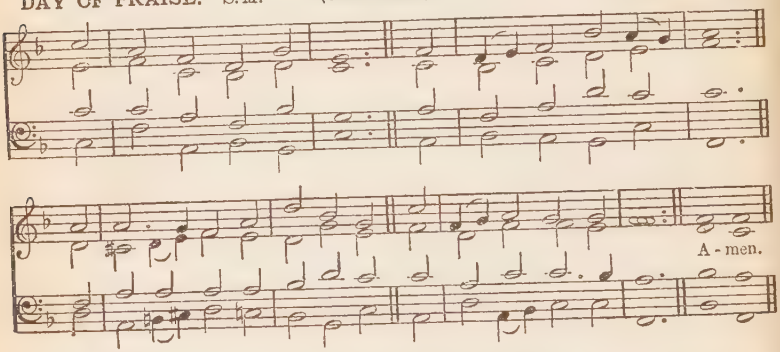
381 FRANCONIA. S. M. (First Tune.)

Müller's 'Choralbuch,' 1754.
Harmony from W. H. Havergal.



DAY OF PRAISE. S. M. (Second Tune.)

Charles Steggall.



I was in the spirit on the Lord's day.

f THIS is the day of light:
Let there be light to-day;
O Dayspring, rise upon our night,
And chase its gloom away.

mp 2 This is the day of rest:
Our failing strength renew;
dim On weary brain and troubled breast
cr Shed Thou Thy freshening dew.

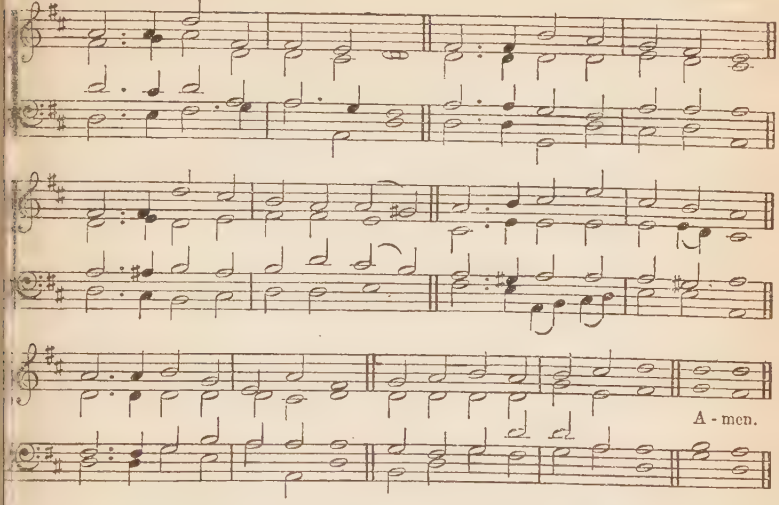
p 3 This is the day of peace:
Thy peace our spirits fill;
cr Bid Thou the blasts of discord cease,
The waves of strife be still.

p 4 This is the day of prayer:
Let earth to heaven draw near;
cr Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there,
Come down to meet us here.

f 5 This is the first of days:
Send forth Thy quickening breath,
ff And wake dead souls to love and praise,
O Vanquisher of death. Amen.

John Ellerton.

382 MORNING. 7.7.7.7.7.7. W. H. Monk.



I gave them My sabbaths, to be a sign between Me and them.

mf HAIL thou bright and sacred morn,
Risen with gladness in thy beams!
Light, which not of earth is born,
From thy dawn in glory streams;
Airs of heaven are breathed around,
And each place is holy ground.

mf 2 Great Creator! who this day
From Thy perfect work didst rest
By the souls that own Thy sway
Hallowed be its hours and blest;
cr Cares of earth aside be thrown,
This day given to heaven alone!

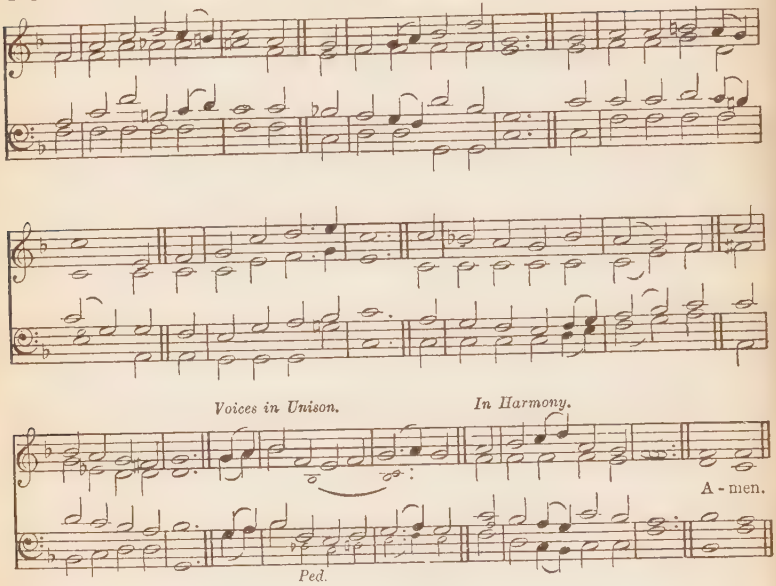
f 3 Saviour, who this day didst break
The dark prison of the tomb,
Bid my slumbering soul awake,
Shine through all its sin and gloom;
Let me, from my bonds set free,
Rise from sin and live to Thee.

mf 4 Blessèd Spirit, Comforter,
Sent this day from Christ on high,
Lord, on me Thy gifts confer,
cr Cleanse, illumine, sanctify!
All Thine influence shed abroad;
f Lead me to the truth of God. Amen.

Julia A. Elliott.

383 DAY OF REST. 7.6.7.6. D. (First Tune.)

J. W. Elliott.

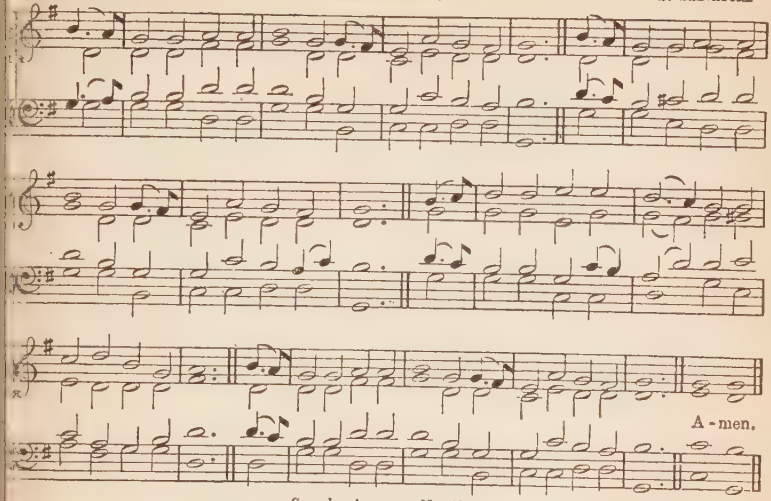


Call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honorable.

f O DAY of rest and gladness,
O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright!
On thee the high and lowly,
Before the eternal throne,
Sing (*p*) Holy, (*cr*) Holy, Holy,
f To the great Three in One.

mf 2 On thee at the creation
The light first had its birth;
On thee, for our salvation,
Christ rose from depths of earth;
On thee our Lord victorious
The Spirit sent from heaven;
And thus on thee most glorious
A triple light was given.

ENDSLEIGH. 7.6.7.6. D. (Second Tune.) S. Salvatorl



See also Aurelia, No. 464.

mf 3 Thou art a cooling fountain
In life's dry dreary sand;
From thee, like Pisgah's mountain,
We view our promised land;
mp A day of sweet refection,
A day of holy love,
cr A day of resurrection
From earth to things above.

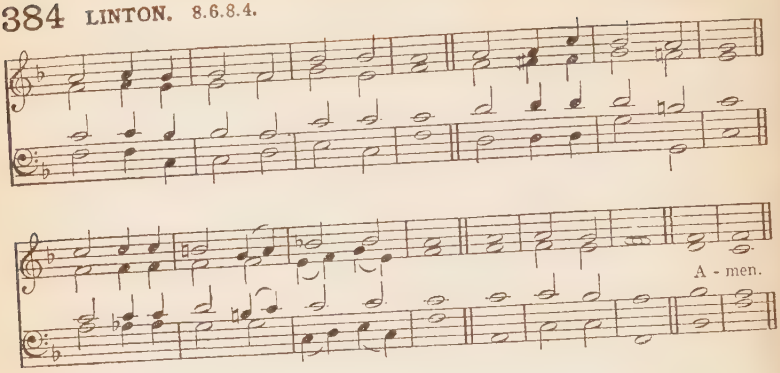
mp 4 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls;
cr To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
mf Where Gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

mf 5 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest.
f To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father, and to Son;
The Church her voice upraises
To Thee, blest Three in One. Amen.

Christopher Wordsworth.

384 **LINTON.** 8.6.8.4.

H. J. E. Holmes.



The rest of the holy Sabbath.

f HAIL! sacred day of earthly rest,
From toil and trouble free;
Hail! day of light, that bringest light
And joy to me.

mp 2 A holy stillness, breathing calm
On all the world around,
Uplifts my soul, O God, to Thee,
Where rest is found.

3 On all I think, or say, or do,
A ray of light divine
Is shed, O God, this day by Thee,
For it is Thine.

mp 4 No sound of jarring strife is heard,
As weekly labors cease;
No voice, but those that sweetly sing
p Sweet songs of peace.

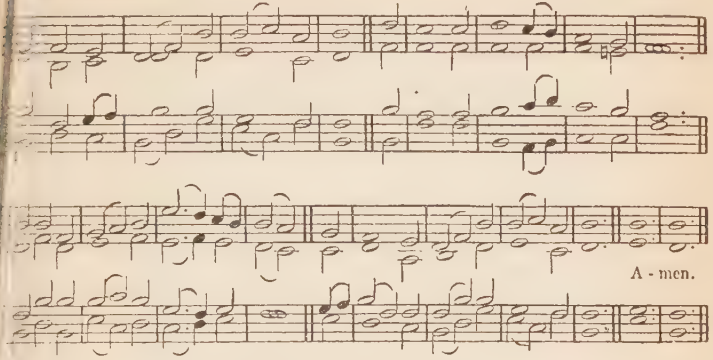
mf 5 And those who sing with saints below
Glad songs of heavenly love,
cr Shall sing, when songs on earth have ceased,
With saints above.

f 6 Accept, O God, my hymn of praise,
That Thou this day hast given,
Sweet foretaste of that endless day
Of rest in heaven. Amen.

Godfrey Thring.

(6) THE SANCTUARY

WARRINGTON. L. M. RALPH HARRISON.



I have set my affection to the house of my God.

SWEET is the solemn voice that calls
The Christian to the house of prayer;
'ove to stand within its walls,
For Thou, O Lord, art present there.

cr 2 I love to tread the hallowed courts
Where two or three for worship meet,
For thither Christ Himself resorts,
And makes the little band complete.

mf 3 'Tis sweet to raise the common song,
To join in holy praise and love,
And imitate the blessèd throng
That mingle hearts and songs above.

mp 4 Within these walls may peace abound;
May all our hearts in one agree!
cr Where brethren meet, where Christ is found,
May peace and concord ever be! Amen. H. F. LYTE.

36 WARRINGTON. L. M.

Where two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of them.

JESUS, where'er Thy people meet
There they behold Thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek Thee Thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.

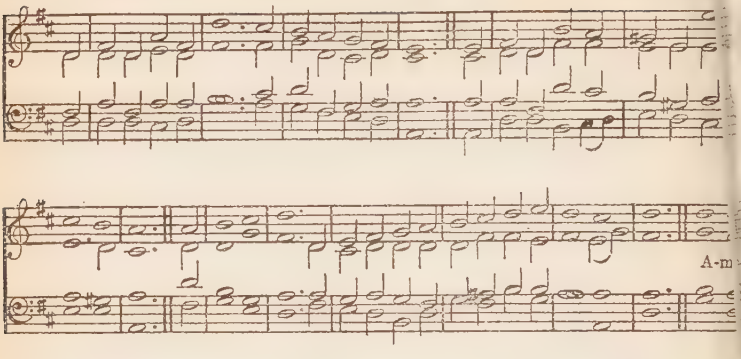
2 For Thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring Thee where they come,
And going, take Thee to their home.

mp 3 Dear Shepherd of Thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
cr Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of Thy saving name.

mp 4 Here may we prove the power of prayer
To strengthen faith and sweeten care,
cr To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

p 5 Lord, we are few, (*cr*) but Thou art near;
Nor short Thine arm, nor deaf Thine ear;
mf O rend the heavens, come quickly down,
f And make a thousand hearts Thine own! Amen.
WILLIAM COWPER

387 DARWALL. 6.6.6.6.8.8. JOHN DARW



Blessed is the man whom Thou choosest, and causest to approach, that he may dwell in Thy courts.

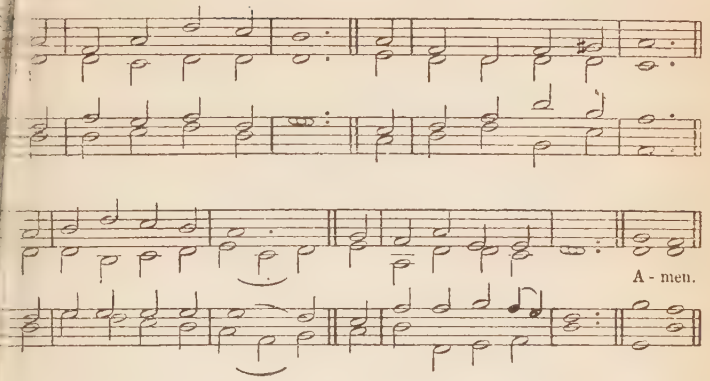
mf LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of Thy love,
Thy earthly temples, are!
To Thine abode
cr My heart aspires
With warm desires
To see my God.

mf 2 O happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there!
cr They praise Thee still;
And happy they
That love the way
To Zion's hill.

mf 3 They go from strength to strength
Through this dark vale of tears,
cr Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears:
O glorious seat,
f When God our King
Shall thither bring
Our willing feet! Amen.

ISAAC WATTS.

EDEN. 6.6.6.6. O. M. FEILDEN.



Lord, I have loved the habitation of Thy house, and the place where Thine honor dwelleth.

mf WE love the place, O God,
Wherein Thine honor dwells;
The joy of Thine abode
All earthly joy excels.

mf 2 It is the house of prayer
Wherein Thy servants meet;
And Thou, O Lord, art there
Thy chosen flock to greet.

mf 3 We love the word of life,
The word that tells of peace,
mp Of comfort in the strife,
cr And joys that never cease.

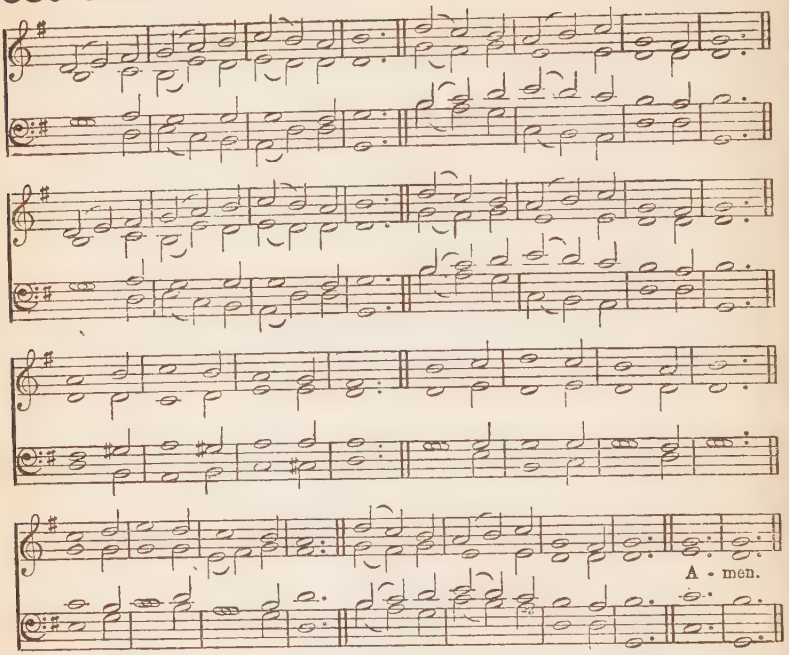
mf 4 We love to sing below
For mercies freely given;
cr But O we long to know
The triumph-song of heaven!

p 5 Lord Jesus, give us grace,
On earth to love Thee more,
mf In heaven to see Thy face,
f And with Thy saints adore. Amen.

WILLIAM BULLOCK and SIR H. W. BAKER.

389 MAIDSTONE. 7.7.7.7. D.

W. B. Gilbert.



How amiable are Thy tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts.

mf PLEASANT are Thy courts above,
In the land of light and love,
Pleasant are Thy courts below,
In this land of sin and woe.
cr O, my spirit longs and faints
For the converse of Thy saints,
For the brightness of Thy face,
For Thy fulness, God of grace!

mf 2 Happy birds that sing and fly
Round Thy altars, O Most High!
dim Happier souls that find a rest
In a heavenly Father's breast!
mp Like the wandering dove that found
No repose on earth around,
cr They can to their ark repair,
And enjoy it ever there.

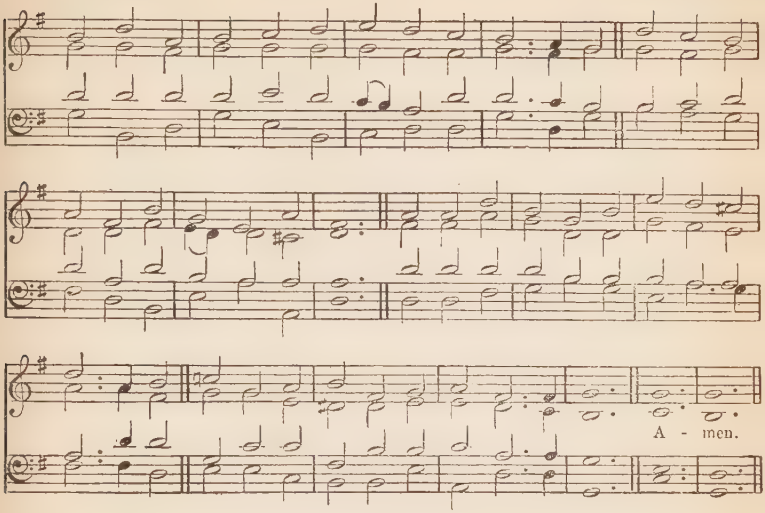
mp 3 Happy souls! their praises flow
Even in this vale of woe;
cr Waters in the desert rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies;
f On they go from strength to strength,
Till they reach Thy throne at length,
At Thy feet adoring fall,
Who hast led them safe through all.

p 4 Lord, be mine this prize to win;
Guide me through a world of sin;
cr Keep me by Thy saving grace;
Give me at Thy side a place:
mf Sun and shield alike Thou art;
Guide and guard my erring heart.
cr Grace and glory flow from Thee;
f Shower, O shower them, Lord, on me!
Amen.

H. F. Lyte.

390 MOREDUN. 12.10.12.10.

HENRY SMART.



Worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness.

mf WORSHIP the Lord in the beauty of holiness;
Bow down before Him, His glory proclaim;
Gold of obedience and incense of lowliness
Bring, and adore Him: the Lord is His name!

mp 2 Low at His feet lay thy burden of carefulness;
High on His heart He will bear it for thee,
Comfort thy sorrows, and answer thy prayerfulness,
Guiding thy steps as may best for thee be.

3 Fear not to enter His courts in the slenderness
Of the poor wealth thou canst reckon as thine
cr Truth in its beauty, and love in its tenderness—
These are the offerings to lay on His shrine.

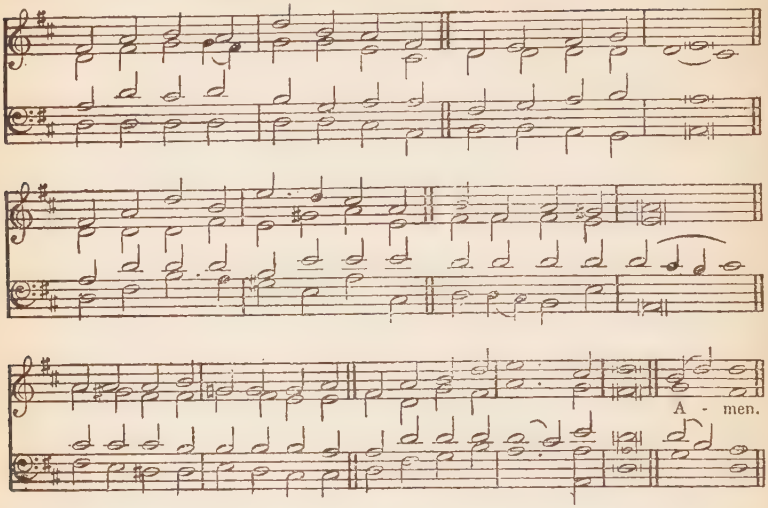
mf 4 These, though we bring them in trembling and fearfulness,
He will accept for the Name that is dear,
Mornings of joy give for evenings of tearfulness,
Trust for our trembling, and hope for our fear.

f 5 Worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness;
Bow down before Him, His glory proclaim;
Gold of obedience, and incense of lowliness
Bring, and adore Him: the Lord is His name. Amen.

J. S. B. MONSELL.

391 ANGEL VOICES. 8.5.8. 5.8.4.3.

E. G. Monk.



Whoso offereth praise glorifieth Me.

mf ANGEL voices ever singing
Round Thy throne of light,
Angel harps forever ringing
Rest not, day nor night;
Thousands only live to bless Thee,
cr And confess Thee
f Lord of might!

mf 2 Thou, who art beyond the farthest
Mortal eye can scan—
Can it be that Thou regardest
Songs of sinful man?
Can we know that Thou art near us,
cr And wilt hear us?
f Yea! we can.

mf 3 Yea! we know that Thou rejoicest
O'er each work of Thine;
Thou didst ears and hands and voices
For Thy praise design;
Craftsman's art and music's measure
For Thy pleasure
All combine.

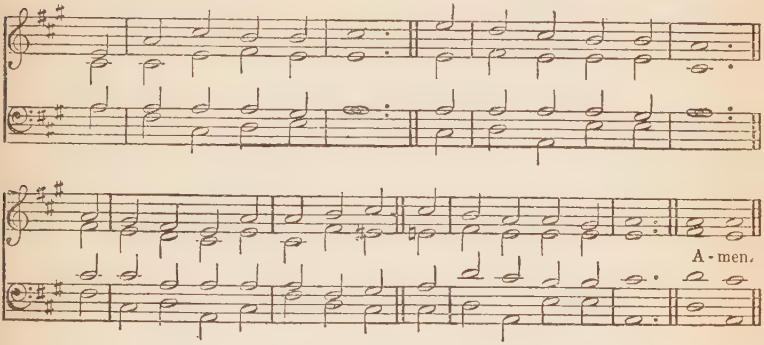
mf 4 In Thy house, great God, we offer
Of Thine own to Thee;
And for Thine acceptance proffer,
All unworthily,
Hearts and minds, and hands and voices,
In our choicest
Psalmody.

f 5 Honor, glory, might, and merit,
Thine shall ever be!
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Blessèd Trinity!
Of the best that Thou hast given,
Earth and heaven
Render Thee. Amen.

Francis Pott.

(7) PRAISE AND PRAYER

392 ST. MICHAEL. S. M. 'GENEVAN PSALTER,' 1543.



O Lord, revive Thy work.

mp REVIVE Thy work, O Lord!
Thy mighty arm make bare;
mf Speak with the voice which wakes the dead,
And make Thy people hear.

mp 2 Revive Thy work, O Lord!
mf Disturb this sleep of death,
Quicken the smouldering embers now
By Thine almighty breath!

mp 3 Revive Thy work, O Lord!
cr Create soul-thirst for Thee,
And hungering for the bread of life
O may our spirits be.

mp 4 Revive Thy work, O Lord!
mf Exalt the Saviour's name;
And by the Holy Ghost our love
For Thee and Thine inflame.

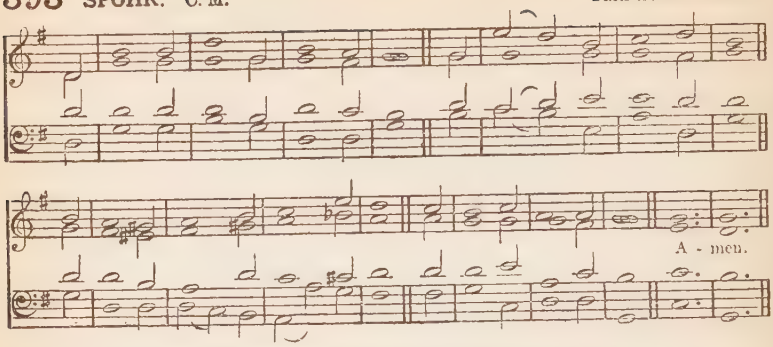
mp 5 Revive Thy work, O Lord!
mf Give power unto Thy word;
f Grant that Thy blessèd gospel may
In living faith be heard.

mp 6 Revive Thy work, O Lord!
mf Give Pentecostal showers—
f The glory shall be all Thine own,
The blessing, Lord, be ours! Amen.

ALBERT MIDLANE.

393 SPOHR. C. M.

From Ludwig Spohr.



Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace.

mf APPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat
Where Jesus answers prayer:
There humbly fall before His feet,
For none can perish there.

mp 2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh:
Thou callest burdened souls to Thee,
dim And such, O Lord, am I.

p 3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely prest:
By war without and fears within,
I come to Thee for rest.

mp 4 Be Thou my shield and hiding-place
That, sheltered near Thy side,
cr I may my fierce accuser face,
f And tell Him Thou hast died.

mf 5 O wondrous love! to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners such as I
Might plead Thy gracious name! Amen.

John Newton.

394 SPOHR. C. M.

Then came she and worshipped Him, saying, Lord, help me.

mf O HELP us, Lord! each hour of need
Thy heavenly succor give;
Help us in thought and word and deed
Each hour on earth we live.

p 2 O help us when our spirits bleed
With contrite anguish sore;
And when our hearts are cold and dead
O help us, Lord, the more.

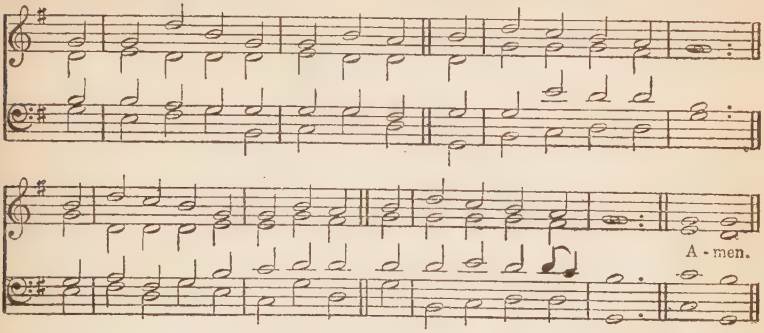
mf 3 O help us, through the prayer of faith
More firmly to believe;
cr For still the more the servant hath,
The more shall he receive.

p 4 O help us, Jesus, from on high;
We know no help but Thee:
cr O help us so to live and die,
f As Thine in heaven to be. Amen.

H. H. Milman.

395 MORAVIA. C. M.

GERMAN MELODY OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.



After this manner therefore pray ye.

mp FATHER of all! we bow to Thee,
Who dwell'st in heaven adored;
But present still through all Thy works
The universal Lord.

2 Forever hallowed be Thy name
By all beneath the skies;
cr And may Thy kingdom still advance,
Till grace to glory rise.

mf 3 A grateful homage may we yield
With hearts resigned to Thee;
And as in heaven Thy will is done,
On earth so let it be.

4 From day to day we humbly own
The hand that feeds us still;
Give us our bread, and teach to rest
Contented in Thy will.

mp 5 Our sins before Thee we confess;
O may they be forgiven!
As we to others mercy show
We mercy beg from Heaven.

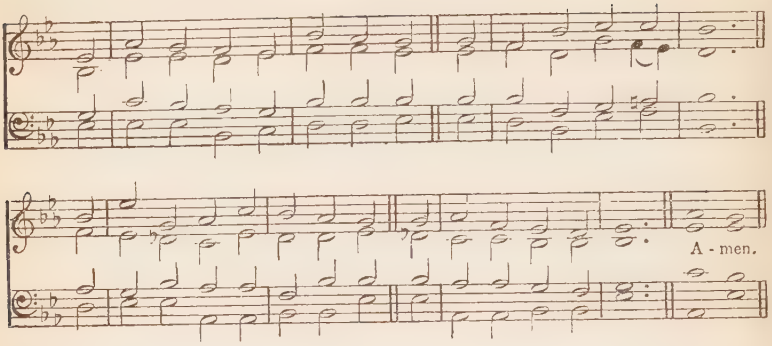
mf 6 Still let Thy grace our life direct;
From evil guard our way;
And in temptation's fatal path
Permit us not to stray.

f 7 For Thine the power, the kingdom Thine,
All glory's due to Thee:
Thine from eternity they were,
And Thine shall ever be. Amen.

HUGH BLAIR.

396 ST. FRANCES. C. M.

G. A. Löhr.



If any man be a worshipper of God, and doeth His will, him He heareth.

mp BEHOLD us, Lord, a little space
From daily tasks set free,
And met within Thy holy place
To rest awhile with Thee.

mp 2 Around us rolls the ceaseless tide
Of business, toil and care,
And scarcely can we turn aside
For one brief hour of prayer.

mf 3 Yet these are not the only walls
Wherein Thou mayest be sought:
On homeliest work Thy blessing falls
In truth and patience wrought.

f 4 Thine is the loom, the forge, the mart,
The wealth of land and sea,
The worlds of science and of art,
Revealed and ruled by Thee.

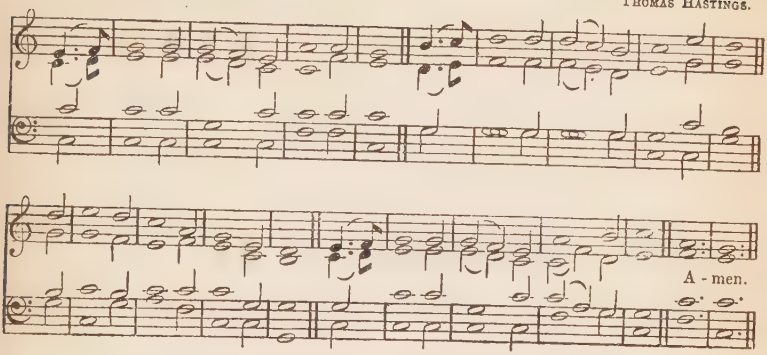
mf 5 Then let us prove our heavenly birth
In all we do and know;
And claim the kingdom of the earth
For Thee, and not Thy foe.

mf 6 Work shall be prayer, if all be wrought
As Thou wouldst have it done;
cr And prayer, by Thee inspired and taught,
Itself with work be one. Amen.

John Ellerton.

397 RETREAT. L.M.

THOMAS HASTINGS.



See also WAREHAM, No. 15.

I will commune with thee from above the mercy-seat.

mp FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat,
p 'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

mf 2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,
A place than all besides more sweet,
p The blood-besprinkled mercy-seat.

mf 3 There is a scene, where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend:
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
p Around one common mercy-seat.

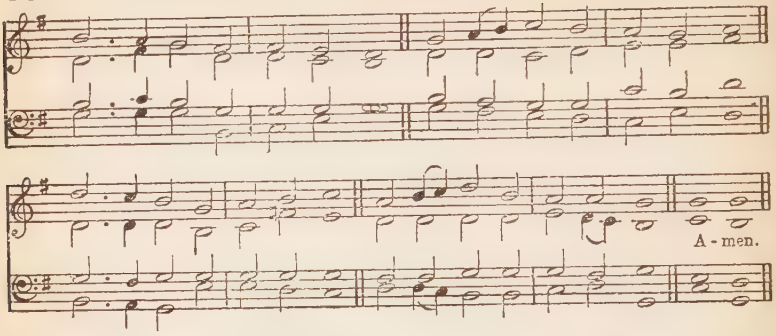
p 4 Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed?
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
cr Had suffering saints no mercy-seat?

mp 5 O let my hand forget her skill,
My tongue be silent, cold, and still,
This bounding heart forget to beat,
cr If I forget Thy mercy-seat. Amen.

HUGH STOWELL.

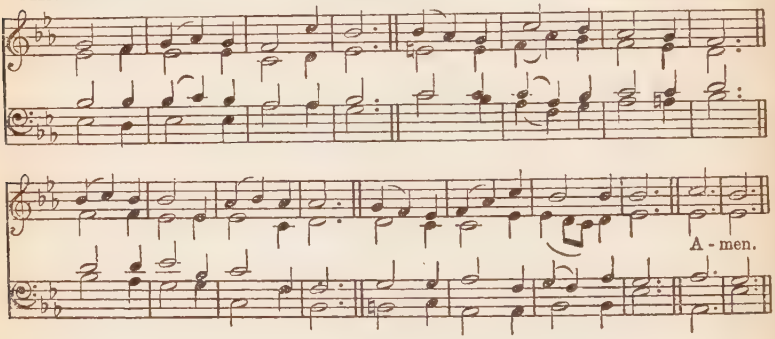
398 NEW CALABAR. 7.7.7.7. (First Tune.)

J. Downing Farrer.



MINSTER. 7.7.7.7. (Second Tune.)

Arthur Henry Brown.



Whatsoever ye shall ask in My name, that will I do.

mf COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He Himself has bid thee pray,
cr Therefore will not say thee nay.

mf 2 Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring;
For His grace and power are such,
cr None can ever ask too much.

mp 3 With my burden I begin—
Lord, remove this load of sin!
Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

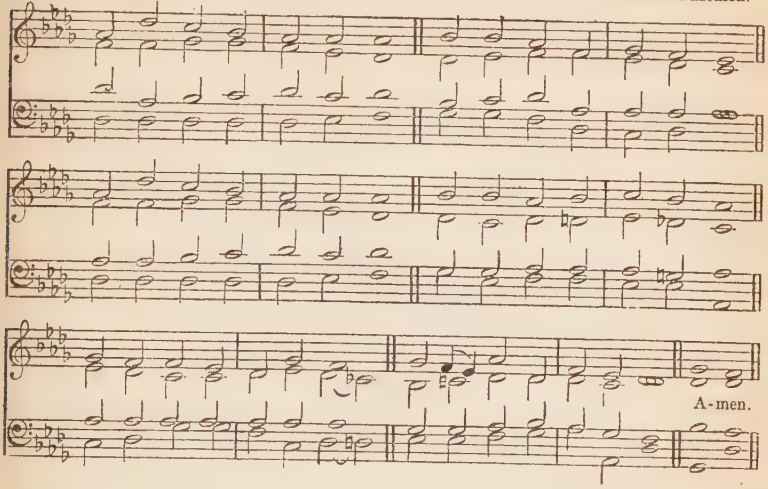
mp 4 Lord, I come to Thee for rest;
Take possession of my breast;
There Thy blood-bought right maintain,
cr And without a rival reign.

mp 5 While I am a pilgrim here,
cr Let Thy love my spirit cheer,
mf As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
cr Lead me to my journey's end. Amen.

John Newton.

399 PALGRAVE. 7.7.7.7.7.7.

H. DE LA HAYE BLACKITH.



I will . . . manifest Myself to him.

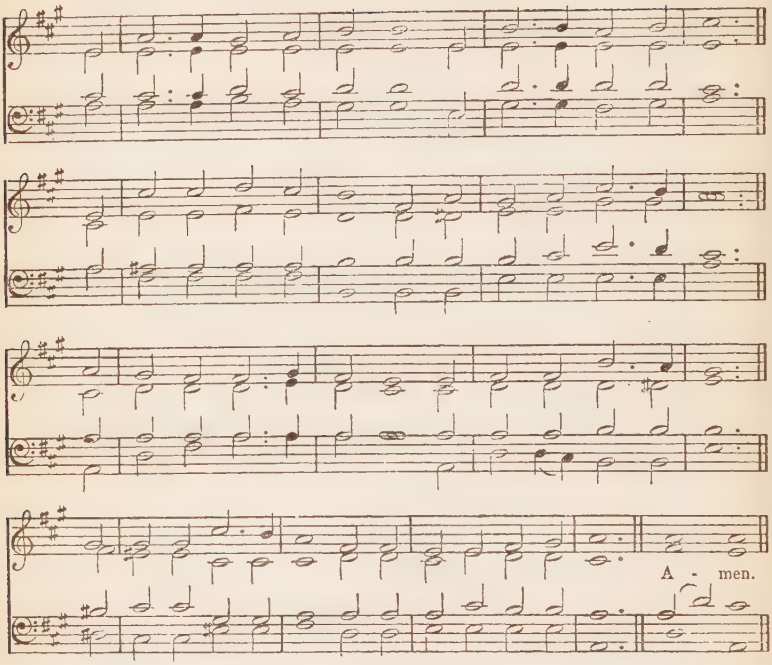
mp SON of Man, to Thee I cry—
By the holy mystery
Of Thy dwelling here on earth,
By Thy pure and holy birth,
cr Lord, Thy presence let me see:
Manifest Thyself to me.

p 2 Lamb of God, to Thee I cry—
By Thy bitter agony,
By Thy pangs, to us unknown,
dim By Thy spirit's parting groan,
Lord, Thy presence let me see;
Manifest Thyself to me.

mf 3 Prince of Life, to Thee I cry—
cr By Thy glorious majesty,
By Thy triumph o'er the grave,
Meek to suffer, strong to save,
mp Lord, Thy presence let me see;
Manifest Thyself to me.

mf 4 Lord of Glory, God most high,
Man exalted to the sky,
With Thy love my bosom fill;
Prompt me now to do Thy will;
f Then Thy presence let me see!
Manifest Thyself to me! Amén.

RICHARD MANT.

400 LORETTO. 7.6.7.6. D. H. F. Hemy.

O Lord, be not far from me.

mp MY Saviour, be Thou near me
When I lie down to sleep,
And safe from every danger
My soul and body keep.
cr With Thee there is no darkness,
The light it shineth still;
My Saviour, be Thou near me,
And I will fear no ill!

mp 2 My Saviour, be Thou near me
When Satan doth assail,
To strengthen and protect me,
That he may not prevail.
p When sorrows come upon me,
And days are dark and sad,
cr My Saviour, be Thou near me,
And I shall still be glad.

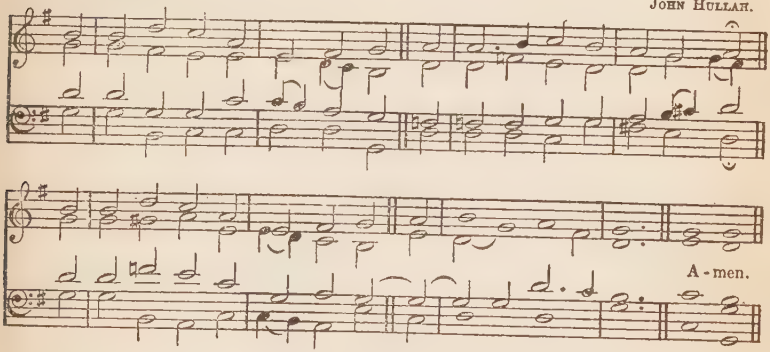
p 3 My Saviour, be Thou near me
In sickness and in pain,
To teach my spirit patience,
To make my suffering gain.
pp When heart and flesh are failing,
Receive my parting breath;
My Saviour, be Thou near me
To comfort me in death.

mf 4 And then forever near Thee,
Safe in that happy place
Where angels sing Thy praises,
And saints behold Thy face,
cr My joy shall be Thy presence—
Yea, this my heaven will be,
My Saviour will be near me
Through all eternity. Amen.

T. A. Stowell.

401 SARUM. 8.8.8.4.

John Hullah.



See also Riseholme, No. 153.

The hour of prayer.

mp MY God, is any hour so sweet,
From blush of morn to evening star,
As that which calls me to Thy feet—
The hour of prayer?

mf 2 Then is my strength by Thee renewed;
Then are my sins by Thee forgiven;
Then dost Thou cheer my solitude
With hopes of heaven.

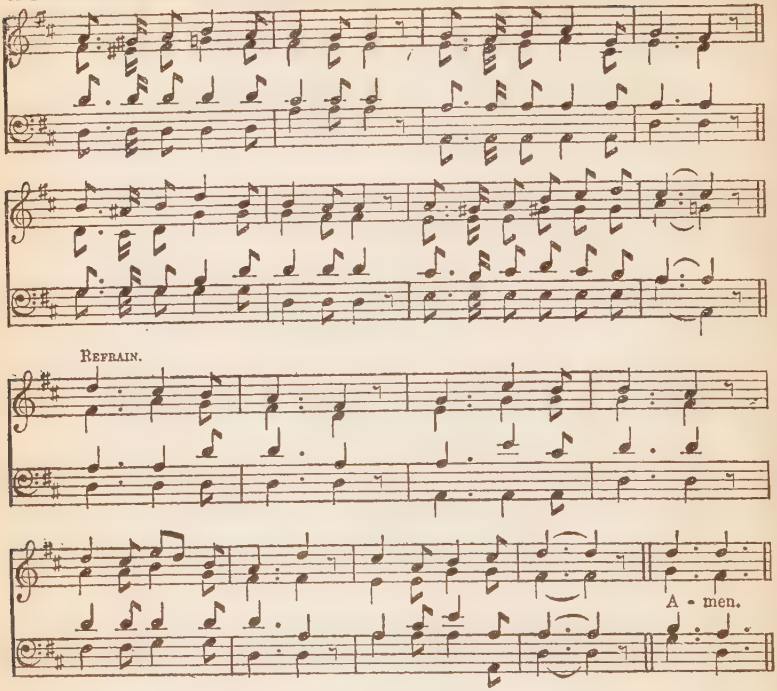
mp 3 No words can tell what sweet relief
Here for my every want I find,
cr What strength for warfare, balm for grief,
What peace of mind!

p 4 Hushed is each doubt, gone every fear;
My spirit seems in heaven to stay;
And even the penitential tear
Is wiped away.

mp 5 Lord, till I reach yon blissful shore
No privilege so dear shall be
cr As thus my inmost soul to pour
In prayer to Thee. Amen.

Charlotte Elliott.

402 SHOWERS OF BLESSING. 8.7.8.7. (*with refrain*). IRA D. SANKEY.



There shall be showers of blessing.

mp HEAR us, O Saviour, while we pray,
Humbly our need confessing,
Grant us the promised showers to-day—
Send them upon us, O Lord.

cr *Send showers of blessing;*
Send showers refreshing;
Send showers of blessing—
Send them, Lord, we pray.

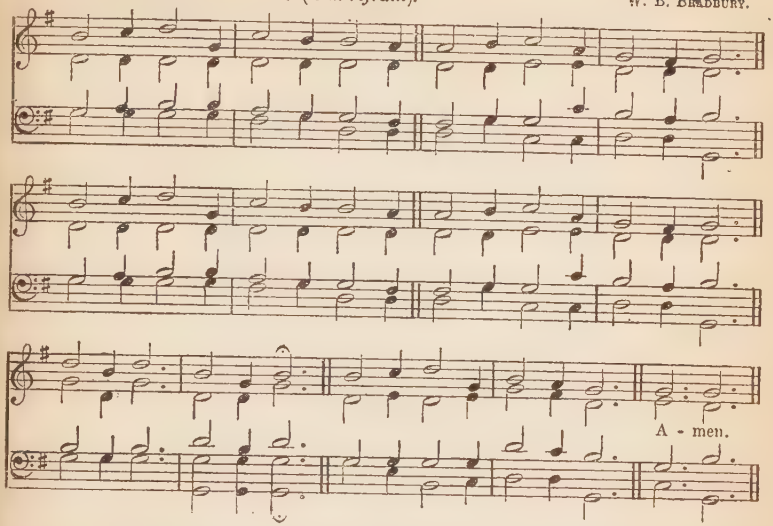
mf 2 Knowing Thy love on Thee we call,
Boldly Thy throne addressing,
Pleading that showers of grace may fall—
Send them upon us, O Lord.

mf 3 Trusting Thy word that cannot fail,
Master, we claim Thy promise;
Oh that our faith may now prevail,—
Send us the showers, O Lord. Amen.

CHARLES BRUCE.

403 EVEN ME. 8.7.8.7. (*with refrain*).

W. B. Bradbury.



Remember me, O Lord, with the favor that Thou bearest unto Thy people;
O visit me with Thy salvation.

mf LORD, I hear of showers of blessing
Thou art scattering full and free,
Showers, the thirsty land refreshing,
cr Let some drops descend on me,
p Even me.

p 2 Pass me not, O gracious Father,
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
cr Let Thy mercy light on me,
p Even me.

p 3 Pass me not, O tender Saviour,
Let me live and cling to Thee;
cr For I'm longing for Thy favor;
Whilst Thou 'rt calling, O call me,
p Even me.

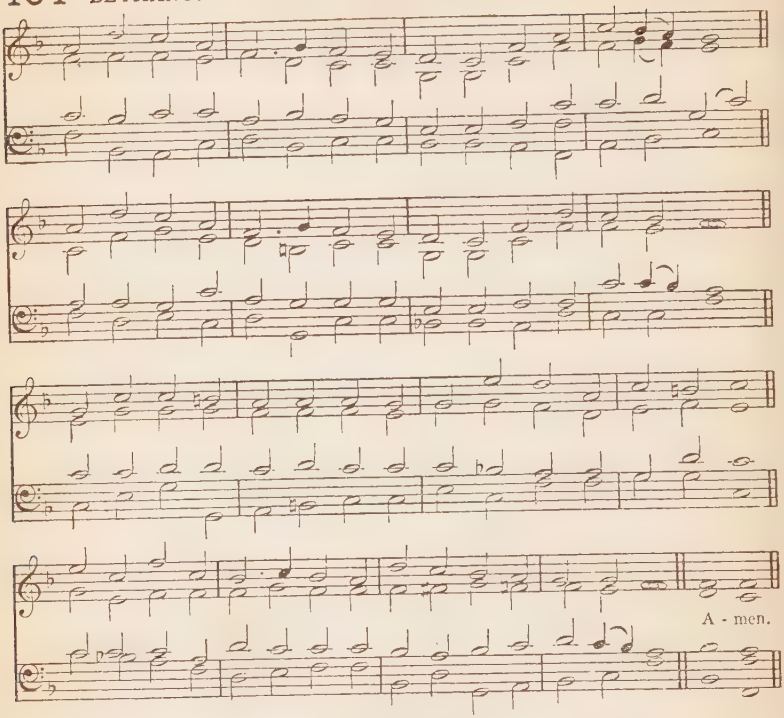
mf 4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit!
cr Speak the word of power to me,
p Even me.

mf 5 Love of God, so pure and changeless,
Blood of Christ, so rich, so free,
Grace of God, so strong and boundless;
cr Magnify them all in me,
Even me. Amen.

Elizabeth Codner.

404 BETHANY. 8.7.8.7. D. (First Tune.)

HENRY SMART.



Jesus wept. Then said the Jews, Behold how He loved him!

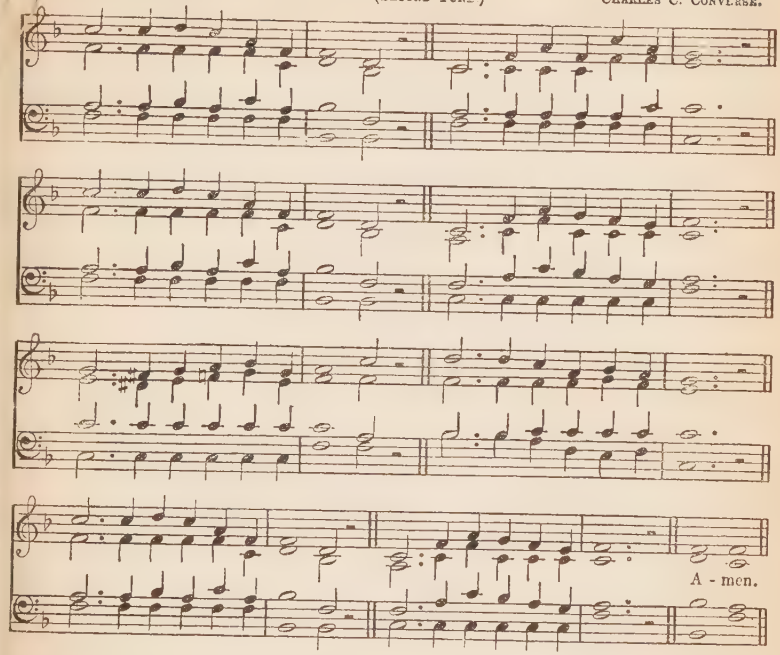
mf WHAT a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer!
mp O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear,
cr All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer.

mp 2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
cr We should never be discouraged;
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness;
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

mp 3 Are we weak and heavy-laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
mf Precious Saviour, still our refuge—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
mp Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
cr Take it to the Lord in prayer;
mf In His arms He'll take and shield thee;
Thou wilt find a solace there. Amen.

JOSEPH SCRIVEN.

WHAT A FRIEND. 8.7.8.7. D. (Second Tune) CHARLES C. CONVERSE.



Jesus wept. Then said the Jews, Behold how He loved him!

mf WHAT a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer!
mp O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear,
cr All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer.

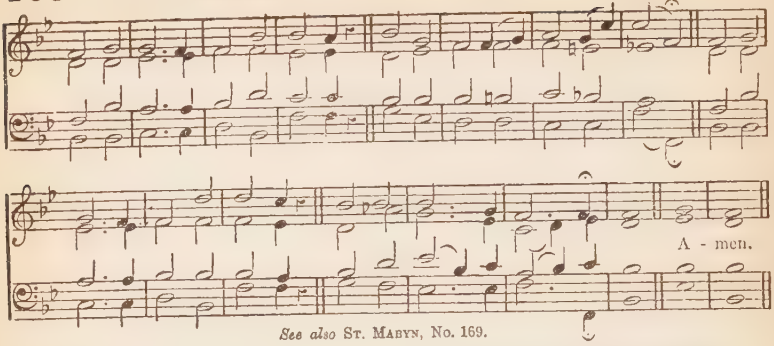
mp 2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
cr We should never be discouraged;
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness;
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

mp 3 Are we weak and heavy-laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
mf Precious Saviour, still our refuge
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
mp Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
cr Take it to the Lord in prayer;
mf In His arms He'll take and shield thee;
Thou wilt find a solace there. Amen.

JOSEPH SCRIVEN.

405 EVENING PRAYER. 8.7.8.7.

GEORGE C. STEBBINS.



See also ST. MABYN, No. 169.

To the Lord our God belong mercies and forgivenesses, though we have rebelled against Him.

mp LORD, Thy mercy now entreating,
Low before Thy throne we fall,
Our misdeeds to Thee confessing,
On Thy name we humbly call.

mp 2 Sinful thoughts, and words unloving
Rise against us one by one;
Acts unworthy, deeds unthinking,
Good that we have left undone.

mp 3 Hearts that far from Thee were straying,
While in prayer we bowed the knee,
Lips that, while Thy praises sounding,
Lifted not the soul to Thee:

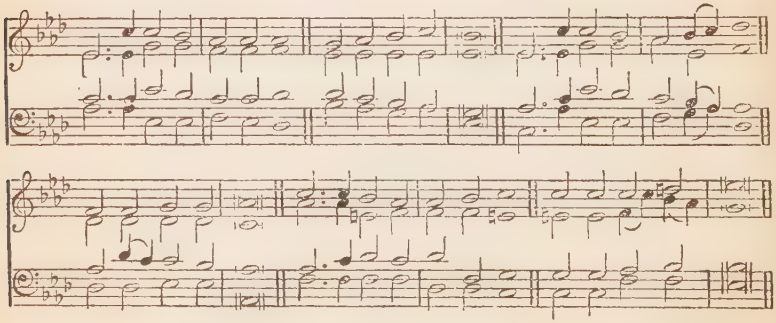
mp 4 Precious moments idly wasted,
Precious hours in folly spent;
Christian vow and fight unheeded,
Scarce a thought to wisdom lent.

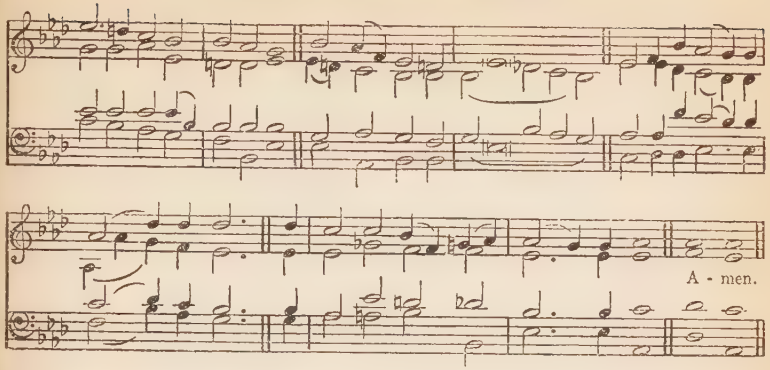
p 5 Lord, Thy mercy still entreating
We with shame our sins would own:
cr From henceforth, the time redeeming,
May we live to Thee alone.

mp 6 Heavenly Father, bless Thy children,
Hearken from Thy throne on high;
cr Loving Saviour, Holy Spirit,
Hear and heed our humble cry.
Amen.
A. N.

406 INTERCESSION. 7.5.7.5. D.8.8.

W. H. CALLCOTT.





What prayer and supplication soever be made by any man, . . . which shall know . . . his own plague and his own sorrow, . . . hear Thou in heaven Thy dwelling-place.

mp WHEN the weary, seeking rest,
To Thy goodness flee;
When the heavy-laden cast
All their load on Thee;
When the troubled, seeking peace,
On Thy name shall call;
When the sinner seeking life,
At Thy feet shall fall:
mf Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry,
dim In heaven Thy dwelling-place on high.

mp 2 When the worldling, sick at heart,
Lifts his soul above;
When the prodigal looks back
To his Father's love;
When the proud man from his pride
Stoops to seek Thy face;
When the burdened brings his guilt
To Thy throne of grace:
mf Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry,
dim In heaven Thy dwelling-place on high.

mf 3 When the stranger asks a home,
All his toils to end;
When the hungry craveth food,
And the poor a friend;
When the sailor on the wave
Bows the fervent knee;
When the soldier on the field
Lifts his heart to Thee:
cr Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry,
dim In heaven Thy dwelling-place on high.

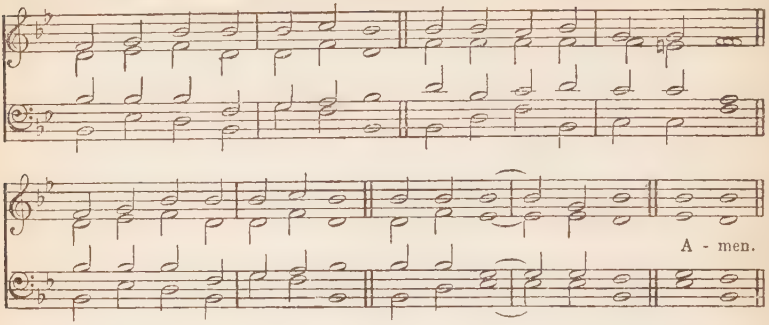
mf 4 When the man of toil and care,
In the city crowd;
When the shepherd on the moor,
Names the name of God;
When the learnèd and the high,
Tired of earthly fame,
Upon higher joys intent,
Name the blessed name:
cr Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry,
dim In heaven Thy dwelling-place on high.

mp 5 When the child, with grave fresh lip,
Youth, or maiden fair;
When the agèd, weak and grey,
Seek Thy face in prayer;
dim When the widow weeps to Thee,
Sad and lone and low;
When the orphan brings to Thee
All his orphan woe:
mf Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry,
dim In heaven Thy dwelling-place on high.

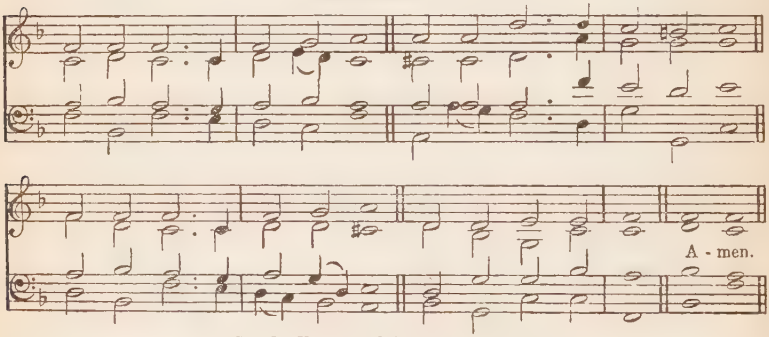
mp 6 When creation in her pangs,
Heaves her heavy groan;
When Thy Salem's exiled sons
Breathe their bitter moan;
When Thy widowed, weeping Church,
Looking for a home,
Sendeth up her silent sigh,
Come, Lord Jesus, come!
mf Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry,
dim In heaven Thy dwelling-place on high.
Amen.

HORATIUS BONAR.

407 ST. AMBROSE. 7.7.7.5. (First Tune.) Ancient Church Melody.



GREY. 7.7.7.5. (Second Tune.) F. R. Grey.



See also Horton and Consolator, No. 408.

Out of the depths have I cried unto Thee, O Lord.

p THOU who didst on Calvary bleed,
Thou who dost for sinners plead,
Help me in my time of need:
cr Jesus, hear my cry!

p 2 In my darkness and my grief,
With my heart of unbelief,
I, who am of sinners chief,
cr Lift to Thee mine eye.

p 3 Foes without and fears within,
With no plea Thy grace to win,
But that Thou canst save from sin,
cr To Thy cross I fly.

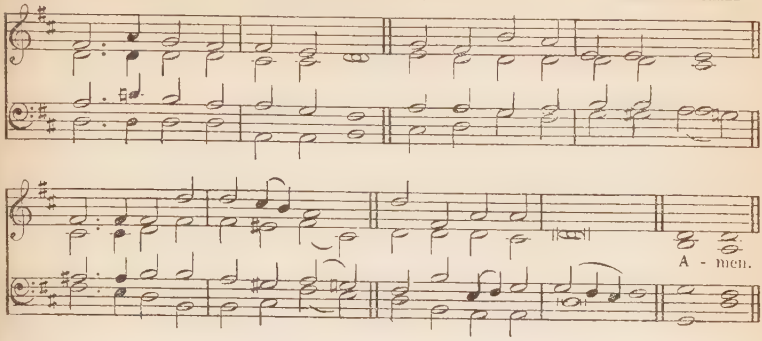
mp 4 Others long in fetters bound
There deliverance sought and found,
Heard the voice of mercy sound:
cr Surely so may I!

mf 5 There on Thee I cast my care,
There to Thee I raise my prayer;
dim Jesus, save me from despair—
Save me or I die!

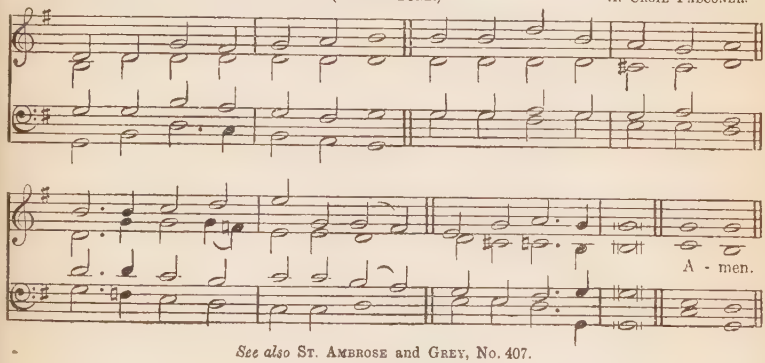
mp 6 When the storms of trial lower,
When I feel temptation's power,
pp In the last and darkest hour,
cr Jesus, be thou nigh! Amen.

J. D. Burns.

408 HORTON. 7.7.7.5. (First Tune.) Edward Minshall.



CONSOLATOR. 7.7.7.5. (Second Tune.) A. Croil Falconer.



See also St. Ambrose and Grey, No. 407.

Hear Thou in Heaven, and forgive the sin of Thy servants.

mp GOD of pity, God of grace,
When we humbly seek Thy face,
Bend from heaven Thy dwelling-place:
p Hear, forgive and save.

mf 2 When we in Thy temple meet,
Spread our wants before Thy feet,
dim Pleading at Thy mercy-seat:
p Look from heaven and save.

mf 3 When Thy love our hearts shall fill,
And we long to do Thy will,
Turning to Thy holy hill:
p Lord, accept and save.

p 4 Should we wander from Thy fold,
And our love to Thee grow cold,
With a pitying eye behold:
pp Lord, forgive and save.

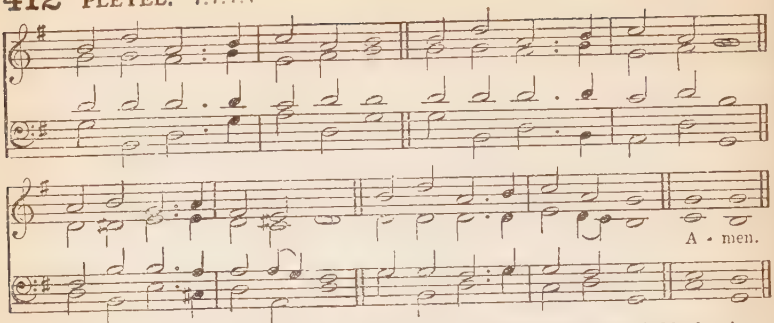
p 5 Should the hand of sorrow press,
Earthly care and want distress,
cr May our souls Thy peace possess:
Jesus, hear and save.

mf 6 And whate'er our cry may be,
When we lift our hearts to Thee,
cr From our burden set us free:
p Hear, forgive and save. Amen.

Eliza F. Morris.

412 PLEYEL. 7.7.7.7

IGNAZ PLEYEL.



My sheep . . . shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of My hand.

mf THINE forever! God of love,
Hear us from Thy throne above;
Thine forever may we be,
Here and in eternity.

mf 2 Thine forever! Lord of life
Shield us through our earthly strife;
cr Thou, the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Guide us to the realms of day.

p 3 Thine forever! O how blest
cr They who find in Thee their rest!
Saviour, Guardian, Heavenly Friend,
O defend us to the end!

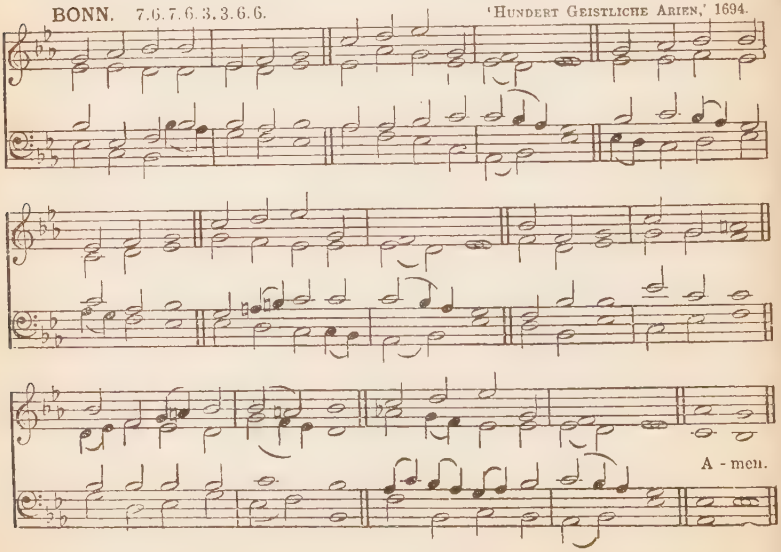
p 4 Thine forever! Saviour keep
Us, Thy frail and trembling sheep;
cr Safe alone beneath Thy care,
Let us all Thy goodness share.

mf 5 Thine forever! Thou our Guide,
cr All our wants by Thee supplied,
All our sins by Thee forgiven,
f Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven.
Amen.

MARY F. MAUDE.

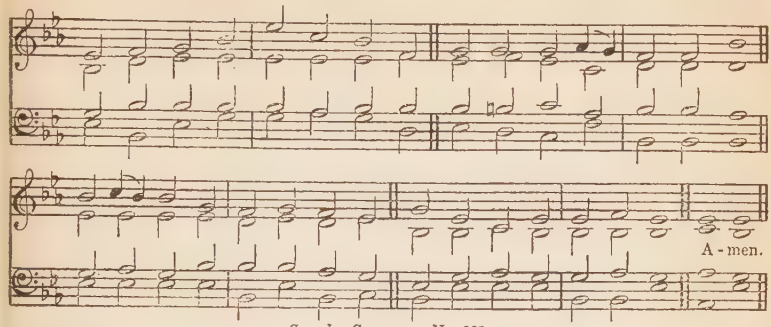
BONN. 7.6.7.6.3.3.6.6.

'HUNDERT GEISTLICHE ARIEN,' 1694.



413 ROSLYN. 8.7.8.7.

MARGARET J. MACMILLAN.



See also CHAMOUNI, No. 131.

He shall gather the lambs with His arm, and carry them in His bosom.

mp SAVIOUR, who Thy flock art feeding
With the Shepherd's kindest care,
All the feeble gently leading,
While the lambs Thy bosom share,

2 Now, these little ones receiving,
Fold them in Thy gracious arm;
cr There—we know, Thy word believing—
Only there, secure from harm.

mp 3 Never, from Thy pasture roving,
Let them be the lion's prey;
Let Thy tenderness so loving,
Keep them all life's dangerous way;

cr 4 Then, within Thy fold eternal,
Let them find a resting-place,
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of Thy grace. Amen. W. A. MUHLENBERG.

414 BONN. 7.6.7.6.3.3.6.6.

The promise is unto you, and to your children.

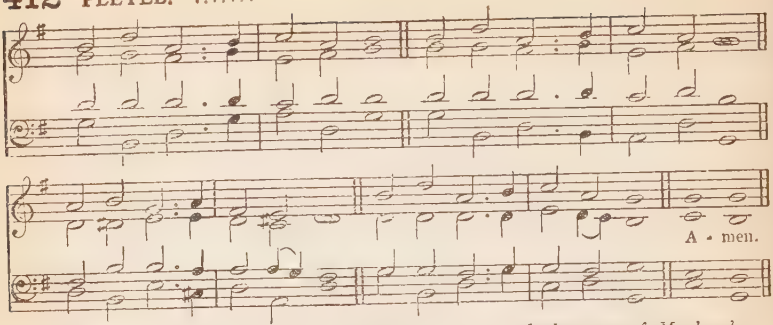
mf FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Bless the young before Thee.
Thou their wants and dangers know'st;
Watch them, we implore Thee.
Lord, we pray
That they may
All, like Thee, be holy,
Loving, meek and lowly.

mf 2 Giver Thou of gifts to all,
No good thing deny them;
Hear, O hear, our earnest call,
Life and light supply them.
Make them new,
Keep them true;
All that stand before Thee,
Bless them, we implore Thee. Amen.

C. A. DOERING, *tr.* J. S. STALLYBRASS.

412 PLEYEL. 7.7.7.7

IGNAZ PLEYEL.



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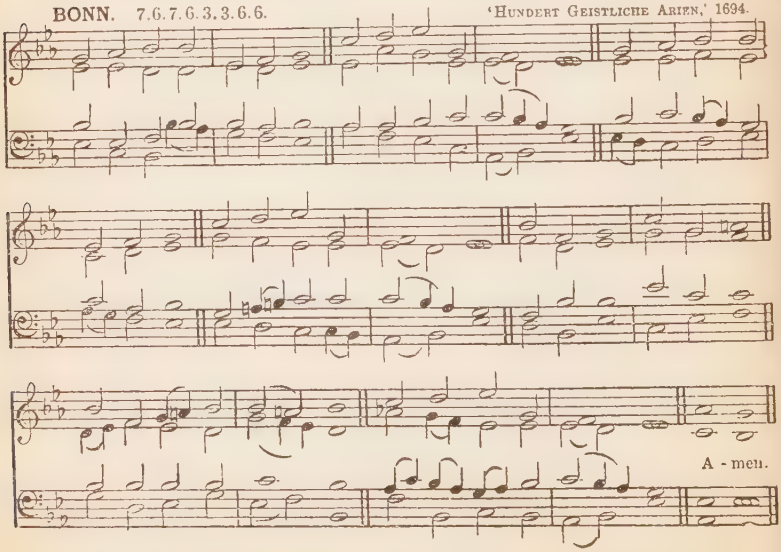

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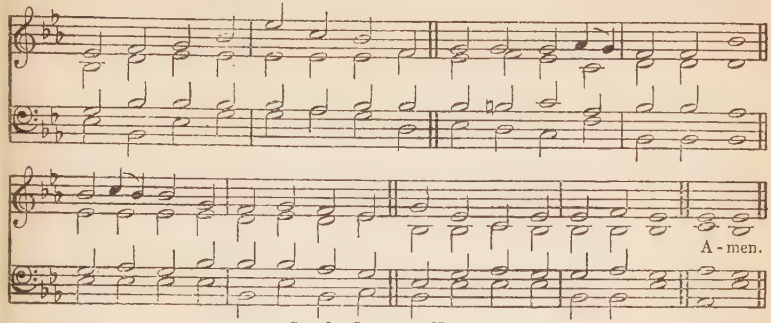

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Bless the young before Thee.
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Watch them, we implore Thee.
Lord, we pray
That they may
All, like Thee, be holy,
Loving, meek and lowly.

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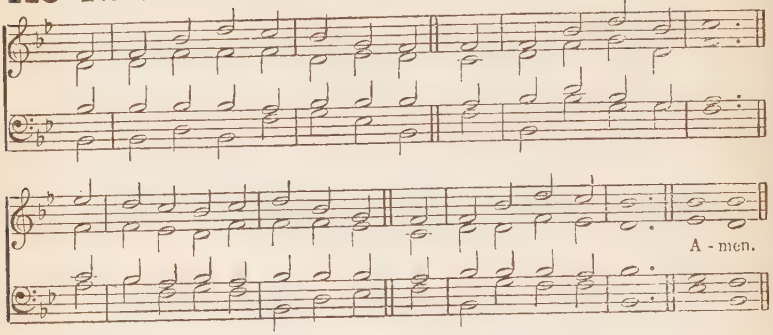
No good thing deny them;
Hear, O hear, our earnest call,
Life and light supply them.
Make them new,
Keep them true;
All that stand before Thee,
Bless them, we implore Thee. Amen.

C. A. DOERING, *tr.* J. S. STALLYBRASS.

(2) THE LORD'S SUPPER

415 **EVAN.** C.M. W. H. HAVERGAL.



This do in remembrance of Me.

mf ACCORDING to Thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,—
I will remember Thee.

mp 2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember Thee.

p 3 Gethsemane can I forget?
Or there Thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember Thee?

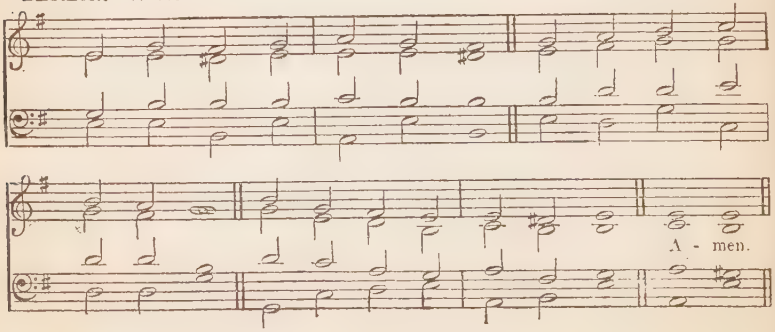
p 4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
cr O Lamb of God, my sacrifice!
I must remember Thee:—

mf 5 Remember Thee, and all Thy pains,
And all Thy love to me;
cr Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
f Will I remember Thee.

p 6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
cr When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come,
f Jesus, remember me. Amen.

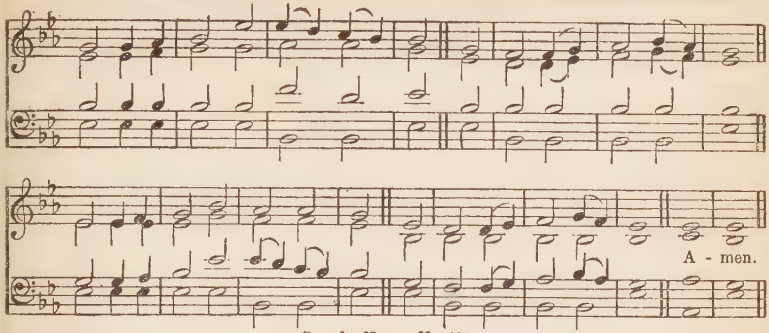
JAMES MONTGOMERY.

BERLIN. 7.7.7. JOHANN CRÜGER.



416 QUEEN'S COLLEGE. C.M.

F. S. Davenport. Arranged by Arthur Beall.



See also Naomi, No. 103.

My flesh is meat indeed, and My blood is drink indeed.

p O JESUS CHRIST, the Holy One,
I long to be with Thee;
O Jesus Christ, the lowly One,
cr Come and abide with me.

mp 2 Now while the symbols of Thy love
Before Thy saints are set,
And Thou, descending from above,
Their yearning hearts hast met:

cr 3 Come, and o'ershadow with Thy power
This lonely heart of mine;
And feed me in this solemn hour
With Thine own bread and wine.

mf 4 My 'meat indeed,' my 'drink indeed'
Art Thou, my gracious Lord;
Help Thou my soul by faith to feed
On this Thy precious word,

cr 5 Till nourished, strengthened, satisfied,
My glad and thankful heart
Forgets the things Thou hast denied
In those Thou dost impart. Amen.

Jane Euphemia Saxby.

417 BERLIN. 7.7.7.

The cup of blessing which we bless, is it not the communion of the blood of Christ? The bread which we break, is it not the communion of the body of Christ?

mf JESUS, to Thy table led,
Now let every heart be fed
With the true and living bread.

p 2 While upon Thy cross we gaze
Mourning o'er our sinful ways,
cr Turn our sadness into praise.

mp 3 When we taste the mystic wine,
Of Thine outpoured blood the sign,
cr Fill our hearts with love divine.

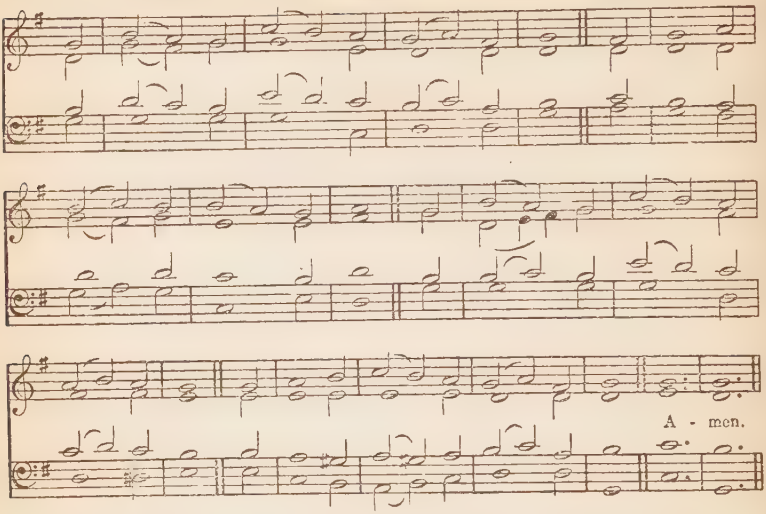
p 4 Draw us to Thy wounded side,
cr Whence there flowed the healing tide;
dim There our sins and sorrows hide.

mf 5 From the bonds of sin release;
Cold and wavering faith increase;
dim Lamb of God, grant us Thy peace!

mf 6 Lead us by Thy pierced hand,
cr Till around Thy throne we stand,
f In the bright and better land. Amen.

Robert Hall Baynes.

418 ST. ALKMUND. L. M. (First Tune.) Easy Music for Church Choirs, 1853.



He that cometh to Me shall never hunger, and he that believeth on Me shall never thirst.

mf JESUS, Thou Joy of loving hearts,
Thou Fount of life, Thou Light of men!
From the best bliss that earth imparts
We turn unfilled to Thee again.

mf 2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;
Thou savest those that on Thee call;
cr To them that seek Thee Thou art good;
f To them that find Thee, All in all!

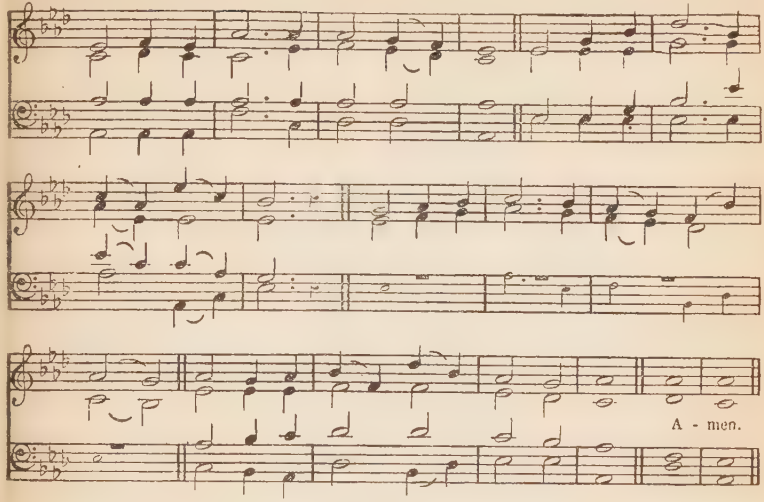
mf 3 We taste Thee, O Thou living Bread,
And long to feast upon Thee still;
We drink of Thee the Fountain-head,
cr And thirst our souls from Thee to fill.

p 4 Our restless spirits yearn for Thee
Where'er our changeful lot is cast;
cr Glad when Thy gracious smile we see,
Blest when our faith can hold Thee fast.

p 5 O Jesus, ever with us stay,
Make all our moments calm and bright;
cr Chase the dark night of sin away;
Shed o'er the world Thy holy light. Amen.

Bernard of Clairvaux, *tr.* Ray Palmer.

ONTARIO. L.M. (Second Tune.) American Melody.



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From the best bliss that earth imparts
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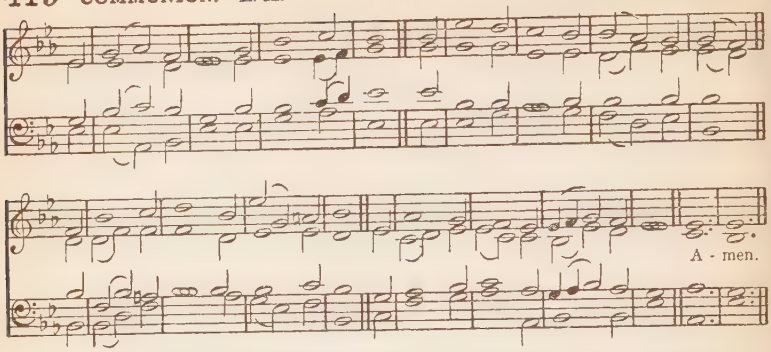
419 COMMUNION. L. M.

ADAPTED BY EDWARD MILLER.



As they were eating, Jesus took bread and blessed it; and He took the cup and gave thanks.

p 'TWAS on that night, when doomed to know
The eager rage of every foe,
That night in which He was betrayed,
The Saviour of the world took bread,

mp 2 And, after thanks and glory given
To Him that rules in earth and heaven,
That symbol of His flesh He broke,
And thus to all His followers spoke:

cr 3 My broken body thus I give
For you, for all; take, eat, and live;
And oft the sacred rite renew
That brings My wondrous love to view.

mf 4 Then in His hands the cup He raised,
And God anew He thanked and praised,
dim While kindness in His bosom glowed,
cr And from His lips salvation flowed.

mp 5 My blood I thus pour forth, He cries,
cr To cleanse the soul in sin that lies;
In this the covenant is sealed,
And heaven's eternal grace revealed.

mf 6 With love to man this cup is fraught,
Let all partake the sacred draught;
Through latest ages let it pour
dim In memory of My dying hour. Amen.

JOHN MORISON.

420 COMMUNION. L. M.

Thou preparest a table before me.

p MY God, and is Thy table spread?
And does Thy cup with love o'erflow?
cr Thither be all Thy children led,
And let them all its sweetness know.

mf 2 Hail, sacred feast, which Jesus makes!
Rich banquet of His flesh and blood!
cr Thrice happy he who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heavenly food!

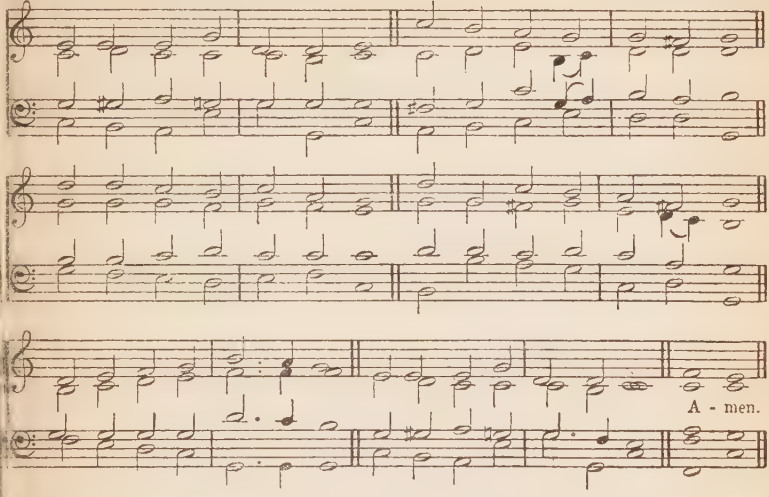
mf 3 O let Thy table honored be,
And furnished well with joyful guests,
And may each soul salvation see
That here its sacred pledges tastes.

cr 4 Let crowds approach with hearts prepared,
With hearts inflamed let all attend;
Nor when we leave our Father's board
The pleasure or the profit end.

mf 5 Revive Thy dying Churches, Lord!
And bid our drooping graces live;
cr And more, that energy afford
A Saviour's love alone can give. Amen.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

421 REYNOLDSTONE. 7.7.7.7.7.7. T. Richard Matthews.



Ye do show the Lord's death till He come.

p 'TILL He come'—O let the words
Linger on the trembling chords;
Let the little while between
In their golden light be seen;
cr Let us think how heaven and home
dim Lie beyond that 'Till He come.'

p 2 When the weary ones we love
Enter on their rest above,
Seems the earth so poor and vast,
All our life-joy overcast?
dim Hush, be every murmur dumb:
It is only 'Till He come.'

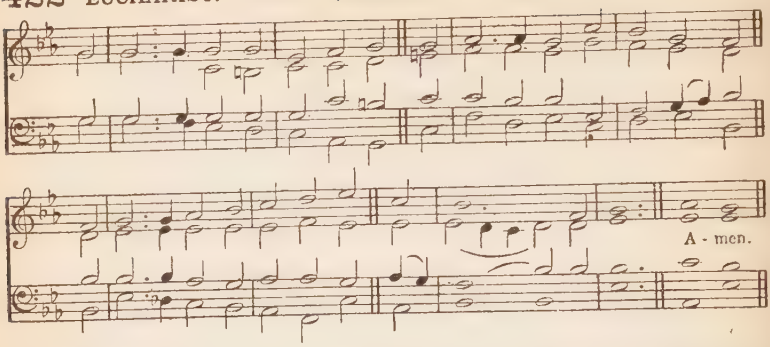
cr 3 Clouds and conflicts round us press:
Would we have one sorrow less?
All the sharpness of the cross,
All that tells the world is loss,
dim Death, and darkness and the tomb,
pp Only whisper 'Till He come.'

mf 4 See, the feast of love is spread!
Drink the wine, and break the bread:
Sweet memorials—till the Lord
Call us round His heavenly board,
Some from earth, from glory some,
cr Severed only 'Till He come.' Amen.

E. H. Bickersteth.

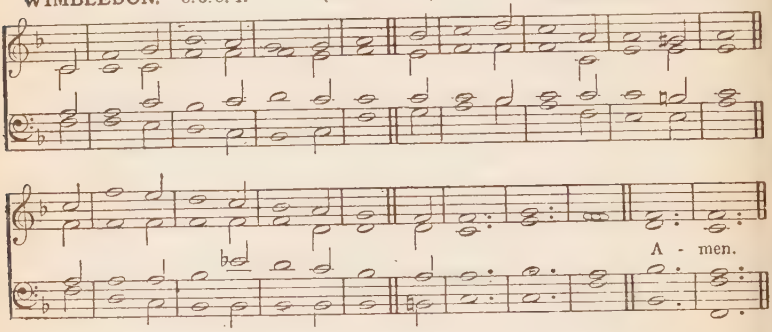
422 EUCHARIST. 8.8.8.4. (First Tune.)

A. Croil Falconer



WIMBLEDON. 8.8.8.4. (Second Tune.)

Samuel Sebastian Wesley.



As often as ye eat this bread and drink this cup, ye proclaim the Lord's death till He come.

mf BY Christ redeemed, in Christ restored,
We keep the memory adored,
dim And show the death of our dear Lord,
Until He come.

mp 2 His body broken in our stead
Is here, in this memorial bread,
cr And so our feeble love is fed,
Until He come.

pp 3 The drops of His dread agony,
His life-blood shed for us, we see;
cr The wine shall tell the mystery,
Until He come.

p 4 And thus that dark betrayal night
With the last advent we unite,
cr By one blest chain of loving rite,
Until He come.

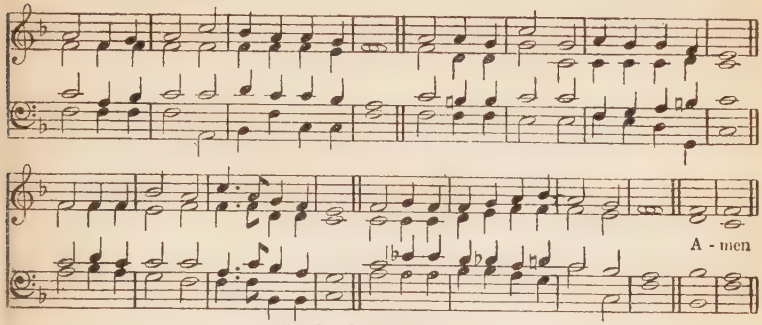
f 5 Until the trump of God be heard,
Until the ancient graves be stirred,
ff And with the great commanding word
The Lord shall come.

mf 6 O blessèd hope! with this elate
Let not our hearts be desolate,
cr But, strong in faith, in patience wait
Until He come.
Amen.

George Rawson.

423 ST. AGNES. 10.10.10.10.

JAMES LANGRAN.



See also MORECAMBE, No. 174

He took bread, and blessed it, and brake, and gave to them And their eyes were opened, and they knew Him.

mf HERE, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face;
Here would I touch and handle things unseen,
cr Here grasp with firmer hand the eternal grace,
dim And all my weariness upon Thee lean.

mf 2 Here would I feed upon the bread of God,
Here drink with Thee the royal wine of heaven;
p Here would I lay aside each earthly load,
cr Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.

mf 3 This is the hour of banquet and of song;
This is the heavenly table spread for me;
cr Here let me feast, and feasting still prolong
The brief bright hour of fellowship with Thee.

---

mp 4 Too soon we rise; the symbols disappear;
The feast, though not the love, is past and gone;
The bread and wine remove, but Thou art here,
cr Nearer than ever; still my Shield and Sun.

mp 5 I have no help but Thine; nor do I need
cr Another arm save Thine to lean upon;
mf It is enough, my Lord, enough indeed;
cr My strength is in Thy might, Thy might alone.

p 6 Mine is the sin, (*cr*) but Thine the righteousness;
mp Mine is the guilt, (*cr*) but Thine the cleansing blood;
cr Here is my robe, my refuge, and my peace—
Thy blood, Thy righteousness, O Lord my God.

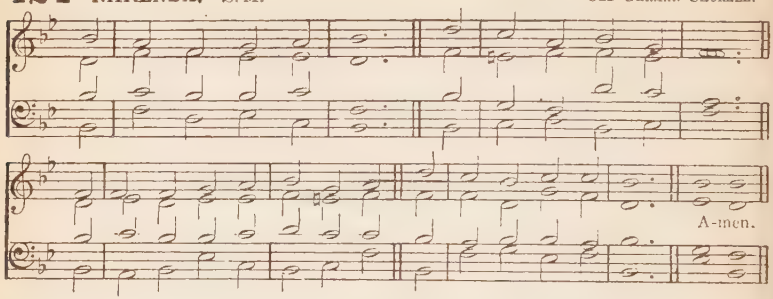
mf 7 Feast after feast thus comes and passes by;
cr Yet passing, points to the glad feast above,
Giving sweet foretastes of the festal joy,
f The Lamb's great bridal feast of bliss and love. Amen.

HORATIUS BONAR

3. Almsgiving and Beneficence

424 NARENZA. S.M.

OLD GERMAN CHORALE.



All things come of Thee, and of Thine own have we given Thee.

mf WE give Thee but Thine own,
Whate'er the gift may be;
All that we have is Thine alone,
A trust, O Lord, from Thee.

mf 2 May we Thy bounties thus
As stewards true receive,
And gladly, as Thou blessest us,
To Thee our first-fruits give.

mp 3 O, hearts are bruised and dead,
And homes are bare and cold,
And lambs for whom the Shepherd bled
Are straying from the fold.

mp 4 To comfort and to bless,
To find a balm for woe,
To tend the lone and fatherless,
Is angels' work below.

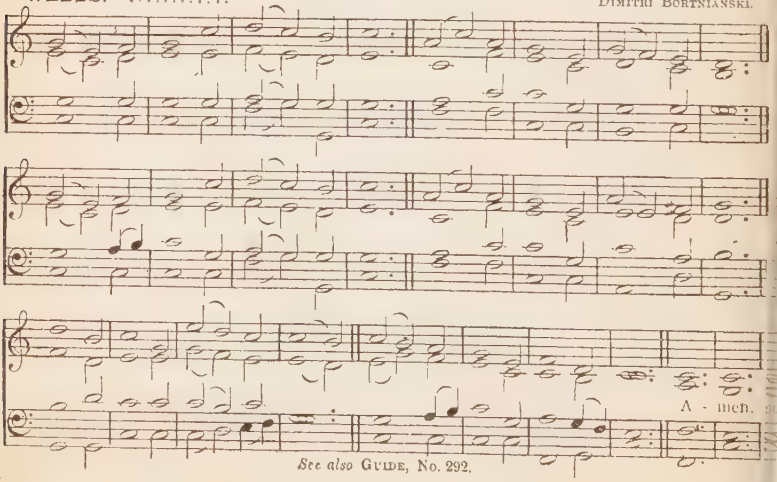
cr 5 The captive to release,
To God the lost to bring,
To teach the way of life and peace,
It is a Christ-like thing.

mf 6 And we believe Thy word,
Though dim our faith may be,
cr Whate'er for Thine we do, O Lord,
We do it unto Thee. Amen.

W. W. How.

WELLS. 7.7.7.7.7.7.

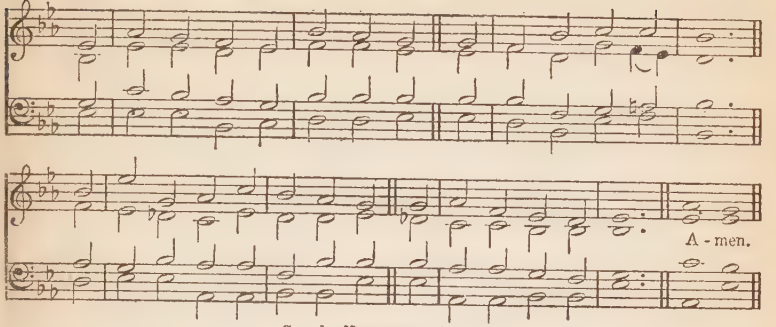
DIMITRI BORTNIANSKI.



See also GUIDE, No. 292.

425 ST. FRANCES. C.M.

G. A. Löhr.



See also Northrepps, No. 37.

Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me.

mf FOUNTAIN of good, to own Thy love
Our thankful hearts incline;
What we can render, Lord, to Thee,
When all the worlds are Thine?

mf 2 But Thou hast needy brethren here,
Partakers of Thy grace,
cr Whose names Thou wilt Thyself confess
Before the Father's face.

mp 3 And in their accents of distress
Thy pleading voice is heard;
cr In them Thou mayest be clothed and fed
And visited and cheered.

mf 4 Thy face with reverence and with love
We in Thy poor would see;
cr O may we minister to them,
And in them, Lord, to Thee. Amen.

Philip Doddridge.

426 WELLS. 7.7.7.7.7.7.

Jesus sat over against the treasury, and beheld how the people cast money into the treasury.

mp JESUS, Lord, we humbly pray,
Take our gifts on this Thy day:
cr Gladly, gratefully we give,
Of Thy grace do Thou receive:
With our store we worship Thee,
As we seek Thy favor free.

f 2 In the hollow of Thy hand
Is the wealth of sea and land;
All Thou givest us to own
Appertains to Thee alone;
Claim then, claim our earthly store,
And ourselves for evermore!

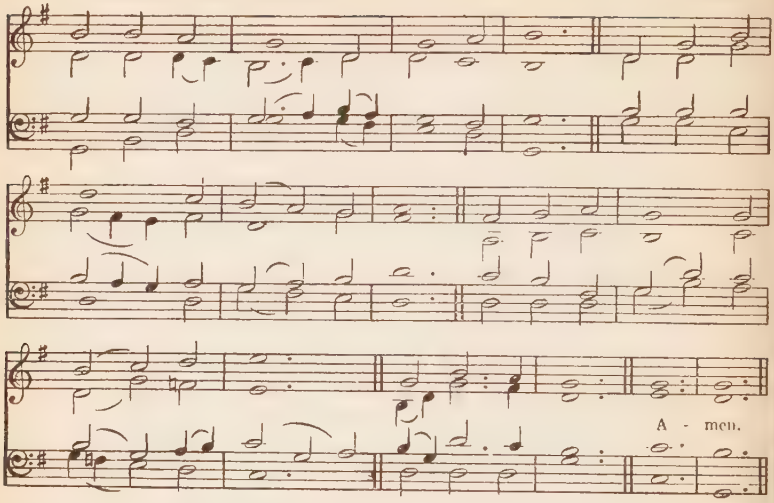
mf 3 In our wealth and poverty
With glad hearts we bow to Thee;
Thine we are in life, in death;
Thine from birth to latest breath:
cr Ransomed children, we shall be
Thine to all eternity.

mp 4 Though our gifts be poor and small,
Thou dost welcome one and all;
Widow's mite or water-cup,
To Thee, Lord, when offered up
cr Is as precious in Thine eyes
As the costliest sacrifice.

mf 5 Jesus, we our vows will pay
In Thy house on this Thy day;
And Thy service be our joy,
And Thy work our hands employ,
cr Till we hear the sweet 'Well done'
From thy glorious judgment throne. Amen. Robert Murray.

427 ALMSGIVING. 8.8.8.4.

J. B. Dykes.



Freely ye have received, freely give.

mf O LORD of heaven, and earth, and sea,
To Thee all praise and glory be;
How shall we show our love to Thee
Who givest all?

mf 2 The golden sunshine, vernal air,
Sweet flowers and fruit, Thy love declare;
When harvests ripen, Thou art there,
Who givest all.

mp 3 For peaceful homes, and healthful days,
For all the blessings earth displays,
cr We owe Thee thankfulness and praise,
Who givest all.

p 4 Thou didst not spare Thine only Son,
But gav'st Him for a world undone,
cr And freely with that Blessèd One
Thou givest all.

mf 5 Thou giv'st the Holy Spirit's dower,
Spirit of life and love and power,
And dost His sevenfold graces shower
Upon us all.

mf 6 For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven,
For means of grace and hopes of heaven,
cr Father, what can to Thee be given,
Who givest all?

p 7 We lose what on ourselves we spend,
f We have as treasure without end
Whatever, Lord, to Thee we lend,
Who givest all.

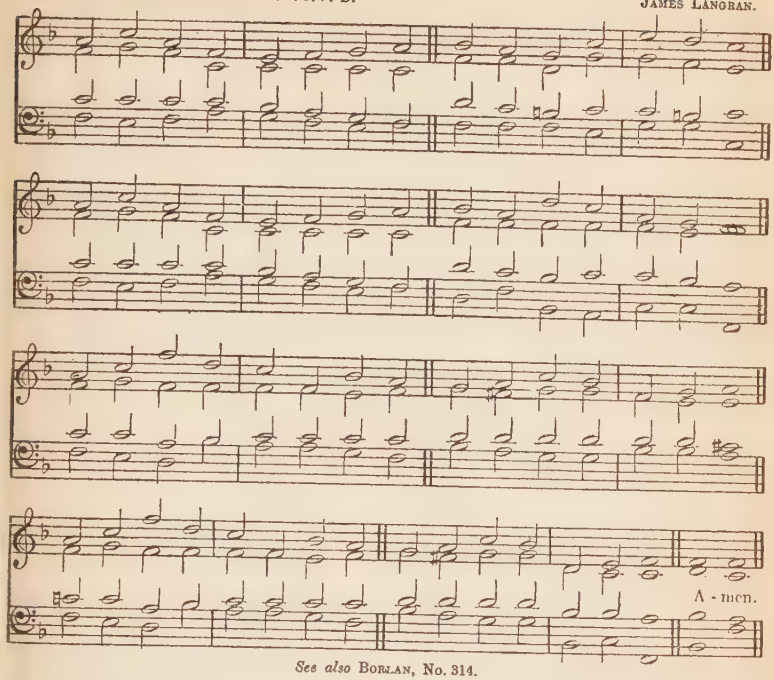
mf 8 Whatever, Lord, we lend to Thee,
cr Repaid a thousandfold will be;
f Then gladly will we give to Thee,
Who givest all;

f 9 To Thee, from whom we all derive
Our life, our gifts, our power to give:
p O may we ever with Thee live,
cr Who givest all. Amen.

C. Wordsworth.

428 DEERHURST. 8.7.8.7. D.

JAMES LANGRAN.



See also BORLAN, No. 314.

God loveth a cheerful giver

mf LORD, Thou lov'st the cheerful giver,
Who with open heart and hand
Blesses freely, as a river
That refreshes all the land.
Grant us then the grace of giving
With a spirit large and free,
That our life and all our living
We may consecrate to Thee.

mp 2 We are Thine, Thy mercy sought us,
Found us in death's dreadful way,
cr To the fold in safety brought us,
Never more from Thee to stray
Thine own life Thou freely gavest
As an offering on the cross
For each sinner whom Thou savest
From eternal shame and loss.

mf 3 Blest by Thee with gifts and graces,
May we heed Thy Church's call;
Gladly in all times and places
Give to Thee who givest all.
Thou hast bought us, and no longer
Can we claim to be our own;
cr Ever free and ever stronger,
We shall serve Thee, Lord, alone.

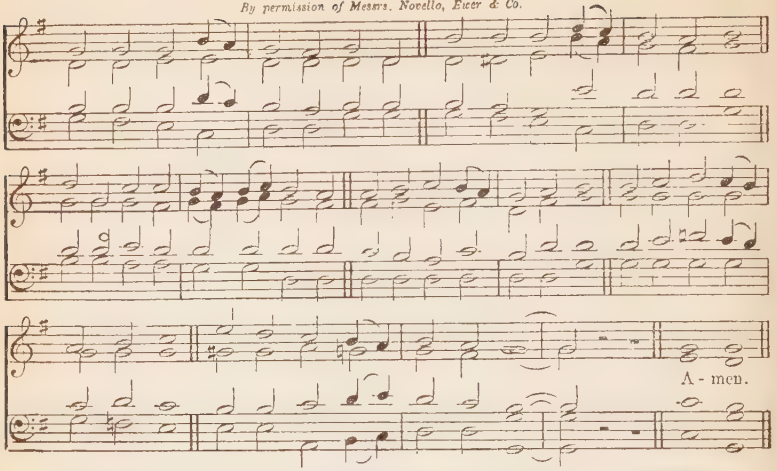
mf 4 Saviour, Thou hast freely given
All the blessings we enjoy,
Earthly store and bread of heaven,
Love and peace without alloy;
mp Humbly now we bow before Thee,
And our all to Thee resign;
f For the kingdom, power, and glory,
Are, O Lord, forever Thine. Amen.

ROBERT MURRAY.

429 GOUNOD. 8.7.8.7.7.7.

By permission of Messrs. Novello, Ewer & Co.

CHARLES GOUNOD.



They brought unto Him all sick people that were taken with divers diseases; and He healed them.

mf THOU to whom the sick and dying
Ever came, nor came in vain,
Still with healing words replying
To the wearied cry of pain,
dim Hear us, Jesus, as we meet,
Suppliants at Thy mercy-seat.

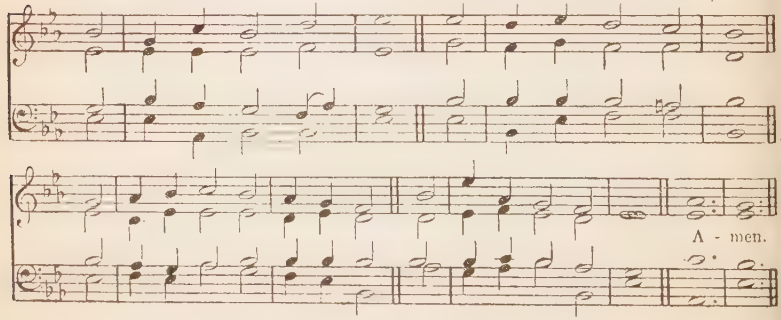
p 2 Still the weary, sick, and dying,
Need a brother's, sister's care,
cr On Thy higher help relying,
May we now their burden share,
mf Bringing all our offerings meet,
Suppliants at Thy mercy-seat.

mf 3 May each child of Thine be willing,
Willing both in hand and heart,
All the law of love fulfilling,
Ever comfort to impart;
cr Ever bringing offerings meet,
Suppliant to Thy mercy-seat.

mp 4 So may sickness, sin, and sadness
To Thy healing power yield,
Till the sick and sad, in gladness,
Rescued, ransomed, cleansed, healed,
cr One in Thee together meet,
Pardoned, at Thy judgment-seat.
Amen. GODFREY THRING.

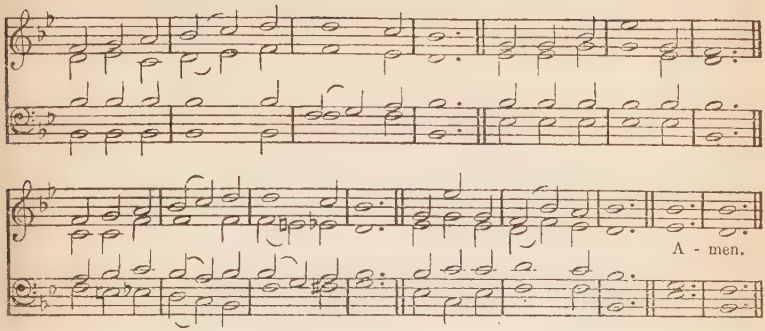
HAMPTON. S. M.

AARON WILLIAMS' 'PSALMODY IN MINIATURE,' 1770.



430 EAGLEY. C. M.

JAMES WALCH.



The creation itself also shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption.

mp LIGHT of the lonely pilgrim's heart,
Star of the coming day,
cr Arise, and with Thy morning beams
Chase all our griefs away.

mf 2 Come, blessèd Lord, bid every shore
And answering island sing
cr The praises of Thy royal name,
And own Thee as their King.

mf 3 Bid the whole earth, responsive now
To the bright world above,
f Break forth in rapturous strains of joy
In memory of Thy love.

mp 4 Lord, Lord, Thy fair creation groans,
The air, the earth, the sea,
cr In unison with all our hearts,
And calls aloud for Thee.

mf 5 Come, then, with all Thy quickening
With one awakening smile, [power,
And bid the serpent's trail no more
Thy beauteous realms defile.

mp 6 Thine was the cross, with all its fruits
cr Of grace and peace divine;
mf Be Thine the crown of glory now,
f The palm of victory Thine. Amen.

SIR EDWARD DENNY.

431 HAMPTON. S. M.

Arise, O God, judge the earth; for Thou shalt inherit all nations.

O LORD our God, arise,
The cause of truth maintain,
And wide o'er all the peopled world
Extend Thy blessèd reign.

2 Thou Prince of Life, arise,
Nor let Thy glory cease,
Far spread the conquests of Thy grace,
And bless the earth with peace.

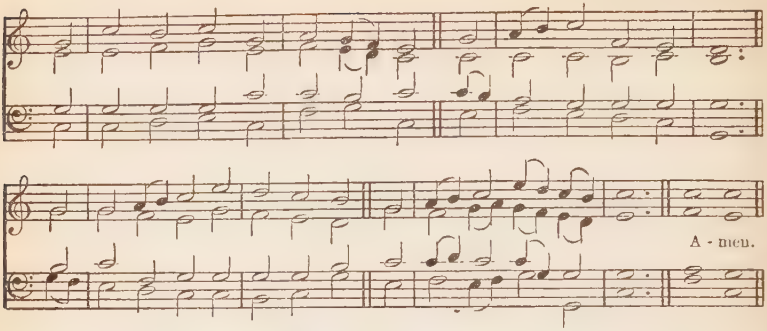
mf 3 Thou Holy Ghost, arise,
Expand Thy quickening wing;
cr And o'er a dark and ruined world
Let light and order spring.

f 4 All on the earth, arise,
To God our Saviour sing;
From shore to shore, from earth to Heaven,
Let echoing anthems ring. Amen.

RALPH WARDLAW.

432 CREDITON. C. M.

THOMAS CLARE.



The mountain of the Lord's house shall be established in the top of the mountains.

mf BEHOLD! the mountain of the Lord
In latter days shall rise
On mountain tops above the hills,
And draw the wondering eyes.

cr 2 To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues, shall flow;
Up to the hill of God, they'll say,
And to His house we'll go.

f 3 The beam that shines from Zion hill
Shall lighten every land;
The King who reigns in Salem's towers
Shall all the world command.

mf 4 Among the nations He shall judge;
His judgments truth shall guide;
His sceptre shall protect the just
And quell the sinner's pride.

mp 5 No strife shall rage, nor hostile feuds
Disturb those peaceful years;
To ploughshares men shall beat their swords,
To pruning-hooks their spears.

6 No longer hosts encountering hosts
Shall crowds of slain deplore;
cr They hang the trumpet in the hall.
And study war no more

mf 7 Come then, O house of Jacob! come
To worship at His shrine,
cr And, walking in the light of God,
With holy beauties shine. Amen.

MICHAEL BRUCE, or JOHN LOGAN.

433 NATIVITY. C. M

Sing unto the Lord a new song, and His praise from the end of the earth.

f SING to the Lord in joyful strains!
Let earth His praise resound,
Ye who upon the ocean dwell
And fill the isles around.

2 O city of the Lord! begin
The universal song;
And let the scattered villages
The cheerful notes prolong.

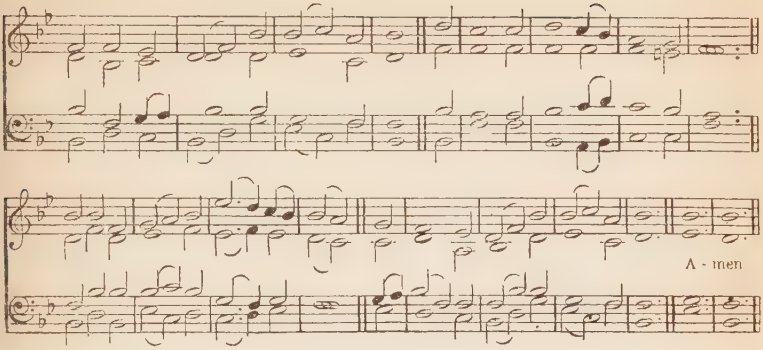
mf 3 Let Kedar's wilderness afar
Lift up its lonely voice;
And let the tenants of the rock
With accents rude rejoice,

f 4 Till 'midst the streams of distant lands
The islands sound His praise;
ff And all combined, with one accord
Jehovah's glories raise. Amen.

ANON., and MICHAEL BRUCE.

434 WARRINGTON. L.M.

RALPH HARRISON



Men shall be blessed in Him; all nations shall call Him blessed

f JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

mf 2 For Him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown His head;
mp His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice

mf 3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
p And infant voices shall proclaim
cr Their early blessings on His name

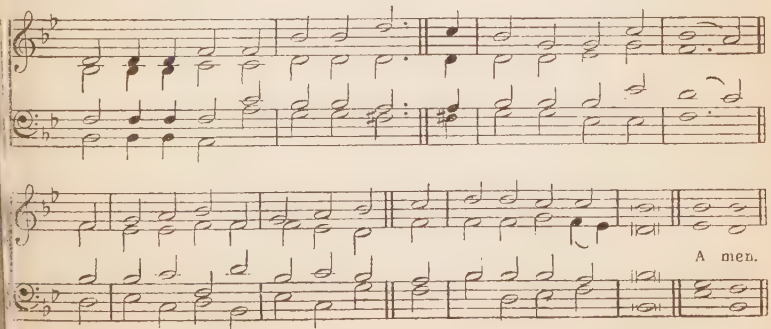
f 4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns,
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains:
dim The weary find eternal rest,
cr And all the sons of want are blest.

f 5 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen. Amen.

ISAAC WATTS

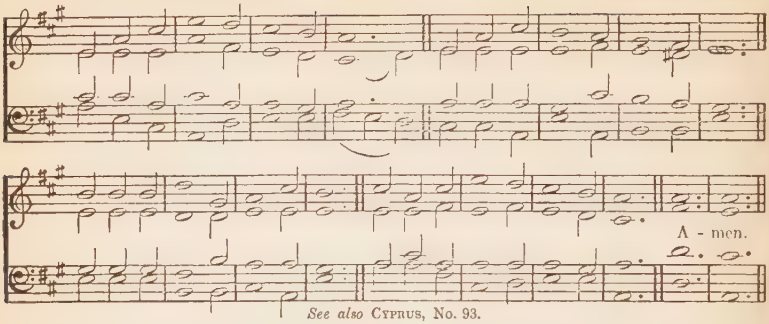
NATIVITY. C.M

HENRY LAHEE



435 STIASTNY. L. M.

JOHANN STIASTNY.



See also CYPRUS, No. 93.

Awake, awake, put on strength, O arm of the Lord.

f ARM of the Lord, awake, awake!
Put on Thy strength, the nations shake,
And let the world, adoring, see
Triumphs of mercy wrought by Thee.

mf 2 Say to the heathen from Thy throne,
cr 'I am Jehovah, God alone;'
f Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.

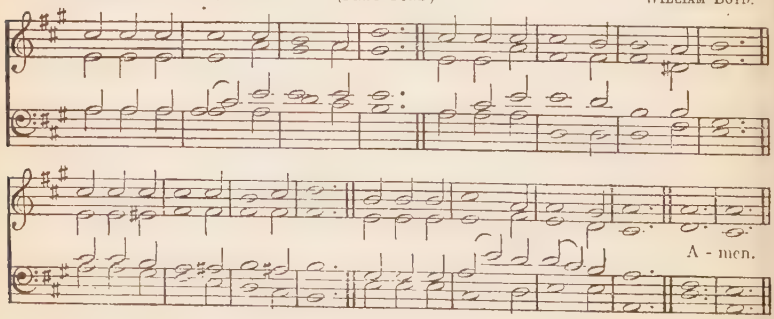
mf 3 Let Zion's time of favor come;
O bring the tribes of Israel home;
And let our wondering eyes behold
Gentiles and Jews in Jesus' fold.

f 4 Almighty God, Thy grace proclaim
In every clime of every name,
cr Let adverse powers before Thee fall,
ff And crown the Saviour Lord of all. Amen.

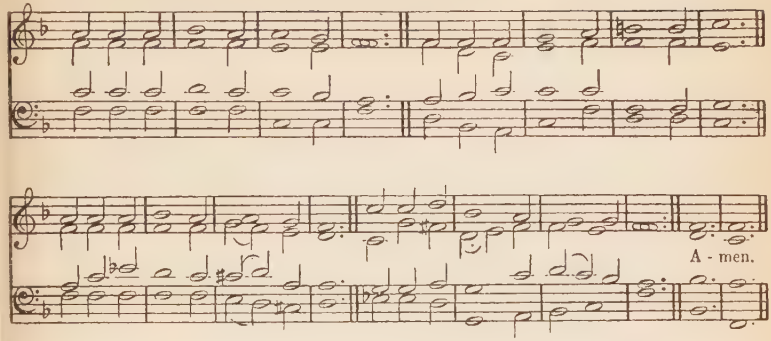
WILLIAM SHRUBSOLE

436 PENTECOST. L. M. (FIRST TUNE)

WILLIAM BOYD.



ST. ALBAN. L.M. (Second Tune.)



Jesus was moved with compassion toward them, because they were as sheep not having a shepherd: and He began to teach them.

mp LOOK from Thy sphere of endless day,
O God of mercy and of might,
In pity look on those who stray,
Benighted in this land of light.

mp 2 In peopled vale, in lonely glen,
In crowded mart, by stream or sea,
How many of the sons of men
Hear not the message sent from Thee!

mf 3 Send forth Thy heralds, Lord, to call
The thoughtless young, the hardened old,
A scattered, homeless flock, till all
Be gathered to Thy peaceful fold.

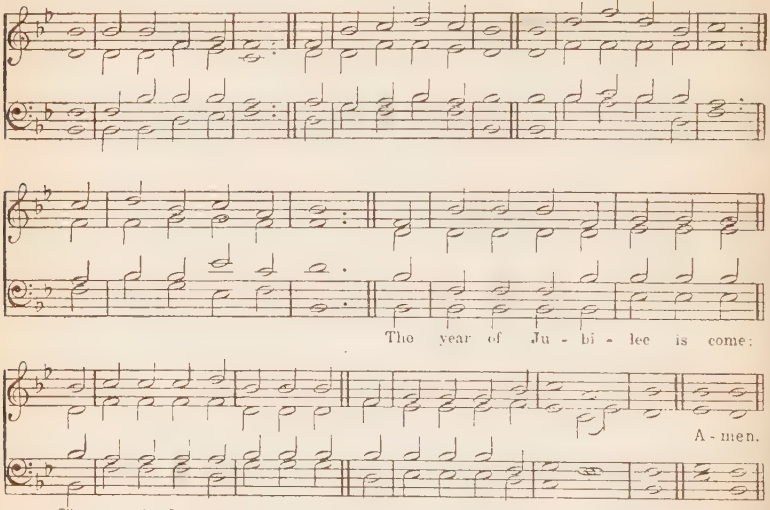
mf 4 Send them Thy mighty word to speak,
Till faith shall dawn, and doubt depart,
To awe the bold, to stay the weak,
And bind and heal the broken heart.

mp 5 Then all these wastes, a dreary scene,
That makes us sadden as we gaze,
cr Shall grow with living waters green,
f And lift to heaven the voice of praise. Amen.

Wm. Cullen Bryant.

437 LENOX. 6.6.6.6.8.8.

LEWIS EDSON.



See also ST JOHN. No. 359

The acceptable year of the Lord.

mf BLOW ye the trumpet, blow!
The gladly solemn sound
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound:
f The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

mf 2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made;
p Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls, be glad:
f The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

mf 3 Extol the Lamb of God;
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption through His blood
Throughout the world proclaim:
f The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

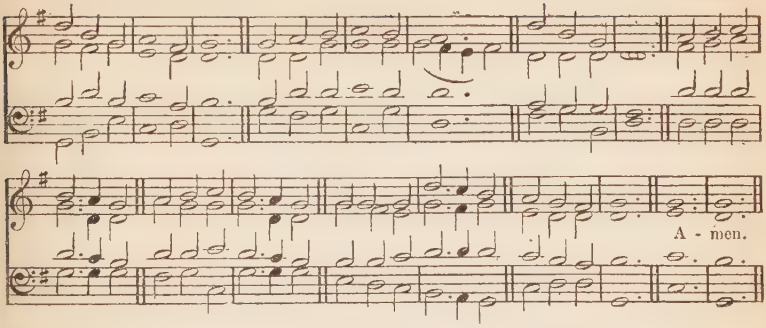
mf 4 Ye who have sold for nought
Your heritage above,
Receive it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love:
f The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

mf 5 The Gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace
And, saved from earth, appear
Before your Saviour's face
f The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home. Amen.

CHARLES WESLEY

438 MOSCOW. 6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

FELICE DE GIARDINI.



God said, Let there be light; and there was light.

mf THOU, whose Almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
cr And took their flight,
p Hear us, we humbly pray,
cr And where the gospel-day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
ff Let there be light!

mf 2 Thou, who didst come to bring
On Thy redeeming wing
cr Healing and sight,
p Health to the sick in mind,
cr Sight to the inly blind,
O now to all mankind
ff Let there be light!

mf 3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
cr Speed forth Thy flight;
p Move on the waters' face,
cr Bearing the lamp of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
ff Let there be light!

f 4 Holy and blessèd Three,
Glorious Trinity,
cr Wisdom, Love, Might!
ff Boundless as ocean's tide
Rolling in fullest pride
Through the earth, far and wide,
ff Let there be light! Amen.

JOHN MARRIOTT.

439 MOSCOW. 6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

That the world through Him might be saved.

mf 'CHRIST for the world' we sing;
The world to Christ we bring
With loving zeal—
mp The poor, and them that mourn,
The faint and overborne,
Sin-sick and sorrow-worn,
cr Whom Christ doth heal.

mf 2 'Christ for the world' we sing;
The world to Christ we bring
With fervent prayer—
mp The wayward and the lost,
By restless passions tossed,
Redeemed at countless cost
From dark despair.

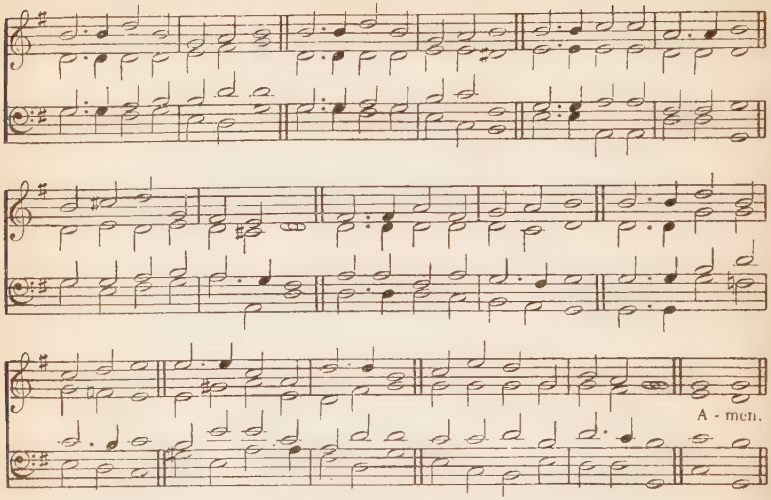
mf 3 'Christ for the world' we sing;
The world to Christ we bring
With one accord;
With us the work to share,
With us reproach to dare,
With us the cross to bear,
For Christ our Lord.

mf 4 'Christ for the world' we sing;
The world to Christ we bring
With joyful song;—
The new-born souls whose days,
Reclaimed from error's ways,
Inspired with hope and praise,
To Christ belong. Amen.

SAMUEL WOLCOTT.

440 ST. GEORGE'S, WINDSOR. 7 7 7.7 D

SIR G. J. ELVEY



Alleluia: for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth.

f HARK! the song of Jubilee,
Loud as mighty thunder's roar,
Or the fulness of the sea
When it breaks upon the shore
Hallelujah! for the Lord
God omnipotent shall reign·
cr Hallelujah! let the word
ff Echo round the earth and main

f 2 Hallelujah! Hark! the sound,
From the depths unto the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies·
See Jehovah's banner furled, [done,
Sheathed His sword; He speaks, 'tis
cr And the kingdoms of this world
ff Are the kingdom of His Son.

f 3 He shall reign from pole to pole,
With illimitable sway;
He shall reign, when like a scroll
Yonder heavens have passed away·
Then the end; beneath His rod
Man's last enemy shall fall:
cr Hallelujah! Christ in God,
ff God in Christ, is All in all. Amen.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

441 DIX. 7.7.7.7 7.7.

Let all the people praise Thee.

mf GOD of mercy, God of grace,
Show the brightness of Thy face;
cr Shine upon us, Saviour, shine,
Fill Thy Church with light divine,
And Thy saving health extend
Unto earth's remotest end.

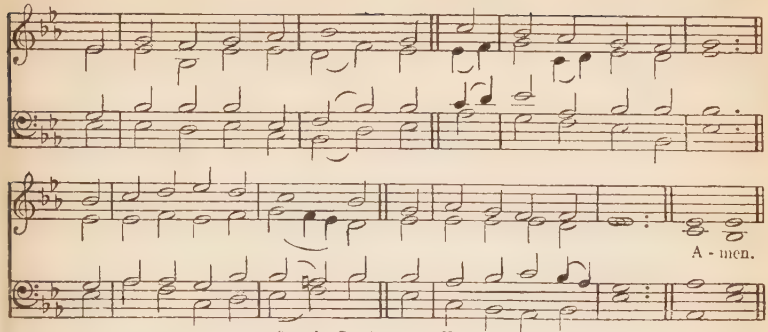
f 2 Let the people praise Thee, Lord;
Be by all that live adored;
Let the nations shout and sing
Glory to their Saviour King,
At Thy feet their tribute pay,
And Thy holy will obey.

f 3 Let the people praise Thee, Lord;
Earth shall then her fruits afford,
God to man His blessing give,
Man to God devoted live—
All below and all above,
One in joy and light and love. Amen.

H. F. LYTE.

442 HEIDELBERG. 7.6.7.6.

MELCHIOR VULPIUS.



See also ST ALPHEGE, No. 349.

O that the salvation of Israel were come out of Zion!

mp O THAT the Lord's salvation
Were out of Zion come
To heal His ancient nation,
To lead the outcasts home!

mp 2 How long the holy city
Shall heathen feet profane?
Return, O Lord, in pity,
Rebuild her walls again

mp 3 Let fall Thy rod of terror,
cr Thy saving grace impart,
Roll back the vail of error,
Release the fettered heart.

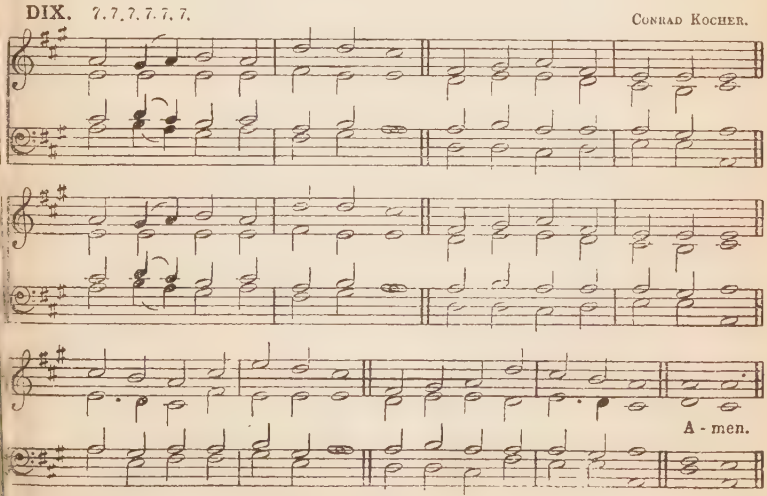
mf 4 Let Israel, home returning,
Their lost Messiah see;
cr Give oil of joy for mourning,
And bind Thy Church to Thee.

Amen

H. F. LYTE.

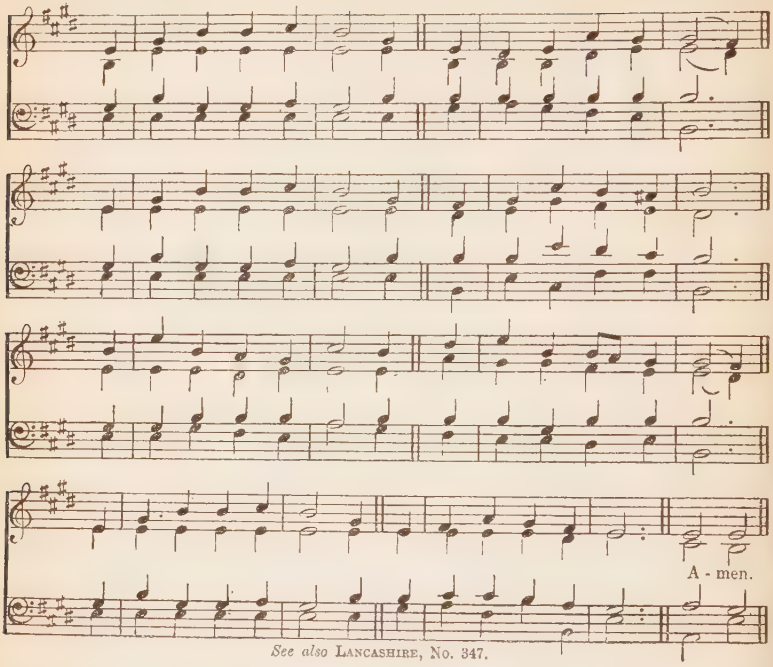
DIX. 7.7.7.7.7.7.

CONRAD KOCHER.



See also HEATHLANDS, No. 240.

443 MISSIONARY HYMN. 7.6.7.6. D.

LOWELL MASON.

See also LANCASHIRE, No. 347.

Come over ... and help us.

mf FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand,
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

mf 2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown,
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

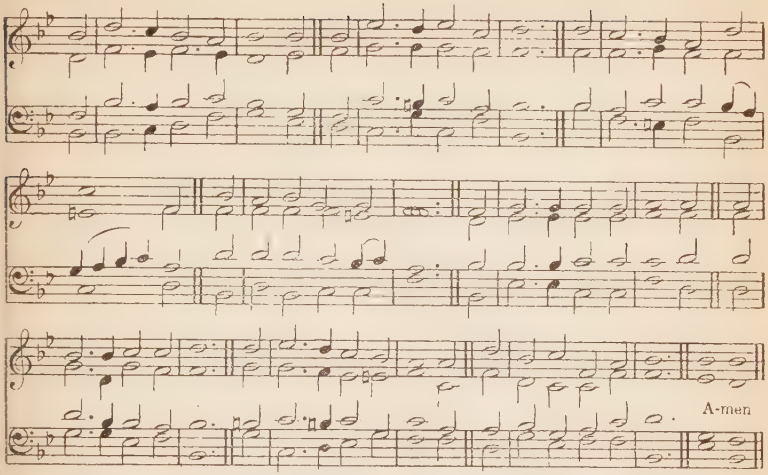
mf 3 Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
f Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim
Till each remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's name.

f 4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till like a sea of glory
It spreads from pole to pole;
cr Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
ff Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign. Amen.

REGINALD HEBER.

444 ZOAN. 7.6.7.6. D.

W. H. HAVERGAL.



See also MORNING LIGHT, No. 415.

In His days shall the righteous flourish; and abundance of peace so long as the moon endureth.

HAIL to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

mp 2 He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth;
cr And love, joy, hope, like flowers
Spring in His path to birth.
nf Before Him, on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go;
cr And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

mf 3 Arabia's desert-ranger
To Him shall bow the knee;
The Ethiopian stranger
His glory come to see;
cr With offerings of devotion
Ships from the isles shall meet
To pour the wealth of ocean
In tribute at His feet.

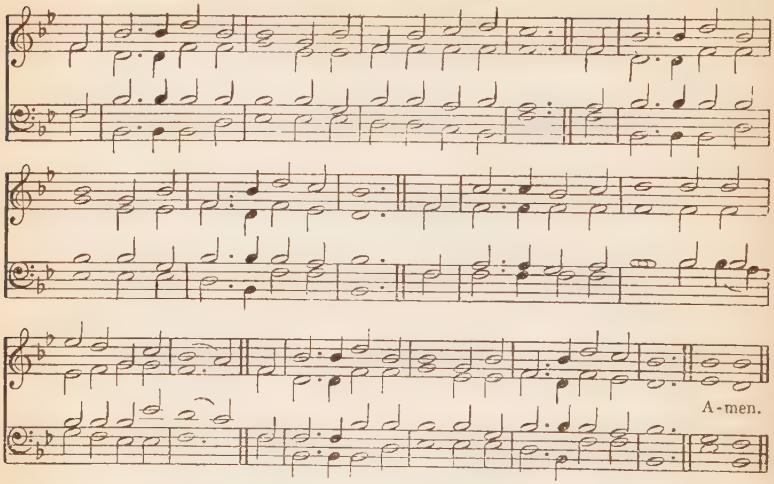
mf 4 Kings shall fall down before Him,
And gold and incense bring;
All nations shall adore Him,
His praise all people sing;
cr For He shall have dominion
O'er river, sea, and shore,
Far as the eagle's pinion
Or dove's light wing can soar.

p 5 For Him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend;
cr His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end.
mf The mountain dews shall nourish
A seed in weakness sown,
cr Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,
And shake like Lebanon.

f 6 O'er every foe victorious,
He on His throne shall rest,
From age to age more glorious,
All blessing and all blest.
cr The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove,
ff His name shall stand forever—
That name to us is Love. Amen.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

445 MORNING LIGHT. 7.6 7.6. D. (First Tune.) G. J. Webb.



Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest.

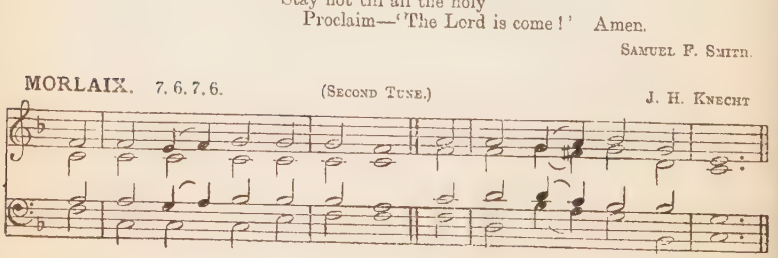
mf THE morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar
Of nations in commotion
Prepared for Zion's war.

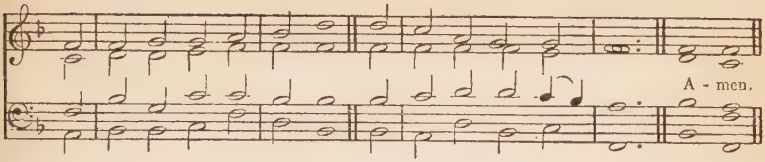
mf 2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day

mf 3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thine onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
cr Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home,
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim—'The Lord is come!' Amen.

Samuel F. Smith.

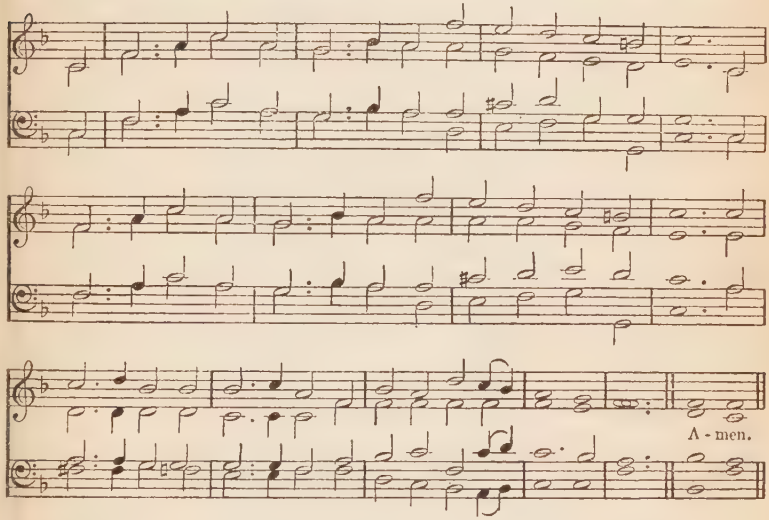
MORLAIX. 7.6.7.6. (Second Tune.) J. H. Knecht





446 MEIRINGEN. 8.6.8.6.8.8.

GERMAN MELODY.



The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord, and of His Christ; and He shall reign for ever and ever.

f O NORTH, with all thy vales of green!
O South, with all thy palms!
From peopled towns and fields between
Uplift the voice of psalms;
cr Raise, ancient East, the anthem high,
And let the youthful West reply.

mf 2 Lo! in the clouds of heaven appears
God's well-beloved Son;
He brings a train of brighter years;
His kingdom is begun.
f He comes, a guilty world to bless
With mercy, truth, and righteousness.

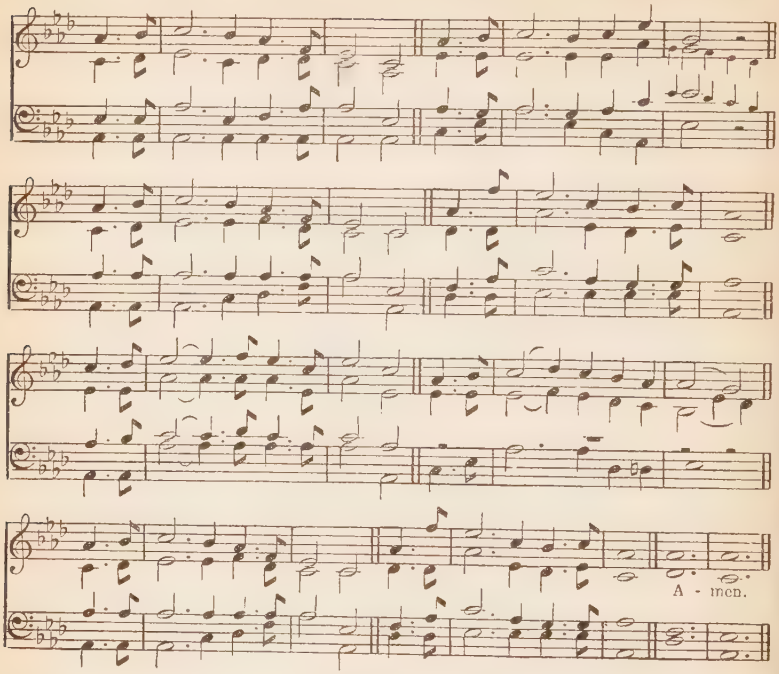
mp 3 O Father, haste the promised hour,
cr When at His feet shall lie
mf All rule, authority, and power,
Beneath the ample sky;
f When He shall reign from pole to pole,
The Lord of every human soul:

mf 4 When all shall heed the words He said
Amid their daily cares,
And by the loving life He led
Shall seek to pattern theirs;
f And He, who conquered death, shall win
The nobler conquest over sin. Amen.

W. C. BRYANT.

447 AUTUMN. 8.7.8.7.D.

MELODY OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.



See also AUSTRIA, No. 449.

I heard the voice of the Lord saying, Whom shall I send, and who will go for us? Then I said, Here am I, send me.

mf HARK! the voice of Jesus crying—
'Who will go and work to-day?
Fields are white and harvest waiting;
Who will bear the sheaves away?'
cr Loud and long the Master calleth,
Rich reward He offers free,
Who will answer, gladly saying,
'Here am I; send me, send me!'

mf 2 If you cannot cross the ocean
And the heathen lands explore,
You can find the heathen nearer,
You can help them at your door.
If you cannot give your thousands,
You can give the widow's mite
And the least you give for Jesus
Will be precious in His sight.

mf 3 If you cannot speak like angels,
If you cannot preach like Paul,
You can tell the love of Jesus,
You can say, He died for all.
If you cannot rouse the wicked
With the Judgment's dread alarms,
You can lead the little children
To the Saviour's waiting arms.

mf 4 Let none hear you idly saying,
'There is nothing I can do,'
While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you.
cr Take the task He gives you, gladly,
Let His work your pleasure be;
Answer quickly, when He calleth,
'Here am I; send me, send me!'
Amen.

DANIEL MARCH.

448 AUTUMN. 8.7.8.7. D.

Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters.

mp SOW the seed beside all waters,
North and south and east and west,
That our toiling sons and daughters
In the harvest may be blest.
cr Tell the tidings of salvation
'Mid the storms of Labrador;
Speak the word of consolation
By the lone Pacific shore.

mf 2 Where the forests old are falling,
Yielding place to lawn and lea;
Where the fisher plies his calling
'Mid the perils of the sea;
Where the tide of commerce rushes
Through the city's crowded street,
And unpitying mammon crushes
Poor and weak beneath his feet.

3 Where our brothers, sowing, reaping,
Delving for the hidden ore,
Now with joy and now with weeping
Labor to increase their store;
Where the stranger wanders lonely
In the homeless wilderness,
Tell of Jesus, Jesus only,
Who alone can save and bless.

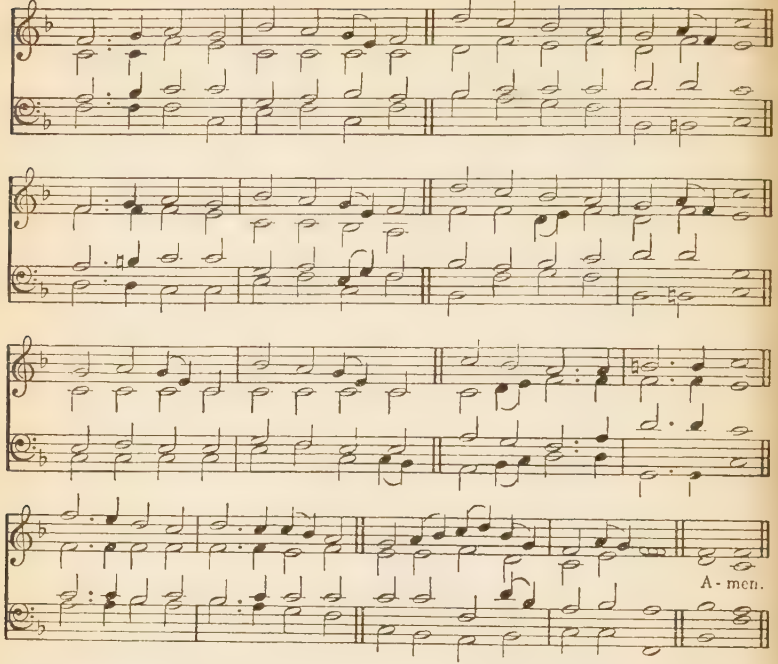
mp 4 Tell how tenderly He careth
For the weary and oppressed,
How their burdens all He beareth,
As He leads them to His rest;
Tell that He, the Lord from heaven,
Died for all and lives again,
All through Him may be forgiven,
cr All with Him in glory reign.

mf 5 Tell His love beyond all telling,
Seeking, following those who flee,
Love rebellious hearts compelling
To His service glad and free.
Thus a precious harvest gather,
North and south and east and west,
cr To the glory of the Father,
Son and Spirit ever blest. Amen.

ROBERT MURRAY.

449 AUSTRIA. 8.7 8.7 D.

F. J. HAYDN.



Blessed be His glorious name forever: and let the whole earth be filled with His glory. Amen, and Amen.

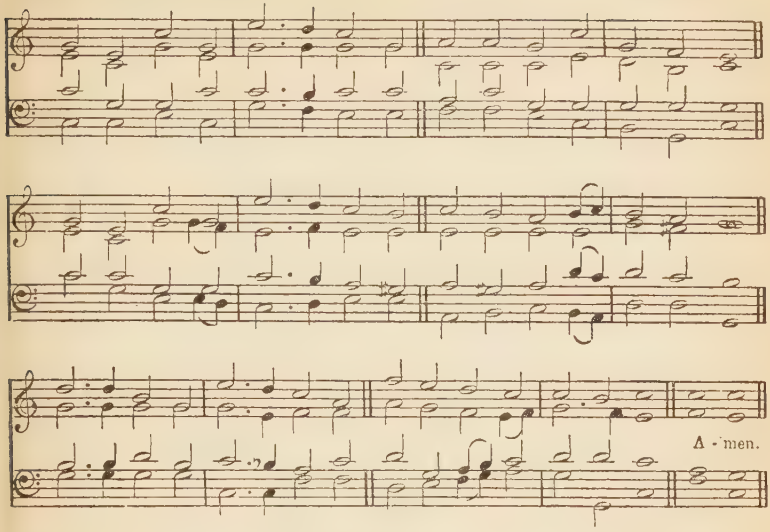
f ZION'S King shall reign victorious,
All the earth shall own His sway;
He will make His kingdom glorious,
He shall reign in endless day.
Nations now from God estrangèd,
Then shall see a glorious light;
Night to day shall then be changèd,
Heaven shall triumph in the sight.

mf 2 Then shall Israel, long dispersèd,
Mourning seek the Lord their God,
Look on Him whom once they piercèd,
Own and kiss the chastening rod.
f Mighty King, Thine arm revealing,
Now Thy glorious cause maintain,
Bring the nations help and healing,
Make them subject to Thy reign. Amen.

THOMAS KELLY.

450 REGENT SQUARE. 8.7 8.7 8.7

HENRY SMART.



And I saw another angel flying in mid heaven, having an eternal gospel to proclaim unto them that dwell on the earth, and unto every nation and tribe and tongue and people.

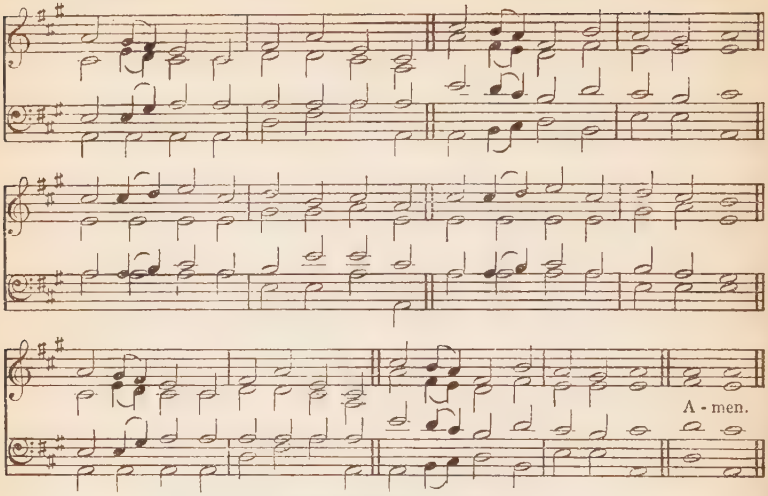
mf O'ER those gloomy hills of darkness,
Look, my soul; be still and gaze,
All the promises do travail
With a glorious day of grace:
cr Blessèd Jubilee!
Let thy glorious morning dawn.

mf 2 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light;
cr And from eastern coast to western
May the morning chase the night,
f And redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day.

f 3 Fly abroad, eternal Gospel!
Win and conquer, never cease;
May thy lasting, wide dominions
Multiply, and still increase;
ff Sway Thy sceptre,
Saviour, all the world around. Amen.

WILLIAM WILLIAMS

451 DISMISSAL. 8.7.8.7.8.7. W. L. VINER.



See also BENEDICTION, No. 605.

Recommended to the grace of God for the work which they fulfilled.

mf SPEED Thy servants, Saviour, speed them;
Thou art Lord of winds and waves;
They were bound, but Thou hast freed
Now they go to free the slaves: [them;
cr Be Thou with them!
'Tis Thine arm alone that saves.

mp 2 Friends, and home, and all forsaking,
Lord, they go at Thy command,
As their stay Thy promise taking,
While they traverse sea and land:
cr O be with them!
Lead them safely by the hand.

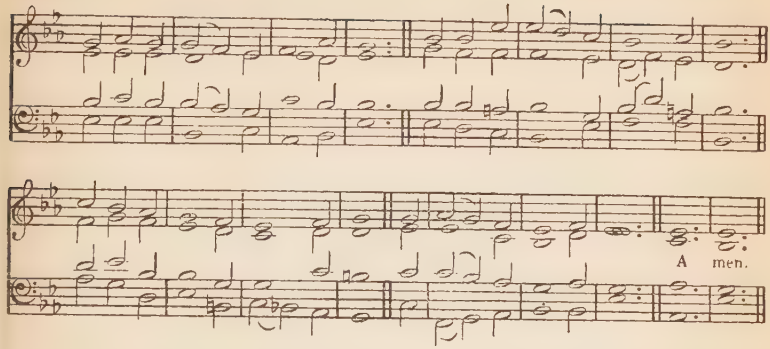
mp 3 When they reach the land of strangers,
And the prospect dark appears,
Nothing seen but toils and dangers,
Nothing felt but doubts and fears,
cr Be Thou with them!
Hear their sighs and count their tears.

p 4 Where no fruit appears to cheer them,
And they seem to toil in vain,
cr Then in mercy, Lord, draw near them,
Then their sinking hopes sustain
mf Thus supported,
Let their zeal revive again

f 5 In the midst of opposition
Let them trust, O Lord, in Thee;
When success attends their mission,
Let Thy servants humbler be:
ff Never leave them
Till Thy face in heaven they see. Amen. THOMAS KELLY

452 TRUST. 8.8.8.6.

G W TORRANCE.



And the Lord put forth His hand and touched my mouth, and the Lord said unto me, Behold, I have put My words in thy mouth.

mf SEND thou, O Lord, to every place
Swift messengers before Thy face,
The heralds of Thy wondrous grace,
Where Thou, Thyself, wilt come.

mf 2 Send men whose eyes have seen the King,
Men in whose ears His sweet words ring,
Send such Thy lost ones home to bring:
Send them where Thou wilt come—

mf 3 To bring good news to souls in sin,
The bruised and broken hearts to win,
In every place to bring them in,
Where Thou, Thyself, wilt come.

mf 4 Thou who hast died, Thy victory claim;
Assert, O Christ, Thy glory's name!
cr And far to lands of pagan shame,
Send men where Thou wilt come.

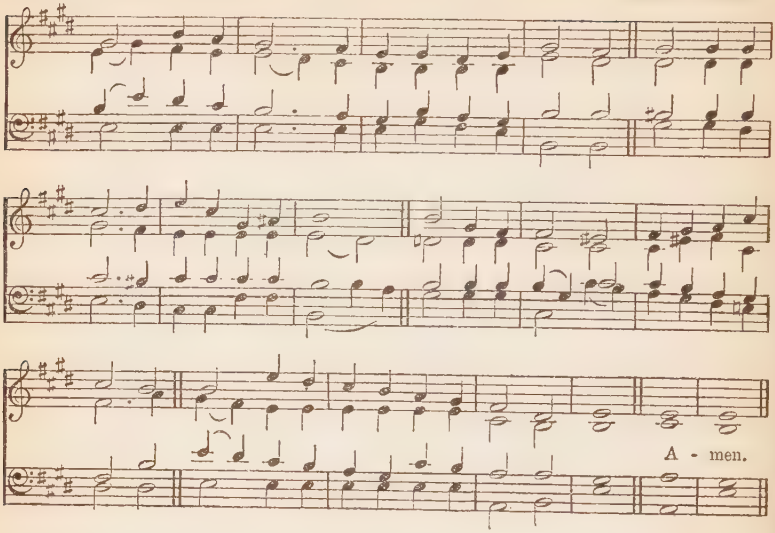
f 5 Gird each one with the Spirit's sword,
The sword of Thine own deathless Word;
cr And make them conquerors, conquering Lord,
Where Thou, Thyself, wilt come.

mf 6 Raise up, O Lord the Holy Ghost,
From this broad land a mighty host,
f Their war cry, 'We will seek the lost,
Where Thou, O Christ, wilt come!' Amen.

MRS. MERRILL E. GATES.

453 HAPPY HOME. 11.10.11.10.

EDWARD BUNNETT.



The Son of Consolation.

mf O SON of God, our Captain of Salvation,
Thyself by suffering schooled to human grief,
cr We bless Thee for Thy sons of consolation,
Who follow in the steps of Thee their Chief;

mf 2 Those whom Thy Spirit's dread vocation severs
To lead the vanguard of Thy conquering host;
Whose toilsome years are spent in brave endeavors
To bear Thy saving name from coast to coast;

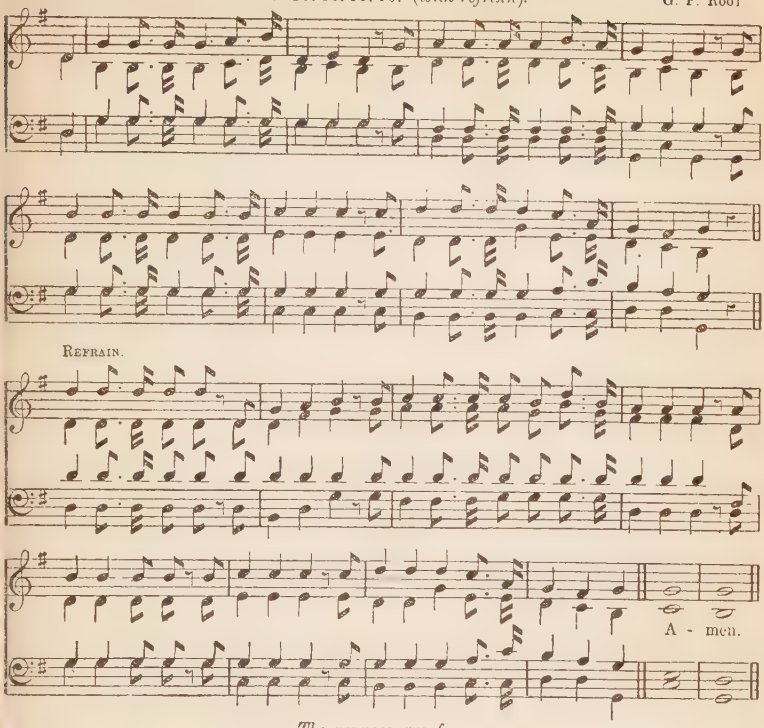
f 3 Those whose bright faith makes feeble hearts grow stronger,
And sends fresh warriors to the great campaign,
p Bids the lone convert feel estranged no longer,
cr And wins the sundered to be one again;

mf 4 And all true workers, patient, kind, and skilful,
Who shed Thy light across our darkened earth,
Counsel the doubting, and restrain the wilful,
dim Soothe the sick bed, (*cr*) and share the children's mirth.

f 5 Such was Thy Levite, strong in self-oblation
To cast his all at Thine Apostles' feet;
He whose new name through every Christian nation
From age to age our thankful strains repeat.

mf 6 Thus, Lord, Thy Barnabas in memory keeping,
Still be Thy Church's watchword, 'Comfort ye;
cr Till in our Father's House shall end our weeping,
f And all our wants be satisfied in Thee. Amen. JOHN ELLERTON.

454 HARVEST HOME. 10. 10. 10. 10. (*with refrain*).

G. F. Root

The reapers are few.

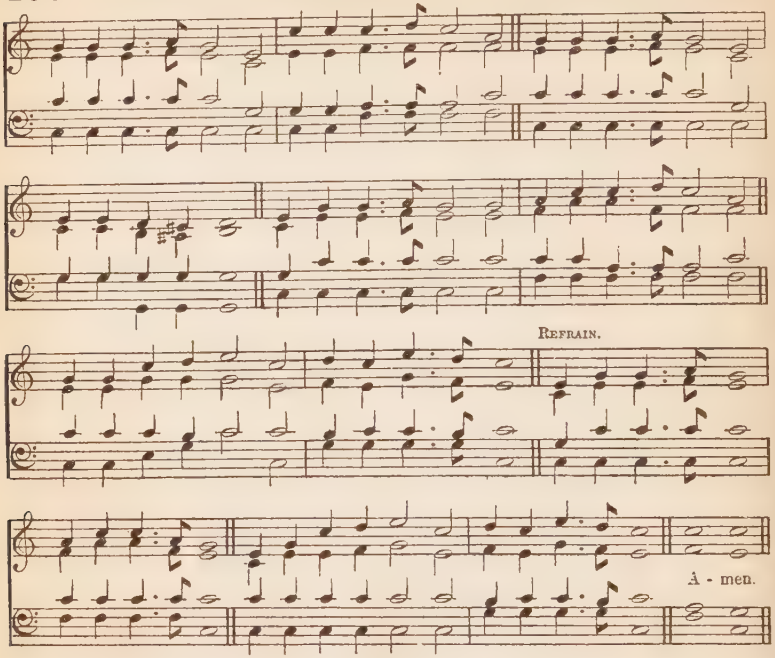
mf WHERE are the reapers that garner in
O, The sheaves of the good from the fields of sin?
With sickle of truth must the work be done,
And no one may rest till the 'harvest home.'

cr *We are the reapers! O, who will come,*
And share in the glory of the 'harvest home?'
O, who will help us to garner in
The sheaves of good from the fields of sin?

mf 2 Go out in the byways and search them all; [are tall;
The wheat may be there, though the weeds
Then search in the highway, and pass none by, [high.
But gather from all for the home on

f 3 The fields are all ripening, and far and wide [tide;
The world now is waiting the harvest
But reapers are few, and the harvest is great, [wait.
And much will be lost should the harvest

mf 4 So come with your sickles, ye sons of men,
And gather together the golden grain;
Toil on till the Lord of the harvest come,
Then share in the joy of the 'harvest home.' Amen. Eben. Eugene Rexford

455 BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES. 12.11.12.11. (*with refrain*). G. A. Miner.

Bringing his sheaves with him.

mf SOWING in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness,
Sowing in the noon-tide and the dewy eves,
Waiting for the harvest and the time of reaping,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves!

cr *Bringing in the sheaves!*
Bringing in the sheaves!
We shall come rejoicing,
Bringing in the sheaves!

mf 2 Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows,
Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze,
By-and-by the harvest, and the labor ended,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves!

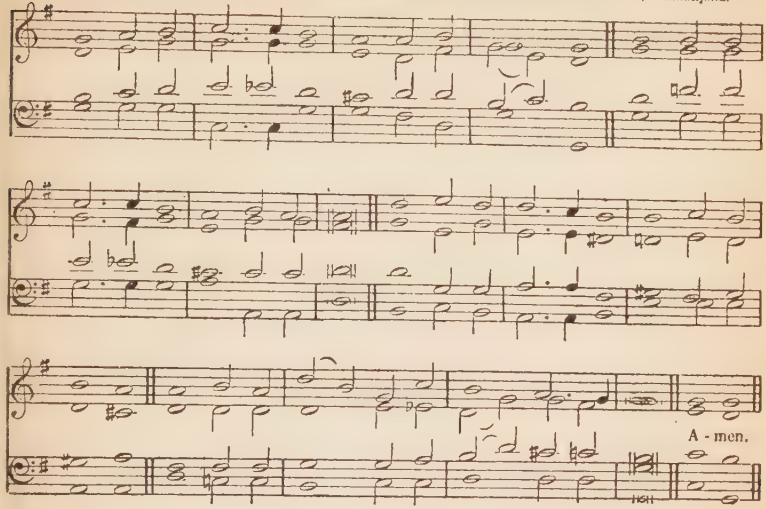
mp 3 Go then ever, weeping, sowing for the Master,
Though the loss sustained our spirit often grieves;
cr When our weeping's over, He will bid us welcome;
mf We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves! Amen.

Knowles Shaw.

456 BEEBE. 11.10.11.10. (First Tune.)

Walter O Wilkinson.

By the Courtesy of the Trustees of the Presbyterian Board of Publication and Sabbath-School Work, Philadelphia.



He which converteth the sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins.

mf RESCUE the perishing, care for the dying,
Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave;
dim Weep o'er the erring one, lift up the fallen,
cr Tell them of Jesus, the Mighty to save.

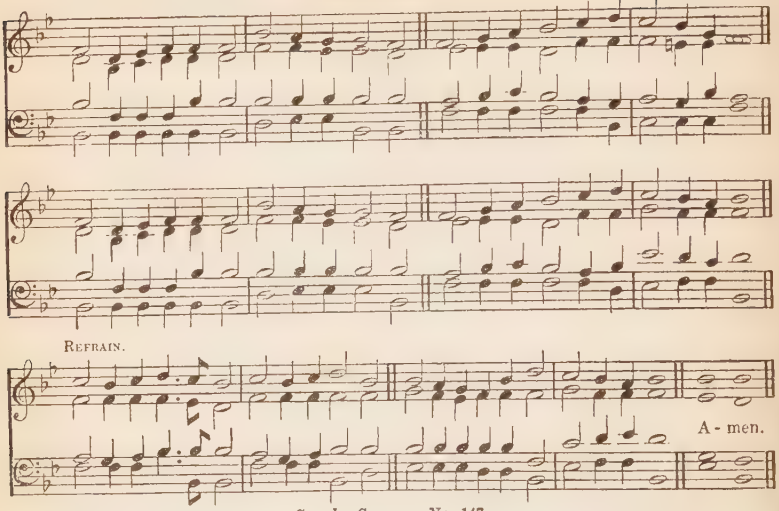
mp 2 Though they are slighting Him, still He is waiting,
Waiting the penitent child to receive;
Plead with them earnestly, plead with them gently;
He will forgive if they only believe.

mp 3 Down in the human heart, crushed by the tempter,
Feelings lie buried that grace can restore;
cr Touched by a loving heart, wakened by kindness,
Chords that were broken will vibrate once more.

mf 4 Rescue the perishing, duty demands it;
Strength for thy labor the Lord will provide:
Back to the narrow way patiently win them;
Tell the poor wanderer a Saviour has died. Amen.

Fanny J. Crosby.

456 RESCUE. 11.10.11.10. (*with refrain*). (Second Tune.) W. H. Doane.



See also Comfort, No. 147.

He which converteth the sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins.

mf RESCUE the perishing, care for the dying,
Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave;
dim Weep o'er the erring one, lift up the fallen,
cr Tell them of Jesus, the Mighty to save.

Rescue the perishing, care for the dying,
Jesus is merciful, Jesus will save.

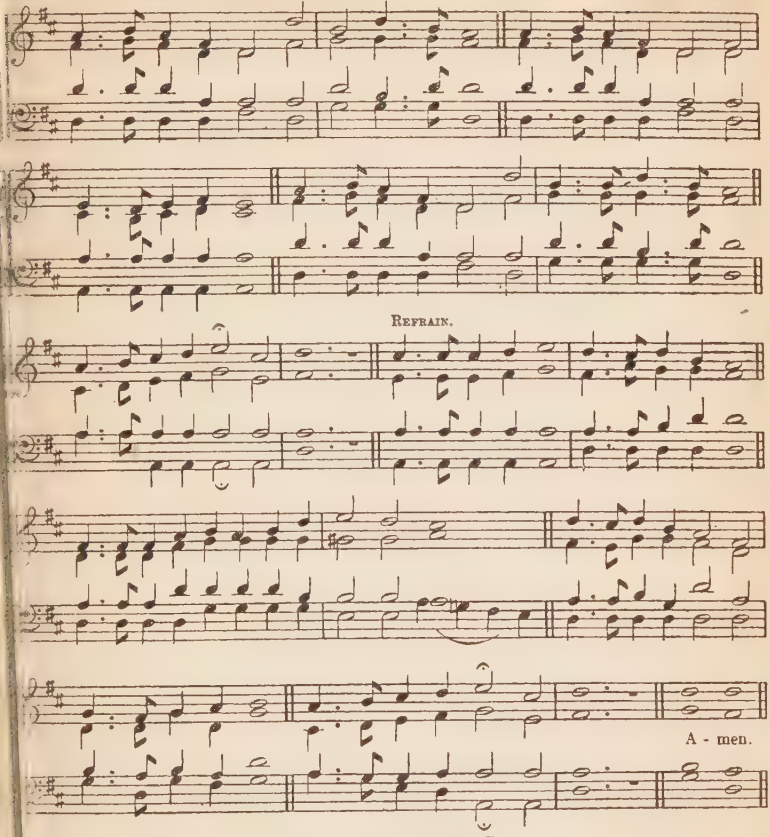
mp 2 Though they are slighting Him, still He is waiting,
Waiting the penitent child to receive;
Plead with them earnestly, plead with them gently;
He will forgive if they only believe.

mp 3 Down in the human heart, crushed by the tempter,
Feelings lie buried that grace can restore;
cr Touched by a loving heart, wakened by kindness,
Chords that were broken will vibrate once more.

mf 4 Rescue the perishing, duty demands it;
Strength for thy labor the Lord will provide:
Back to the narrow way patiently win them;
Tell the poor wanderer a Saviour has died. Amen.

Fanny J. Crosby.

457 WHOSOEVER HEARETH. 10.11.11.7. (*with refrain*). P. P. Bliss.



Let him that heareth say, Come.

WHOSOEVER heareth, shout, shout the sound, [around!
Send the blessèd tidings all the world
Spread the joyful news wherever man is [found,
'Whosoever will' may come!

cr *'Whosoever will! whosoever will!'*
Send the proclamation over vale and hill; [*derer home:*
'Tis a loving Father calls the wan-
'Whosoever will' may come!

mf 2 Whosoever cometh need not delay;
Now the door is open, enter while you may;

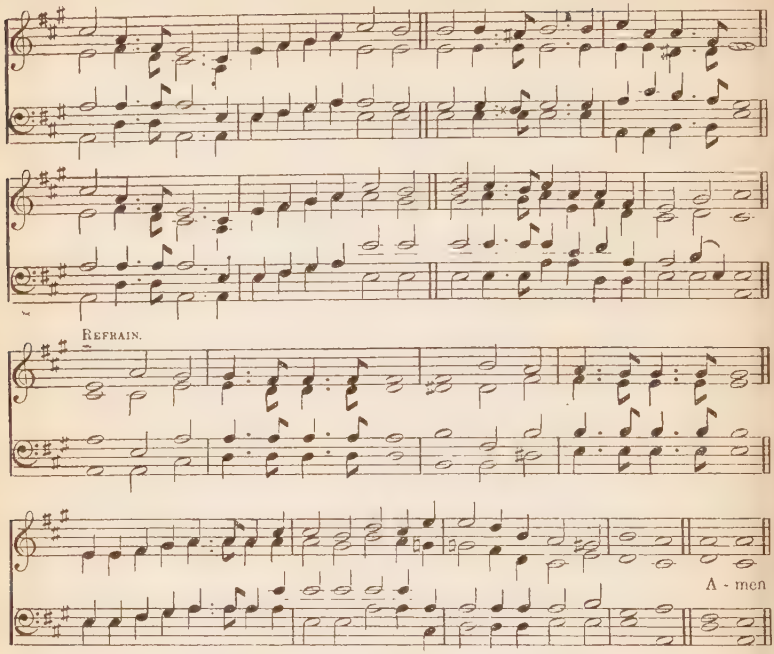
cr Jesus is the true, the only living Way:
'Whosoever will' may come!

mf 3 'Whosoever will,'—the promise is secure;
'Whosoever will,' forever shall endure;

cr 'Whosoever will'—'tis life for evermore;
'Whosoever will' may come! Amen.

P. P. Bliss.

458 FAR AWAY. 11.10.11.10. (*with refrain*). JAMES MCGRANAHAN.



God our Saviour, who willeth that all men should be saved and come to the knowledge of the truth

mp FAR, far away in heathen darkness dwelling.
Millions of souls forever may be lost;
cr Who, who will go, salvation's story telling, [cost?
Looking to Jesus, counting not the

f *'All power is given unto Me!*
All power is given unto Me!
Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel:
And lo! I am with you alway.'

mf 2 See o'er the world wide-open doors inviting;
Soldiers of Christ, arise and enter in!
Christians, awake! your forces all uniting,
Send forth the gospel, break the chains of sin.

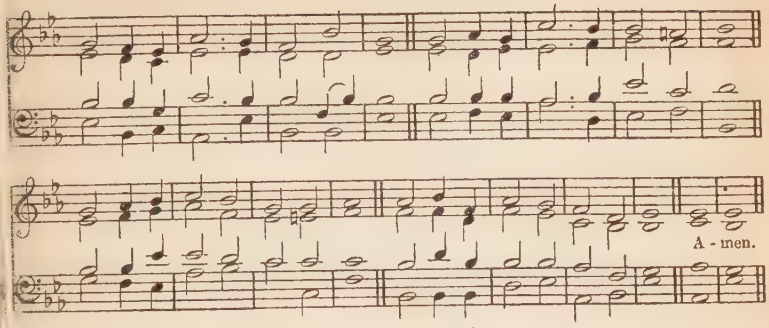
mp 3 'Why will ye die?' the voice of God is calling:
cr 'Why will ye die?' re-echo in His name:
mf Jesus hath died to save from death appalling,
Life and salvation therefore go proclaim.

f 4 God speed the day when those of every nation
'Glory to God' triumphantly shall sing:
Ransomed, redeemed, rejoicing in salvation,
Shout 'Hallelujah, for the Lord is King!' Amen.

JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

459 WAYLAND. L. M.

R. A. B.



See also HOLLY, No. 290.

The Lord hath given me the tongue of the learned, to know how to speak a word in season to him that is weary: He wakeneth morning by morning, He wakeneth mine ear to hear as the learned.

mf LORD, speak to me, that I may speak
In living echoes of Thy tone;
As Thou hast sought, so let me seek
Thy erring children lost and lone.

mp 2 O lead me, Lord, that I may lead
The wandering and the wavering feet;
O feed me, Lord, that I may feed
Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.

f 3 O strengthen me, that, while I stand
Firm on the rock, and strong in Thee,
dim I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

mf 4 O teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things Thou dost impart;
And wing my words, that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart.

p 5 O give Thine own sweet rest to me,
That I may speak with soothing power
A word in season, as from Thee,
To weary ones in needful hour.

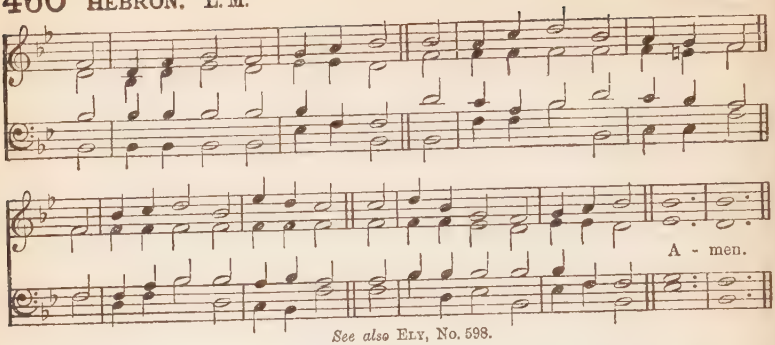
mf 6 O fill me with Thy fulness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
cr In kindling thought and glowing word,
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.

mf 7 O use me, Lord, use even me
cr Just as Thou wilt, and when, and where,
f Until Thy blessed face I see,
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share. Amen.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

460 HEBRON. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.



See also ELY, No. 598.

Ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you: and ye shall be witnesses unto Me.

mf POUR out Thy Spirit from on high;
Lord, Thine assembled servants bless;
cr Graces and gifts to each supply,
And clothe Thy priests with righteousness.

mf 2 Within Thy temple when they stand,
To teach the truth, as taught by Thee,
f Saviour, like stars in Thy right hand
The angels of the churches be.

mf 3 Wisdom and zeal and faith impart,
Firmness with meekness, from above,
To bear Thy people on their heart,
And love the souls whom Thou dost love;

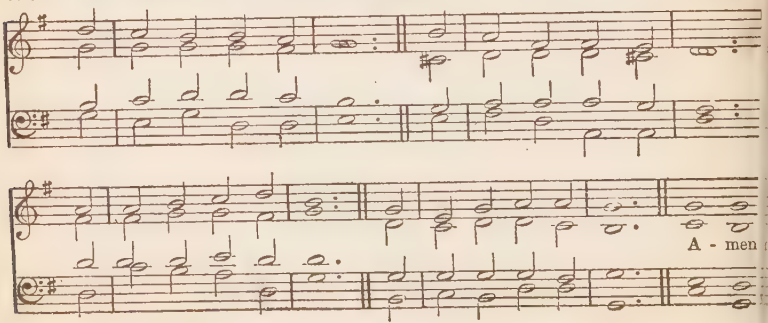
mf 4 To watch and pray, and never faint,
By day and night strict guard to keep,
To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,
Nourish Thy lambs, and feed Thy sheep;

p 5 Then, when their work is finished here,
In humble hope their charge resign;
cr When the Chief Shepherd shall appear,
mf O God, may they and we be Thine. Amen.

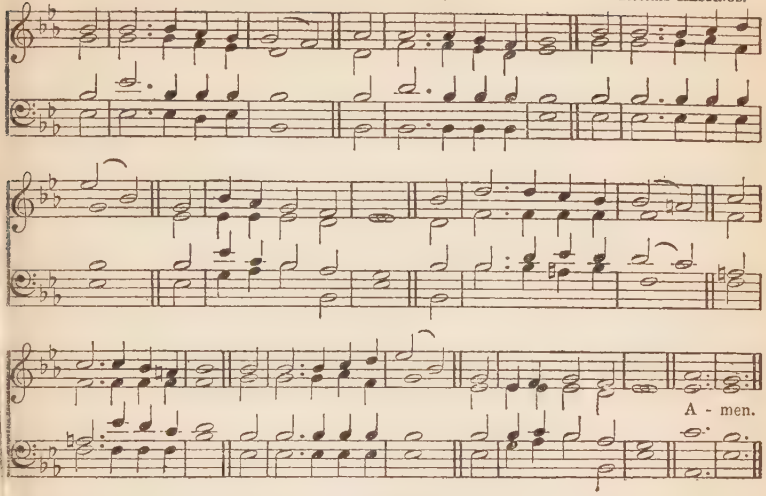
JAMES MONTGOMERY.

461 ST. CECILIA. 6.6.6.6. (FIRST TUNE.)

L. G. HAYNE.



BROUGHTON. 6.6.6.6. D. (Second Tune.) Thomas Hastings.



Laborers together with God.

mp SHINE Thou upon us, Lord,
True Light of men, to-day,
And through the written word
Thy very self display;
cr That so, from hearts which burn
With gazing on Thy face,
The little ones may learn
The wonders of Thy grace.

mp 2 Breathe Thou upon us, Lord,
Thy Spirit's living flame,
cr That so with one accord
Our lips may tell Thy name.
Give Thou the hearing ear,
Fix Thou the wandering thought,
That those we teach may hear
The great things Thou hast wrought.

3 Speak Thou for us, O Lord,
In all we say of Thee;
According to Thy word
Let all our teaching be;
That so Thy lambs may know
Their own true Shepherd's voice,
Where'er He leads them go,
And in His love rejoice.

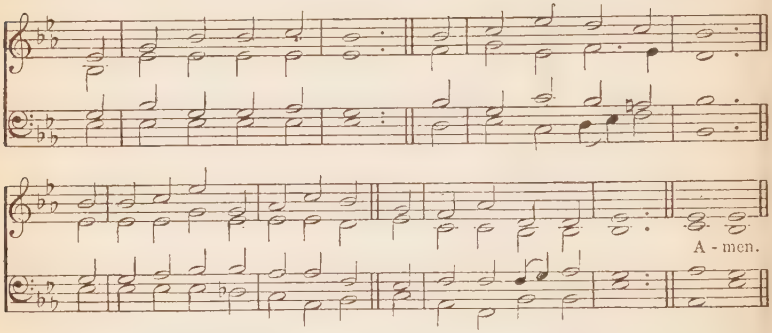
mf 4 Live Thou within us, Lord,
Thy mind and will be ours;
Be Thou beloved, adored,
And served with all our powers,
That so our lives may teach
Thy children what Thou art,
And plead, by more than speech,
For Thee with every heart. Amen.

John Ellerton.

6. Unity and Defence

462 HOLYROOD. S. M.

JAMES WATSON.



If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning.

mf I LOVE Thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of Thine abode,
The Church, our blest Redeemer saved
With His own precious blood.

2 I love Thy Church, O God:
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.

mp 3 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

mf 4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

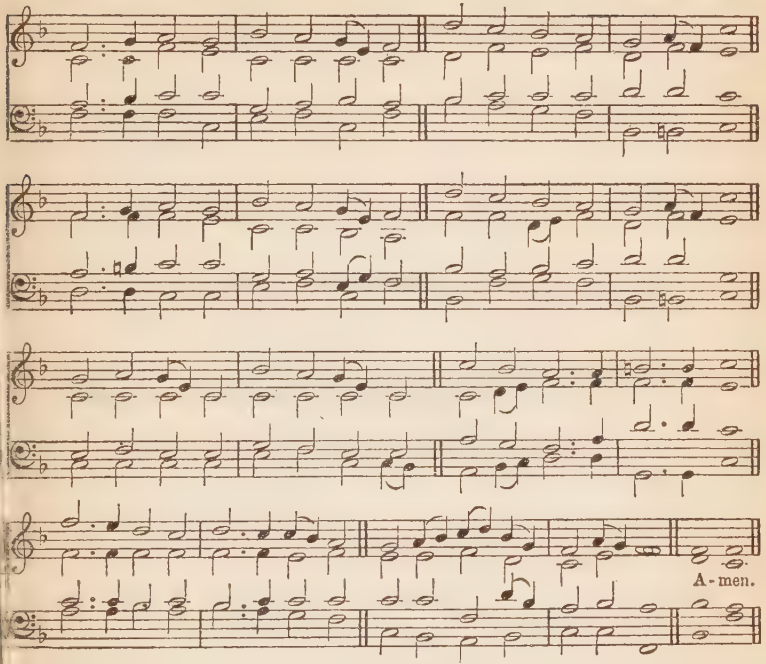
mp 5 Jesus, Thou Friend divine,
Our Saviour, and our King!
cr Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliverance bring.

mf 6 Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
cr The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven. Amen.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT, 6s

463 AUSTRIA. 8.7.8.7. D.

F. J. HAYDN.



See also AUTUMN, No. 447.

Glorious things are spoken of thee, O city of God.

GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God!
He whose word cannot be broken
Formed thee for His own abode.
On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

2 See the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove.
Round each habitation hovering,
See, the cloud and fire appear
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near.

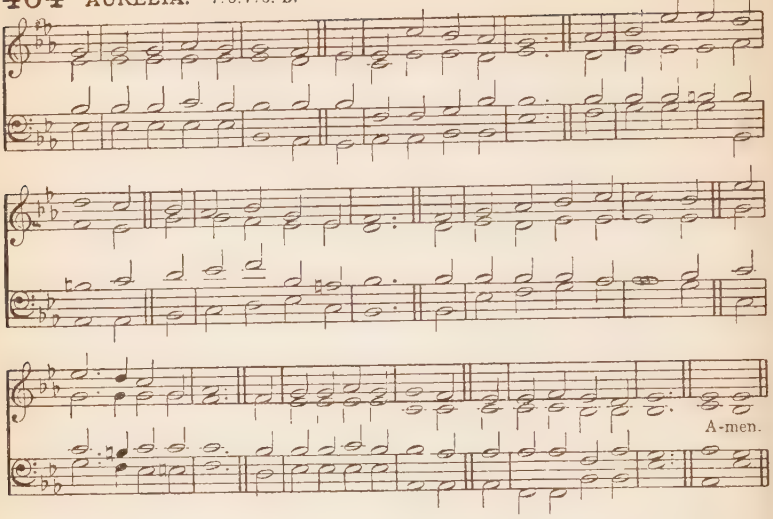
mf 3 Blest inhabitants of Zion,
Washed in the Redeemer's blood!
Jesus, whom their souls rely on,
Makes them kings and priests to God:
'Tis His love His people raises
Over self to reign as kings;
And, as priests, His solemn praises
Each for a thank-offering brings.

mf 4 Saviour! if of Zion's city
I, through grace, a member am,
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in Thy name.
dim Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show;
cr Solid joys and lasting treasure
f None but Zion's children know. Amen.

JOHN NEWTON.

464 AURELIA. 7.6.7.6. D.

S. S. Wesley.



The Church of God, which He purchased with His own blood.

mf THE Church's one foundation
Is JESUS CHRIST her LORD;
She is His new creation
By water and the Word:
From heaven He came and sought her,
To be His holy bride;
dim With His own blood He bought her,
And for her life He died

mf 2 Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation
One LORD, one faith, one birth.
p One Holy Name she blesses,
Partakes one Holy Food,
And to one hope she presses
With every grace endued.

mp 3 Though with a scornful wonder
Men see her sore opprest,
By schisms rent asunder,
By heresies distrest,
cr Yet Saints their watch are keeping,
Their cry goes up, 'How long?'
And soon the night of weeping
Shall be the morn of song.

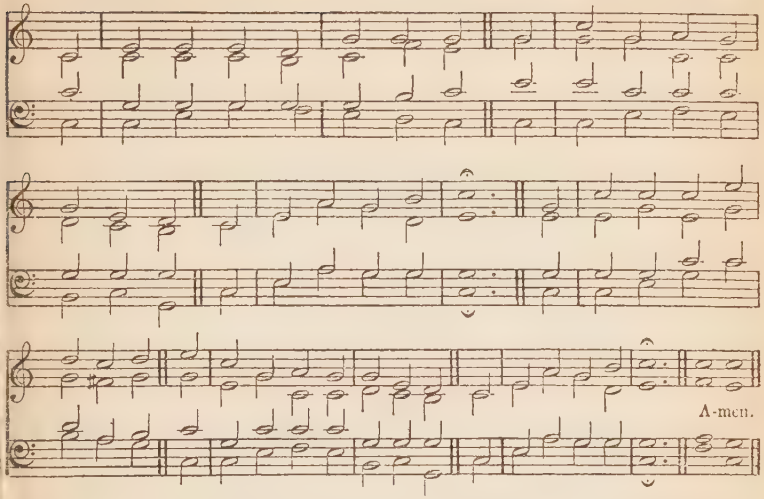
p 4 'Mid toil, and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore;
cr Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
f And the great Church victorious
dim Shall be the Church at rest.

mf 5 Yet she on earth hath union
With GOD the THREE in ONE,
p And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won:
mf O happy ones and holy!
p LORD, give us grace that we,
Like them, the meek and lowly,
cr On high may dwell with Thee. Amen.

SAMUEL JOHN STONE *alt.*

465 HULL. 8.8.6.8.8.6.

'American Musical Miscellany,' 1798.



Fear not, little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom.

mf FEAR not, O little flock, the foe
Who madly seeks your overthrow;
Dread not his rage and power:
What though your courage sometimes faints,
cr His seeming triumph o'er God's saints
Lasts but a little hour.

mf 2 Be of good cheer; your cause belongs
To Him who can avenge your wrongs;
Leave it to Him, our Lord:
Though hidden yet from all our eyes,
cr He sees the Gideon who shall rise
To save us and His word.

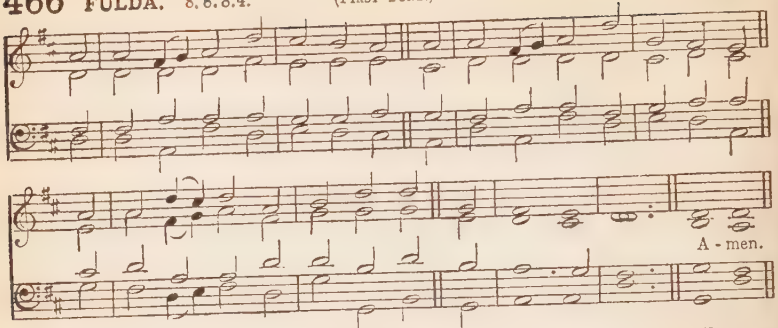
f 3 As true as God's own word is true,
Nor earth nor hell with all their crew
Against us shall prevail.
A jest and byword are they grown;
God is with us, we are His own;
Our victory cannot fail.

mf 4 Amen! Lord Jesus grant our prayer;
Great Captain, now Thine arm make bare,
Fight for us once again;
ff So shall Thy saints and martyrs raise
A mighty chorus to Thy praise,
World without end, Amen. Amen.

J. M. Altenburg, *tr.* Catherine Winkworth.

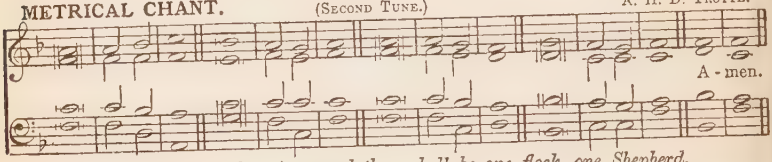
466 FULDA. 8.8.8.4. (First Tune.)

J. S. Bach.



METRICAL CHANT. (Second Tune.)

A. H. D. Troyte.



They shall hear My voice; and there shall be one flock, one Shepherd.

mf FATHER of all, from land and sea
The nations sing, 'Thine, Lord, are we;
Countless in number, but in Thee
May we be one.'

mf 2 O Son of God, whose love so free
p For men did make Thee Man to be,
cr United to our God in Thee
May we be one.

mp 3 Thou, Lord, didst once for all atone;
Thee may both Jew and Gentile own
Of their two walls the Corner-Stone,
Making them one.

mf 4 Join high with low, join young with old,
In love that never waxes cold;
cr Under one Shepherd, in one fold,
Make us all one.

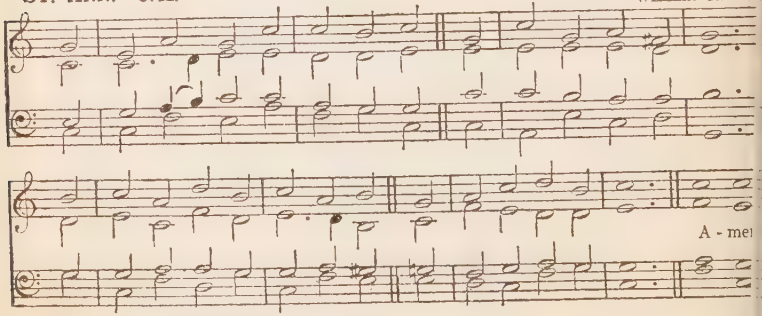
p 5 O Spirit blest, who from above
Cam'st gently gliding like a dove,
Calm all our strife, give faith and love;
O make us one.

mf 6 So, when the world shall pass away,
cr We shall awake with joy and say,
f 'Now in the bliss of endless day
We all are one.' Amen.

Christopher Wordsworth.

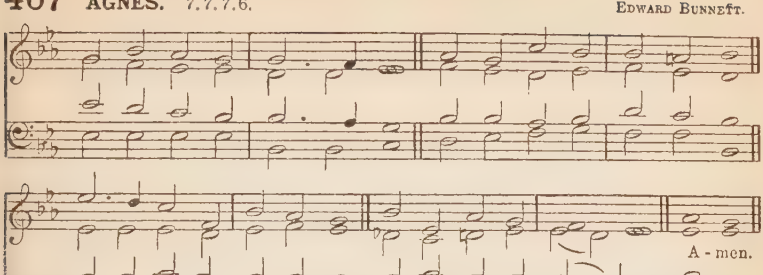
ST. ANN. C.M.

William Croft.



467 AGNES. 7.7.7.6.

EDWARD BUNNETT.



The house of God, which is the Church of the living God, the pillar and ground of the truth.

mp JESUS, with Thy Church abide,
Be her Saviour, Lord, and Guide,
While on earth her faith is tried:
p We beseech Thee, hear us.

mf 2 May her voice be ever clear,
Warning of a judgment near,
Telling of a Saviour dear:
p We beseech Thee, hear us.

mf 3 May she one in doctrine be,
One in truth and charity,
Winning all to faith in Thee:
p We beseech Thee, hear us.

mp 4 May she guide the poor and blind,
Seek the lost until she find,
And the broken-hearted bind:
p We beseech Thee, hear us.

mp 5 Judge her not for work undone,
Judge her not for fields unwon,
Bless her works in Thee begun
p We beseech Thee, hear us.

mf 6 May her lamp of truth be bright,
Bid her bear aloft its light
Through the realms of heathen night:
p We beseech Thee, hear us.

mf 7 May she holy triumphs win,
Overthrow the hosts of sin,
Gather all Thy chosen in:
p We beseech Thee, hear us.

f 8 May she soon all glorious be,
Spotless and from wrinkle free,
Pure and bright and worthy Thee:
p We beseech Thee, hear us.
Amen.

T. B. POLLOCK.

IV. SPECIAL OCCASIONS

1. Church-Building and Dedication

468 ST. ANN. C.M.

Build the house, and I will take pleasure in it, and I will be glorified, saith the Lord.

f THOU, whose unmeasured temple stands
Built over earth and sea,
Accept the walls that human hands
Have raised, O God, to Thee.

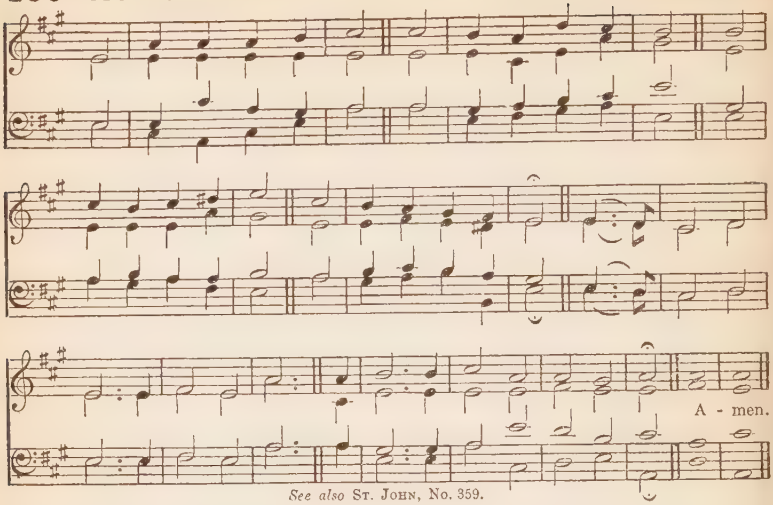
f 2 And let the Comforter and Friend,
The Holy Spirit, meet
With those who here in worship bend
Before Thy mercy-seat.

mp 3 May they who err be guided here
cr To find the better way,
mp And they who mourn, and they who fear,
cr Be strengthened as they pray.

mf 4 May faith grow firm, and love grow warm,
And hallowed wishes rise,
dim While, round these peaceful walls, the storm
Of earth-born passion dies. Amen.

W. C. BRYANT.

469 STOWE. 6.6.6.6.8.8. LOWELL MASON.



See also ST. JOHN, No. 359.

Jesus Christ Himself being the chief corner stone.

mf CHRIST is our corner stone,
On Him alone we build;
With His true saints alone
The courts of heaven are filled:
cr On His great love
Our hopes we place
Of present grace
And joys above.

f 2 O, then with hymns of praise
These hallowed courts shall ring,
Our voices we will raise
The Three in One to sing;
cr And thus proclaim
In joyful song,
Both loud and long,
ff That glorious name.

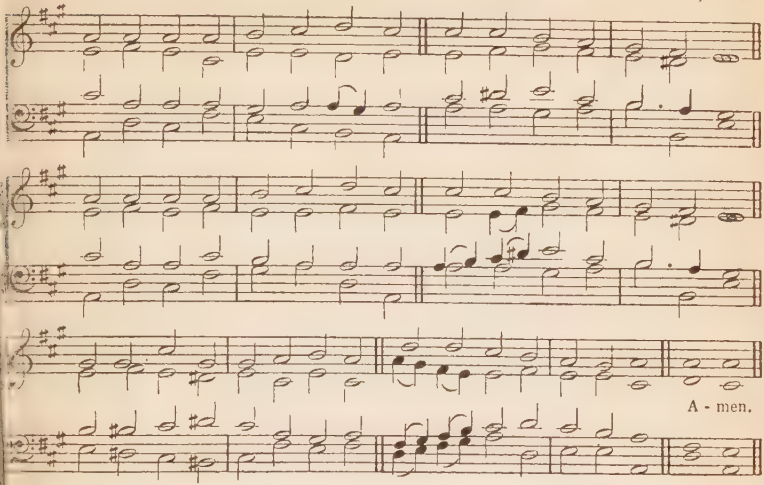
p 3 Here, gracious God, do Thou
For evermore draw nigh,
Accept each faithful vow,
And mark each suppliant sigh:
cr In copious shower
On all who pray,
Each holy day
Thy blessing pour.

p 4 Here may we gain from heaven
The grace which we implore;
And may that grace, once given,
Be with us evermore,
cr Until that day
When all the blest
To endless rest
Are called away! Amen.

JOHN CHANDLER (from the Latin).

470 ORIEL. 8.7.8.7.8.7.

CASPAR ETT'S 'CANTICA SACRA,' 1843.



Behold, I lay in Zion for a foundation a stone, a tried stone, a precious corner stone, a sure foundation.

mf CHRIST is made the sure foundation,
Christ the head and corner stone,
Chosen of the Lord and precious,
Binding all the Church in one,
cr Holy Zion's help forever,
And her confidence alone.

mf 2 To this temple, where we call Thee,
Come, O Lord of Hosts, to-day;
With Thy wonted lovingkindness
Hear Thy servants as they pray;
cr And Thy fullest benediction
Shed within its walls alway.

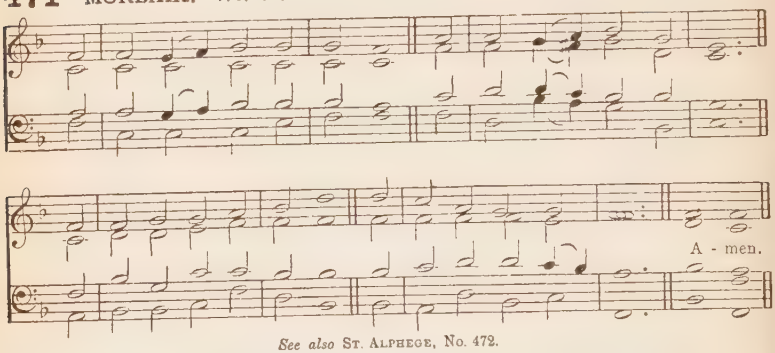
p 3 Here vouchsafe to all Thy servants
What they ask of Thee to gain,
cr What they gain from Thee forever
With the blessèd to retain,
f And hereafter in Thy glory
Evermore with Thee to reign.

f 4 Praise and honor to the Father,
Praise and honor to the Son,
Praise and honor to the Spirit,
Ever Three, and ever One,
One in might, and One in glory,
While eternal ages run. Amen.

J. M. NEALE (from the Latin).

2. Marriage and Home

471 MORLAIX. 7.6.7.6. J. H. Knecht.



See also St. Alphege, No. 472.

Blessed are they which are bidden to the marriage supper of the Lamb.

mf THE voice that breathed o'er Eden
That earliest wedding day,
The primal marriage blessing,
It hath not passed away;

2 Still in the pure espousal
Of Christian man and maid
The Holy Three are with us,
The threefold grace is said.

p 3 Be present, Holy Father,
cr To give away this bride,
As Eve Thou gav'st to Adam
Out of his own pierced side;

p 4 Be present, Gracious Saviour,
cr To join their loving hands,
As Thou didst bind two natures
In Thine eternal bands;

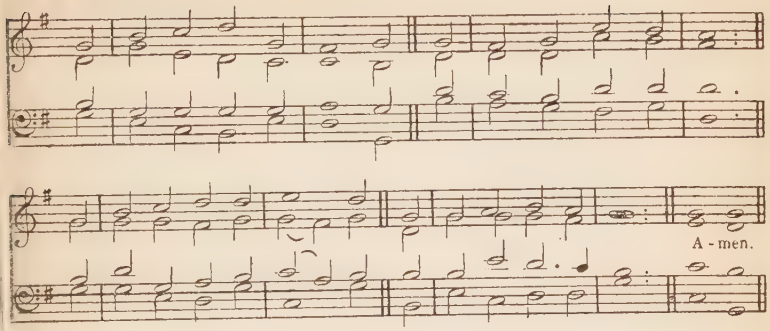
p 5 Be present, Holy Spirit,
cr To bless them as they kneel,
As Thou for Christ, the Bridegroom,
The heavenly spouse dost seal.

mf 6 O spread Thy pure wing o'er them,
Let no ill power find place,
When onward to Thy presence,
Their hallowed path they trace. Amen.

John Keble (*altd.*).

472 ST. ALPHEGE. 7.6.7.6.

H. J. GAUNTLETT.



Being joint-heirs of the grace of life.

mf O FATHER all creating,
Whose wisdom, love and power
First bound two lives together
In Eden's primal hour,

mp 2 To-day to these Thy children
Thine earliest gifts renew,
cr A home by Thee made happy,
A love by Thee kept true.

mp 3 O Saviour, Guest most bounteous
Of old in Galilee,
Vouchsafe to-day Thy presence
With these who call on Thee;

mf 4 Their store of earthly gladness
Transform to heavenly wine,
And teach them in the tasting
To know the gift is Thine.

mp 5 O Spirit of the Father,
Breathe on them from above,
So mighty in Thy pureness,
So tender in Thy love.

cr 6 That, guarded by Thy presence,
From sin and strife kept free,
Their lives may own Thy guidance,
Their hearts be ruled by Thee.

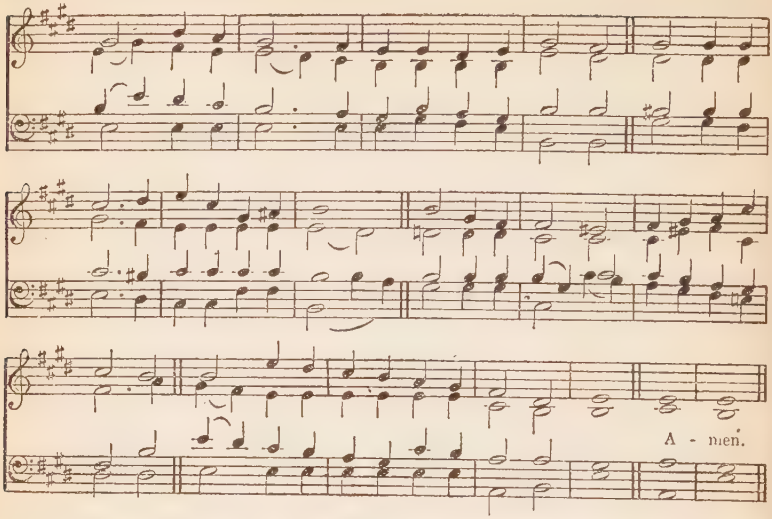
mf 7 Except Thou build it, Father,
The house is built in vain;
Except Thou, Saviour, bless it,
The joy will turn to pain;

cr 8 But nought can break the union
Of hearts in Thee made one,
And love Thy Spirit hallows
Is endless love begun. Amen.

JOHN ELLERTON.

473 HAPPY HOME. 11.10.11.10.

EDWARD BUNNETT.



The voice of rejoicing and salvation is in the tabernacles of the righteous.

mp O HAPPY home! where Thou art loved the dearest,
Thou loving Friend, and Saviour of our race;
And where among the guests there never cometh
One who can hold such high and honored place.

cr 2 O happy home! where two in heart united
In holy faith and blessèd hope are one,
Whom death a little while alone divideth,
And cannot end the union here begun.

mp 3 O happy home! whose little ones are given
Early to Thee, in humble faith and prayer,
To Thee, their Friend, who from the heights of heaven
Guides them, and guards with more than mother's care.

mp 4 O happy home! where each one serves Thee, lowly,
Whatever his appointed work may be,
Till every common task seems great and holy,
When it is done, O Lord, as unto Thee.

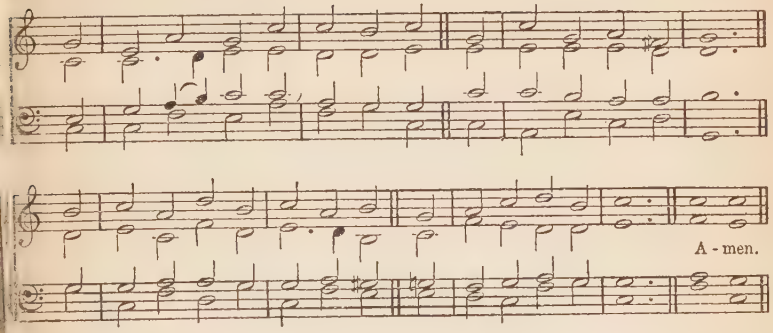
mf 5 O happy home! where Thou art not forgotten,
When joy is overflowing, full and free;
mp O happy home! where every wounded spirit
cr Is brought, Physician, Comforter, to Thee—

f 6 Until at last, when earth's day's-work is ended,
All meet Thee in the blessèd home above,
From whence Thou camest, where Thou hast ascended,
Thy everlasting home of peace and love. Amen.

K. J. P. SPITTA, *tr.* S. L. FINDLATER.

474 ST. ANN. C.M.

WILLIAM CROFT.



Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations.

f O GOD, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home:

mf 2 Under the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
cr From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

p 4 A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

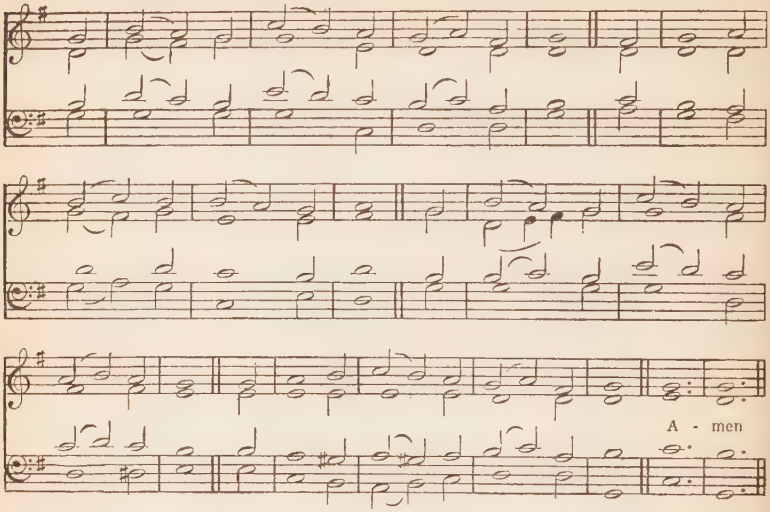
5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
pp They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

f 6 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home. Amen.

ISAAC WATTS.

475 ST. ALKMUND. L. M.

EASY MUSIC FOR CHURCH CHOIRS, 1853.



See also WALTON, No. 23.

Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee.

mp THOU gracious God, whose mercy lends
The light of home, the smile of friends,
Our gathered flock Thine arms enfold,
As in the peaceful days of old.

cr 2 Wilt Thou not hear us while we raise
In sweet accord of solemn praise
The voices that have mingled long
In joyous flow of mirth and song?

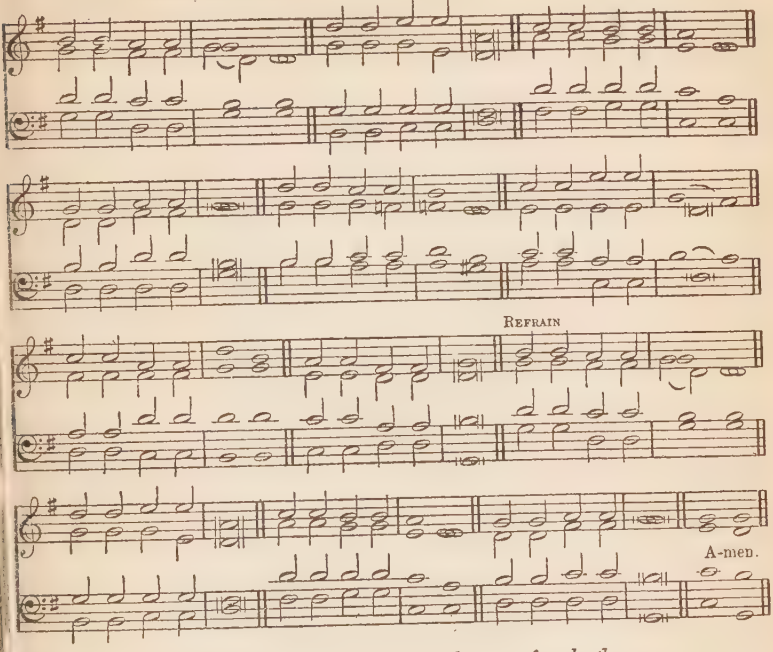
mf 3 For all the blessings life has brought,
mp For all its sorrowing hours have taught,
For all we mourn, for all we keep,
The hands we clasp, the loved that sleep,

mp 4 The noontide sunshine of the past,
These brief, bright moments fading fast,
The stars that gild our darkening years,
The twilight ray from holier spheres;

mf 5 We thank Thee, Father! Let Thy grace
Our loving circle still embrace,
Thy mercy shed its heavenly store,
Thy peace be with us evermore. Amen.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

476 ST. ALBAN'S. 6.5.6.5. D. (*with refrain*). From F. J. Haydn.



He hath said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.

mf STANDING at the portal
Of the opening year
Words of comfort meet us
Hushing every fear,
Spoken through the silence
By our Father's voice,
Tender, strong, and faithful,
Making us rejoice.

f *Onward, then, and fear not*
Children of the day,
For His word shall never,
Never pass away.

mf 2 'I, the Lord, am with thee,
Be thou not afraid;
I will help and strengthen,
Be thou not dismayed;
Yea, I will uphold thee
With My own right hand;
Thou art called and chosen
In My sight to stand.'

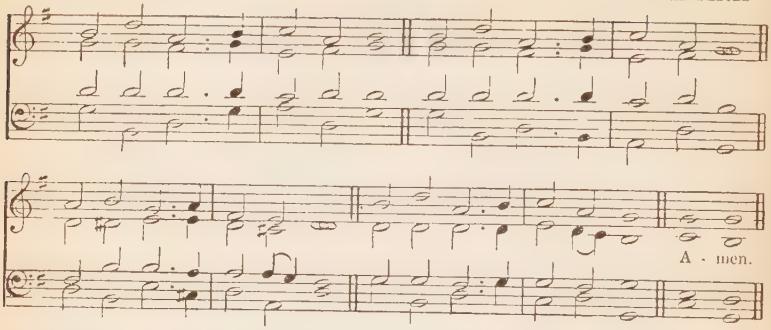
mf 3 For the year before us,
O, what rich supplies!
For the poor and needy
Living streams shall rise;
For the sad and sinful
Shall His grace abound;
For the faint and feeble
Perfect strength be found.

f 4 He will never fail us,
He will not forsake;
His eternal covenant
He will never break.
Resting on His promise
What have we to fear?
God is all-sufficient
For the coming year. Amen.

F. R. Havergal.

477 PLEYEL. 7777.

IGNAZ PLEYEL



This God is our God for ever and ever: He will be our guide even unto death.

mf FOR Thy mercy and Thy grace,
Constant through another year,
Hear our song of thankfulness,
Father and Redeemer, hear.

mp 2 Lo! our sins on Thee we cast,
Thee, our perfect sacrifice,
And, forgetting all the past,
Press towards our glorious prize.

p 3 Dark the future; let Thy light
cr Guide us, bright and morning Star:
Fierce our foes, and hard the fight;
Arm us, Saviour, for the war.

mp 4 In our weakness and distress,
Rock of strength, be Thou our stay;
In the pathless wilderness
Be our true and living way.

p 5 Who of us death's awful road
In the coming year shall tread?
mp With Thy rod and staff, O God,
Comfort Thou his dying bed.

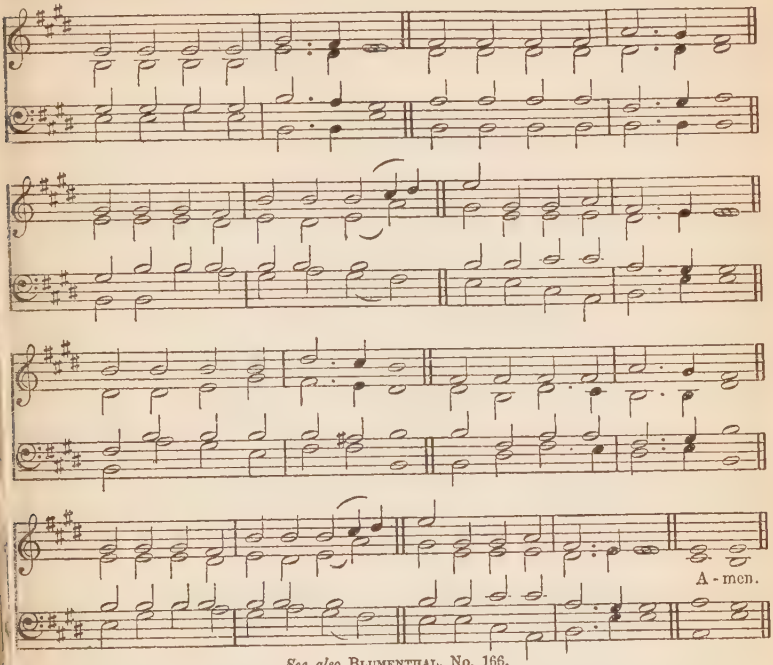
mf 6 Keep us faithful, keep us pure,
Keep us evermore Thine own;
Help, O help us to endure;
Fit us for the promised crown.

f 7 So within Thy palace gate
We shall praise on golden strings
Thee, the only Potentate,
Lord of lords, and King of kings. Amen.

HENRY DOWNTON.

478 BENEVENTO. 7.7.7.7. D.

SAMUEL WEBBE.



See also BLUMENTHAL, No. 166.

So teach us to number our days that we may get us an heart of wisdom.

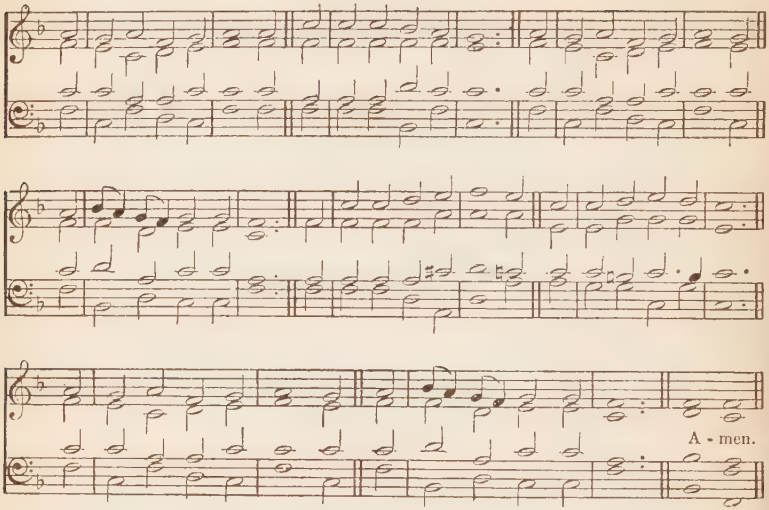
mp WHILE with ceaseless course the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here:
Fixed in an eternal state,
They have done with all below;
We a little longer wait,
But how little none can know.

mp 2 As the wingèd arrow flies,
Speedily the mark to find;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind:
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream;
Upwards, Lord, our spirits raise,
All below is but a dream.

mf 3 Thanks for mercies past receive;
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us, henceforth, how to live
With eternity in view.
Bless Thy word to young and old;
Fill us with a Saviour's love;
And, when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with Thee above! Amen. JOHN NEWTON.

479 JERUSALEM. 7.6.7.6. D.

JACQUES ARCADELT.



See also AURELIA, No. 464

They shall be changed, but Thou art the same, and Thy years shall have no end.

mf O GOD, the Rock of Ages,
Who evermore hast been,
What time the tempest rages,
Our dwelling-place serene:
cr Before Thy first creations,
O Lord, the same as now,
To endless generations
The everlasting Thou!

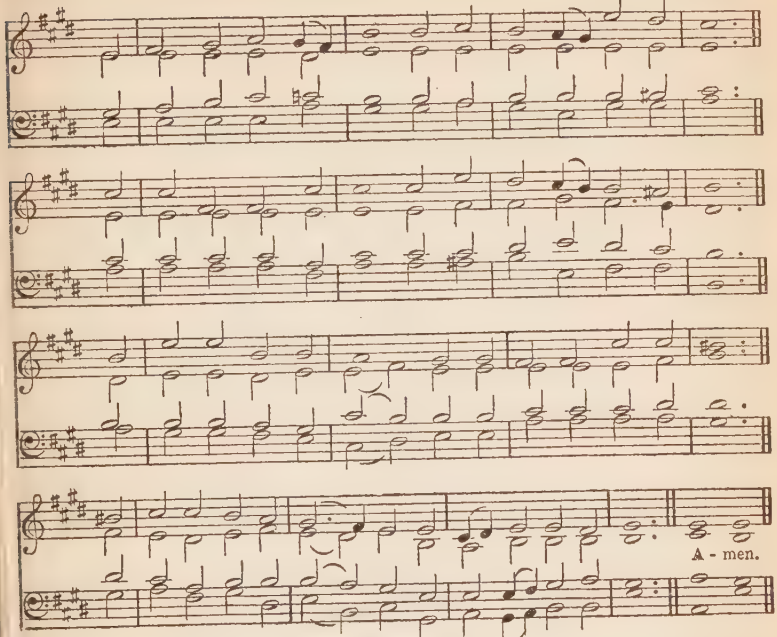
p 2 Our years are like the shadows
On sunny hills that lie;
Or grasses in the meadows,
That blossom but to die:
A sleep, a dream, a story
By strangers quickly told;
An unremaining glory
Of things that soon are old.

mf 3 O Thou who canst not slumber,
Whose light grows never pale,
Teach us aright to number
Our years before they fail:
On us Thy mercy lighten,
On us Thy goodness rest,
And let Thy Spirit brighten
The hearts Thyself hast blessed.

mf 4 Lord, crown our faith's endeavor
With beauty and with grace,
Till, clothed in light forever,
We see Thee face to face:—
f A joy no language measures,
A fountain brimming o'er,
An endless flow of pleasures,
An ocean without shore. Amen.

E. H. BICKERSTETH.

480 THE HOMEWARD JOURNEY. 7.6.7.6. D. J. S. Anderson.



See also Chenies, No. 119.

Ye are not as yet come to the rest and to the inheritance which the Lord your God giveth you.

mf STILL on the homeward journey
Across the desert-plain,
Beside another landmark
We pilgrims meet again:
We meet in cloud and sunshine
Beneath a changeful sky,
With calm and storm before us,
As in the days gone by.

2 We meet with loving greetings,
Fond wishes from the heart,
As brothers often parted
And soon again to part.
mp With tender recollections,
With many a gentle tear,
We meet, for some are wanting,—
All loved ones are not here.

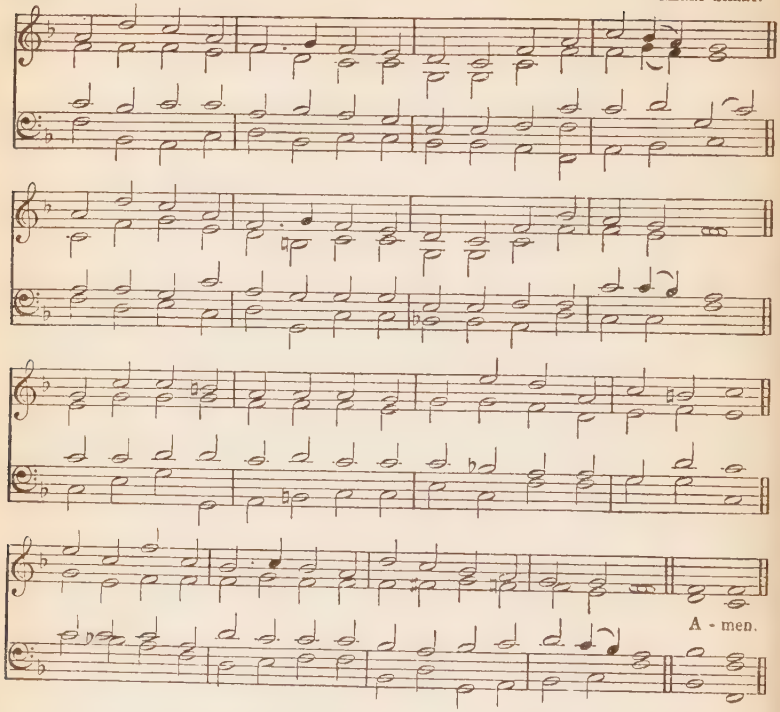
mf 3 Safe in the home of Jesus,
With Him forever blest,
How glorious is their portion,
How undisturbed their rest;
cr How gladly will they greet us,
When, all our journey past,
We reach the better country,
The Father's house at last.

mp 4 Thus round the silent landmark,
Here on the desert-plain,
We pilgrims meet together
With loving hearts again.
The storm may gather round us,
cr But Christ has gone before;
We follow in His footsteps,
And doubt and fear no more. Amen.

Jane Borthwick.

481 BETHANY. 8.7.8.7. D.

HENRY SMART.



The Lord hath been mindful of us; He will bless us.

mf AT Thy feet, our God and Father,
Who hast blest us all our days,
We with grateful hearts would gather,
To begin the year with praise,—
cr Praise for light so brightly shining
On our steps from heaven above;
Praise for mercies daily twining
Round us golden cords of love.

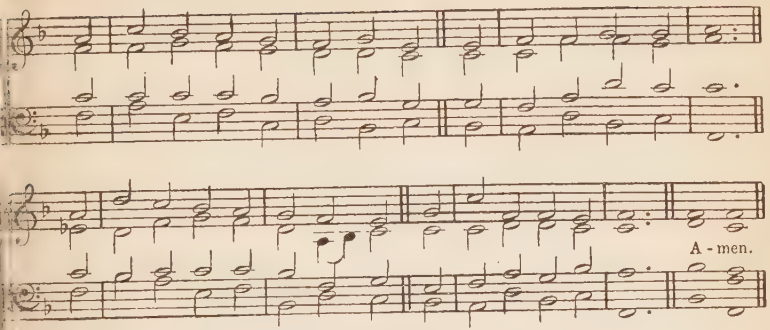
mp 2 Jesus, for Thy love most tender
On the cross for sinners shown,
cr We would praise Thee and surrender
All our hearts to be Thine own.
mf With so blest a Friend provided,
We upon our way would go,
Sure of being safely guided,
Guarded well from every foe.

cr 3 Every day will be the brighter,
When Thy gracious face we see;
Every burden will be lighter,
When we know it comes from Thee.
Spread Thy love's broad banner o'er us,
Give us strength to serve and wait,
f Till the glory breaks before us,
Through the city's open gate. Amen.

J. D. BURNS.

482 ALBANO. C. M.

VINCENT NOVELLO.



See also DUNFERMLINE, No. 8.

While the earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest . . . shall not cease.

mf FOUNTAIN of mercy, God of love,
How rich Thy bounties are!
The rolling seasons, as they move,
Proclaim Thy constant care.

mp 2 When in the bosom of the earth
The sower hid the grain,
cr Thy goodness marked its secret birth,
And sent the early rain.

3 The spring's sweet influence was Thine;
The plants in beauty grew;
Thou gav'st refulgent suns to shine,
And mild refreshing dew

4 These various mercies from above
Matured the swelling grain;
A yellow harvest crowns Thy love,
And plenty fills the plain.

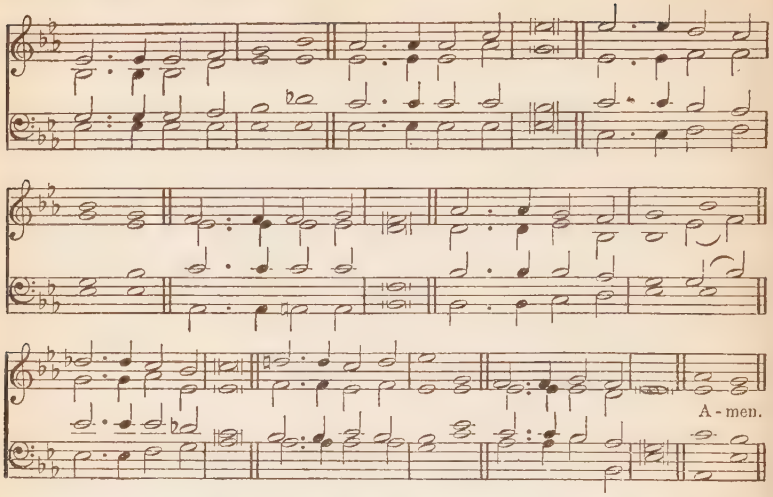
mf 5 Seed-time and harvest, Lord, alone
Thou dost on man bestow;
Let him not then forget to own
From whom his blessings flow.

f 6 Fountain of love, our praise is Thine;
To Thee our songs we'll raise;
And all created nature join
In sweet harmonious praise. Amen.

ALICE FLOWERDEW

483 RUTH. 6.5.6.5. D.

SAMUEL SMITH.



Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun.

mf SUMMER suns are glowing
Over land and sea,
Happy light is flowing,
Bountiful and free.
Everything rejoices
In the mellow rays,
All earth's thousand voices
Swell the psalm of praise.

2 God's free mercy streameth
Over all the world,
And His banner gleameth,
Everywhere unfurled.
f Broad and deep and glorious
As the heaven above,
Shines in might victorious
His eternal love.

mf 3 Lord, upon our blindness
Thy pure radiance pour;
For Thy lovingkindness
Make us love Thee more.
p And when clouds are drifting
Dark across our sky,
cr Then, the vail uplifting,
Father, be Thou nigh.

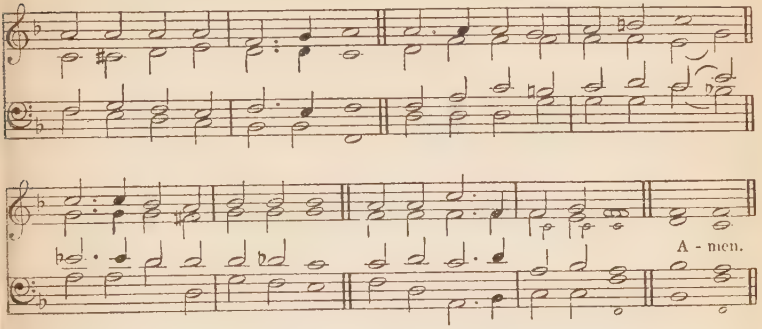
mf 4 We will never doubt Thee,
Though Thou vail Thy light:
Life is dark without Thee;
Death with Thee is bright.
f Light of light! shine o'er us
On our pilgrim way,
Go Thou still before us
To the endless day. Amen.

W. W. How.

484 WOODMAN. 7.7.7.7.

R. Huntington Woodman

By the courtesy of the Trustees of the Presbyterian Board of Publication and Sabbath-School Work.



The waters are hid as with a stone, and the face of the deep is frozen.

mp WINTER reigneth o'er the land,
Freezing with its icy breath,
Dead and bare the tall trees stand;
dim All is chill and drear as death.

mp 2 Yet it seemeth but a day
Since the summer flowers were here,
Since they stacked the balmy hay,
Since they reaped the golden ear.

mp 3 Sunny days are past and gone:
So the years go, speeding fast
Onward ever, each new one
Swifter speeding than the last.

p 4 Life is waning; life is brief;
Death, like winter, standeth nigh:
Each one, like the fallen leaf,
Soon shall fade, and fall, and die.

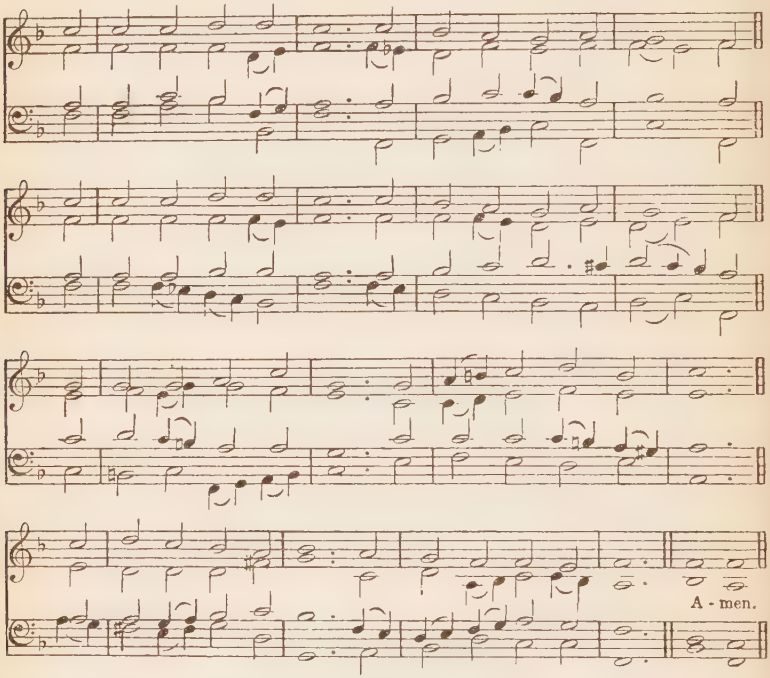
f 5 But the sleeping earth shall wake,
And the flowers shall burst in bloom,
And all nature rising break
Glorious from its winter tomb

f 6 So the saints, from slumber blest,
Rising, shall awake and sing;
And our flesh in hope shall rest
Till there breaks the endless spring. Amen.

W. W. How

5. Harvest and Thanksgiving

485 GRATITUDE. 6.7.6.7.6.6.6.6. JOHANN CRÜGER.



Now, therefore, our God, we thank Thee, and praise Thy glorious name.

f NOW thank we all our God,
With heart, and hands, and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done,
In whom His world rejoices;
Who, from our mother's arms,
Hath blessed us on our way
With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours to-day.

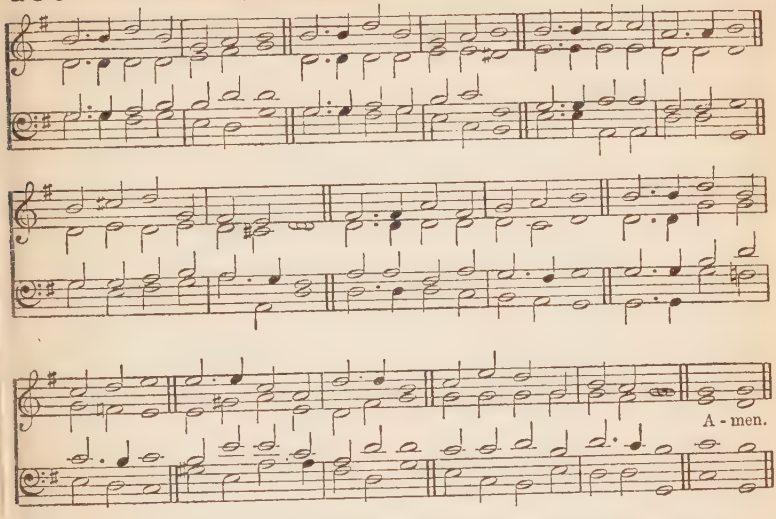
mf 2 Oh, may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts
And blessèd peace to cheer us,
And keep us in His grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next!

f 3 All praise and thanks to God
The Father now be given,
The Son, and Him who reigns
With Them in highest heaven,
The one eternal God
Whom earth and heaven adore,
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore. Amen.

MARTIN RINCKART, *tr.* CATHERINE WINKWORTH.

486 ST. GEORGE'S, WINDSOR. 7.7.7.7. D.

SIR G. J. ELVEY.



The harvest is the end of the world, and the reapers are the angels.

f COME, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-home!
All is safely gathered in,
Ere the winter storms begin:
mf God, our Maker, doth provide
For our wants to be supplied:
f Come to God's own temple, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-home!

mf 2 All this world is God's own field
Fruit unto His praise to yield;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown:
First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear:
Lord of Harvest, grant that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

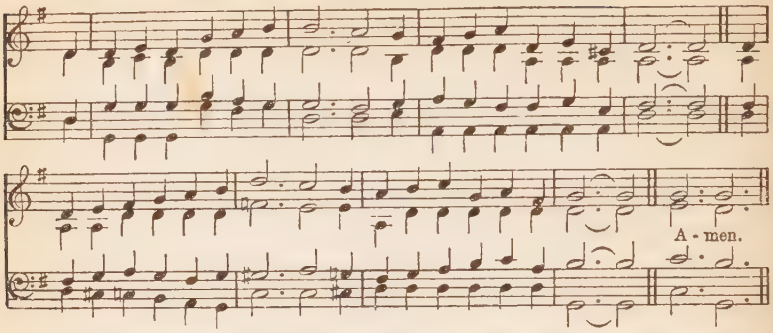
mf 3 For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take His Harvest home;
From His field shall in that day
All offences purge away:
p Give His angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast;
f But the fruitful ears to store
In His garner evermore.

mf 4 Even so, Lord, quickly come;
Bring Thy final Harvest-home!
cr Gather Thou Thy people in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin;
f There, forever purified,
In Thy garner to abide:
Come, with all Thine angels, come,
Raise the glorious Harvest-home! Amen.

HENRY ALFORD.

487 HARVEST-TIDE. 9.8.9.8.

A. Croil Falconer.



O Lord, how manifold are Thy works! In wisdom hast Thou made them all.

mf NOW sing we a song for the harvest:
Thanksgiving and honor and praise,
For all that the bountiful Giver
Hath given to gladden our days;

2 For grasses of upland and lowland,
For fruits of the garden and field,
For gold which the mine and the furrow
To delver and husbandman yield.

3 And thanks for the harvest of beauty,
For that which the hands cannot hold,
The harvest eyes only can gather,
And only our hearts can enfold.

mf 4 We reap it on mountain and moorland:
We glean it from meadow and lea;
We garner it in from the cloudland;
We bind it in sheaves from the sea.

5 But now we sing deeper and higher,
Of harvests that eye cannot see;
They ripen on mountains of duty,
Are reaped by the brave and the free.

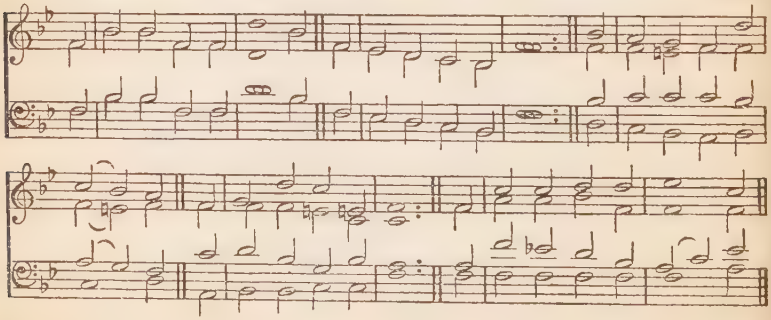
6 And they have been gathered and garnered,
Some golden with honor and gain,
mp And some, as with heart's blood, are ruddy,
The harvests of sorrow and pain.

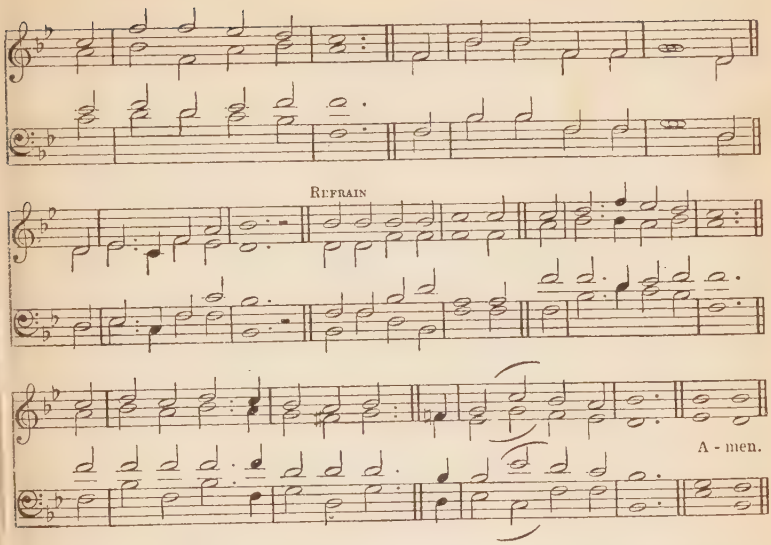
f 7 O Thou who art Lord of the harvest,
The Giver who gladdens our days,
Our hearts are forever repeating
Thanksgiving and honor and praise.
Amen.

W. C. Gannett and J. W. Chadwick.

488 DRESDEN. 7.6.7.6. D. (*with refrain*).

J. A. P. Schulz.





He gave us rain from heaven, and fruitful seasons, filling our hearts with food and gladness.

mf WE plough the fields and scatter
The good seed on the land,
But it is fed and watered
By God's Almighty hand:
He sends the snow in winter,
The warmth to swell the grain,
The breezes and the sunshine,
And soft refreshing rain

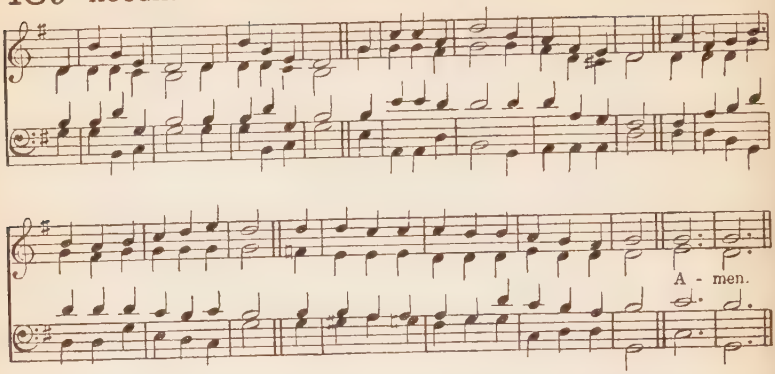
mf *All good gifts around us*
Are sent from heaven above;
f *Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord,*
For all His love.

mf 2 He only is the Maker
Of all things near and far,
He paints the wayside flower,
He lights the evening star,
The winds and waves obey Him
By Him the birds are fed;
Much more to us, His children,
He gives our daily bread.

mf 3 We thank Thee, then, O Father,
For all things bright and good,
The seed-time and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food.
dim No gifts have we to offer,
For all Thy love imparts,
cr But that which Thou desirest,
Our humble, thankful hearts.
Amen.

Matthias Claudius, *tr.* J. M. Campbell.

489 HOUGHTON. 11.11.11.11. H. J. Gauntlett.



Every good gift, and every perfect boon is from above.

mf THOU, Lord, art our life and the length of our days:
Our voices to Thee in thanksgiving we raise;
Our shield and our buckler, our refuge and tower,
We trust in Thy faithfulness, mercy, and power.

2 We thank Thee, we praise Thee, for sunshine and rain,
For calm and for tempest, for pleasure and pain;
Thy love and Thy wisdom our tongues shall employ,
In light and in darkness, in sorrow and joy.

mf 3 The summer and autumn, the winter and spring,
To Thee shall their tribute of gratitude bring;
The sea and its fulness, the earth and the air,
All tell of Thy goodness, Thy glory declare.

4 We thank Thee, we praise Thee, for beauty and youth,
For justice and freedom, for honor and truth;
The wealth of the ocean, the forest and field,
And all the rewards that our industries yield.

mf 5 We thank Thee, we praise Thee, for plenty and peace,
For Thy full-flowing bounty that never doth cease,
For the Church and the Sabbath, the Home and the School,
For a land in which mercy and righteousness rule.

mf 6 We thank Thee and praise Thee, our Father above,
For all the dear tokens of kindness and love
Thou sendest to greet us, as day follows day,
To lighten our burdens and gladden our way.

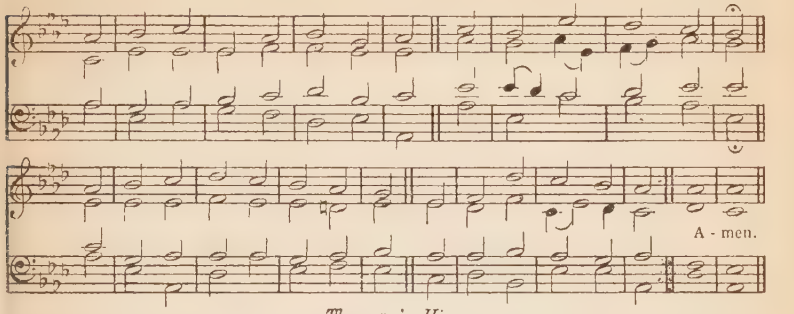
7 We thank Thee for life with its blessings so free,
And for the glad hope which we have, Lord, in Thee,
That Thou wilt receive us in peace to Thy rest,
To serve Thee on high with the saved and the blest. Amen.

Robert Murray.

6. Sailors and Travellers

490 ST. PAUL. C.M.

JAMES CHALMERS' COLLECTION, 1748 or 1749



The sea is His.

p O LORD, be with us when we sail
Upon the lonely deep,
Our guard when, on the silent deck,
The midnight watch we keep.

mp 2 We need not fear, though all around
'Mid rising winds we hear
The multitude of waters surge,
cr For Thou, O God, art near.

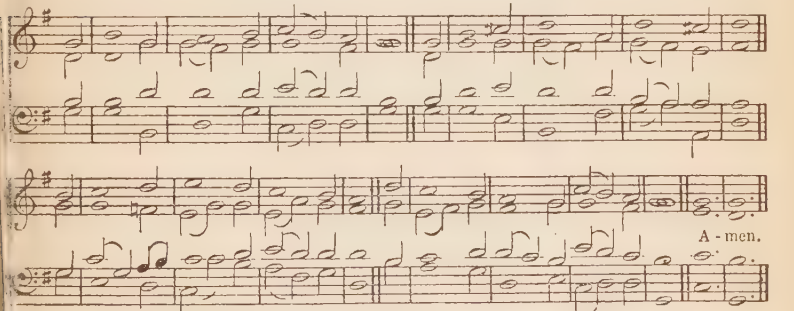
mf 3 The calm, the breeze, the gale, the storm,
That pass from land to land,
All, all are Thine, and held within
The hollow of Thy hand.

f 4 To Thee the Father, Thee the Son,
Whom earth and sky adore,
And Spirit, moving o'er the deep,
Be praise for evermore. Amen.

EDWARD ARTHUR DAYMAN.

491 ANGELS. L.M.

ORLANDO GIBBONS.



The Lord sitteth upon the flood; yea, the Lord sitteth King forever.

f O GOD, who metest in Thy hand
The waters of the mighty sea,
And barrest ocean with the sand
By Thy perpetual decree;

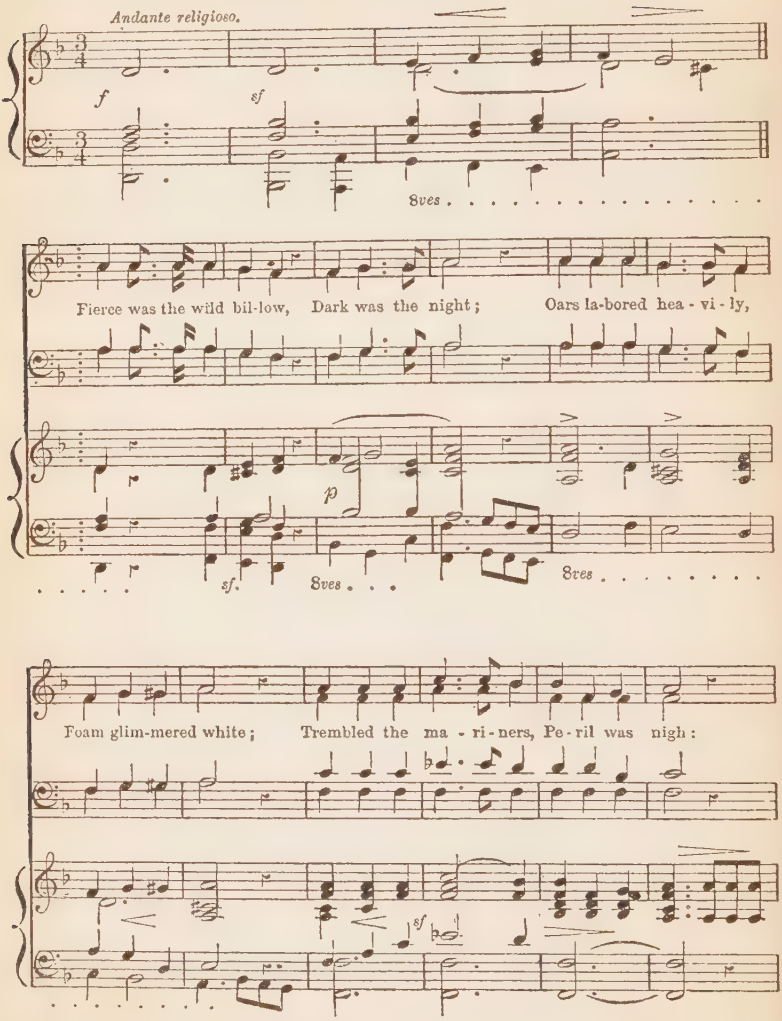
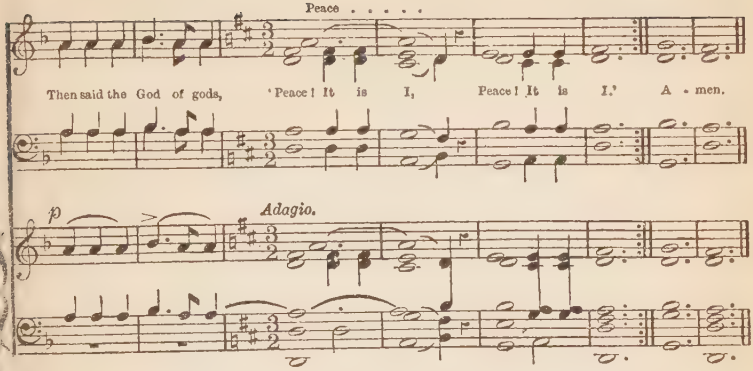
p 2 What time the floods lift up their voice,
And break in anger on the shore,
When deep to deep calls with the noise
Of waterspouts and billows' roar;

3 When they who to the sea go down,
And in the waters ply their toil,
Are lifted on the surge's crown,
And plunge where seething eddies boil;

f 4 Rule then, O Lord, the ocean's wrath,
And bind the tempest with Thy will;
Tread, as of old, the water's path,
And speak Thy bidding, 'Peace, be still.'

mf 5 So with Thy mercies ever new
Thy servants set from peril free,
cr And bring them, Pilot, wise and true,
Unto the port where they would be.
Amen. R. F. LITTLEDALE.

492 EUROCLYDON. 6.4.6.4. D.

G. W. TORRANCE.

Be of good cheer; it is I; be not afraid.

mf FIERCE was the wild billow,
p Dark was the night;
Oars labored heavily,
Foam glimmered white;
mp Trembled the mariners,
Peril was nigh:
cr Then said the God of gods,
pp 'Peace! It is I.'

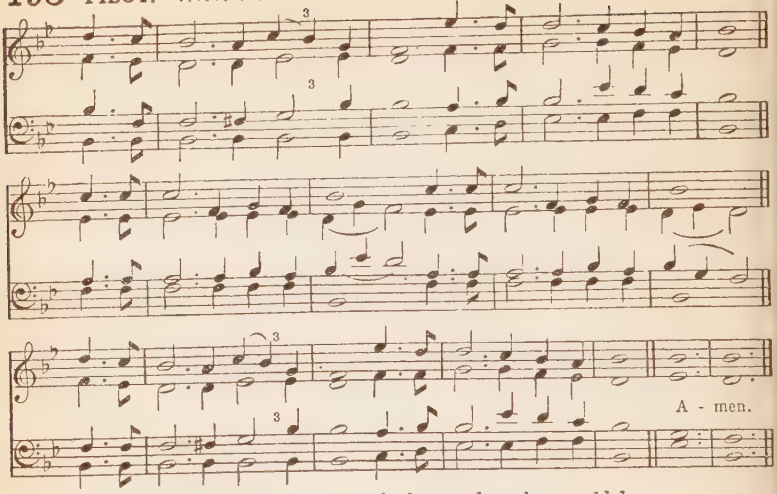
mf 2 Ridge of the mountain-wave,
Lower thy crest!
Wail of the tempest-wind,
Be thou at rest!
mf Sorrow can never be,
Darkness must fly,
cr Where saith the Light of Light
pp 'Peace! It is I.'

mp 3 Jesus, Deliverer,
Come Thou to me;
Soothe Thou my voyaging
Over life's sea:
Thou, when the storm of death
Roars, sweeping by,
p Whisper, O Truth of Truth,
pp 'Peace! It is I.' Amen.

ANATOLIUS, *tr.* J. M. NEALE.

493 PILOT. 7.7.7.7.7.7.

J. E. Gould.



So He bringeth them unto the haven where they would be.

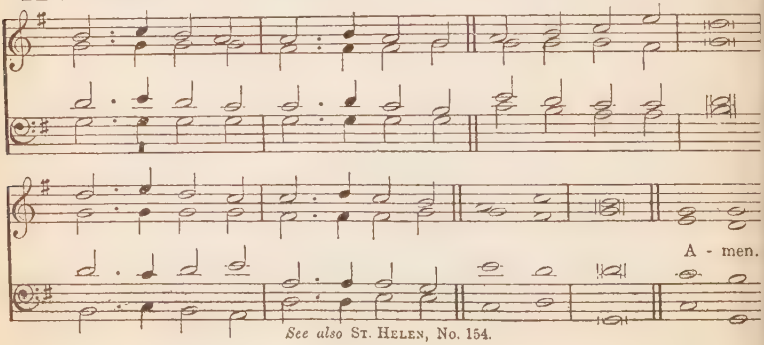
mp JESUS, Saviour, pilot me
Over life's tempestuous sea;
Unknown waves before me roll,
Hiding rock and treacherous shoal;
Chart and compass come from Thee,
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me!

p 2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous waves obey Thy will
When Thou say'st to them 'Be still!'
cr Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
dim Jesus, Saviour, pilot me!

mp 3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest—
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
May I hear Thee say to me,
cr 'Fear not! I will pilot thee!' Amen

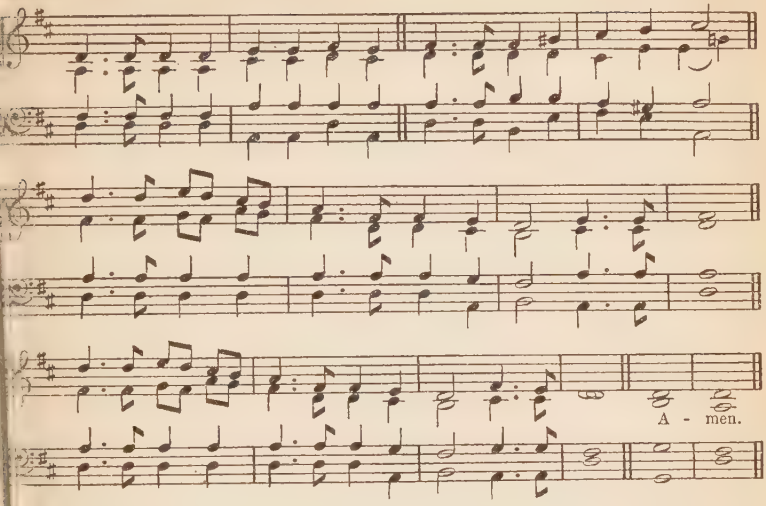
Edward Hopper.

BE AT REST. 8.5.8.3.

J. Downing Farrer.

See also St. Helen, No. 154.

494 LIGHT OF LIFE. 8.7.8.4.

LOWELL MASON.



I am the bright and morning Star.

STAR of peace to wanderers weary!
Bright the beams that smile on me!
Cheer the pilot's vision dreary,
Far, far at sea.

2 Star of hope! gleam on the billow;
Bless the soul that sighs for Thee,
Bless the sailor's lonely pillow,
Far, far at sea.

mp 3 Star of faith! when winds are mocking
All his toil, he flies to Thee;
Save him on the billow rocking,
dim Far, far at sea.

mp 4 Star divine! oh! safely guide him;
Bring the wanderer home to Thee;
Sore temptations long have tried him,
dim Far, far at sea. Amen.

JANE C. SIMPSON.

495 BE AT REST. 8.5.8.3.

do not cease to pray for you that ye might be filled with the knowledge of His will.

HOLY Father, in Thy mercy
Hear our anxious prayer;
Keep our loved ones, now far absent,
'Neath Thy care.

2 Jesus, Saviour, let Thy presence
Be their light and guide;
Keep, O keep them, in their weakness,
At Thy side.

3 When in sorrow, when in danger,
When in loneliness,
In Thy love look down and comfort
Their distress.

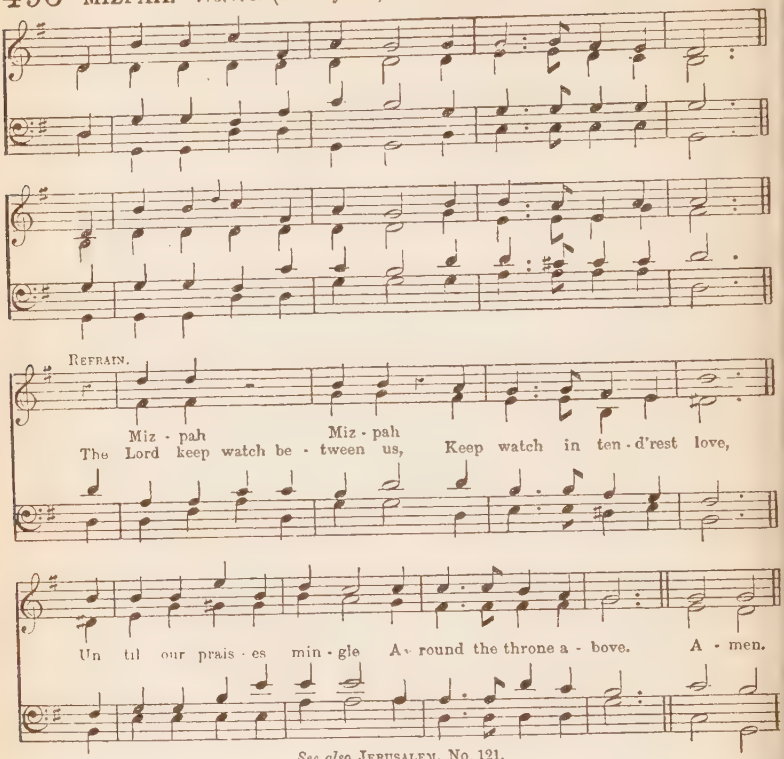
mf 4 May the joy of Thy salvation
Be their strength and stay;
cr May they love, and may they praise Thee
Day by day.

mf 5 Holy Spirit, let Thy teaching
Sanctify their life;
cr Send Thy grace that they may conquer
In the strife.

mf 6 Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
God, the One in Three, [them
Bless them, guide them, save them, keep
Near to Thee. Amen.

J. S. STEPHENSON.

496 MIZPAH. 7.6.7.6. (*with refrain*).

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

REFRAIN.
Miz - pah Miz - pah
The Lord keep watch be - tween us, Keep watch in ten - d'rest love,
Un til our prais - es min - gle A - round the throne a - bove. A - men.

See also JERUSALEM, No. 121.

The Lord be between me and thee, and between my seed and thy seed forever.

mp THE Lord keep watch between us,
The ever-present Friend;
No love like His so mighty,
To keep and to defend.

The Lord keep watch between us,
Keep watch in tenderest love,
Until our praises mingle
Around the throne above.

mp 2 Though absent from each other,
We are not far from Him;
cr Let not our courage falter,
Let not our faith grow dim

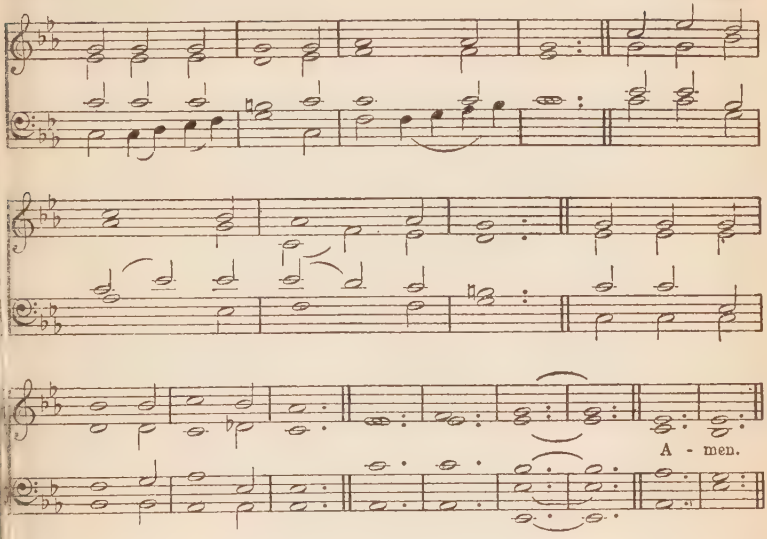
mp 3 Though time and space may sever
The Master's servants here,
'Tis only for a season,
The meeting time draws near.

mp 4 The Lord Himself is watching,
In tenderness and love;
mf Let praises meet and mingle
Around the throne above. Amen.

J. H. JOHNSTON.

497 ST. AËLRED. 8.8.8.3.

J. B. Dykes



And He arose and rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, Peace, be still.

f FIERCE raged the tempest o'er the deep,
Watch did Thine anxious servants keep,
dim But Thou wast wrapped in guileless sleep,
pp Calm and still.

mf 2 'Save, Lord, we perish,' was their cry,
'O save us in our agony!'
cr Thy word above the storm rose high,
'Peace, be still.'

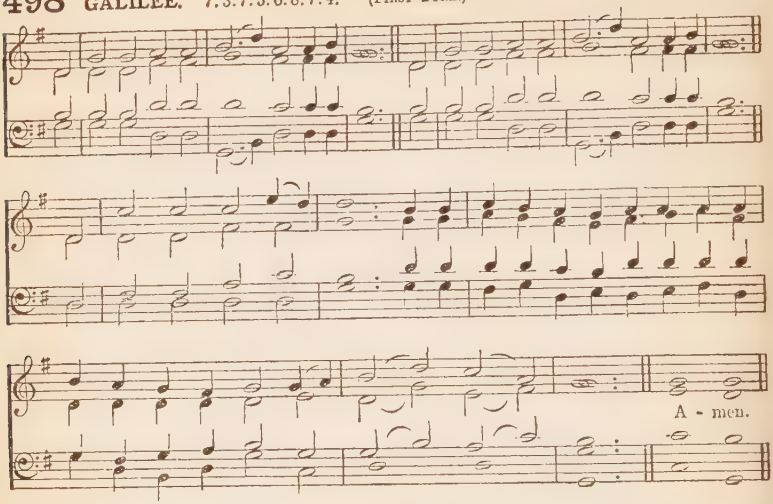
pp 3 The wild winds hushed; the angry deep
dim Sank like a little child to sleep;
The sullen billows ceased to leap,
cr At Thy will.

mf 4 So, when our life is clouded o'er,
And storm-winds drift us from the shore,
Say, lest we sink to rise no more,
pp 'Peace, be still.' Amen.

Godfrey Thring.

498 GALILEE. 7.3.7.3.6.8.7.4. (First Tune.)

Venetian Melody.



Be of good cheer; it is I.

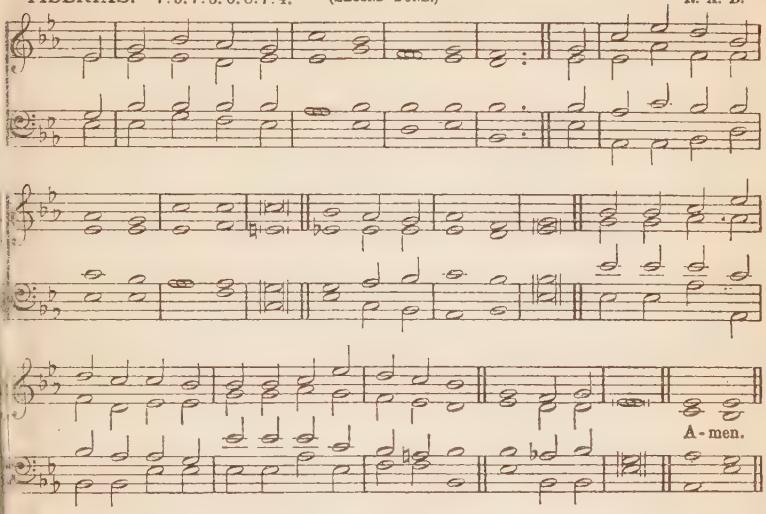
mp O THOU that on the billow
Couldest sleep
While tempests round Thy pillow
Fierce did sweep,
Grant us Thy holy peace,
cr While the tumults rage around us,
And the perils still increase,
dim Our hearts to keep.

mp 2 O Thou that in the night storm
Drewest nigh,
Appearing as a bright form
From on high,
Still 'mid our gloom appear;
Guide us gently to our haven;
Give our fainting spirits cheer,
Say, 'Lo, 'tis I!'

mp 3 O Thou that stood'st at morning
On the shore
To bless the bark returning
And the store,
mf Bid us such welcome blest,
When, beyond those troubled waters,
From our night-long toil we rest
For evermore. Amen.

Anne Ross Cousin.

TIBERIAS. 7.3.7.3.6.8.7.4. (Second Tune.) R. A. B.



Be of good cheer; it is I.

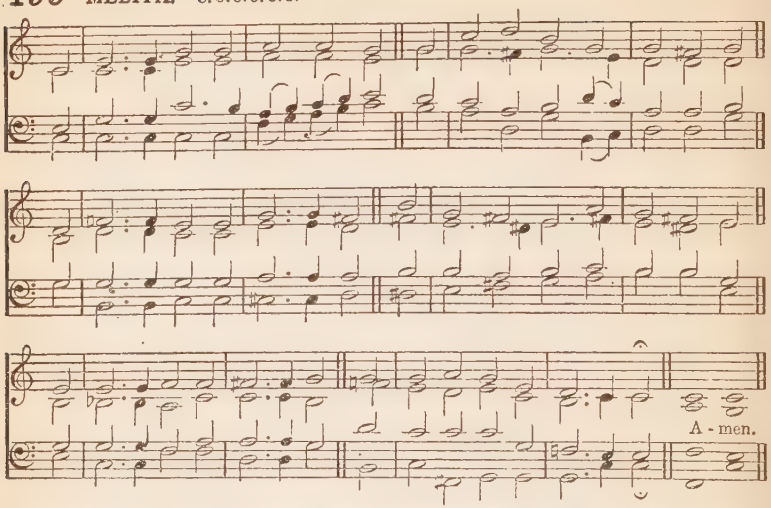
mp O THOU that on the billow
Couldest sleep
While tempests round Thy pillow
Fierce did sweep,
Grant us Thy holy peace,
cr While the tumults rage around us,
And the perils still increase,
dim Our hearts to keep.

mp 2 O Thou that in the night storm
Drewest nigh,
Appearing as a bright form
From on high,
Still 'mid our gloom appear;
Guide us gently to our haven;
Give our fainting spirits cheer,
Say, 'Lo, 'tis I!'

mp 3 O Thou that stood'st at morning
On the shore
To bless the bark returning
And the store,
mf Bid us such welcome blest,
When, beyond those troubled waters,
From our night-long toil we rest
For evermore. Amen.

Anne Ross Cousin.

499 MELITA. 8.8.8.8.8.8. J. B. Dykes.



Thou rulest the raging of the sea: when the waves thereof arise, Thou stillest them.

mf ETERNAL Father, strong to save,
Whose arm hath bound the restless wave;
Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep;
p O hear us (*cr*) when we cry to Thee
dim For those in peril on the sea.

mf 2 O Christ, whose voice the waters heard,
dim And hushed their raging at Thy word,
cr Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
dim And calm amidst its rage didst sleep;
p O hear us (*cr*) when we cry to Thee
dim For those in peril on the sea.

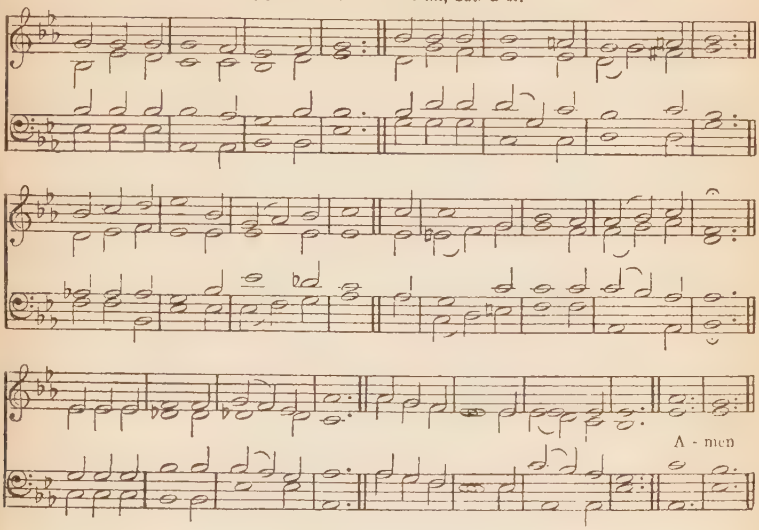
mf 3 Most Holy Spirit, who didst brood
Upon the chaos dark and rude,
And bid its angry tumult cease,
And give, for wild confusion, peace;
p O hear us (*cr*) when we cry to Thee
dim For those in peril on the sea.

mf 4 O Trinity of love and power,
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go;
cr Thus evermore shall rise to Thee
f Glad hymns of praise from land and sea. Amen.

William Whiting.

500 ST. CHRYSOSTOM. 8.8.8.8.8.8. SIR JOSEPH BARNBY.

By permission of Messrs. Novello, Ewer & Co.



Thou that art the confidence of all the ends of the earth, and of them that are afar off upon the sea.

mf GREAT Ruler of the land and sea,
Almighty God, we come to Thee;
Able to succor and to save
From perils of the wind and wave,
cr Keep by Thy mighty hand, O keep
dim The dwellers on the homeless deep!

mf 2 Speak to the shadows of the night,
And turn their darkness into light;
Smooth the rough breaker's rising crest,
Say to the billow, 'Be at rest!'
cr Keep by Thy mighty hand, O keep
dim The dwellers on the homeless deep!

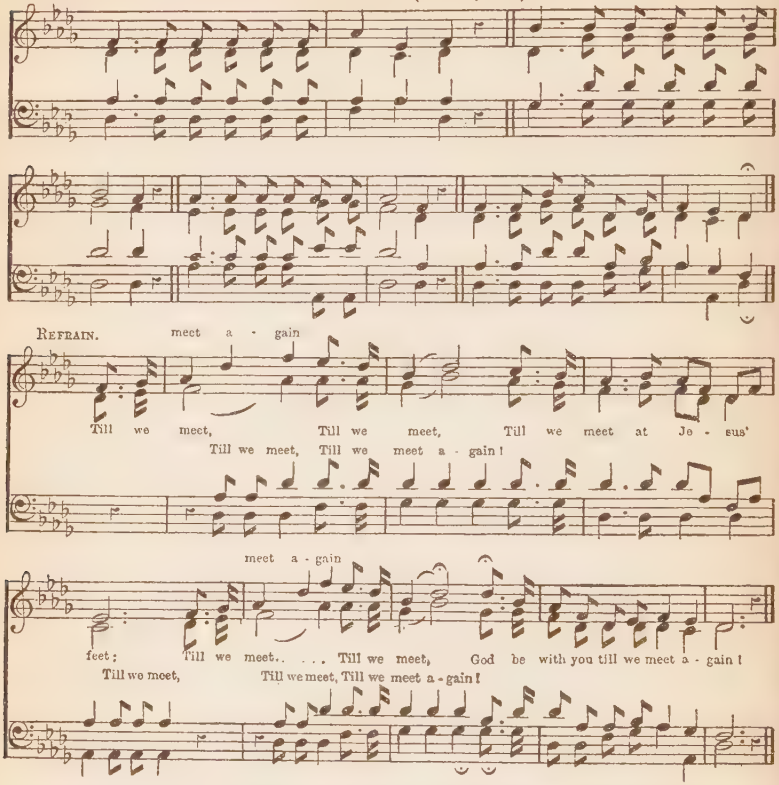
mf 3 Soothe the rough ocean's troubled face,
And bid the hurricane give place
p To the soft breeze that wafts the bark
Safely alike through light and dark:
cr Keep by Thy mighty hand, O keep
dim The dwellers on the homeless deep!

mf 4 In storm or battle, with Thine arm
Shield Thou the mariner from harm,—
From foes without, from ills within,
dim From deeds and words and thoughts of sin:
cr Keep by Thy mighty hand, O keep
dim The dwellers on the homeless deep!

p 5 O Son of God, in days of ill,
Say to each sorrow, 'Peace, be still;
In hours of weakness be Thou nigh,
Heal Thou the sickness, hear the cry,
cr Keep by Thy mighty hand, O keep
dim The dwellers on the homeless deep!

mf 6 Good Pilot of the awful main,
p Let us not plead Thy love in vain;
Jesus, draw near with kindly aid,—
cr Say, 'It is I, be not afraid.'
f Keep by Thy mighty hand, O keep
dim The dwellers on the homeless deep!
Amen.

HORATIUS BONAR.

501 GOD BE WITH YOU! 9.8.8.9. (*with refrain*). W. G. TOMER.

REFRAIN.
meet a - gain
Till we meet, Till we meet, Till we meet at Je - sus'
Till we meet, Till we meet a - gain!
meet a - gain
feet; Till we meet.. . . . Till we meet, God be with you till we meet a - gain!
Till we meet, Till we meet, Till we meet a - gain!

Now, brethren, I commend you to God, and to the word of His grace.

mp GOD be with you till we meet again!
By His counsels guide, uphold you,
With His sheep securely fold you!
God be with you till we meet again!

cr *Till we meet again! Till we meet again!*
Till we meet at Jesus' feet;
Till we meet again! Till we meet again!
God be with you till we meet again!

mp 2 God be with you till we meet again!
cr 'Neath His wings securely hide you,
Daily manna still provide you;
God be with you till we meet again!

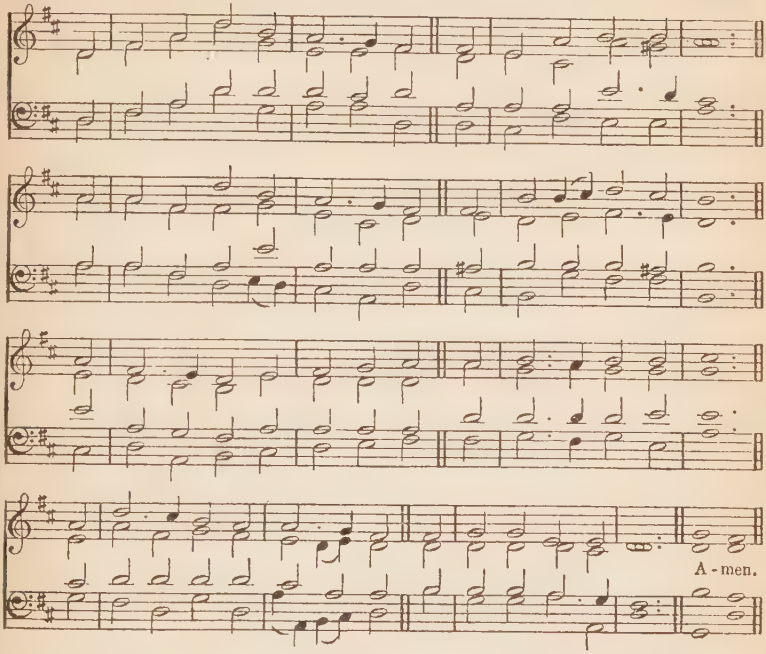
mp 3 God be with you till we meet again!
dim When life's perils thick confound you,
cr Put His loving arms around you;
God be with you till we meet again!

mp 4 God be with you till we meet again!
cr Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
mf Smite death's threatening wave before you;
God be with you till we meet again!

J. EAMES RANKIN.

502 PETERSHAM. C. M. D.

C. W. Poole.



We have sinned with our fathers.

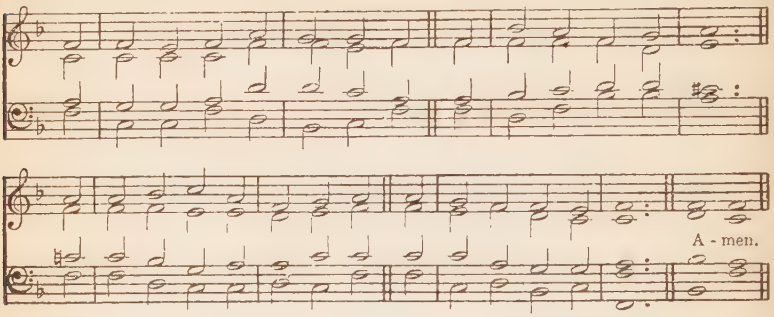
p GREAT King of nations, hear our prayer,
While at Thy feet we fall,
And humbly with united cry
To Thee for mercy call.
The guilt is ours, but grace is Thine,
O turn us not away,
cr But hear us from Thy lofty throne
And help us when we pray.

p 2 Our fathers' sins were manifold,
And ours no less, we own,
mf Yet wondrously from age to age
Thy goodness hath been shown.
dim When dangers, like a stormy sea,
Beset our country round,
cr To Thee we looked, to Thee we cried,
And help in Thee we found.

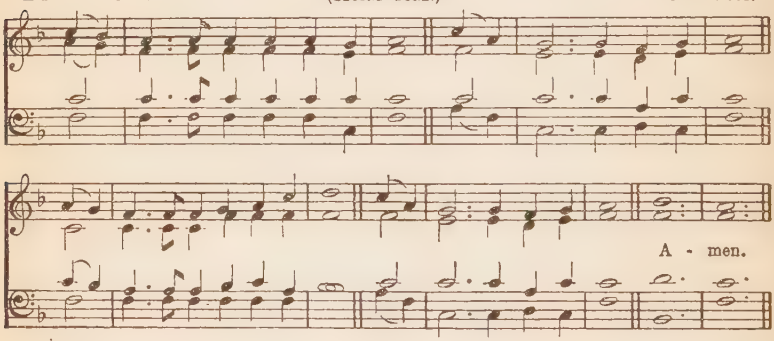
p 3 With one consent we meekly bow
Beneath Thy chastening hand,
And, pouring forth confession meet,
Mourn with our mourning land.
cr With pitying eye behold our need,
As thus we lift our prayer,
p 'Correct us with Thy judgments, Lord;
cr Then let Thy mercy spare.' Amen.

John Hampden Gurney.

503 ST. FLAVIAN. C. M. (First Tune.) Day's 'Psalter,' 1562.



LYRA. C. M. (Second Tune.) G. F. Root.



The land Thou gavest unto our fathers.

mp LORD, while for all mankind we pray,
Of every clime and coast,
O hear us for our native land,
The land we love the most.

mp 2 Our fathers' sepulchres are here,
And here our kindred dwell,
Our children too;—how should we love
Another land so well?

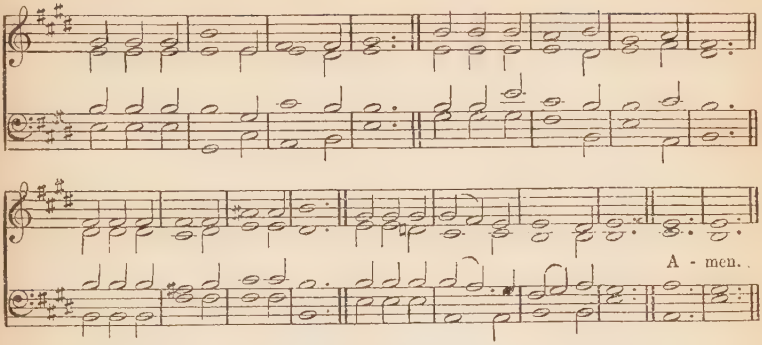
mp 3 O guard our shores from every foe;
With peace our borders bless;
With prosperous times our cities crown,
Our fields with plenteousness.

mf 4 Unite us in the sacred love
Of knowledge, truth, and Thee;
cr And let our hills and valleys shout
The songs of liberty.

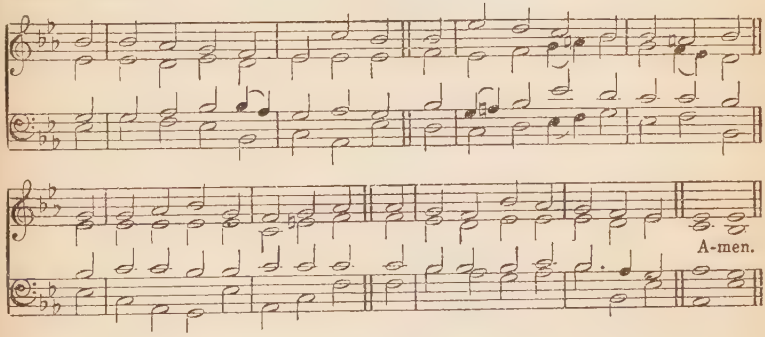
mp 5 Lord of the nations, thus to Thee
Our country we commend;
cr Be Thou our refuge and our trust,
Our everlasting Friend. Amen.

J. Reynell Wreford.

504 HESPERUS. L.M. (First Tune.) Henry Baker.



MELCOMBE. L.M. (Second Tune.) Samuel Webbe.



He maketh wars to cease unto the ends of the earth.

mf O God of love, O King of peace!
Make wars throughout the world to cease;
The wrath of sinful man restrain,
p Give peace, O God, give peace again!

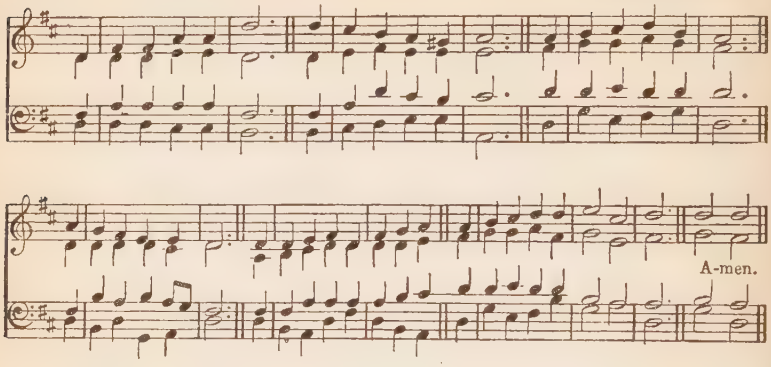
mf 2 Remember, Lord, Thy works of old,
The wonders that our fathers told;
dim Remember not our sin's dark stain,
p Give peace, O God, give peace again!

mf 3 Whom shall we trust but Thee, O Lord?
Where rest but on Thy faithful word?
cr None ever called on Thee in vain,
p Give peace, O God, give peace again!

f 4 Where saints and angels dwell above,
All hearts are knit in holy love;
dim O bind us in that heavenly chain,
p Give peace, O God, give peace again. Amen.

Sir Henry W. Baker.

505 ST. JOHN. 6.6.6.6.8.8. OLD ENGLISH MELODY.



Show us Thy mercy, O Lord, and grant us Thy salvation.

mp TO Thee our God we fly
For mercy and for grace;
O hear our lowly cry,
And hide not Thou Thy face.
cr *O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,*
And guard and bless our Fatherland.

f 2 Arise, O Lord of Hosts!
Be jealous for Thy name,
And drive from out our coasts
The sins that put to shame.

f 3 Thy best gifts from on high
In rich abundance pour,
That we may magnify
And praise Thee more and more.

mf 4 The powers ordained by Thee
With heavenly wisdom bless,
May they Thy servants be,
And rule in righteousness.

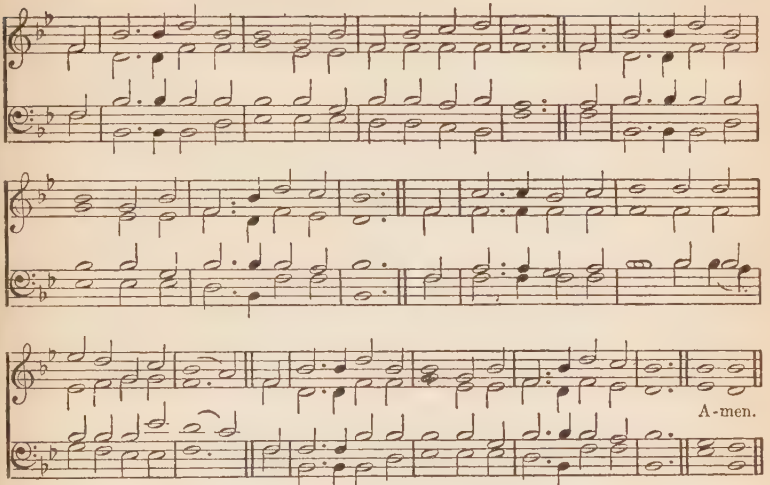
mf 5 The Church of Thy dear Son,
Inflame with love's pure fire,
Bind her once more in one,
And life and truth inspire.

mf 6 The pastors of Thy fold
With grace and power endue,
cr That faithful, pure, and bold,
They may be pastors true. Amen.

W. W. How.

506 MORNING LIGHT. 7.6.7.6. D.

G. J. Webb.



See also Homeward Journey, No. 480.

Happy is that people whose God is the Lord.

mf FROM ocean unto ocean
Our land shall own Thee Lord,
And, filled with true devotion,
Obey Thy sovereign word.
Our prairies and our mountains,
Forest and fertile field,
Our rivers, lakes, and fountains,
To Thee shall tribute yield.

mf 2 O Christ, for Thine own glory,
And for our country's weal,
We humbly plead before Thee,
Thyself in us reveal;
And may we know, Lord Jesus,
The touch of Thy dear hand;
And, healed of our diseases,
The tempter's power withstand.

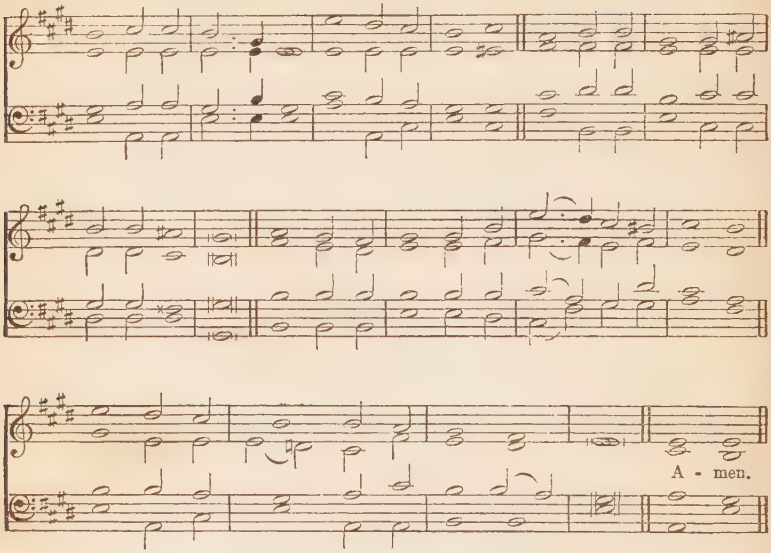
mp 3 Where error smites with blindness,
Enslaves and leads astray,
cr Do Thou in lovingkindness
Proclaim Thy gospel day;
mf Till all the tribes and races
That dwell in this fair land,
Adorned with Christian graces,
Within Thy courts shall stand.

mf 4 Our Saviour King, defend us,
And guide where we should go;
Forth with Thy message send us,
Thy love and light to show;
cr Till fired with true devotion
Enkindled by Thy Word,
f From ocean unto ocean
Our land shall own Thee Lord. Amen.

Robert Murray.

507 RUSSIAN HYMN. 11.10.11.9.

ALEXIS LWOFF



Good is the word of the Lord . . . for there shall be peace and truth in my days.

f GOD, the All-terrible! King, who ordainest,
Thunder thy clarion, and lightning Thy sword,
dim Show forth Thy pity on high where Thou reignest:
p Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

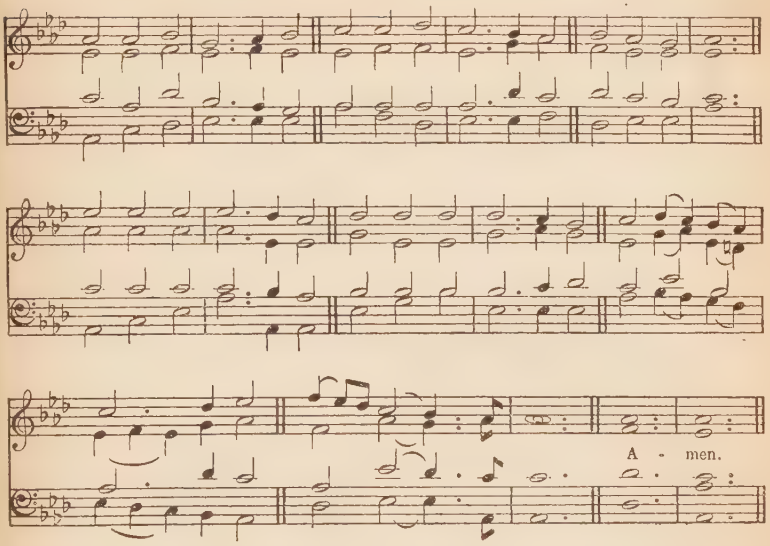
f 2 God the Omnipotent! Mighty Avenger,
Watching invisible, judging unheard,
mp Save us in mercy, oh save us from danger:
p Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

mf 3 God the All-merciful! Earth hath forsaken
Thy ways all holy, and slighted Thy word;
Let not Thy wrath in its terror awaken:
p Give to us pardon and peace, O Lord.

mf 4 So will Thy children with thankful devotion,
cr Praise Him who saved them from peril and sword,
f Shouting in chorus from ocean to ocean,
Peace to the nations, and praise to the Lord. Amen.

H. F. CHORLEY (*altd.*).

508 GOD SAVE THE KING. 6.6.4.6.6.6.4. HARMONIZED BY E. J. HOPKINS.



And all the people shouted and said, God save the King.

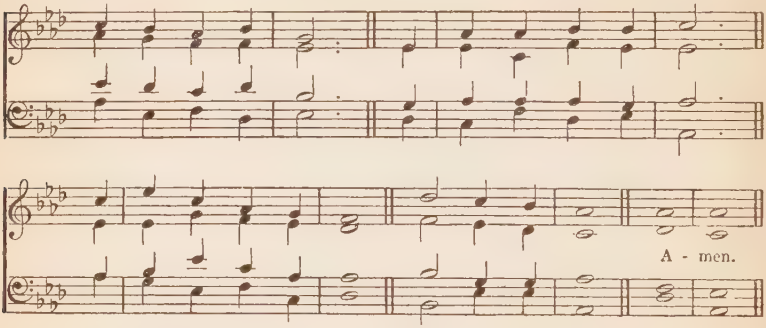
f GOD save our gracious King,
Long live our noble King,
God save the King:
cr Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us;
God save the King.

f 2 Thy choicest gifts in store
On him be pleased to pour;
Long may he reign:
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
cr To sing with heart and voice,
God save the King. Amen.

Author not known.

1. God in Creation and Providence

509 BEECHWOOD. 5.6.6.4.

JOSIAH BOOTH.

Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you.

mf GOD, who made the earth,
The air, the sky, the sea,
Who gave the light its birth,
Careth for me.

2 God, who made the grass,
The flower, the fruit, the tree,
The day and night to pass,
Careth for me.

3 God, who made the sun,
The moon, the stars, is He
Who, when life's clouds come on,
Careth for me.

4 God, who made all things,
On earth, in air, in sea,
Who changing seasons brings,
Careth for me

mp 5 God, who gave me breath,
Be this my prayer to Thee
That, when I sink in death,
Thou care for me.

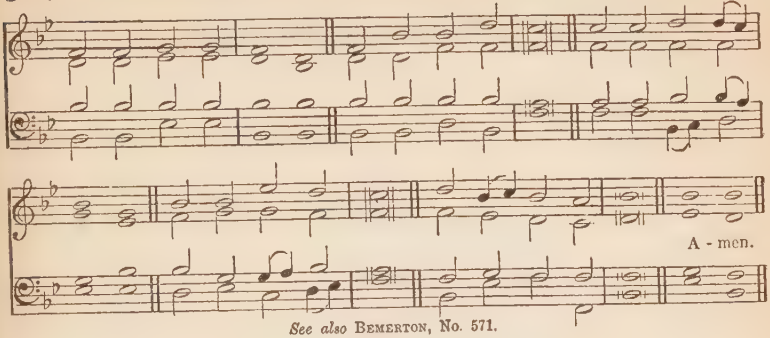
cr 6 God, who sent His Son
To die on Calvary,
He, if I lean on Him,
Will care for me.

mf 7 When in heaven's bright land
I all His loved ones see,
f I'll sing with that blest band,
'God cared for me.' Amen.

S. B. RHODES.

510 INFANT PRAISES. 6.5.6.5 (*with repeat*).

FRIEDRICH SILCHER.



See also BEMERTON, No. 571.

The earth is full of the goodness of the Lord.

mf SEE the shining dewdrops
On the flowers strewed,
Proving, as they sparkle,
'God is ever good.'

2 See the morning sunbeams
Lighting up the wood,
Silently proclaiming,
'God is ever good.'

3 Hear the mountain streamlet
In the solitude,
With its ripple saying,
'God is ever good.'

4 In the leafy tree-tops,
Where no fears intrude,
Merry birds are singing,
'God is ever good.'

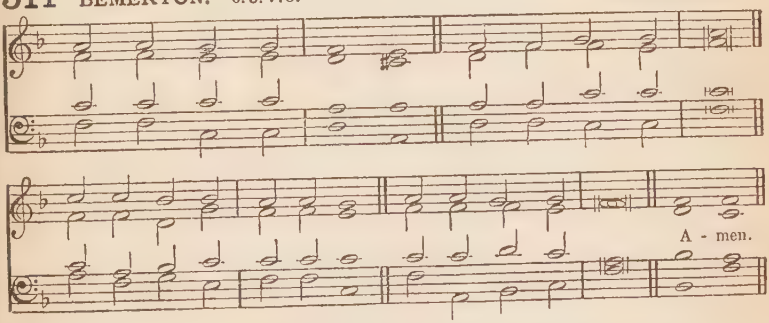
5 He who came to save us
Shed His precious blood—
Better things it speaketh—
'God is ever good.'

6 Bring, my heart, thy tribute,
Songs of gratitude;
All things join to tell us,
'God is ever good.' Amen.

MAJOR'S 'BOOK OF PRAISE.'

511 BEMERTON. 6.5.7.5.

FRIEDRICH FILITZ.



See also INFANT PRAISES, No. 510.

Can any hide himself in secret places that I shall not see him? saith the Lord.

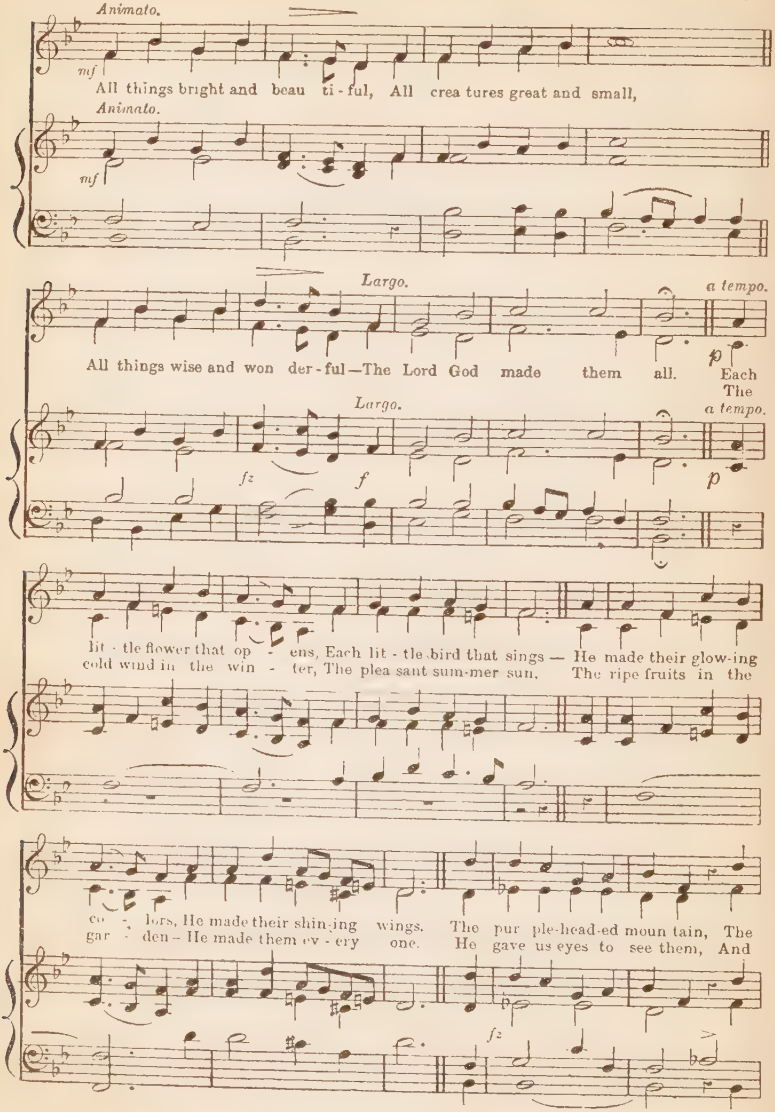
mf GOD is always near me,
Hearing what I say,
Knowing all my thoughts and deeds,
All my work and play.

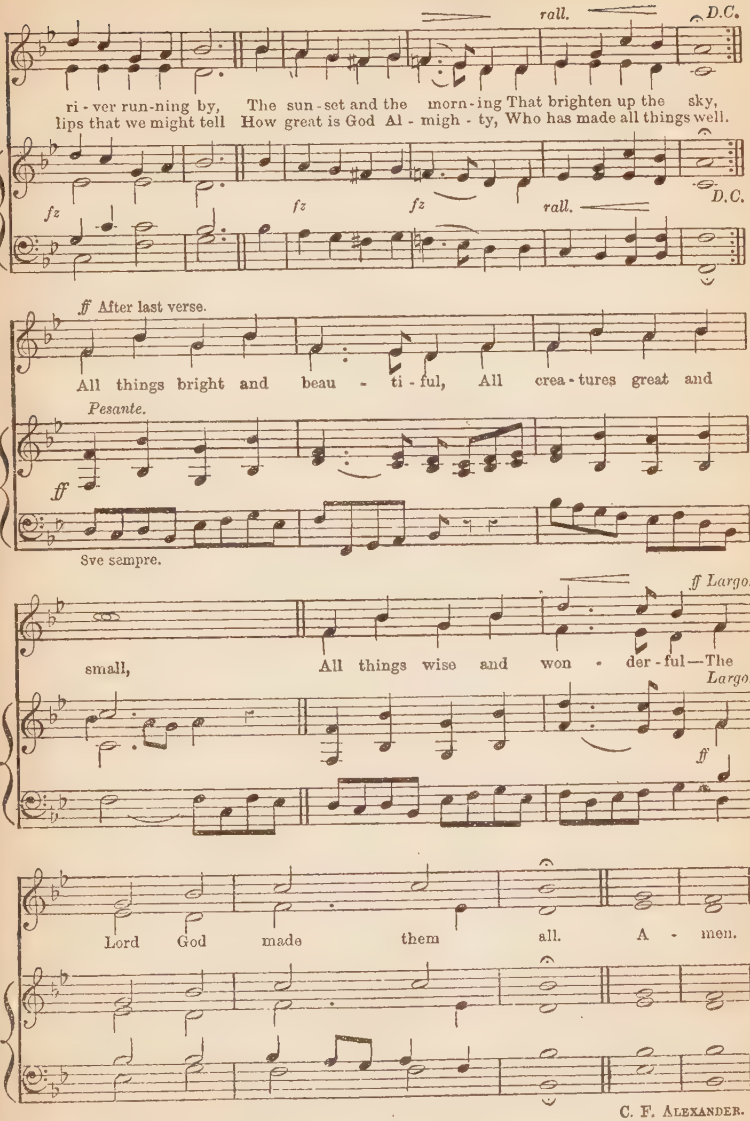
mp 2 God is always near me;
In the darkest night
cr He can see me just the same
As by mid-day light.

mf 3 God is always near me,
Though so young and small;
Not a look, or word, or thought,
But God knows it all. Amen.

P. P. BLISS.

512 ALL THINGS BRIGHT

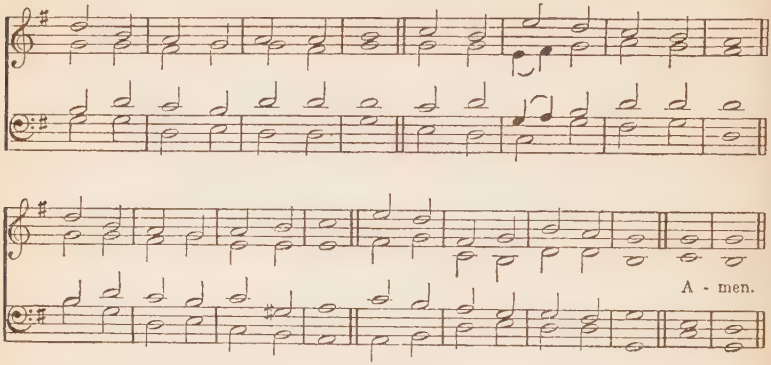
JOHN HULLAH.

Animato.
mf
All things bright and beau ti - ful, All crea tures great and small,
Animato.
mf
Largo.
a tempo.
All things wise and won der - ful—The Lord God made them all. Each
p
Largo.
a tempo.
fz
f
p
lit - tle flower that op - ens, Each lit - tle bird that sings — He made their glow-ing
cold wind in the win - ter, The plea sant sum-mer sun. The ripe fruits in the
co - lors, He made their shin-ing wings. The pur ple-head-ed moun tain, The
gar - den – He made them ev - ery one. He gave us eyes to see them, And
fz

God in Creation and Providence

rall.
D.C.
ri - ver run-ning by, The sun - set and the morn - ing That brighten up the sky,
lips that we might tell How great is God Al - migh - ty, Who has made all things well.
fz
fz
fz
rall.
D.C.
ff After last verse.
All things bright and beau - ti - ful, All crea - tures great and
Pesante.
ff
Sve sempre.
ff Largo.
small, All things wise and won - der - ful—The
Largo.
ff
Lord God made them all. A - men.

C. F. Alexander.

513 BATTISHILL. 7.7.7.7.

JONATHAN BATTISHILL.



My God shall supply all your need.

mp POOR and needy though I be,
God Almighty cares for me;
Gives me clothing, shelter, food,
Gives me all I have of good.

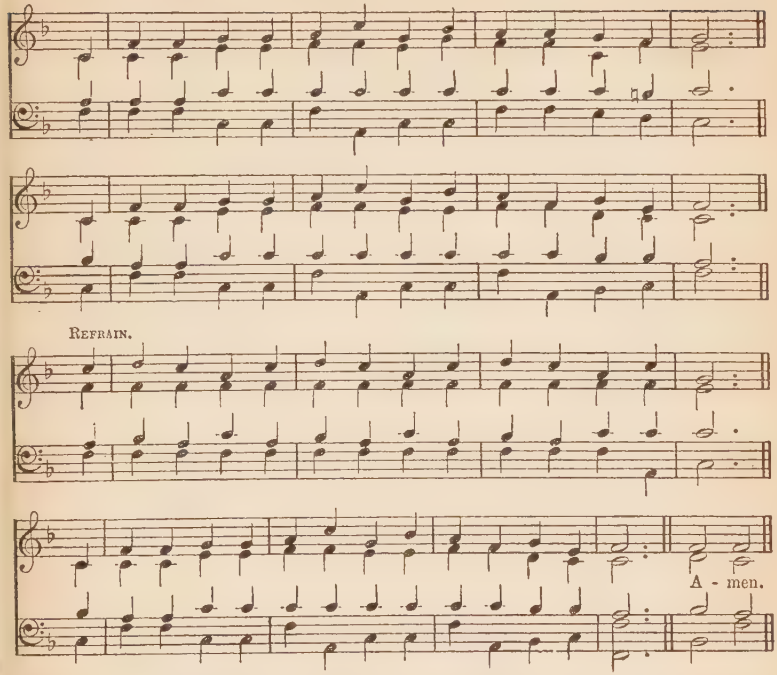
2 He will hear me when I pray;
He is with me night and day,
When I sleep, and when I wake,
For the Lord my Saviour's sake.

3 He who reigns above the sky
Once became as poor as I,
He whose blood for me was shed
Had not where to lay His head.

4 Though I labor here awhile,
He will bless me with His smile;
And, when this short life is past,
I shall rest with Him at last.

mf 5 Then to Him I tune my song,
Happy as the day is long;
This my joy for ever be,
God Almighty cares for me. Amen.

DOROTHY A. THRUPP.

514 PROVIDENCE. C. M. (*with refrain*).

Sparrows . . . not one of them is forgotten in the sight of God. Fear not: ye are of more value than many sparrows.

mp GOD sees the little sparrow fall,
It meets His tender view;
If God so loves the little birds,
I know He loves me too.

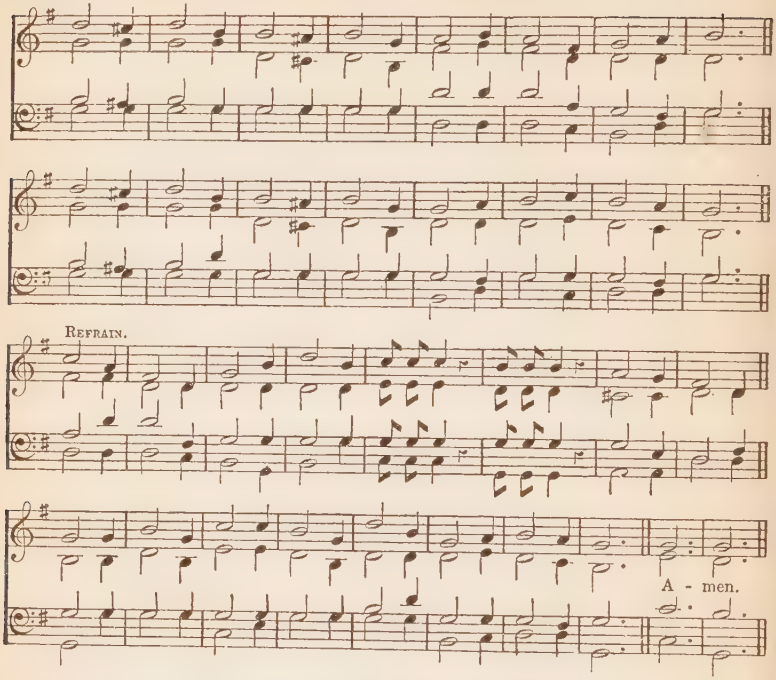
cr *He loves me too, He loves me too,*
I know He loves me too;
Because He loves the little things,
I know He loves me too.

mp 2 He paints the lily of the field,
Perfumes each lily bell;
cr If He so loves the little flowers,
I know He loves me well.

mp 3 God made the little birds and flowers,
And all things large and small;
cr He'll not forget His little ones,
I know He loves them all. Amen.

MARIA STRAUB.

515 BIRDS ARE SINGING. 8.7.8.7. (*with refrain*).



All Thy works shall praise Thee.

mf BIRDS are singing, woods are ringing,
With Thy praises, blessèd King;
Lake and mountain, field and fountain,
To Thy throne their tributes bring.
cr *We, Thy children, join the chorus,*
Merrily, cheerily, gladly praise Thee;
f *Glad hosannas, glad hosannas,*
Joyfully we lift to Thee.

mf 2 Waters dancing, sunbeams glancing,
Sing Thy glory cheerily;
Blossoms breaking, nature waking,
Chant Thy praises merrily.

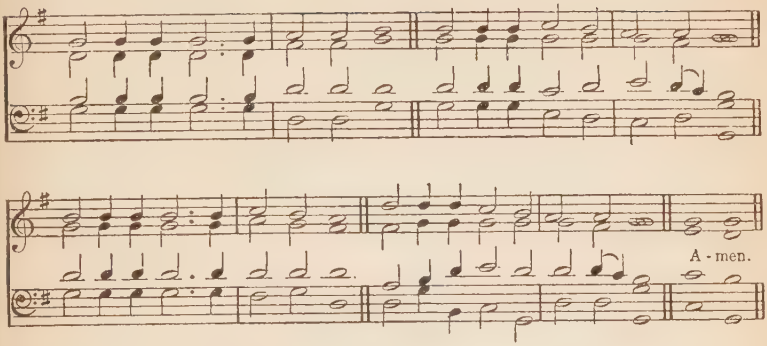
mf 3 Angels o'er us join the chorus
Which on earth we sing to Thee;
cr Heaven is ringing, earth is singing,
Praises to Thee joyfully. Amen.

L. F. Cole.

2. The Father

516 STERLING. L.M.

R. Harrison.



Though the Lord be high yet hath He respect unto the lowly.

mp GREAT God! and wilt Thou condescend
To be my Father and my Friend?
I a poor child, and Thou so high,
The Lord of earth and air and sky.

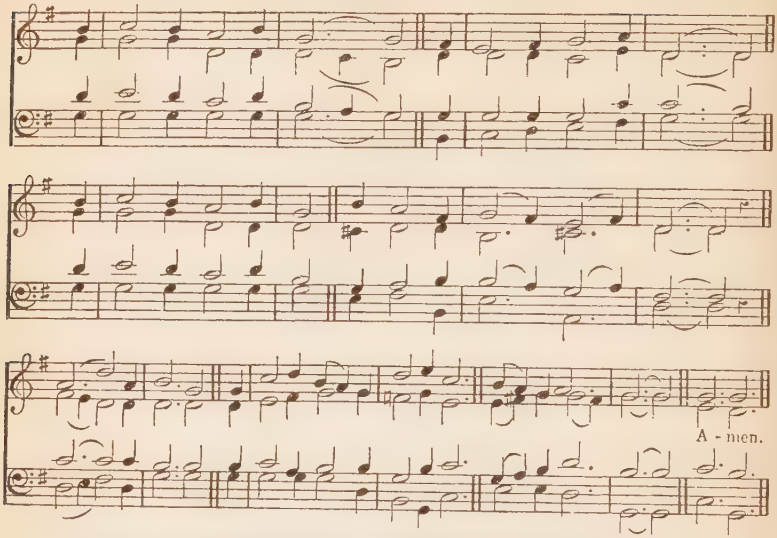
mp 2 Art Thou my Father? Canst Thou bear
To hear my poor, imperfect prayer?
Or wilt Thou listen to the praise
That such a little one can raise?

mp 3 Art Thou my Father? Let me be
A meek, obedient child to Thee;
cr And try, in word and deed and thought,
To serve and praise Thee as I ought.

mf 4 Art Thou my Father? Then at last,
When all my days on earth are past,
Send down and take me in Thy love
To be Thy better child above. Amen.

Ann Gilbert.

517 CHILDREN'S VOICES. 6.6.6.6.8.8. E. J. Hopkins.



Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise.

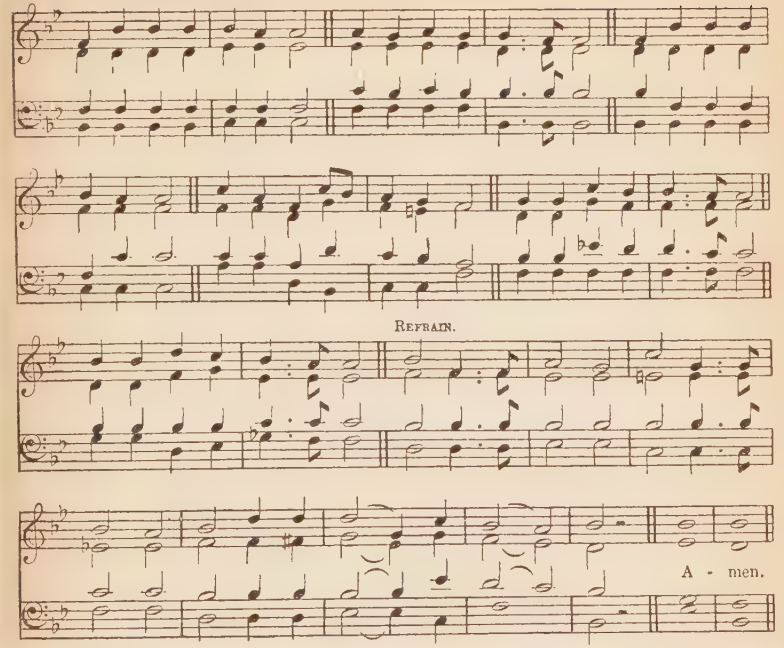
mf ABOVE the clear blue sky,
In heaven's bright abode,
The angel host on high
Sing praises to their God:
f Hallelujah! They love to sing
To God their King, Hallelujah!

mp 2 But God from infant tongues
On earth receiveth praise;
mf We then our cheerful songs
In sweet accord will raise:
f Hallelujah! We too will sing
To God our King, Hallelujah!

mp 3 O blessèd Lord, Thy truth
To us Thy babes impart,
And teach us in our youth
To know Thee as Thou art:
f Hallelujah! Then shall we sing
To God our King, Hallelujah!

mp 4 O may Thy holy Word
Spread all the world around,
mf And all with one accord
Uplift the joyful sound:
f Hallelujah! All then shall sing
To God their King, Hallelujah! Amen. John Chandler.

518 THANKSGIVING. 7.7.7.7.7.7. (*with refrain*)



Giving thanks unto the Father.

mp CAN a little child like me
Thank the Father fittingly?
cr Yes, oh yes! be good and true,
Patient, kind in all you do;
Love the Lord, and do your part;
Learn to say with all your heart,
mf Father, we thank Thee!
Father in heaven, we thank Thee!

mf 2 For the fruit upon the tree,
For the birds that sing of Thee,
For the earth in beauty drest,
Father, mother, and the rest,
For Thy precious, loving care,
For Thy bounty everywhere,
cr Father, we thank Thee!
Father in heaven, we thank Thee!

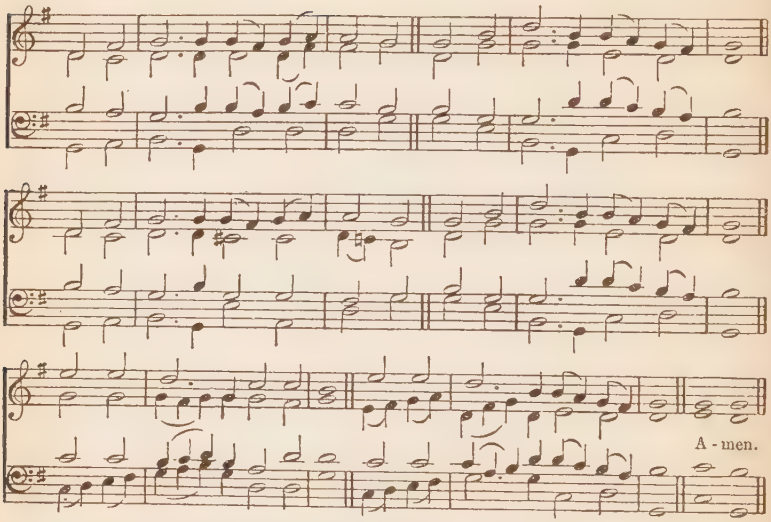
mf 3 For the sunshine warm and bright,
For the day and for the night,
For the lessons of our youth—
Honor, gratitude and truth,
For the love that met us here,
For the home and for the cheer,
cr Father, we thank Thee!
Father in heaven, we thank Thee!

mf 4 For our comrades and our plays,
And our happy holidays,
For the joyful work and true
That a little child may do,
For our lives but just begun,
For the great gift of Thy Son,
cr Father, we thank Thee!
Father in heaven, we thank Thee!
Amen.

3. The Son

(1) HIS BIRTH

519 **IRBY.** 8.7.8.7.7.7. H. J. GAUNTLETT.



Ye shall find a babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.

mp ONCE in royal David's city
Stood a lowly cattle-shed,
Where a mother laid her baby
In a manger for His bed;
cr Mary was that mother mild,
Jesus Christ her little Child.

p 2 He came down to earth from heaven
cr Who is God and Lord of all,
And His shelter was a stable,
p And His cradle was a stall;
With the poor, and mean, and lowly
Lived on earth our Saviour holy.

mf 3 And, through all His wondrous child-
He would honor and obey, [hood,
Love and watch the lowly mother
In whose gentle arms He lay:
Christian children all should be
Mild, obedient, good as He.

mf 4 For He is our childhood's pattern,
Day by day like us He grew,
p He was little, weak and helpless,
Tears and smiles like us He knew;
cr And He feeleth for our sadness,
And He shareth in our gladness.

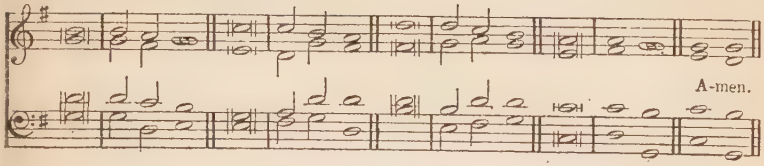
mf 5 And our eyes at last shall see Him,
Through His own redeeming love,
p For that Child so dear and gentle
f Is our Lord in heaven above;
And He leads His children on
To the place where He is gone.

mf 6 Not in that poor lowly stable,
With the oxen standing by,
f We shall see Him; but in heaven,
Set at God's right hand on high;
When like stars His children crowned
All in white shall wait around. Amen.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER.

520 METRICAL CHANT.

A. H. D. Troyte.



And the angel said unto them, Unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour which is Christ the Lord.

mp THERE came a little Child to earth |
Lóng ago;
cr And the angels of God proclaimed His birth,— |
High and low.
mp Out in the night, so calm and still,
Their | sóng was heard;
cr For they knew that the Child on Bethlehem's hill
mf Was Christ | the Lord.

mf 2 Far away in a goodly land, |
Fáir and bright,
Children with crowns of glory stand, |
Róbed in white,—
In white more pure than the spotless snow;
And their | tóngues unite
In the psalm which the angels sang long ago
p On thát | still night.

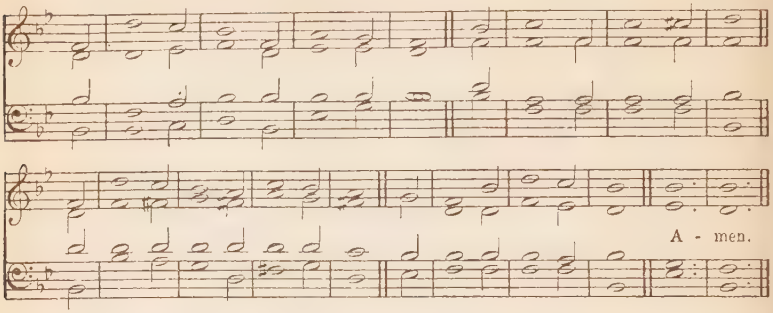
mf 3 They sing how the Lord of that world so fair
A | child was born;
And that they might His crown of glory share,
p Wore a | crówn of thorn;
And in mortal weakness, in want and pain,
Came | fórth to die,
cr That the children of earth might in glory reign
With | Him on high.

f 4 He has put on His kingly apparel now,
In that | góodly land;
And He leads to where fountains of waters flow
That | chósen band.
cr And for evermore, in their robes so fair
And | úndefiled,
Those ransomed children His praise declare,
Who was ónce | a child. Amen.

Emily E. S. Elliott.

(2) HIS EXAMPLE

521 HOLY CROSS. C. M. ADAPTED BY J. C. WADE.



Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth.

mp BY cool Siloam's shady rill
How sweet the lily grows!
How sweet the breath beneath the hill
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

2 Lo, such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod,
Whose secret heart with influence sweet
Is upward drawn to God.

p 3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.

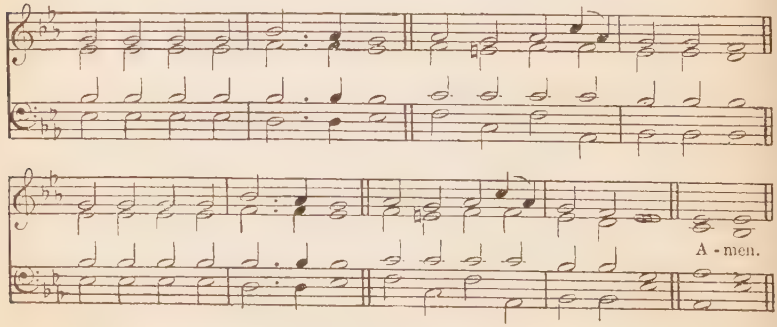
4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passion's rage.

mp 5 O Thou, whose infant feet were found
Within Thy Father's shrine,
Whose years, with changeless virtue crowned,
Were all alike divine!

6 Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,
We seek Thy grace alone
mf In childhood, manhood, age and death,
To keep us still Thine own! Amen.

REGINALD HEBER.

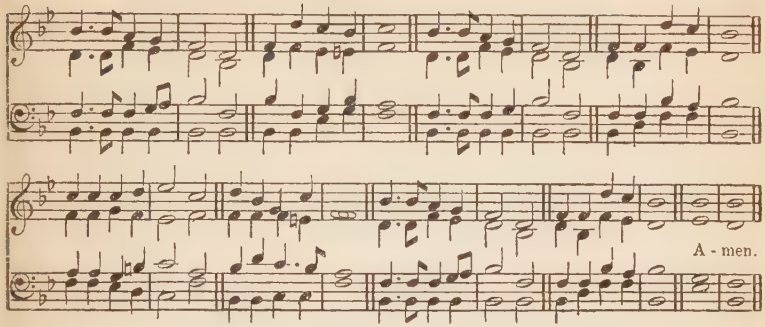
GENTLE JESUS. 7.7.7.7. ARRANGED FROM MOZART.



See also INNOCENTS, No. 574.

522 PASTOR BONUS. 6.5.6.5. D.

COMPOSER UNKNOWN.



Our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep.

mp JESUS is our Shepherd,
Wiping every tear;
Folded in His bosom,
What have we to fear?
cr Only let us follow
Whither He doth lead,
To the thirsty desert
Or the dewy mead.

mp 2 Jesus is our Shepherd:
Well we know His voice,
How its gentlest whisper
Makes our heart rejoice!
Even when He chideth,
Tender is its tone;
cr None but He shall guide us;
We are His alone.

mp 3 Jesus is our Shepherd;
For the sheep He bled;
Every lamb is sprinkled
With the blood He shed;
Then on each He setteth
His own secret sign:—
cr 'They that have My Spirit,
These,' saith He, 'are Mine.

mf 4 Jesus is our Shepherd:
Guarded by His arm,
Though the wolves may raven,
None can do us harm:
p When we tread death's valley,
Dark with fearful gloom,
mf We will fear no evil,
f Victors o'er the tomb. Amen.

HUGH STOWELL.

523 GENTLE JESUS. 7.7.7.7.

The meekness and gentleness of Christ.

mp GENTLE Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child;
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to Thee.

2 Fain I would to Thee be brought—
Dearest Lord, forbid it not;
Give a little child a place
In the kingdom of Thy grace.

3 Lamb of God, I look to Thee—
Thou shalt my example be;
Thou art gentle, meek and mild;
Thou wast once a little child.

4 Fain I would be as Thou art;
Give me Thy obedient heart;
Thou art pitiful and kind,
Let me have Thy loving mind.

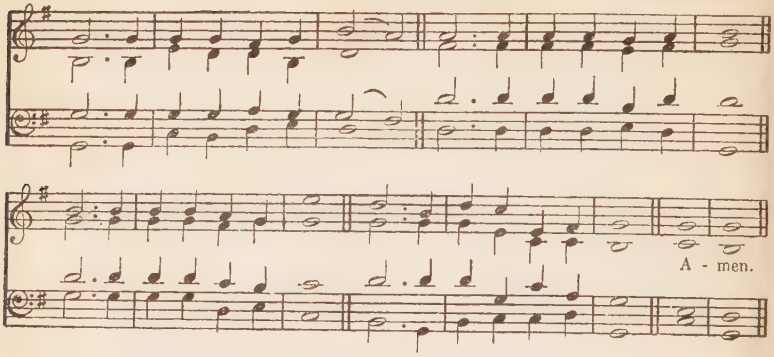
5 Loving Jesus, gentle Lamb,
In Thy gracious hands I am;
Make me, Saviour, what Thou art;
Live Thyself within my heart.

mf 6 I shall then show forth Thy praise,
Serve Thee all my happy days;
Then the world shall always see
Christ, the holy Child, in me. Amen.

CHARLES WESLEY

524 DIJON. 7.7.7 7.

GERMAN MELODY.



Christ in you, the hope of glory.

mf MORE like Jesus would I be,
Let my Saviour dwell with me,
Fill my soul with peace and love,
Make me gentle as the dove.
More like Jesus! while I go
Pilgrim in this world below
Poor in spirit would I be—
Let my Saviour dwell in me.

mp 2 If He hears the raven's cry,
If His ever watchful eye
Marks the sparrows when they fall,
cr Surely He will hear my call.
He will teach me how to live,
All my sinful thoughts forgive;
Pure in heart I still would be—
Let my Saviour dwell in me.

mf 3 More like Jesus when I pray,
More like Jesus day by day,
May I rest me by His side,
Where the tranquil waters glide.
cr By the Spirit's grace renewed,
By His love my will subdued,
Rich in faith I still would be—
Let my Saviour dwell in me. Amen.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

525 ASPIRATION. 7.6.8.6.

Changed into the same image.

mp I WANT to be like Jesus,
So lowly and so meek;
cr For no one marked an angry word
That ever heard Him speak.

mp 2 I want to be like Jesus
So frequently in prayer;
Alone upon the mountain top
He met His Father there.

3 I want to be like Jesus:
cr I never, never find
That He, though persecuted, was
To any one unkind.

mf 4 I want to be like Jesus,
Engaged in doing good,
So that of me it may be said,
'She hath done what she could.'

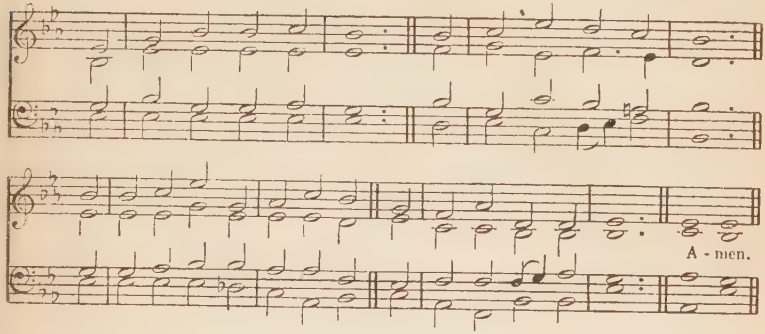
p 5 Alas! I'm not like Jesus,
As any one may see;
cr O gentle Saviour, send Thy grace
And make me like to Thee. Amen.

WM. MEYNELL WHITTEMORE.

(3) HIS SERVICE

526 HOLYROOD. S.M.

JAMES WATSON.



Thou shalt not delay to offer the first of thy ripe fruits.

mf FAIR waved the golden corn
In Canaan's pleasant land,
cr When full of joy, some shining morn,
Went forth the reaper-band.

f 2 To God so good and great
Their cheerful thanks they pour,
Then carry to His temple-gate
The choicest of their store.

mf 3 Like Israel, Lord, we give
Our earliest fruits to Thee,
And pray that, long as we shall live,
We may Thy children be.

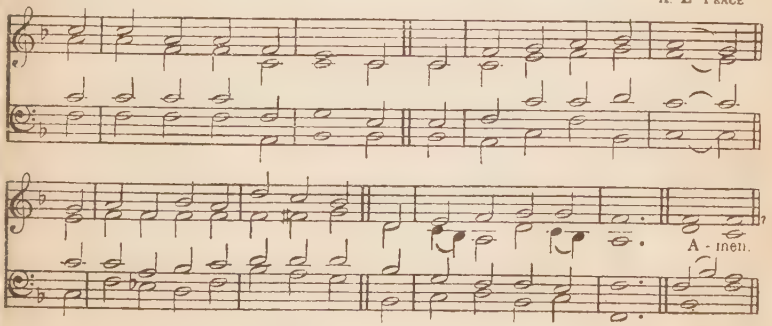
4 Thine is our youthful prime,
And life and all its powers;
Be with us in our morning time.
p And bless our evening hours.

cr 5 In wisdom let us grow,
As years and strength are given,
mf That we may serve Thy Church below,
f And join Thy saints in heaven. Amen.

JOHN HAMPDEN GURNEY.

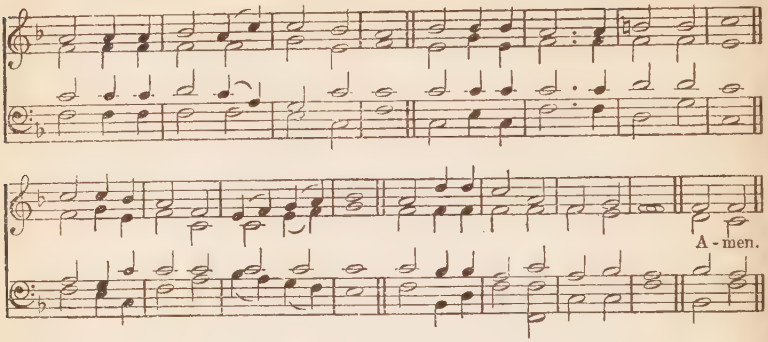
ASPIRATION. 7.6.8.6.

A. L. PEACE



527 FEDERAL STREET. L. M.

HENRY K. OLIVER.



What shall I do, Lord?

mf WE are but little children weak,
Nor born in any high estate;
What can we do for Jesus' sake,
cr Who is so high and good and great?

mf 2 O day by day, each Christian child
Has much to do, without, within—
A death to die for Jesus' sake,
A weary war to wage with sin.

p 3 When deep within our swelling hearts
The thoughts of pride and anger rise,
When bitter words are on our tongues,
And tears of passion in our eyes.

cr 4 Then we may stay the angry blow,
Then we may check the hasty word,
p Give gentle answers back again—
f And fight a battle for our Lord.

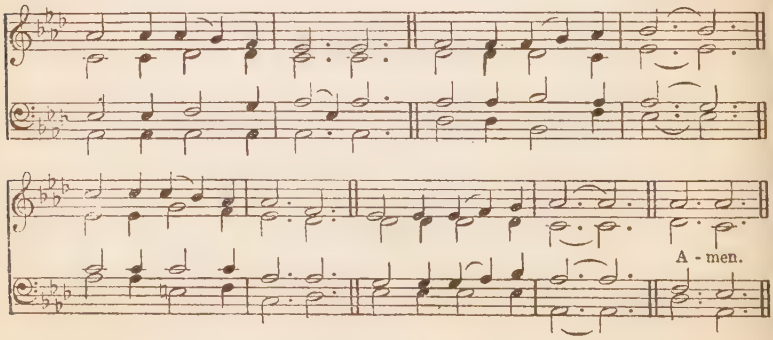
mf 5 With smiles of peace and looks of love
Light in our dwellings we may make,
Bid kind good-humor brighten there—
And still do all for Jesus' sake.

mf 6 There's not a child so small and weak
But has his little cross to take,
His little work of love and praise
That he may do for Jesus' sake.
Amen.

C. F. ALEXANDER.

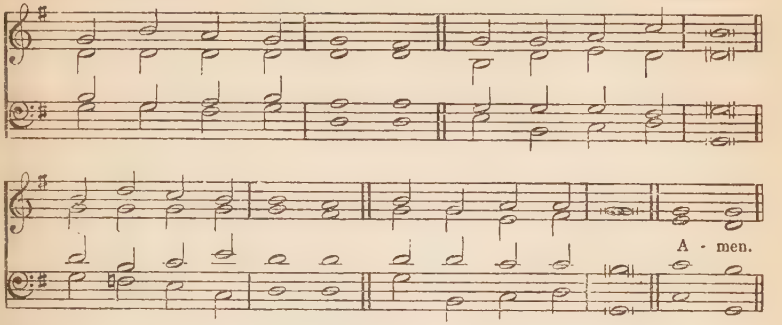
WARFARE. 6.5.6.5.

L. J. HUTTON.



528 FULSTOW. 6.5.6.5.

T. R. Matthews.



He that hath the Son hath the life; he that hath not the Son of God hath not the life.

mp JESUS, high in glory,
Lend a listening ear;
When we bow before Thee,
Children's praises hear.

cr 2 Though Thou art so holy,
Heaven's Almighty King.
Thou wilt stoop to listen
When Thy praise we sing.

mp 3 We are little children,
Weak and apt to stray;
Saviour, guide and keep us
In the heavenly way.

4 Save us, Lord, from sinning.
Watch us day by day;
Help us now to love Thee:
Take our sins away.

mf 5 Then, when Jesus calls us
To our heavenly home,
We would gladly answer,
'Saviour, Lord, we come.' Amen.

'S. S. Harmonist,' 1847.

529 WARFARE. 6.5.6.5.

Ye are Christ's.

mf DO no sinful action.
Speak no angry word,
Ye belong to Jesus,
Children of the Lord.

mp 2 Christ is kind and gentle,
Christ is pure and true,
cr And His little children
Must be holy too.

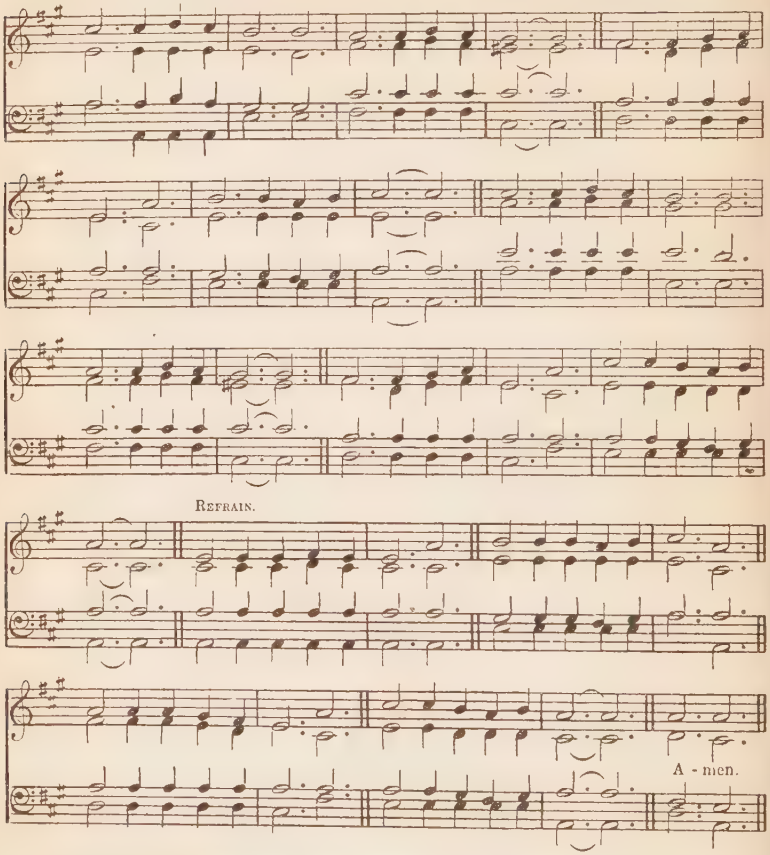
mp 3 There's a wicked spirit
Watching round you still,
And he tries to tempt you
To all harm and ill.

mf 4 But you must not hear him
Though 'tis hard for you
To resist the evil,
And the good to do.

mf 5 Christ is your own Master,
He is good and true,
And His little children
Must be holy too. Amen.

C. F. Alexander.

530 YIELD NOT TO TEMPTATION. 11.11.11.12. (*with refrain*). H. R. Palmer.



The Lord is faithful, who shall stablish you, and guard you from evil.

mf YIELD not to temptation, for yielding is sin;
Each victory will help you some other to win;
Fight manfully onward; dark passions subdue;
Look ever to Jesus—He will carry you through,

mp *Ask the Saviour to help you,*
cr *Comfort, strengthen, and keep you;*
mf *He is willing to aid you,*
He will carry you through.

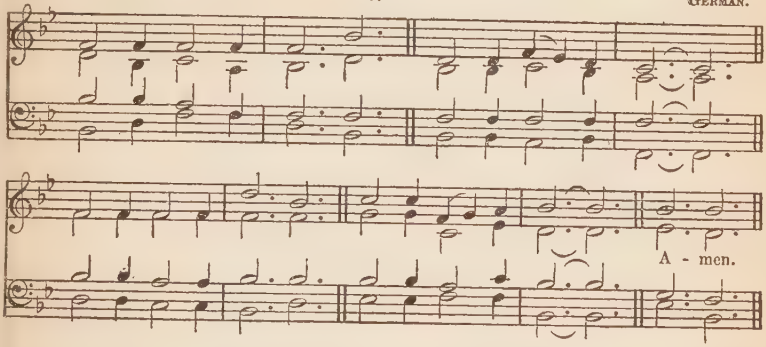
mp 2 Shun evil companions; bad language disdain;
God's name hold in reverence, nor take it in vain;
Be thoughtful and earnest, kind-hearted and true;
cr Look ever to Jesus—He will carry you through.

f 3 To him that o'ercometh God giveth a crown;
Through faith we shall conquer, though often cast down;
He who is our Saviour our strength will renew;
Look ever to Jesus—He will carry you through. Amen.

HORATIO R. PALMER.

531 INFANT'S PRAYER. 6.5.6.5.

GERMAN.



Who hath despised the day of small things?

mp LITTLE drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
cr Make the mighty ocean,
And the beauteous land.

2 And the little moments,
Humble though they be,
mf Make the mighty ages
Of eternity.

mp 3 Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
cr Make our earth an Eden
Like the heaven above.

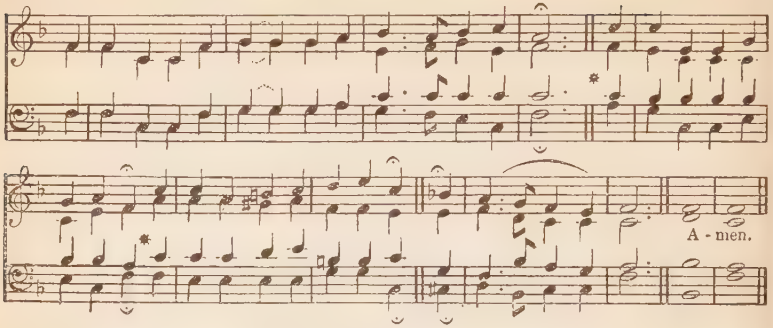
mp 4 So our little errors
Lead the soul away
From the paths of virtue
Into sin to stray.

cr 5 Little seeds of mercy,
Sown by youthful hands,
mf Grow to bless the nations
Far in heathen lands. Amen.

E. C. BREWER.

532 LITTLE HANDS. 7.6.8.8.6.

JOHN THOMSON.



She hath done what she could.

mf O, WHAT can little hands do
To please the King of Heaven?
cr The little hands some work may try
To help the poor in misery:
mp Such grace to mine be given.

mf 2 O, what can little lips do
To please the King of Heaven?
cr The little lips can praise and pray,
And gentle words of kindness say
mp Such grace to mine be given.

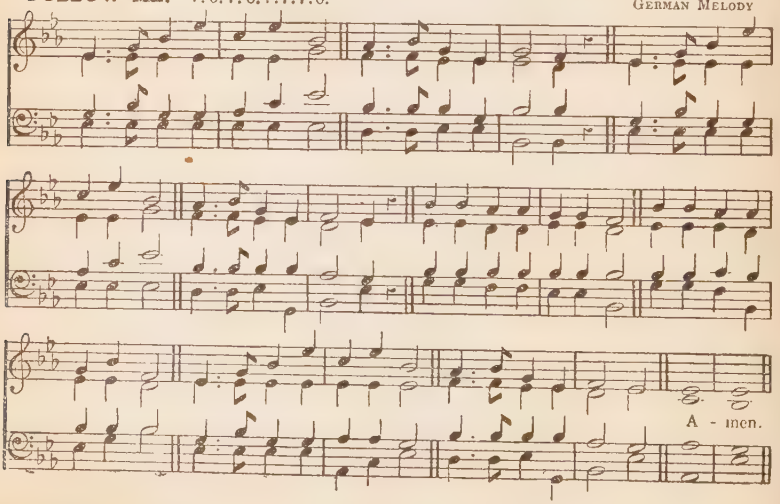
mf 3 O, what can little hearts do
To please the King of Heaven?
cr Our hearts, if God His Spirit send,
Can love and trust their Saviour Friend:
mp Such grace to mine be given.

mf 4 Though small is all that we can do
To please the King of Heaven;
* When hearts and hands and lips unite
To serve the Saviour with delight,
They are most precious in His sight:
mp Such grace to mine be given. Amen.

FARIN, in 'Happy Voices,' 1865.

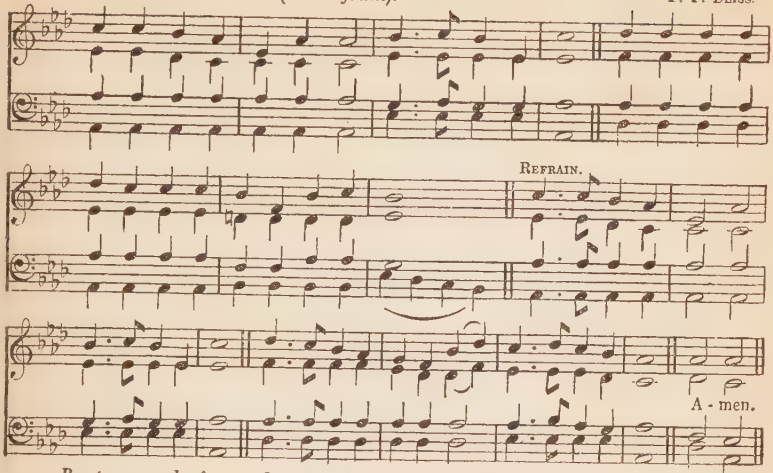
FOLLOW ME. 7.6.7.6.7.7.7.6.

GERMAN MELODY



533 DANIEL. 7.5.7.6. (*with refrain*).

P. P. Bliss.



Be strong and of a good courage, fear not, . . . for the Lord thy God, He it is that doth go with thee.

mf STANDING by a purpose true,
Heeding God's command,
cr Honor them, the faithful few!
All hail to Daniel's band!
f *Dare to be a Daniel!*
Dare to stand alone!
Dare to have a purpose firm!
Dare to make it known!
mp 2 Many mighty men are lost,
Daring not to stand,
cr Who for God had been a host
By joining Daniel's band.
mf 3 Many giants, great and tall,
Stalking through the land,
cr Headlong to the earth would fall,
If met by Daniel's band.
mf 4 Hold the gospel banner high!
On to victory grand!
cr Satan and his host defy,
f And shout for Daniel's band. Amen.

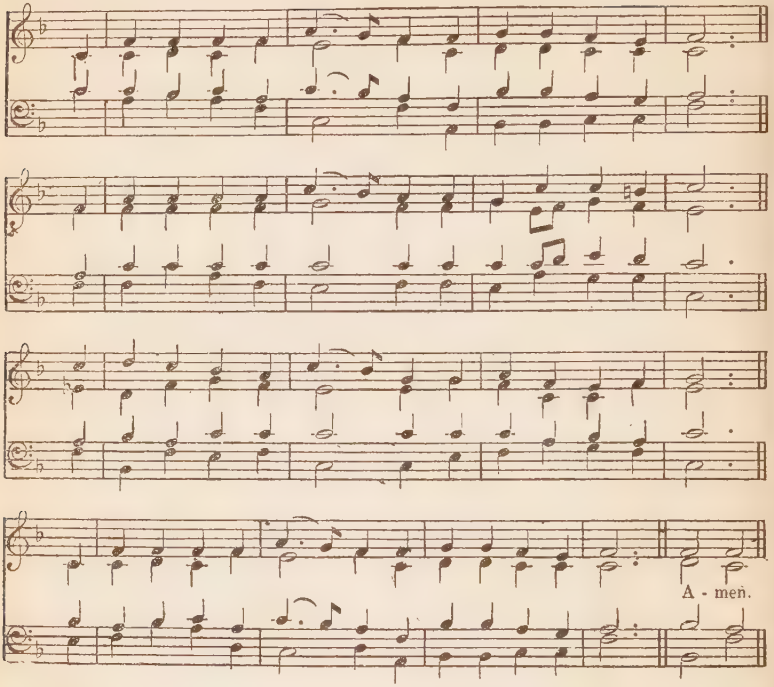
P. P. Bliss.

534 FOLLOW ME. 7.6.7.6.7.7.7.6.

Jesus spake . . . he that followeth Me . . . shall have the light of life.

mf 'FOLLOW Me,' the Master said:
We will follow Jesus:
By His word and Spirit led,
cr We will follow Jesus:
mp Still for us He lives to plead,
At the throne doth intercede,
cr Offers help in time of need:
f We will follow Jesus.
mp 2 Should the world and sin oppose,
mf We will follow Jesus;
cr He is greater than our foes;
We will follow Jesus:
mf On His promise we depend,
He will succor and defend,
Help and keep us to the end;
f We will follow Jesus.
mp 3 Though the way may dark appear,
mf We will follow Jesus;
He will make our pathway clear;
We will follow Jesus:
mp In our daily round of care,
As we plead with God in prayer,
cr With the cross which we must bear,
f We will follow Jesus.
mf 4 Ever keep the end in view;
We will follow Jesus:
cr All His promises are true;
We will follow Jesus.
mf When this earthly course is run,
And the Master says, 'Well done!'
cr Life eternal we have won.
f We will follow Jesus. Amen.

535 ELLON. 7.6.7.6. D.

G. F. Root.

To obey is better than sacrifice.

mf THE wise may bring their learning,
The rich may bring their wealth;
And some may bring their greatness,
And some bring strength and health:
We, too, would bring our treasures
To offer to the King;
mp We have no wealth or learning;
What shall we children bring?

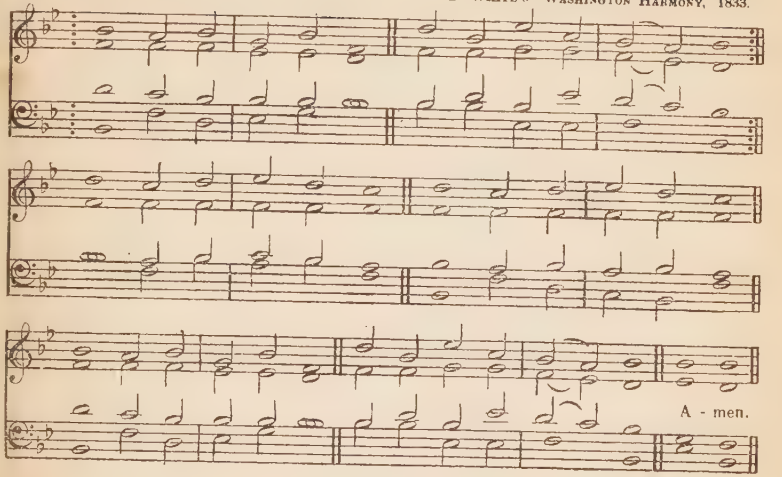
mf 2 We'll bring Him hearts that love Him,
We'll bring Him thankful praise,
And young souls meekly striving
To walk in holy ways:
And these shall be the treasures
We offer to the King,
And these are gifts that even
The poorest child may bring.

mf 3 We'll bring the little duties
We have to do each day;
We'll try our best to please Him,
At home, at school, at play:
And better are these treasures
To offer to our King
Than richest gifts without them,
Yet these a child may bring. Amen

(4) HIS PRAISE

536 **MADRID.** 6.6.6.6. D.

T. B. WHITE'S WASHINGTON HARMONY, 1833.



O come, let us sing unto the Lord.

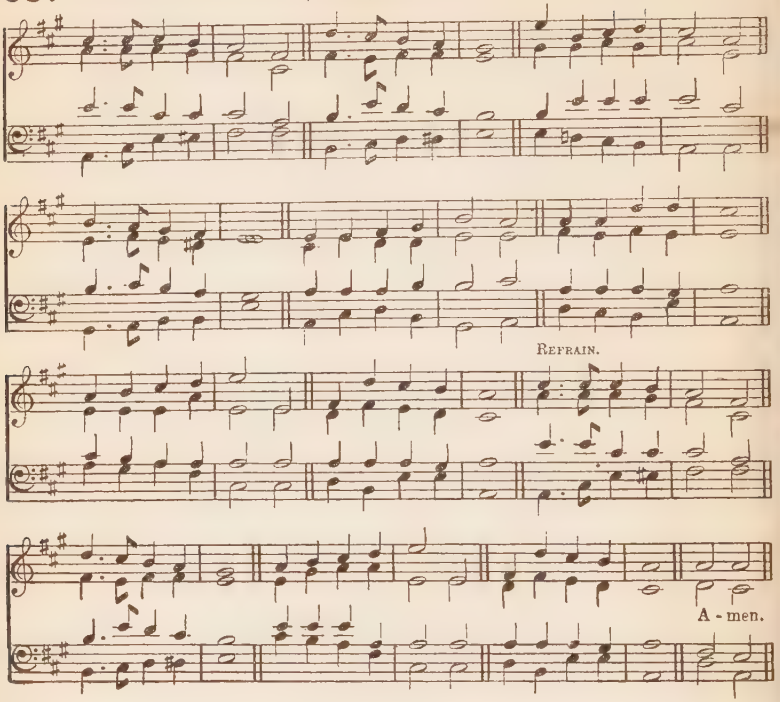
mf COME, children, join to sing
Hallelujah! Amen!
Loud praise to Christ our King;
Hallelujah! Amen!
cr Let all with heart and voice
Before His throne rejoice;
f Praise is His gracious choice:
Hallelujah! Amen!

mf 2 Come, lift your hearts on high;
Hallelujah! Amen!
Let praises fill the sky;
Hallelujah! Amen!
He is our guide and friend;
mp To us He'll condescend;
cr His love shall never end.
f Hallelujah! Amen!

f 3 Praise yet the Lord again;
Hallelujah! Amen!
Life shall not end the strain;
Hallelujah! Amen!
or On heaven's blissful shore
His goodness we'll adore,
Singing for evermore,
f Hallelujah! Amen!

CHRISTIAN H. BATEMAN.

537 HERMAS. 6.6.6.5. D. (*with refrain*).

F. R. HAVERGAL.

Him hath God exalted to be a Prince and a Saviour.

mf GOLDEN harps are sounding,
Angel voices ring,
Pearly gates are opened,
Opened for the King.
f Christ, the King of glory,
Jesus, King of love,
Is gone up in triumph
To His throne above.
mf *All His work is ended,*
Joyfully we sing;
f *Jesus hath ascended!*
Glory to our King.

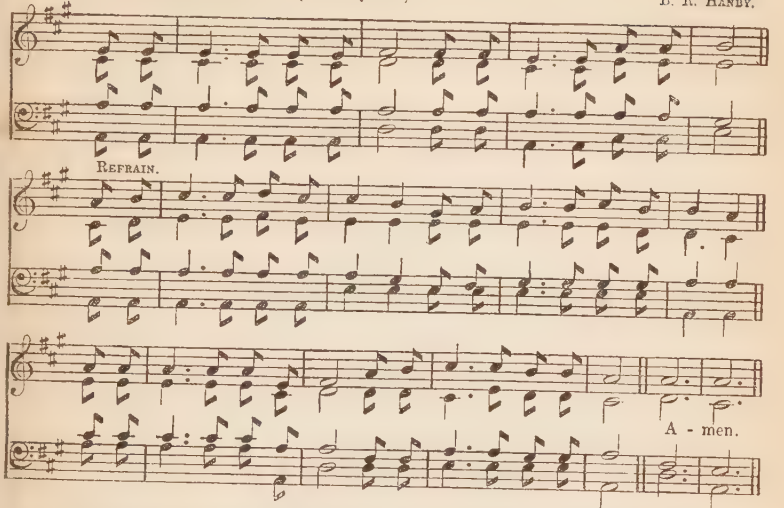
mp 2 He, who came to save us,
He, who bled and died,
mf Now is crowned with glory
At His Father's side.
Never more to suffer,
Never more to die;
Jesus, King of glory,
Is gone up on high!

mp 3 Praying for His children
In that blessèd place,
cr Calling them to glory,
Sending them His grace;
mf His bright home preparing,
Little ones, for you;
f Jesus ever liveth,
Ever loveth too. Amen.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

538 ADORATION. 7.7. (*with refrain*).

B. R. HANBY.



We behold Him who was for a little made lower than the angels, even Jesus, because of the suffering of death crowned with glory and honor.

mp WHO is He in yonder stall,
At whose feet the shepherds fall?
f *'Tis the Lord: O wondrous story!*
'Tis the Lord, the King of glory!
mp *At His feet we humbly fall:*
f *Crown Him, crown Him, Lord of all.*

mp 2 Who is He in yonder cot,
Bending to His toilsome lot?

p 3 Who is He in deep distress,
Fasting in the wilderness?

p 4 Who is He that stands and weeps
At the grave where Lazarus sleeps?

pp 5 Lo, at midnight, who is He
Prays in dark Gethsemane?

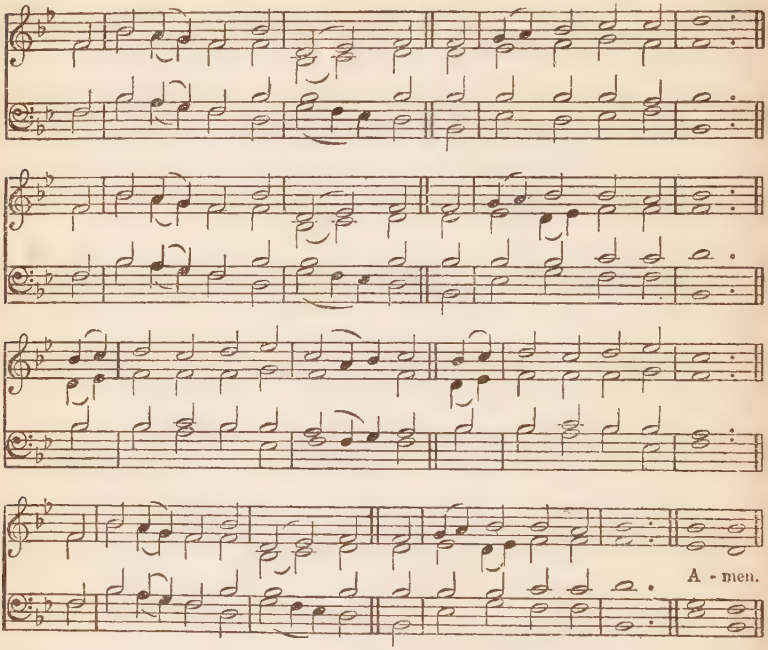
p 6 Who is He, in Calvary's throes
Asks for blessings on His foes?

mf 7 Who is He that from the grave
Comes to heal and help and save?

f 8 Who is He that on yon throne
Rules the world of light alone? Amen.

B. R. HANBY.

539 ELLACOMBE. 7.6.7.6. D.

CONRAD KOCHER'S 'ZIONSHARFE,' 1855.

The children . . . were crying in the temple, and saying, Hosanna to the Son of David.

mf HOSANNA! loud hosanna,
The little children sang;
Through pillared court and temple
The lovely anthem rang
To Jesus who had blessed them,
Close folded to His breast:
The children sang their praises,
The simplest and the best.

mf 2 From Olivet they followed
'Midst an exultant crowd
The victor palm-branch waving,
And shouting clear and loud.
Bright angels joined the chorus,
Beyond the cloudless sky,—
f 'Hosanna in the highest!
Glory to God on high!'

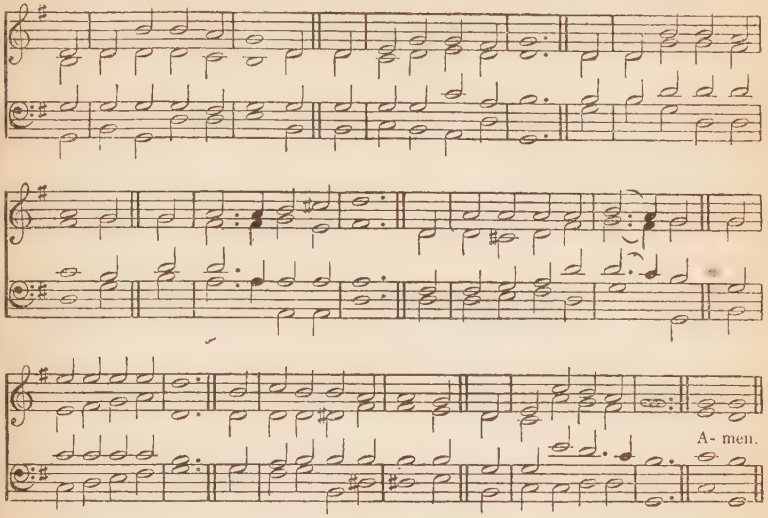
mf 3 Fair leaves of silvery olive
They strewed upon the ground,
Whilst Salem's circling mountains
Echoed the joyful sound;
p The Lord of men and angels
Rode on in lowly state,
cr Nor scorned that little children
Should on His bidding wait.

f 4 'Hosanna in the highest!'
That ancient song we sing;
For Christ is our Redeemer,
The Lord of heaven our King.
cr O may we ever praise Him,
With heart, and life, and voice,
And in His blissful presence
ff Eternally rejoice! Amen.

JENNETTE THRELFALL

540 CHENIES. 7.6.7.6. D.

T. R. Matthews.



Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord.

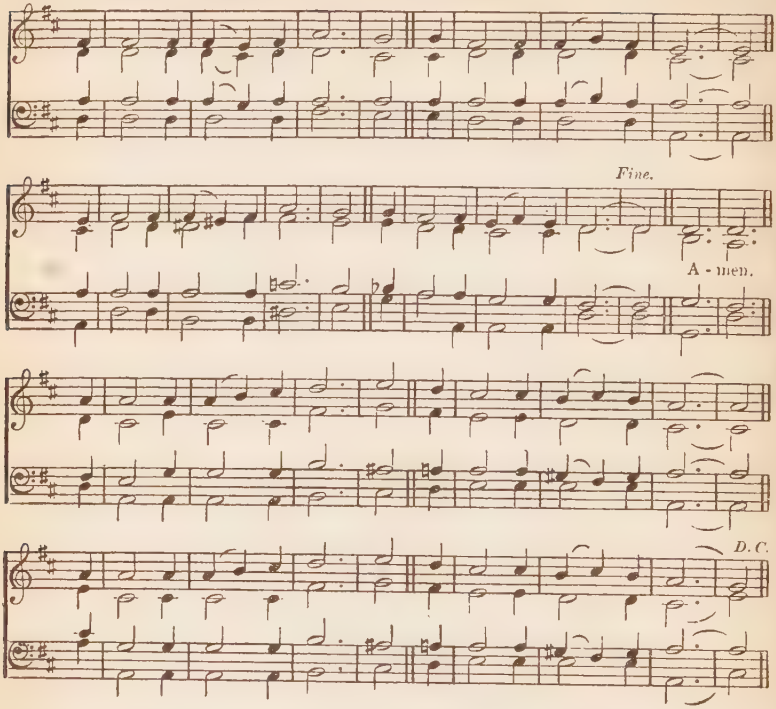
mf WHEN, His salvation bringing,
To Zion Jesus came,
The children all stood singing
Hosanna to His name;
Nor did their zeal offend Him,
But, as He rode along,
He bade them still attend Him,
And smiled to hear their song.

mp 2 And, since the Lord retaineth
His love for children still,
cr Though now as King He reigneth
On Zion's heavenly hill,
mf We'll flock around His banner
Who sits upon the throne,
f And cry aloud 'Hosanna,
To David's royal Son!'

mf 3 For, should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise,
The stones, our silence shaming,
Would their hosannas raise.
dim But shall we only render
The tribute of our words?
mf No! while our hearts are tender,
cr They too shall be the Lord's. Amen.

John King.

541 HORA NOVISSIMA. 7.6.7.6. D. (*with refrain*).

From Rossini.

Let the children of Zion be joyful in their King.

f ALL glory, laud, and honor,
To Thee, Redeemer, King!
To whom the lips of children
Made sweet hosannas ring.
Thou art the King of Israel,
Thou, David's royal Son,
Who in the Lord's name comest,
The King and blessèd one.

All glory, laud, and honor,
To Thee, Redeemer, King!
To whom the lips of children
Made sweet hosannas ring.

ff 2 The company of angels
Are praising Thee on high,
And mortal men and all things
Created make reply.
The people of the Hebrews
With palms before Thee went.
Our praise and prayer and anthems
Before Thee we present.

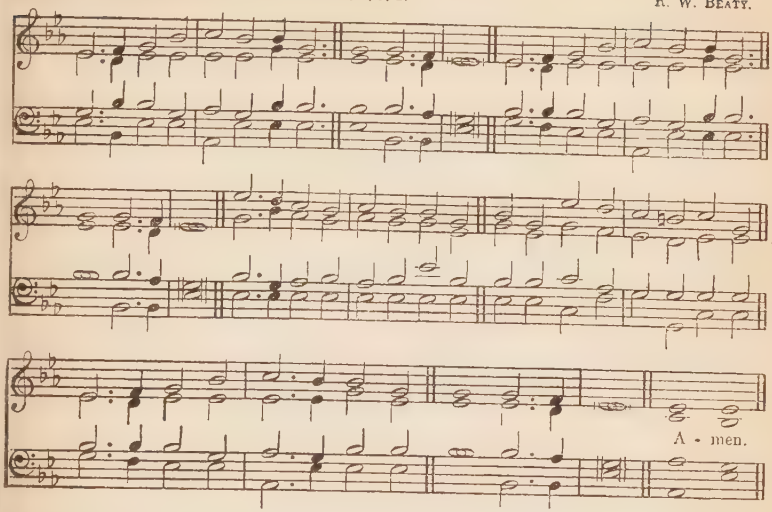
mf 3 To Thee before Thy Passion
They sang their hymns of praise;
To Thee now high exalted
Our melody we raise.

cr Thou didst accept their praises;
Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King. Amen.

Theodulph, *tr.* J. M. Neale.

542 TENDERNESS. 8.4.8.4.8.8.8.4.

R. W. Beaty.



The love of Christ, which passeth knowledge.

mf ONE is kind above all others—
O how He loves!
His is love beyond a brother's—
O how He loves!
mp Earthly friends may fail or leave us,
One day soothe, the next day grieve us:
cr But this friend will ne'er deceive us—
O how He loves!

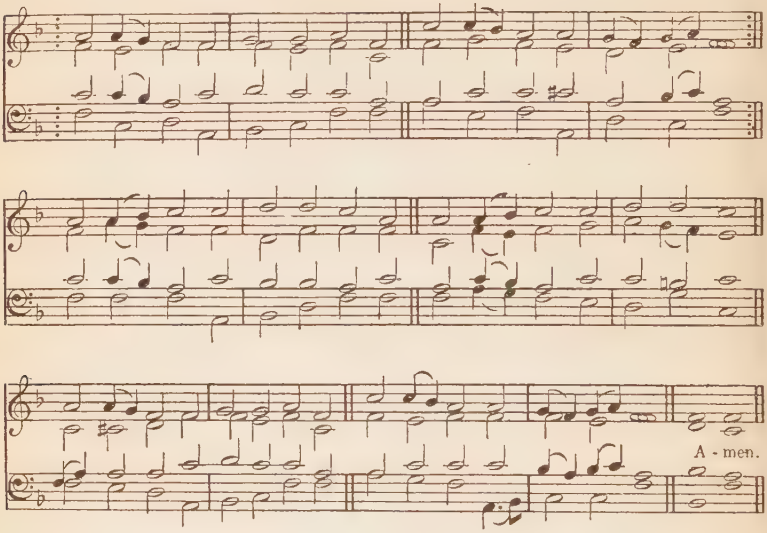
2 'Tis eternal life to know Him—
O how He loves!
Think, O think how much we owe Him—
O how He loves!
mp With His precious blood He bought us,
In the wilderness He sought us,
cr To His fold He safely brought us—
O how He loves!

mf 3 Through His name we are forgiven—
O how He loves!
f Backward shall our foes be driven—
O how He loves!
Best of blessings He'll provide us,
Nought but good shall ere betide us!
Safe to glory He will guide us—
O how He loves! Amen.

Marianne Nunn.

543 ROUSSEAU. 8.7.8.7. D.

J. J. ROUSSEAU



Hallow in your hearts Christ as Lord.

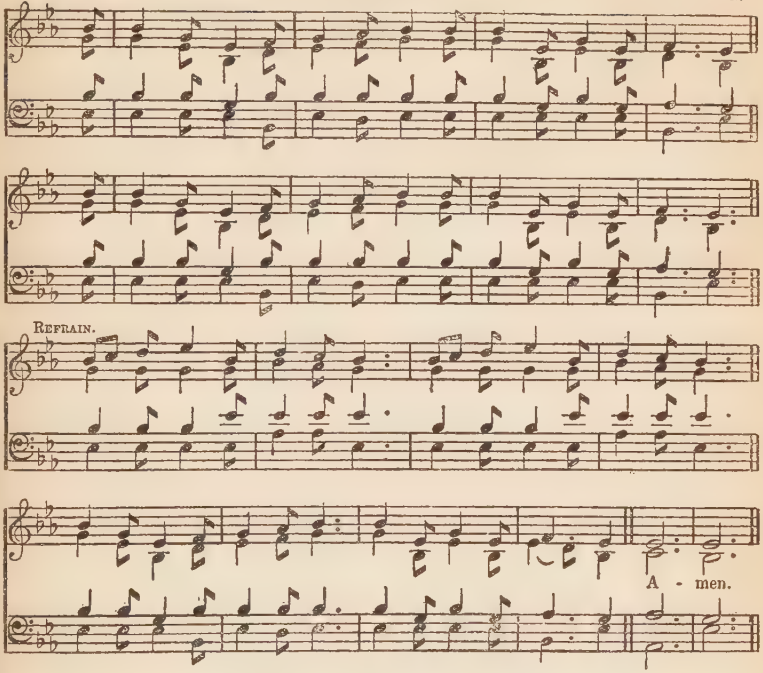
mp LORD, a little band and lowly,
We are come to sing to Thee;
Thou art great, and high, and holy,
dim O how solemn we should be!
cr Fill our hearts with thoughts of Jesus,
And of heaven where He is gone;
And let nothing ever please us
He would grieve to look upon.

2 For we know the Lord of glory
Always sees what children do,
And is writing now the story
Of our thoughts and actions too.
mf Let our sins be all forgiven;
Make us fear whate'er is wrong;
cr Lead us on our way to heaven,
There to sing a nobler song. Amen.

MARTHA E. SHELLY.

544 SYMPATHY. 8.7.8.7. (*with refrain*)

J. H. STOCKTON.



Thou shalt call His name Jesus.

mp THE great Physician now is near,
The sympathizing Jesus;
He speaks the drooping heart to cheer:
O, hear the voice of Jesus.

cr *Sweetest note in seraph song,*
Sweetest name on mortal tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung,
'Jesus, blessèd Jesus.'

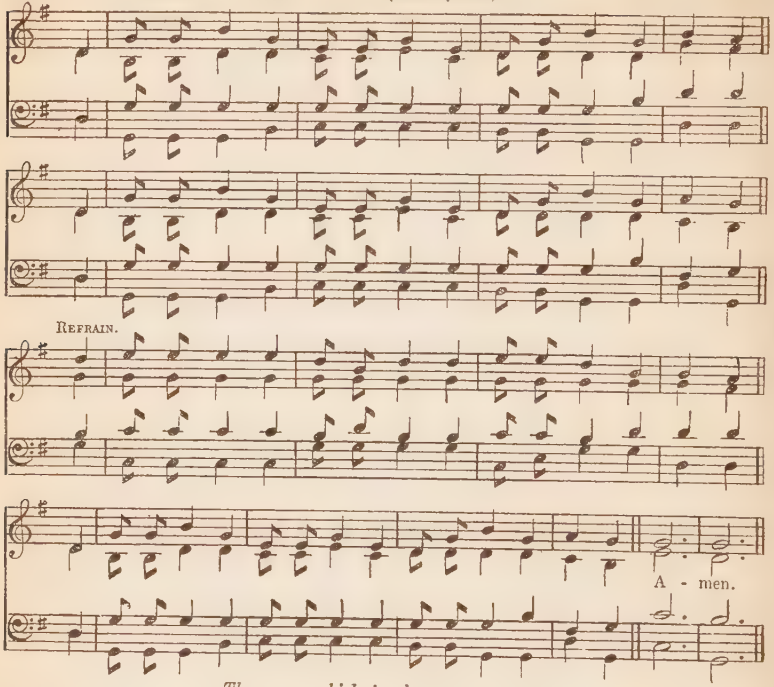
mf 2 His name dispels my guilt and fear—
No other name but 'Jesus';
O, how my soul delights to hear
The precious name of Jesus!

mf 3 And, when to the bright world above
We rise to be with Jesus,
cr We'll sing around the throne of love
His name—the name of Jesus. Amen.

WILLIAM HUNTER.

545 SWEETEST NAME. 8.7.8.7. (*with refrain*).

W. B. BRADBURY.



The name which is above every name.

mf THERE is no name so sweet on earth,
No name so sweet in heaven,
The name before His wondrous birth
To Christ the Saviour given.

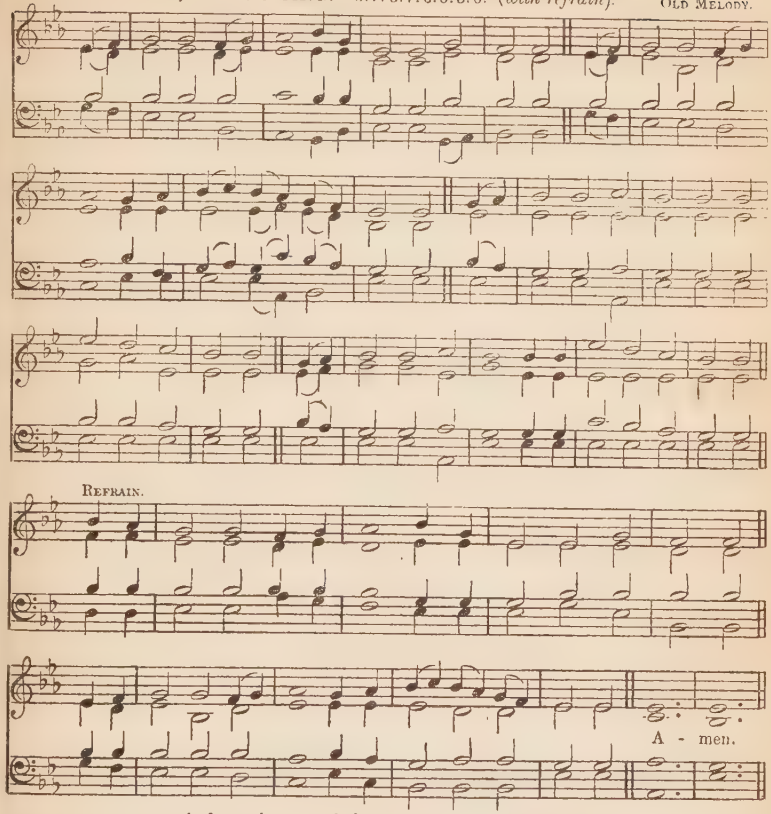
cr *We love to sing around our King,*
And hail Him blessèd Jesus;
For there's no word ear ever heard
So dear, so sweet as Jesus.

mp 2 And, when He hung upon the tree,
They wrote His name above Him;
That all might see the reason we
For evermore must love Him.

mf 3 So now upon His Father's throne,
Almighty to release us
cr From sin and pains, He gladly reigns,
The Prince and Saviour, Jesus. Amen.

GEORGE W. BETHUNE.

546 O COME, LET US SING. 5.7.5.7.6.6.5.6. (*with refrain*). OLD MELODY.



A fountain opened for sin and for uncleanness.

mf O COME, let us sing
To the God of salvation,
To Jesus our King,
Who hath brought consolation,
Who in His own body
Hath opened a fountain
To cleanse all our sins,
Though as high as a mountain.

cr *Hallelujah to the Lamb,*
Who hath bought us a pardon;
We will praise Him again,
When we've passed over Jordan.

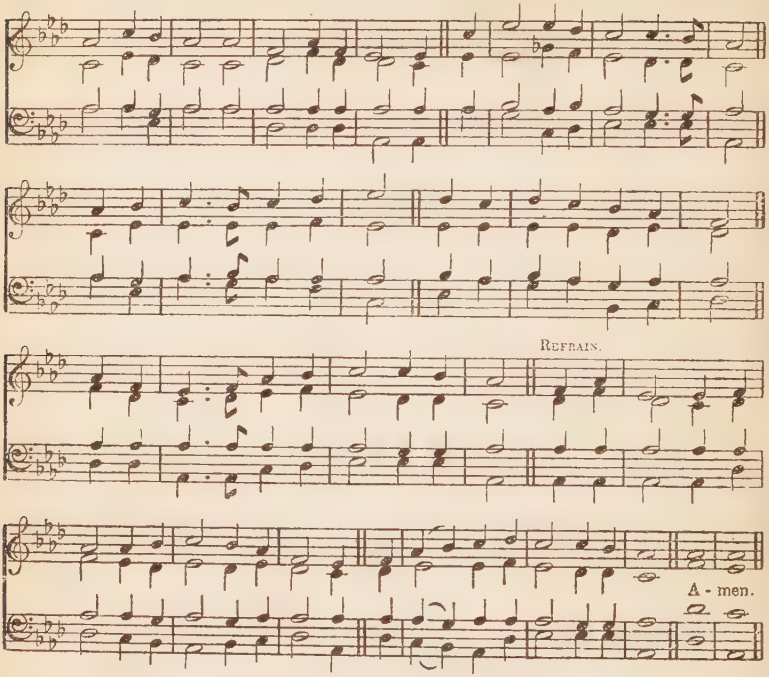
mp 2 Though our hearts are depraved,
Though with sin we are burdened,

cr Our souls may be saved,
And our sins may be pardoned;

mf And Jesus, our Saviour,
Hath promised to bless us,
And free us for ever
From those that oppress us.

cr *Hallelujah to the Lamb,*
Who hath bought us a pardon;
We will praise Him again,
When we've passed over Jordan.
Amen. JAMES GALL.

547 WHO HATH BELIEVED? 10.8.7.7.10. (*with refrain*). JAMES GALL



Who hath believed our report?

mp WHO hath believèd? Who hath believèd?
To whom is Thine arm, Lord, revealed?
The Messiah came to earth,
But so lowly was His birth,
That His majesty from man was concealed.
cr Blessèd Jesus! kind Jesus! the meek, lowly Jesus!
We bless Him for all He has done.

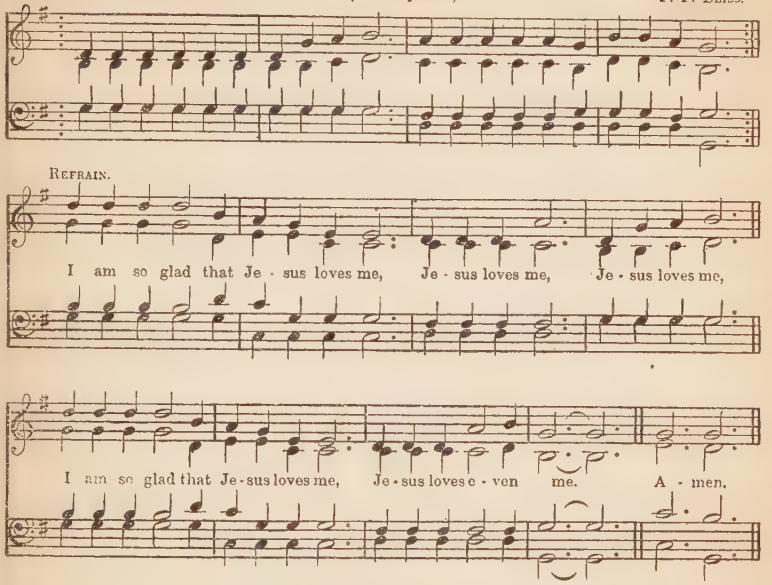
p 2 He was afflicted—He was afflicted;
On Him lay the sins of us all;
As a lamb to slaughter led,
So the lowly Saviour bled,
To redeem us from the curse of the fall.
mp Blessèd Jesus! kind Jesus! the meek, lowly Jesus!
cr We bless Him for all He has done.

mf 3 He has ascended—He has ascended,
And now sits enthroned in the sky;
But He'll come again to bear
All His lowly people there;
cr And they'll reign as kings with Jesus on high.
mp Blessèd Jesus! kind Jesus! the meek, lowly Jesus!
f They'll reign as kings with Jesus on high. Amen.

JAMES GALL.

548 GLADNESS. 10.10.10.10. (*with refrain*).

P. P. Bliss.


Refrain.
I am so glad that Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves me,
I am so glad that Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves e - ven me. A - men.

Christ also hath loved us and hath given Himself for us.

mf I AM so glad that our Father in heaven
Tells of His love in the book He has given:
Wonderful things in the Bible I see;
This is the dearest, that Jesus loves me.

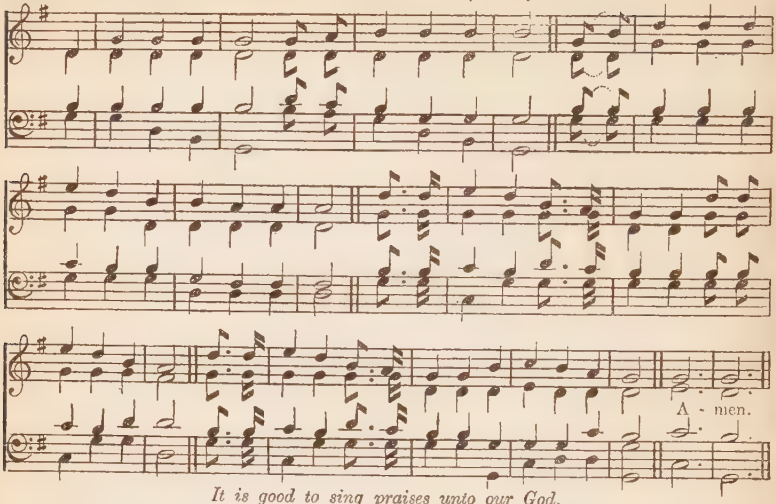
cr *I am so glad that Jesus loves me,*
Jesus loves me, Jesus loves me,
I am so glad that Jesus loves me,
Jesus loves even me.

mp 2 Though I forget Him, and wander away,
cr Still He doth love me wherever I stray;
Back to His dear loving arms would I flee,
When I remember that Jesus loves me.

mf 3 O, if there's only one song I can sing,
When in His beauty I see the great King,
cr This shall my song in eternity be,
'O, what a wonder that Jesus loved me!' Amen.

P. P. Bliss.

549 WE PRAISE THEE, O GOD. 11.11. (*with refrain*). J. J. HUSBAND.



It is good to sing praises unto our God.

mf WE praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love, [above.
For Jesus who died and is now gone
cr *Hallelujah! Thine the glory.*
Hallelujah! Amen.
Hallelujah! Thine the glory.
Revive us again.

mf 2 We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spirit of light, [scattered our night.
Who hath shown us our Saviour, and
mf 6 Revive us again! Rouse the dead from their tomb;
cr May they now come to Jesus, while yet there is room. Amen.

mf 3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain, [cleansed every stain.
Who has borne all our sins, and has

mf 4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace, [guided our ways.
Who has bought us and sought us and

mf 5 Revive us again! Fill each heart with Thy love; [from above.
cr May each soul be rekindled with fire

W. P. MACKAY.

550 WE PRAISE THEE, O GOD. 11.11. *Rejoice in the Lord alway.*

mf REJOICE and be glad! The Redeemer has come;
Go look on His cradle, His cross, and His tomb.
f *Sound His praises, tell the story of Him who was slain;*
Sound His praises, tell with gladness, He liveth again.

mf 2 Rejoice and be glad! It is sunshine at last! [are past.
The clouds have departed, the shadows

mf 3 Rejoice and be glad! For the blood hath been shed! [been paid.
Redemption is finished, the price hath

mf 4 Rejoice and be glad! Now the pardon is free!
The Just for the unjust has died on the tree.

mf 5 Rejoice and be glad! For the Lamb that was slain [again.
O'er death is triumphant, and liveth

mf 6 Rejoice and be glad! For our King is on high, [sky.
He pleadeth for us on His throne in the

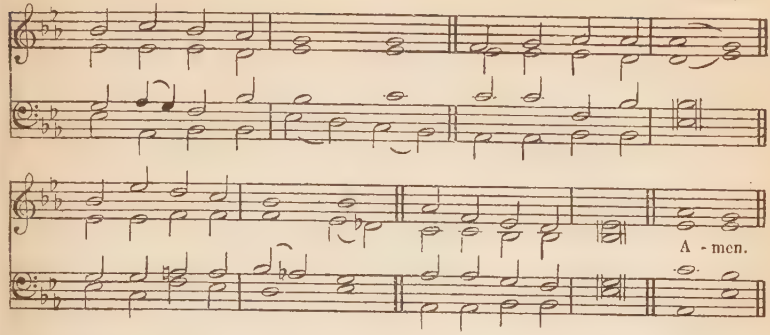
mf 7 Rejoice and be glad! For He cometh again!
cr He cometh in glory, the Lamb that was slain. Amen.

HORATIUS BONAR.

4. The Holy Spirit

551 ENON. 6.5.6.5.

O. M. FIELDEN.



Led by the Spirit.

p HOLY Spirit, hear us,
Help us while we sing;
Breathe into the music
Of the praise we bring.

2 Holy Spirit, prompt us
When we kneel to pray;
Nearer come, and teach us
What we ought to say.

3 Holy Spirit, shine Thou
On the Book we read;
Gild its holy pages
With the light we need.

mp 4 Holy Spirit, give us
Each a lowly mind;
Make us more like Jesus,
Gentle, pure, and kind.

cr 5 Holy Spirit, brighten
Little deeds of toil;
And our playful pastimes
Let no folly spoil.

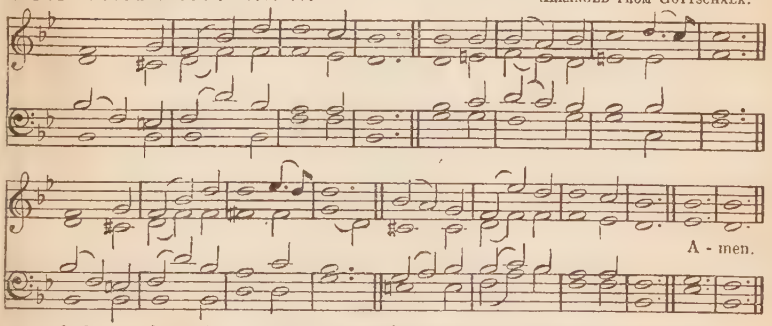
mp 6 Holy Spirit, keep us
Safe from sins which lie
Hidden by some pleasure
From our youthful eye.

cr 7 Holy Spirit, help us
Daily by Thy might,
mf What is wrong to conquer,
And to choose the right.
Amen.

W. H. PARKER.

552 LAST HOPE. 7.7.7.7.

ARRANGED FROM GOTTSCHALK.



God . . . also sealed us, and gave us the earnest of the Spirit in our hearts.

mp GRACIOUS Spirit, Love divine,
Let Thy light within me shine;
All my guilty fears remove,
Fill me full of heaven and love.

2 Speak Thy pardoning grace to me,
Set the burdened sinner free:
Lead me to the Lamb of God,
Wash me in His precious blood.

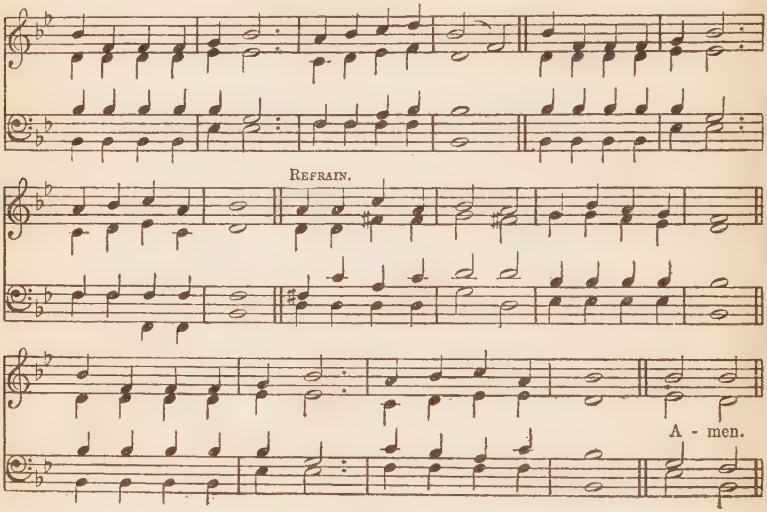
3 Life and peace to me impart,
Seal salvation on my heart;
Breathe Thyself into my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.

4 Let me never from Thee stray,
Keep me in the narrow way;
Fill my soul with joy divine,
Keep me, Lord, forever Thine. Amen.

JOHN STOCKER.

5. The Gospel

553 IF I COME TO JESUS. 6. 5. 6. 5. (*with refrain*). W. H. DOANE.



O taste and see that the Lord is good.

mf IF I come to Jesus,
He will make me glad;
He will give me pleasure,
When my heart is sad.

cr *If I come to Jesus,*
Happy I shall be,
He is gently calling
Little ones like me.

mf 2 If I come to Jesus,
He will hear my prayer,
For He loves me dearly,
And my sins did bear.

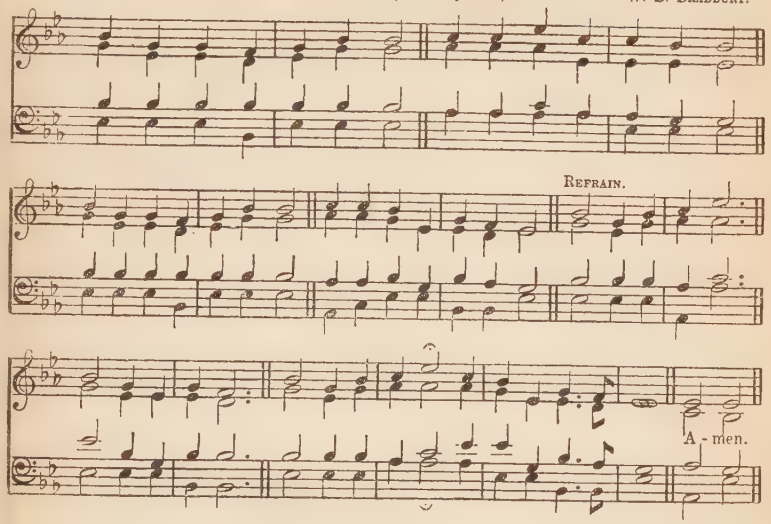
mf 3 If I come to Jesus,
He will take my hand,
He will kindly lead me
To a better land.

cr. 4 There with happy children,
Robed in snowy white,
f I shall see my Saviour
In that world so bright. Amen.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

554 JESUS LOVES ME. 7.7 7.7. (*with refrain*).

W. B. Bradbury.



Christ hath loved us.

mf JESUS loves me, this I know,
For the Bible tells me so;
Little ones to Him belong,
They are weak, but He is strong.

cr *Yes, Jesus loves me—*
Yes, Jesus loves me—
Yes, Jesus loves me,
The Bible tells me so.

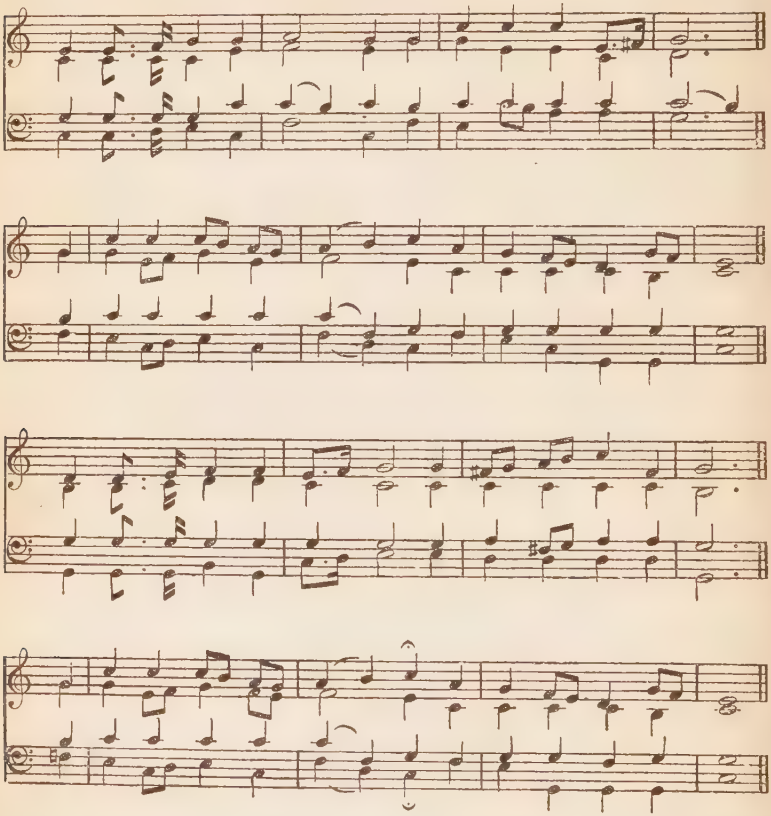
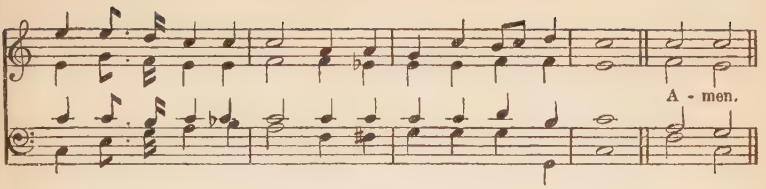
mp 2 Jesus loves me, He who died
Heaven's gate to open wide;
He will wash away my sin,
Let His little child come in.

mp 3 Jesus loves me, loves me still,
When I'm very weak and ill,
From His shining throne on high
Comes to watch me where I lie.

mf 4 Jesus loves me, He will stay
Close beside me all the way;
If I love Him, when I die
cr He will take me home on high. Amen.

Anna Warner.

555 **EVANGEL.** 7.6.7.6. D. (*with refrain*). W. H. DOANE.



The word of the cross is to them that are perishing foolishness; but unto us who are being saved it is the power of God.

mf TELL me the old, old story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and His love.
mp Téll me the story simply,
As to a little child,
For I am weak and weary,
And helpless and defiled.

mp *Tell me the old, old story,*
cr *Tell me the old, old story,*
mf *Tell me the old, old story*
Of Jesus and His love.

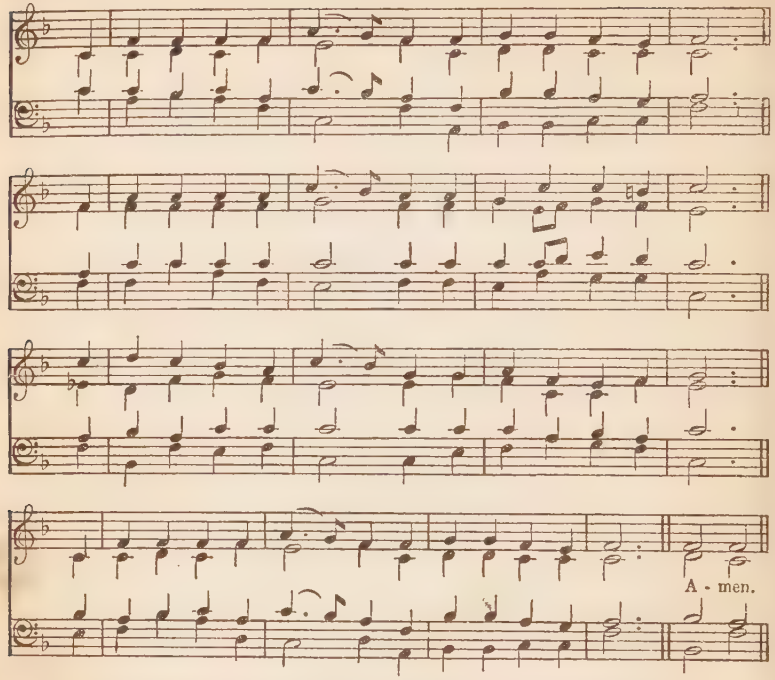
mp 2 Tell me the story slowly,
That I may take it in,—
That wonderful redemption,
God's remedy for sin.
Tell me the story often,
For I forget so soon;
The 'early dew' of morning
Has passed away at noon.

p 3 Tell me the story softly,
With earnest tones and grave;
Remember I'm the sinner
Whom Jesus came to save.
mp Tell me that story always,
If you would really be,
In any time of trouble,
A comforter to me.

cr 4 Tell me the same old story,
When you have cause to fear
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear.
mf Yes, and when that world's glory
Is dawning on my soul,
Tell me the old, old story,
'Christ Jesus makes thee whole.' Amen.

KATHERINE HANKEY.

556 ELLON. 7.6.7.6. D.

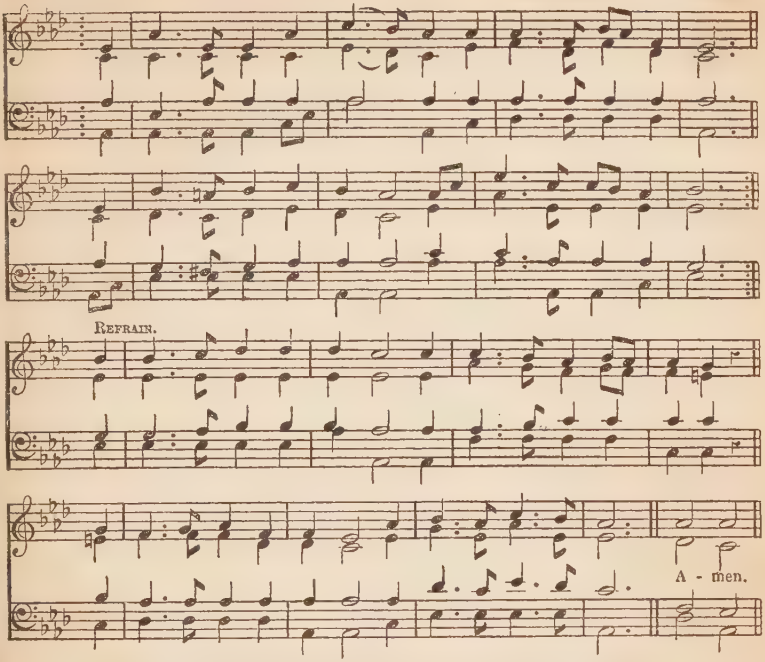
G. F. Root.

Ye know the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, that, though He was rich, yet for your sakes He became poor.

mf I LOVE to hear the story
Which angels voices tell,
How once the King of Glory
Came down on earth to dwell.
mp I am both weak and sinful;
But this I surely know,
The Lord came down to save me
Because He loved me so.

mf 2 I'm glad my blessèd Saviour
Was once a child like me,
To show how pure and holy
His little ones might be;
And if I try to follow
His footsteps here below,
He never will forget me
Because He loves me so.

mf 3 To sing His love and mercy
My sweetest song I'll raise;
And, though I cannot see Him,
I know He hears my praise;
For He has kindly promised
That I shall surely go
To sing among His angels,
Because He loves me so. Amen.

Emily H. Miller.

557 I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY. 7.6.7.6.D. (*with refrain*). W. G. FISCHER.

I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation.

mf I LOVE to tell the story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and His love.
I love to tell the story,
Because I know it's true;
It satisfies my longings
As nothing else would do.

cr *I love to tell the story;*
'Twill be my theme in glory
To tell the old, old story,
Of Jesus and His love.

mf 2 I love to tell the story
More wonderful it seems
Than all the golden fancies
Of all our golden dreams.
I love to tell the story:
It did so much for me;
And that is just the reason
I tell it now to thee.

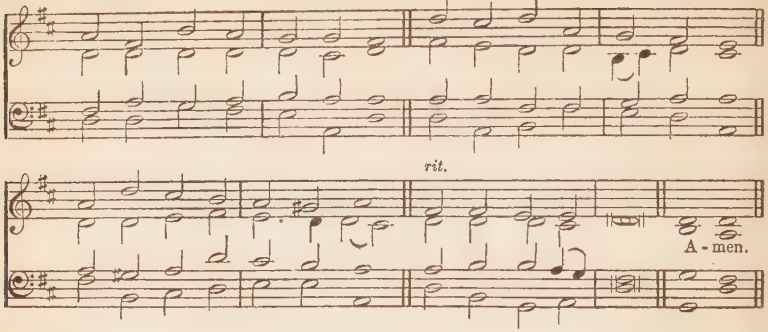
mf 3 I love to tell the story·
'Tis pleasant to repeat
What seems, each time I tell it
More wonderfully sweet.
I love to tell the story,
For some have never heard
The message of salvation
From God's own holy Word.

mf 4 I love to tell the story,
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it like the rest.
And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the new, new song,
'Twill be the old, old story,
That I have loved so long. Amen.

KATHERINE HANKEY.

558 CAPETOWN. 7.7.7.5.

FRIEDRICH FILITZ.



Suffer little children to come unto Me.

mp JESUS, when He left the sky,
And for sinners came to die,
In His mercy passed not by
Little ones like me.

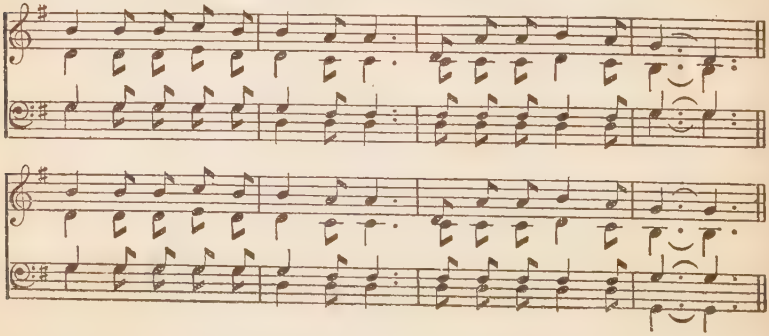
2 Mothers then the Saviour sought
In the places where He taught,
And to Him their children brought—
Little ones like me.

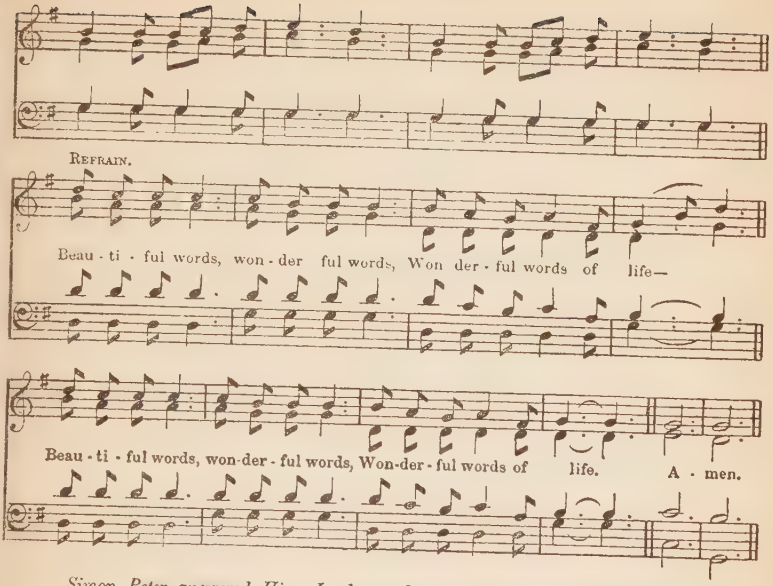
p 3 Did the Saviour say them nay?
cr No, He kindly bade them stay,
Suffered none to turn away
Little ones like me.

mf 4 Children, love Him! He loves you;
Strive His holy will to do;
Pray to Him; and praise Him too—
Little ones like me. Amen.

559 WORDS OF LIFE. 3.6.8.6.6.6. (*with refrain*).

P. P. BLISS.




Refrain.
Beau - ti - ful words, won - der ful words, Won der - ful words of life—
Beau - ti - ful words, won-der - ful words, Won-der - ful words of life. A - men.

Simon Peter answered Him, Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life.

mf SING them over again to me,
Wonderful words of life;
Let me more of their beauty see,
Wonderful words of life.
Words of life and beauty
Teach me faith and duty.

cr *Beautiful words, wonderful words,*
Wonderful words of life—
Beautiful words, wonderful words,
Wonderful words of life.

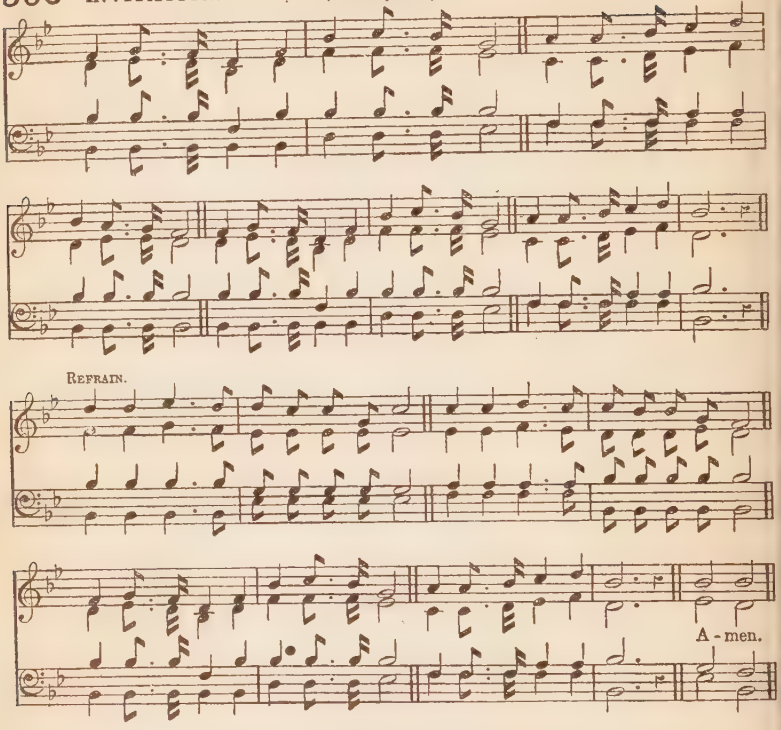
mf 2 Christ, the blessèd One, gives to all
Wonderful words of life;
Sinner, list to the loving call,
Wonderful words of life;
All so freely given,
Wooing us to heaven.

mp 3 Sweetly echo the gospel call,
Wonderful words of life;
cr Offer pardon and peace to all,
Wonderful words of life;
mf Jesus, only Saviour,
Sanctify forever. Amen.

P. P. Bliss.

560 INVITATION. 9.9.9.6. (*with refrain*).

G. F. Root.



To-day, if ye will hear His voice.

mp COME to the Saviour, make no delay,
Here in His word He's shown us the way;
Here in our midst He's standing to-day,
Tenderly saying, 'Come!'

mf *Joyful, joyful will the meeting be,*
When from sin our hearts are pure and free;
And we shall gather, Saviour, with Thee,
In our eternal home.

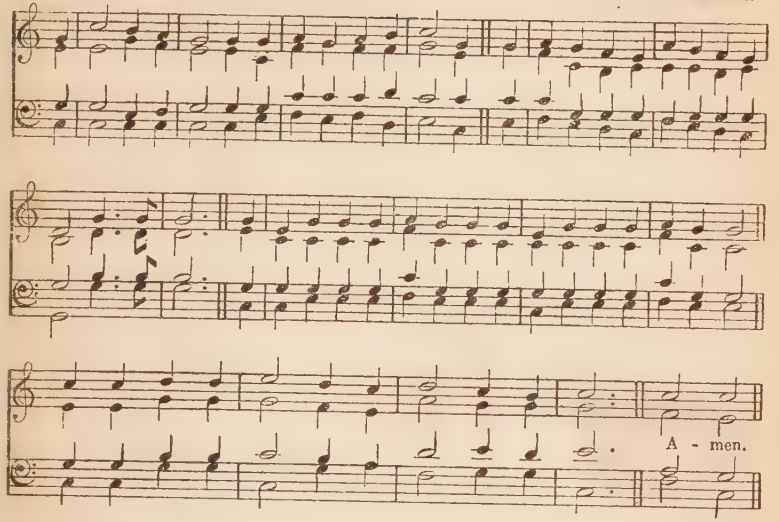
mf 2 'Suffer the children!' O, hear His voice!
Let every heart leap forth and rejoice;
And let us freely make Him our choice;
Do not delay, but come.

mp 3 Think once again, He's with us to-day
Heed now His blest command and obey
cr Hear now His accents tenderly say,
'Will you, my children, come?'
Amen.

G. F. Root.

561 SALEM. 13.13.8.8.11.

GERMAN MELODY.



But Jesus was displeased, and said, Let the little children come to Me, and hinder them not.

mp WHEN mothers of Salem their children brought to Jesus,
The stern disciples drove them back, and bade them depart;
cr But Jesus saw them ere they fled, and sweetly smiled and kindly said,
'Suffer little children to come unto Me.

2 'For I will receive them and fold them to My bosom:
I'll be a shepherd to these lambs, O, drive them not away;
mf For if their hearts to Me they give, they shall with Me in glory live:
Suffer little children to come unto Me.'

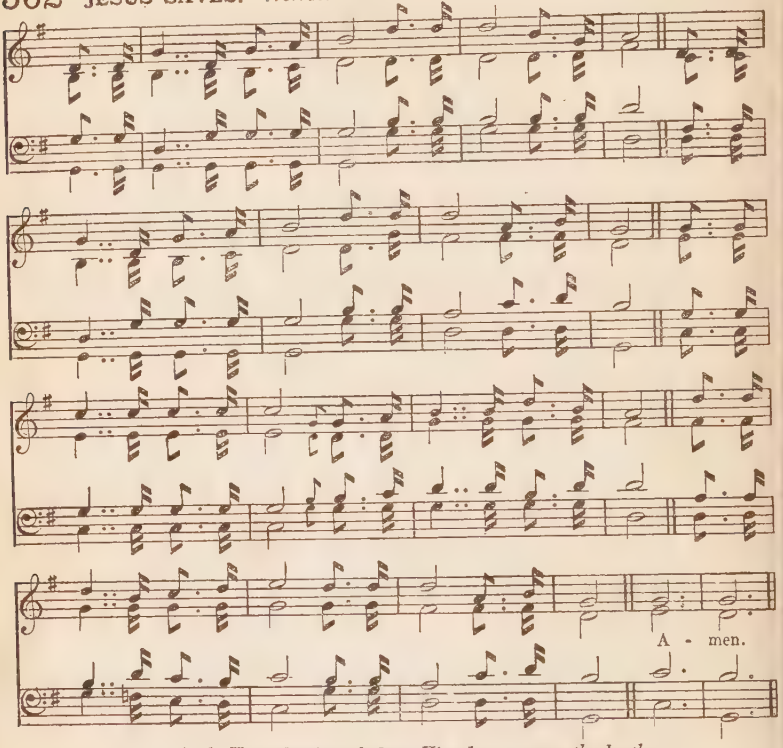
3 How kind was our Saviour to bid these children welcome!
mp But there are many thousands who have never heard His name;
The Bible they have never read, they know not that the Saviour said,
'Suffer little children to come unto Me.'

mf 4 O, soon may the heathen of every tribe and nation
Fulfil Thy blessed Word and cast their idols all away!
O, shine upon them from above, and show Thyself a God of love,
Teach the little children to come unto Thee! Amen.

W. M. HUTCHINGS.

562 JESUS SAVES. 7.6.7.6.7.7.6.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



Show forth His salvation, declare His glory among the heathen.

mf WE have heard a joyful sound,
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!
Spread the gladness all around;
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!
Bear the news to every land,
Climb the steeps and cross the waves;
Onward!—'tis our Lord's command;
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!

2 Waft it on the rolling tide;
Tell to sinners far and wide,
Sing, ye islands of the sea,
Echo back, ye ocean caves;
Earth shall keep her jubilee:
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!

3 Sing above the battle's strife;
By His death and endless life;
mp Sing it softly through the gloom,
When the heart for mercy craves;
mf Sing in triumph o'er the tomb,
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!

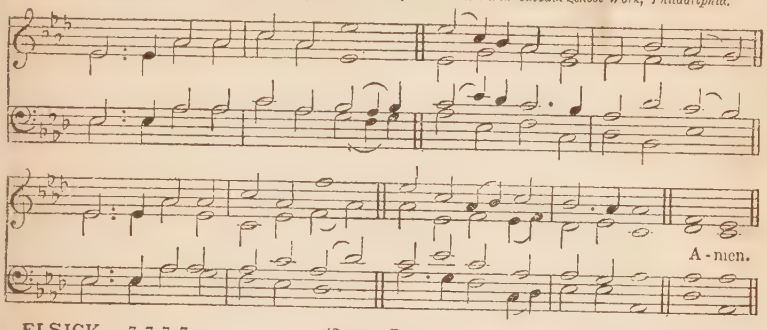
f 4 Give the winds a mighty voice:
Let the nations now rejoice:
Shout salvation full and free
To every strand that ocean laves:
ff This our song of victory,
Jesus saves! Jesus saves! Amen.

P. J. Owens.

563 GLAD DAY. 7.7.7.7. (First Tune.)

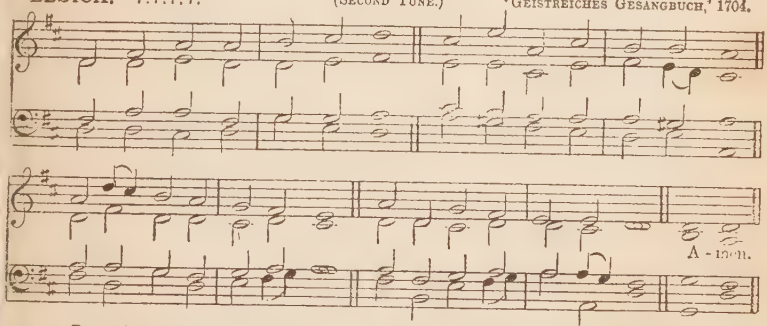
Wm. W. Gilchrist.

By the courtesy of the Trustees of the Presbyterian Board of Publication and Sabbath School Work, Philadelphia.



ELSICK. 7.7.7.7. (Second Tune.)

'Geistreiches Gesangbuch,' 1704.



Pray, brethren, . . . that the word of the Lord may run and be glorified.

f SPREAD, O spread, thou mighty word,
Spread the kingdom of the Lord,
Wheresoe'er His breath has given
Life to beings meant for heaven.

mf 2 Tell them how the Father's will
Made the world and keeps it still,
How He sent His Son to save
All who help and comfort crave.

mf 3 Tell of our Redeemer's love,
Who forever doth remove
By His holy sacrifice
All the guilt that on us lies.

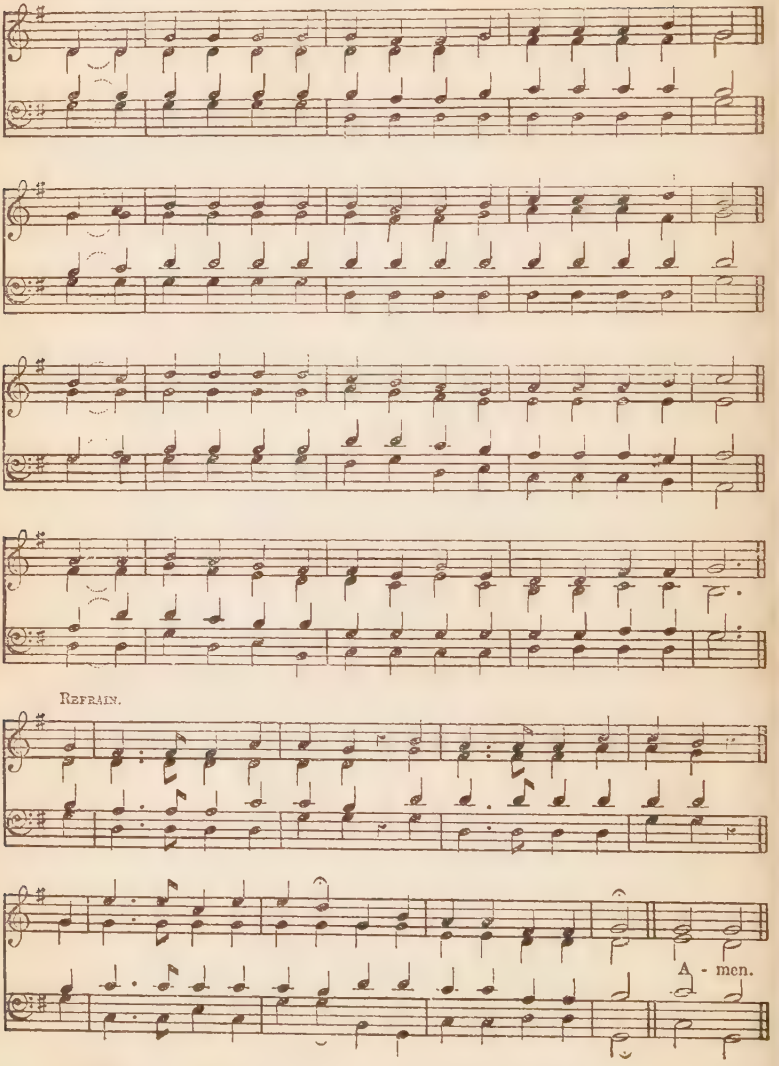
mf 4 Tell them of the Spirit given
Now, to guide us up to heaven,
Strong and holy, just and true,
Working both to will and do.

mf 5 Word of Life, most pure and strong,
Lo! for thee the nations long:
cr Spread, till from its dreary night
All the world awakes to light.

mf 6 Up! the ripening fields ye see!
Mighty shall the harvest be;
But the reapers still are few,
Great the work they have to do.

7 Lord of harvest, let there be
Joy and strength to work for Thee;
cr Let the nations far and near
See Thy light and learn Thy fear. Amen.

J. F. Bahnmaier, *tr.* Catherine Winkworth.

564 MISSIONARY SONG. 8.7.8.7.D. (*with refrain*). S. J. Vail.

The joyful sound.

mf O HOW joyous is the music
Of the missionary song,
When it freely comes from every heart,
And sounds from every tongue—
When happy Christian little ones
All sing with one accord
Of the time when realms of darkness
Shall be kingdoms of the Lord!

f *Then spread the joyful tidings!*
O, spread the joyful tidings!
Yes, spread the joyful tidings
Of a dying Saviour's love!

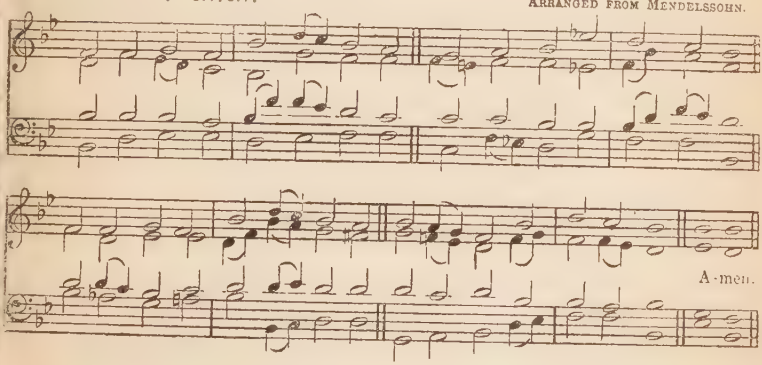
mp 2 But sweeter music far than all,
Which Jesus loves to hear,
Are children's voices when they breathe
A missionary prayer—
When they bring the heart-petition
To the great Redeemer's throne,
That He will choose the heathen out,
And take them for His own.

cr 3 This is the music Jesus taught
When He was here below;
This is the music Jesus loves
To hear in glory now,
mf And many a one from distant lands
Will reach his heavenly home
In answer to the children's prayer—
'O Lord, Thy kingdom come!' Amen

EMILY E. S. ELLIOTT.

565 TRUST. 8.7.8.7.

ARRANGED FROM MENDELSSOHN.



Thy kingdom come.

sp GOD of heaven, hear our singing,
Only little ones are we;
r Yet, a great petition bringing,
Father, now we come to Thee.

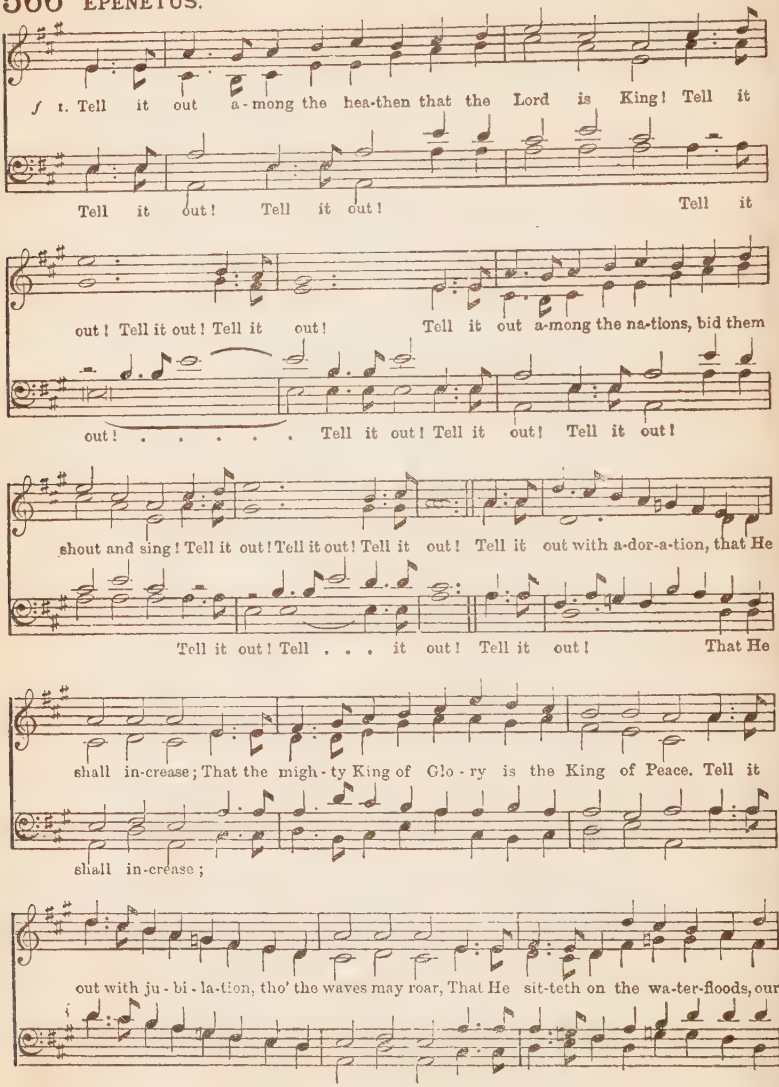
sp 2 Let Thy kingdom come, we pray Thee,
Let the world in Thee find rest;
r Let all know Thee, and obey Thee—
Loving, praising, blessing, blest.

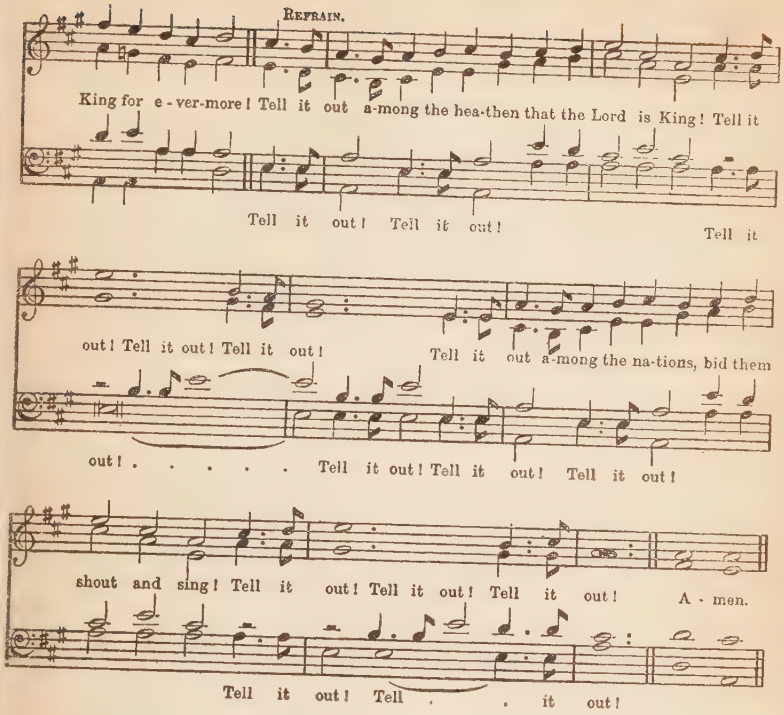
mf 3 Let the sweet and joyful story
Of the Saviour's wondrous love
Wake on earth a song of glory
Like the angels' song above.

mf 4 Father, send the glorious hour;
Every heart be Thine alone;
For the kingdom, and the power,
And the glory, are Thine own. Amen.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

566 EPENETUS.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

1. Tell it out a-mong the hea-then that the Lord is King! Tell it
Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it
out! Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out a-mong the na-tions, bid them
out! . . . . . Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out!
shout and sing! Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out with a-dor-a-tion, that He
Tell it out! Tell . . . it out! Tell it out! That He
shall in-crease; That the migh-ty King of Glo-ry is the King of Peace. Tell it
shall in-crease;
out with ju-bi-la-tion, tho' the waves may roar, That He sit-teth on the wa-ter-floods, our


Refrain.
King for e - ver-more! Tell it out a-mong the hea-then that the Lord is King! Tell it
Tell it out! Tell it out!
Tell it
out! Tell it out! Tell it out!
Tell it out a-mong the na-tions, bid them
out! . . . . . Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out!
shout and sing! Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out! A - men.
Tell it out! Tell . . it out!

Declare His glory among the heathen.

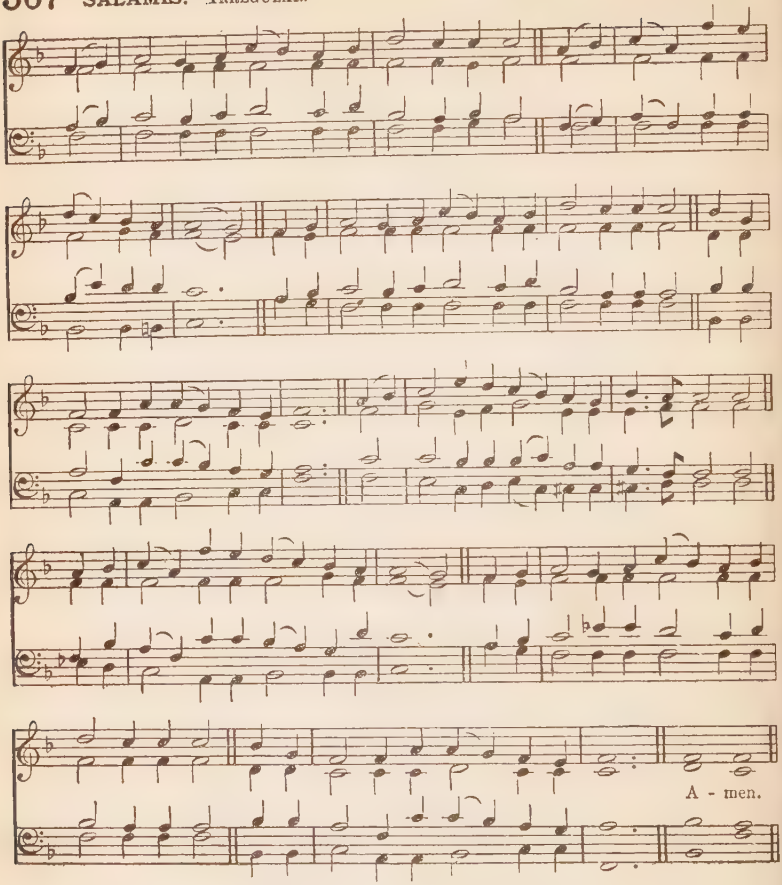
f 2 Tell it out among the heathen that the Saviour reigns!
Tell it out among the nations, bid them burst their chains!
mp Tell it out among the weeping ones that Jesus lives!
Tell it out among the weary ones what rest He gives!
cr Tell it out among the sinners (*f*) that He came to save;
Tell it out among the dying that He triumphed o'er the grave.
Tell it out, &c.

f 3 Tell it out among the heathen Jesus reigns above!
Tell it out among the nations that His reign is love!
Tell it out among the highways and the lanes at home;
Let it ring across the mountains and the ocean foam;
Like the sound of many waters let our glad shout be,
ff Till it echo and re-echo from the islands of the sea!
Tell it out, &c. Amen.

F. R. Havergal.

567 SALAMIS. Irregular.

Greek Melody.



Jesus called a little child unto Him.

mp I THINK when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How He called little children as lambs to His fold,
I should like to have been with Him then;
cr I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,
That His arms had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen His kind look when He said,
'Let the little ones come unto Me.'

2 Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in His love;
And if I now earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above—
mf In that beautiful place He has gone to prepare
For all who are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering there,
'For of such is the kingdom of heaven.'

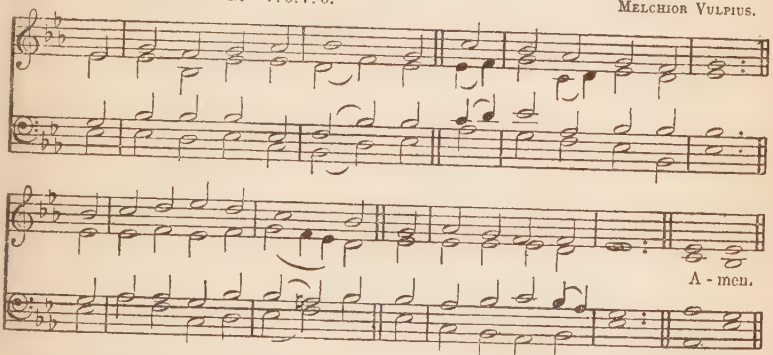
mp 3 But thousands and thousands who wander and fall
Never heard of that heavenly home;
cr I should like them to know there is room for them all,
And that Jesus has bid them to come.
mf I long for that blessèd and glorious time,
The fairest and brightest and best,
When the dear little children of every clime
Shall crowd to His arms and be blest. Amen.

JEMIMA LUKE.

7. Morning

568 HEIDELBERG. 7.6.7.6.

MELCHIOR VULPIUS.



In the morning will I direct my prayer unto Thee, and will look up.

mf THE darkness now is over,
And all the world is bright;
Praise be to Christ, who keepeth
His children safe at night.

2 We cannot tell what gladness
May be our lot to-day,
mp What sorrow or temptation
May meet us on our way:

mf 3 But this we know most surely,
That, through all good or ill,
God's grace can always help us
To do His holy will.

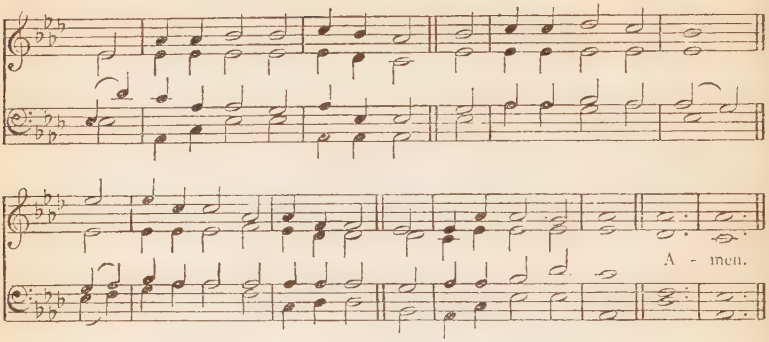
mp 4 Then, Jesus, let the angels,
Who watched us through the night,
Be all day long beside us,
To guide our steps aright;

5 And help us to remember,
In thought and deed and word,
cr That we are heirs of heaven,
And children of the Lord.

p 6 Then, when the evening cometh,
We'll kneel again to pray,
cr And thank Thee for the blessings
Bestowed throughout the day.
Amen.

569 DENFIELD. C. M.

ADAPTED FROM C. G. GLÄSER.



In the morning shall my prayer come before Thee.

mf THE morning bright with rosy light
Has waked me up from sleep;
Father, I own Thy love alone
Thy little one doth keep.

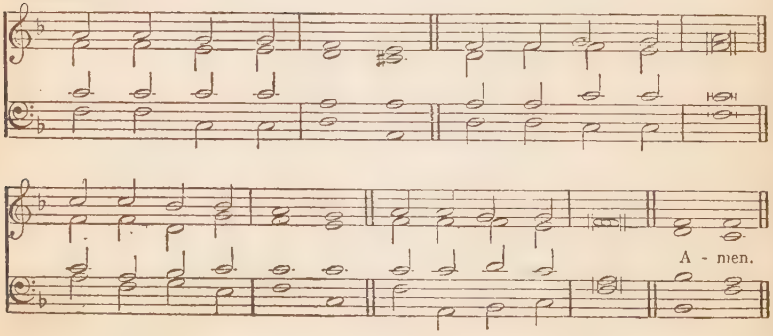
mp 2 All through the day, I humbly pray,
Be Thou my guard and guide;
My sins forgive, and let me live,
Blest Jesus, near Thy side.

3 O make Thy rest within my breast,
Great Spirit of all grace;
cr Make me like Thee, then shall I be
Prepared to see Thy face. Amen.

T. O. SUMMERS.

BEMERTON. 6.5.6.5.

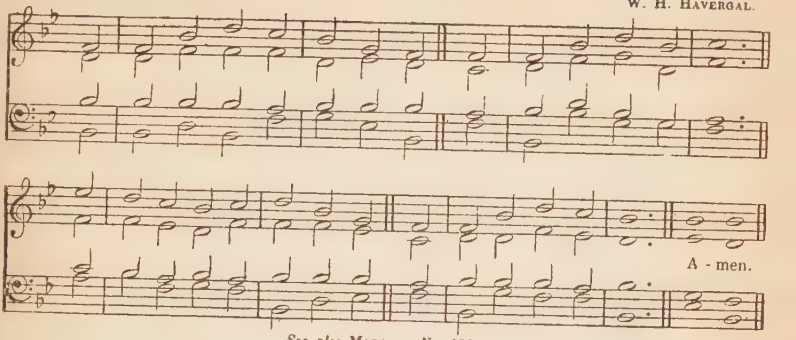
FRIEDRICH FILITZ.



8. Evening

570 EVAN. C. M.

W. H. Havergal.



See also Moravia, No. 395.

The Lord will enlighten my darkness.

mp THE daylight fades,
The evening shades
Are gathering round my head;
cr Father above,
I praise that love
Which smooths and guards my bed.

mf 2 While Thou art near,
I need not fear
The gloom of midnight hour;
mp Blest Jesus, still
From every ill
Defend me with Thy power.

cr 3 Subdue my sin,
And enter in
And sanctify my heart.
Spirit divine;
O make me Thine,
And ne'er from me depart. Amen.

T. O Summers.

571 BEMERTON. 6.5.6.5.

He giveth His beloved sleep.

mp NOW the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh,
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky.

2 Now the darkness gathers;
Stars begin to peep;
Birds and beasts and flowers
Soon will be asleep.

mp 3 Jesus, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose;
With Thy tender blessing
May mine eyelids close.

4 Grant to little children
Visions bright of Thee;
Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep blue sea.

mp 5 Comfort every sufferer
Watching late in pain;
Those who plan some evil
From their sin restrain.

6 Through the long night-watches
May Thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

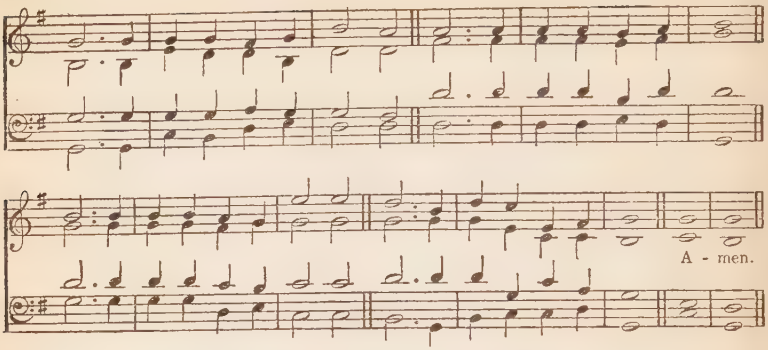
mf 7 When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure and fresh and sinless
In Thy holy eyes.

f 8 Glory to the Father,
Glory to the Son,
And to Thee, blest Spirit,
Whilst all ages run. Amen.

S. Baring-Gould.

572 DIJON. 8.7.8.7.

GERMAN MELODY.



He that keepeth thee will not slumber.

mp JESUS, tender Shepherd, hear me;
Bless Thy little lamb to-night;
Through the darkness be Thou near me;
Watch my sleep till morning light.

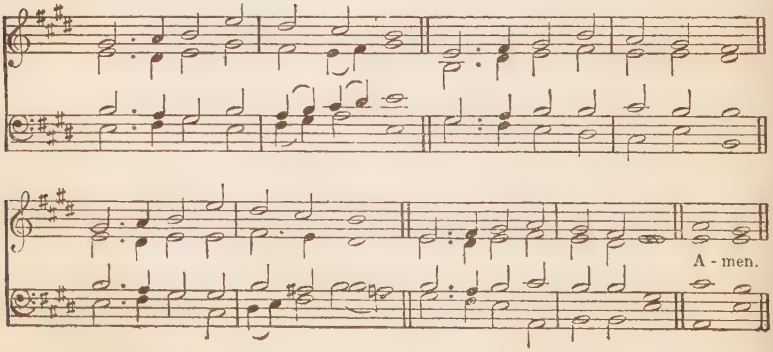
cr 2 All this day Thy hand has led me,
And I thank Thee for Thy care;
Thou hast clothed me, warmed and fed me;
Listen to my evening prayer.

mp 3 Let my sins be all forgiven;
Bless the friends I love so well;
cr Take me, when I die, to heaven,
Happy there with Thee to dwell. Amen.

MARY L. DUNCAN.

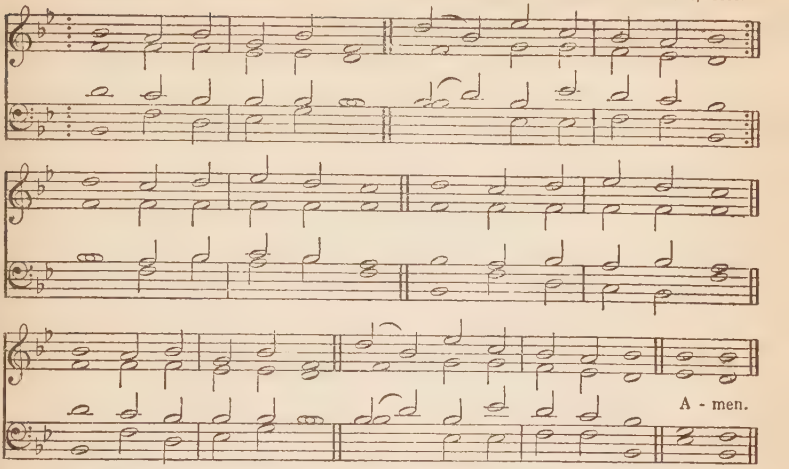
INNOCENTS. 7.7,7.7.

'PARISH CHOIR,' 1851.



573 MADRID. 6.6.6.6.D.

T. B. White's 'Washington Harmony,' 1833.



I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord.

mf JESUS, we love to meet
On this Thy holy day,
We worship round Thy seat
On this Thy holy day.

mp Thou tender, heavenly Friend,
To Thee our prayers ascend;
O'er our young spirits bend
On this Thy holy day.

mp 2 We dare not trifle now
On this Thy holy day,
p In silent awe we bow
On this Thy holy day.

mp Check every wandering thought
And let us all be taught
To serve Thee as we ought
On this Thy holy day.

mf 3 We listen to Thy Word
On this Thy holy day
cr Bless all that we have heard
On this Thy holy day.
Go with us when we part,
And to each youthful heart
Thy saving grace impart
On this Thy holy day. Amen.

Elizabeth Parson.

574 INNOCENTS. 7.7.7.7.

Enter into His courts with praise: be thankful unto Him, and bless His name.

mf LORD, this day Thy children meet
In Thy courts with willing feet
Unto Thee this day they raise
Grateful hearts in hymns of praise.

2 Not alone the day of rest
With Thy worship shall be blest;
In our pleasure and our glee,
Lord, we would remember Thee.

mp 3 Help us unto Thee to pray,
Hallowing our happy day,
From Thy presence thus to win
Hearts all pure and free from sin.

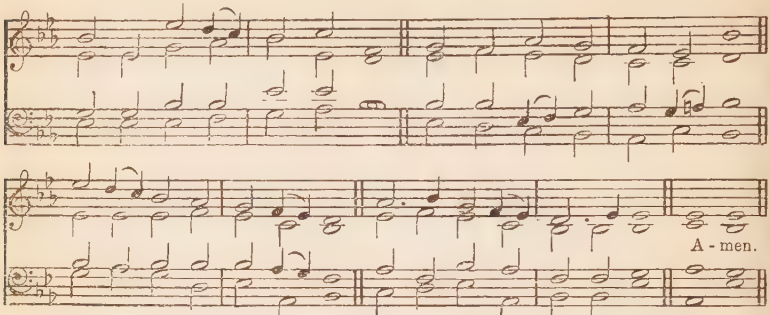
cr 4 All our pleasures here below,
Saviour, from Thy mercy flow:
Little children Thou dost love;
Draw our hearts to Thee above.

mf 5 Make, O Lord, our childhood shine
With all lowly grace, like Thine:
cr. Then through all eternity
f We shall live in heaven with Thee. Amen.

W. W. How.

575 THEODORA. 7.7.7.7.

ADAPTED FROM HANDEL.



See also INNOCENTS, No. 574.

We love, because He first loved us.

mf SAVIOUR, teach me day by day
Love's sweet lesson to obey;
Sweeter lesson cannot be—
Loving Him who first loved me.

2 With a childlike heart of love
At Thy bidding may I move;
Prompt to serve and follow Thee—
Loving Him who first loved me.

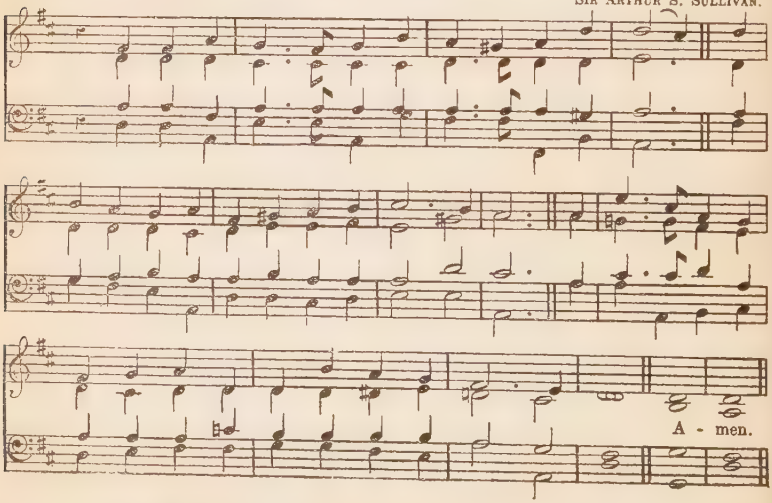
3 Teach me all Thy steps to trace,
Strong to follow in Thy grace;
Learning how to love from Thee—
Loving Him who first loved me.

cr 4 Thus may I rejoice to show
That I feel the love I owe,
f Singing, till Thy face I see,
Of His love who first loved me. Amen

JANE E. LEESON.

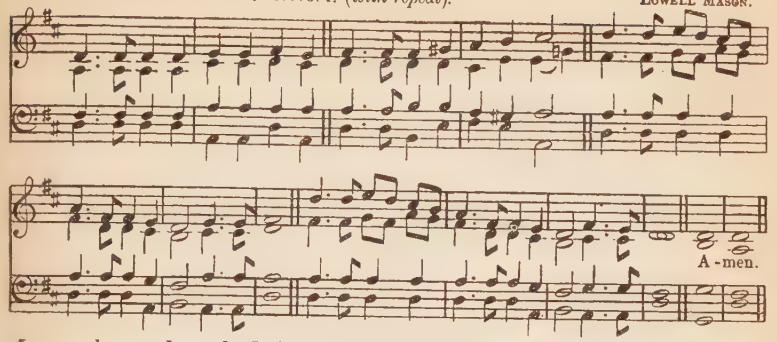
SAMUEL. 6.6.6.6.8.8.

SIR ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.



576 LIGHT OF LIFE. 8.7.8.4. (*with repeat*).

LOWELL MASON.



Jesus spake . . . I am the Light of the world: he that followeth Me shall not walk in the darkness, but shall have the light of life.

p LIGHT of life, so softly shining
From the blood-besprinkled tree;
cr Never waning nor declining,
dim Shine, shine on me—
cr *Never waning nor declining,*
dim *Shine, shine on me.*

mp 2 Light of life, so sweetly gleaming
Down upon our troubled sea,
cr With the love of Jesus beaming,
dim Shine, shine on me.

mp 3 Light of life, that knows no fading,
From all changing ever free,
cr Holy Light, that knows no shading,
dim Shine, shine on me.

mf 4 Light of life, that knows no setting,
Day and night Thy beams we see,
Joy and peace in us begetting,
dim Shine, shine on me.

mf 5 Light of life, in childhood's gladness,
To Thy radiance we would flee;
cr Be our strength in days of sadness,
dim Shine, shine on me.

mf 6 Light of life, all health bestowing,
Lift we up our eyes to Thee;
From the cross of Jesus flowing,
dim Shine, shine on me. Amen.

HORATIUS BONAR.

577 SAMUEL. 6.6.6.6.8.8.

Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth.

mp HUSHED was the evening hymn,
The temple courts were dark,
The lamp was burning dim
Before the sacred ark,
cr When suddenly a voice divine
Rang through the silence of the shrine.

mp 2 The old man, meek and mild,
The priest of Israel, slept;
His watch the temple-child,
The little Levite, kept;
cr And what from Eli's sense was sealed
The Lord to Hannah's son revealed.

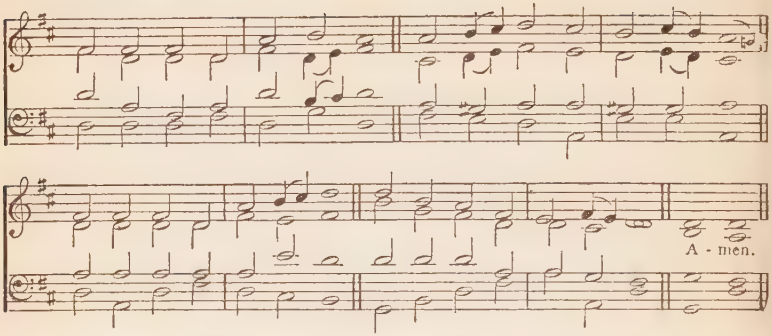
3 O give me Samuel's ear,
The open ear, O Lord,
Alive and quick to hear
Each whisper of Thy word—
Like him to answer at Thy call,
And to obey Thee first of all.

mp 4 O give me Samuel's heart,
A lowly heart, that waits
Where in Thy house Thou art,
Or watches at Thy gates.
By day and night, a heart that still
Moves at the breathing of Thy will.

cr 5 O give me Samuel's mind,
A sweet, unmurmuring faith,
Obedient and resigned
To Thee in life and death,
mf That I may read with childlike eyes
Truths that are hidden from the wise.
Amen.

J. DRUMMOND BURNS.

578 FERRIER. 7.7.7.7. J. B. DYKES.



Be thou in the fear of the Lord all the day long.

p JESUS, holy, undefiled,
Listen to a little child:
cr Thou hast sent the glorious light,
Chasing far the silent night;

mf 2 Thou hast sent the sun to shine
O'er this glorious world of Thine,
Warmth to give and pleasant glow,
On each tender flower below.

3 Now the little birds arise,
Chirping gaily in the skies;
Thee their tiny voices praise
In the early songs they raise.

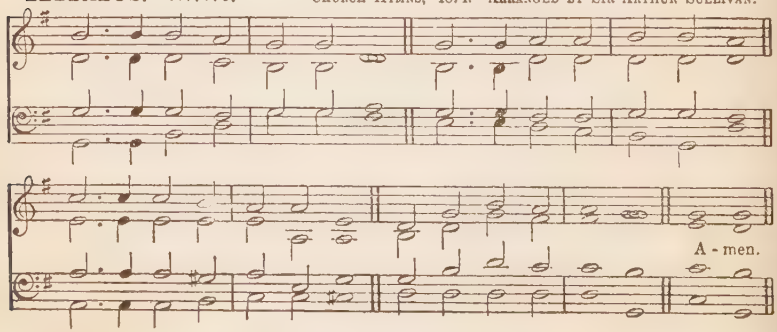
4 Thou, by whom the birds are fed,
Give to me my daily bread;
And Thy Holy Spirit give,
Without whom I cannot live.

mp 5 Make me, Lord, obedient, mild,
As becomes a little child;
All day long, in every way,
Teach me what to do and say.

cr 6 Make me, Lord, in work and play,
Thine more truly every day;
mf And, when Thou at last shalt come,
Take me to Thy heavenly home.
Amen.

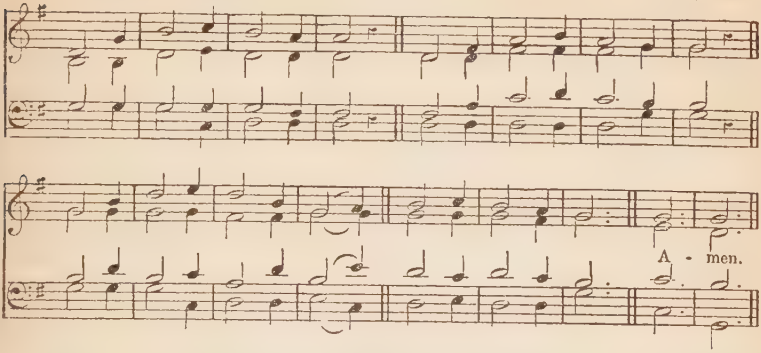
E. G. SHEPCOTE.

LEBBAEUS. 7.7.7.6. 'CHURCH HYMNS,' 1874. ARRANGED BY SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



579 JESUS, SAVIOUR. 7.7.7.5.

From 'Sacred Melodies,' 1872.



Leave me not, O God of my salvation.

mp JESUS, Saviour, hear me call,
Sinful though my heart may be,
cr Thou my life, my hope, my all,
dim Lord, abide with me.

p 2 Lonely in a stranger land,
Cast me not away from Thee,
cr Lead me by Thy gentle hand,
dim Lord, abide with me.

mp 3 Thou hast died the lost to save,
cr Died to set the captive free,
mf Thou didst triumph o'er the grave,
dim Lord, abide with me.

mf 4 Fill me with Thy love divine,
Consecrate my life to Thee,
Bend my stubborn will to Thine,
dim Lord, abide with me.

p 5 When the shades of death prevail,
cr Father, let me cling to Thee;
When I pass the gloomy vale,
dim Still abide with me. Amen.

580 LEBBAEUS. 7.7.7.6.

Thou art my trust from my youth.

mp JESUS, from Thy throne on high,
Far above the bright blue sky,
Look on us with loving eye:
mp Hear us, holy Jesus.

mf 2 Little hearts may love Thee well,
Little lips Thy love may tell,
Little hymns Thy praises swell:
mp Hear us, holy Jesus.

mp 3 Little deeds of love may shine,
Little lives may be divine,
cr Little ones be wholly Thine:
mp Hear us, holy Jesus.

mf 4 Be Thou with us every day,
In our work and in our play,
When we learn and when we pray:
mp Hear us, holy Jesus.

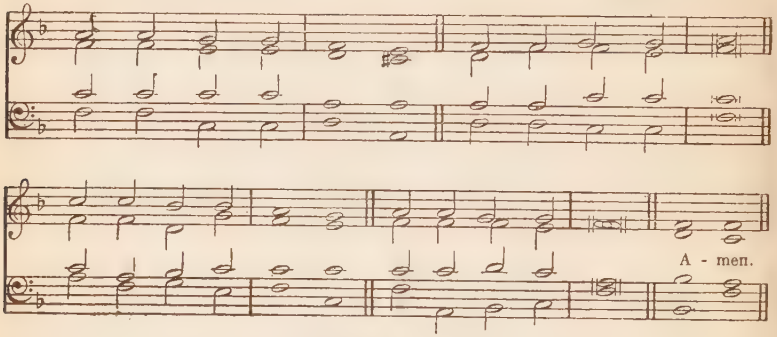
cr 5 May our thoughts be undefiled,
May our words be true and mild,
Make us each a holy child:
mp Hear us, holy Jesus.

mf 6 Jesus, from Thy heavenly throne
Watching o'er each little one,
Till our life on earth is done,
mp Hear us, holy Jesus. Amen.

T. B. Pollock.

11. The Journey of Life

581 BEMERTON. 6.5.6.5. FRIEDRICH FILITZ.



See also FULSTOW, No. 528.

I beseech you, as sojourners and pilgrims, to abstain from fleshly lusts, which war against the soul.

mp I'M a little pilgrim
And a stranger here;
Though this world is pleasant,
Sin is always near.

mf 2 Mine's a better country,
Where there is no sin—
Where the tones of sorrow
Never enter in.

3 But a little pilgrim
Must have garments clean,
If he'd wear the white robes,
And with Christ be seen.

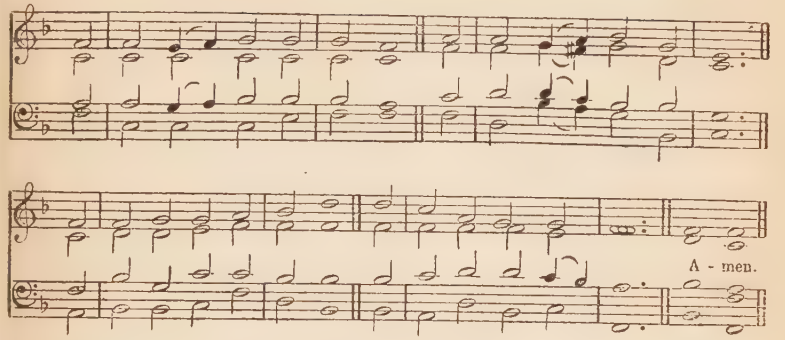
mp 4 Jesus, cleanse and save me,
Teach me to obey;
Holy Spirit, guide me
On my heavenly way.

cr 5 I'm a little pilgrim
And a stranger here,
mf But my home in heaven
Cometh ever near. Amen.

JOHN CURWEN.

582 MORLAIX. 7.6.7.6.

J. H. Knecht.



My sheep hear My voice, and I know them, and they follow Me.

mp LEAD, Holy Shepherd, lead us,
Thy feeble flock, we pray,
Thou King of little pilgrims,
Safe lead us all the way.

2 In Thy blest footprints guide us
Along the heavenward road;
cr Thine age fills all the ages,
Undying Word of God!

mf 3 That life, O Christ, is noblest,
Which praises God the best—
A life celestial, nourished
At Wisdom's holy breast.

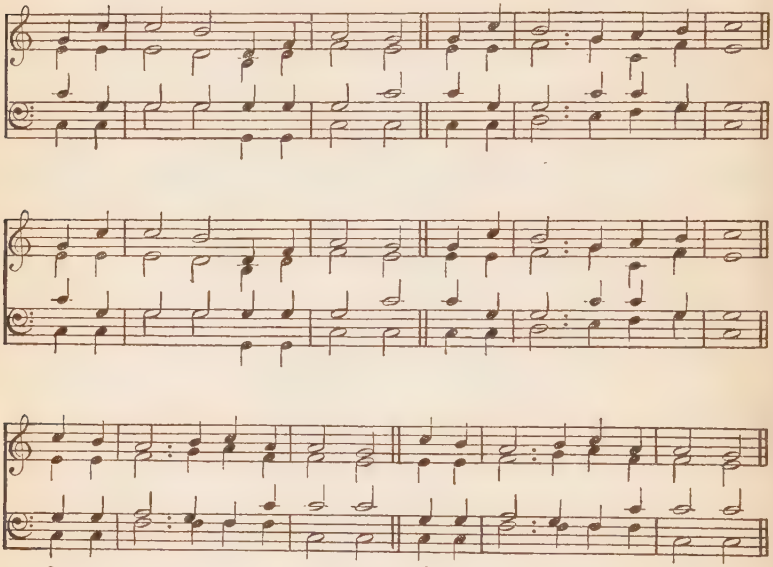
mp 4 By her good nurture let us,
Thy little ones, be fed,
And by her guidance gentle
Our wandering steps be led.

5 O fill us with Thy Spirit,
Like morning dew shed down;
cr So, with our praises loyal,
King Jesus we shall crown.

mf 6 O be our lives our tribute,
The meed of praise we bring,
When thus we join to honor
Our Teacher and our King. Amen.

Clement of Alexandria, *tr.* H. M. McGill.

583 WHITHER, PILGRIMS? 8.7.8.7.8.8.7. W. B. Bradbury.


Ov - er hills and plains and val - leys, We are go - ing to His pal - ace,
We are go - ing to His pal - ace, Go - ing to the bet - ter land—
A - men.
We are go - ing to His pal - ace, Go - ing to the bet - ter land.

We are journeying unto the place of which the Lord said, I will give it you; come thou with us.

mp WHITHER, pilgrims, are you going,
Going each with staff in hand?
cr We are going on a journey,
Going at our King's command;
mf Over hills and plains and valleys,
We are going to His palace,
Going to the better land.

mp 2 Fear ye not the way so lonely,
You a little, feeble band?
mf No; for friends unseen are near us,
Holy angels round us stand;
Christ, our Leader, walks beside us,
He will guard, and He will guide us,
Guide us to the better land.

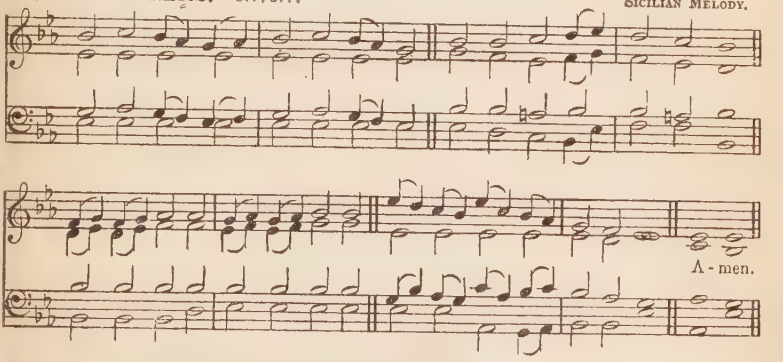
mp 3 Tell us, pilgrims, what you hope for
In that far-off better land?
f Spotless robes and crowns of glory,
From a Saviour's loving hand:
We shall drink of life's clear river,
We shall dwell with God forever,
In that bright and better land.

mp 4 Pilgrims, may we travel with you
To that bright and better land?
f Come and welcome! come and welcome!
Welcome to our pilgrim band!
Come, O come, and do not leave us;
Christ is waiting to receive us,
In that bright and better land.
Amen.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

584 MARINERS. 8.7.8.7.

SICILIAN MELODY.



Who by the power of God are guarded unto a salvation ready to be revealed in the last time.

mp CHILDHOOD'S years are passing o'er us,
Youthful days will soon be done;
p Cares and sorrows lie before us,
Hidden dangers, snares unknown.

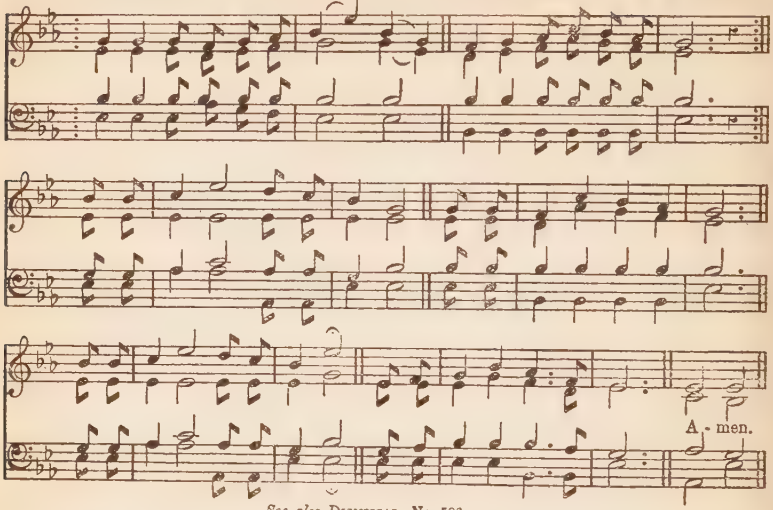
mp 2 O may He, who, meek and lowly,
Trod Himself this vale of woe,
Make us His, and make us holy,
Guard and guide us while we go.

cr 3 Hark! it is the Saviour calling,
'Little children, follow Me;'
mp Jesus, keep our feet from falling;
Teach us all to follow Thee.

p 4 Soon we part—it may be never,
Never here to meet again;
mf O to meet in heaven forever!
O the crown of life to gain!
Amen.

WILLIAM DICKSON.

585 PLEASANT PASTURES. 8.7.8.7.8.7. (*with repeat*). W. B. BRADBURY.



See also DISMISSAL, No. 536.

For Thy name's sake lead me and guide me.

mp SAVIOUR, like a shepherd lead us,
Much we need Thy tender care;
In Thy pleasant pastures feed us,
For our use Thy folds prepare:
cr Blessèd Jesus!
Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.

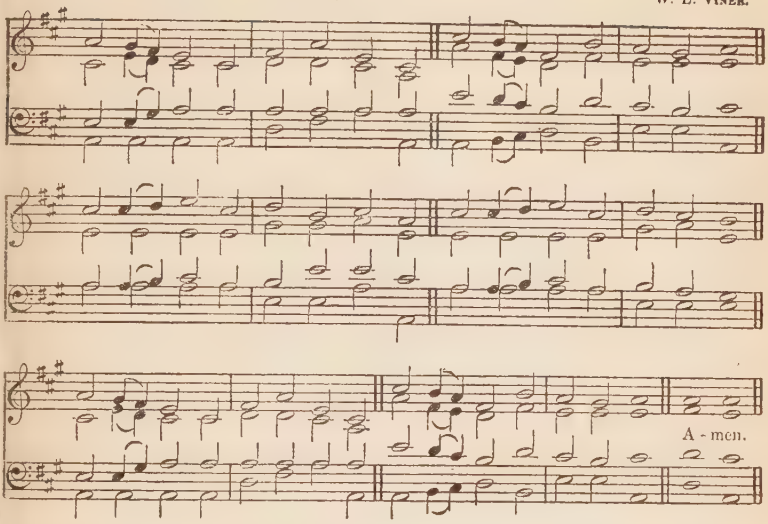
mf 2 We are Thine, do Thou befriend us,
Be the guardian of our way,
Keep from ill, from sin defend us,
dim Seek us when we go astray:
cr Blessèd Jesus!
Hear us children when we pray.

mp 3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
cr Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free:
mf Blessèd Jesus!
Let us early turn to Thee.

mf 4 Early let us seek Thy favor,
Early let us do Thy will;
Blessèd Lord and only Saviour,
With Thyself our bosoms fill:
cr Blessèd Jesus!
Thou hast loved us, love us still. Amen. ADELAIDE THRUPP.

586 DISMISSAL. 8.7.8.7.8.7.

W. L. VINER.



He shall gather the lambs in His arm, and carry them in His bosom.

mp GRACIOUS Saviour, gentle Shepherd,
All Thy lambs are dear to Thee;
Gathered in Thine arms and carried
In Thy bosom may we be,
p Sweetly, fondly, safely tended,
cr From all want and danger free.

p 2 Tender Shepherd, never leave us
From Thy fold to go astray;
By Thy look of love directed,
May we walk the narrow way!
cr Thus direct us, and protect us,
Lest we fall to sin a prey.

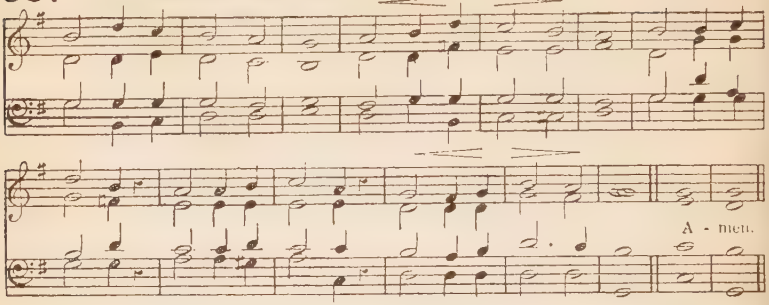
mf 3 Taught to lisp Thy holy praises,
Which on earth Thy children sing,
Both with lips and hearts unfeignèd,
May we our thank-offering bring;
cr Then, with all the saints in heaven,
f Join to praise our Lord and King. Amen.

JANE E. LEESON.

12. The Heavenly Home

587 CITY BRIGHT. 6.6.5.5.6.

J. S. Tyler.



There shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth; . . . but they which are written in the Lamb's book of life.

mf THERE is a city bright,
Closed are its gates to sin;
Nought that defileth,
Nought that defileth
Can ever enter in.

mp 2 Saviour, I come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I pray—
Cleanse me and save me,
Cleanse me and save me,
Wash all my sins away.

cr 3 Lord, make me, from this hour,
Thy loving child to be,
Kept by Thy power,
Kept by Thy power
From all that grieveth Thee:

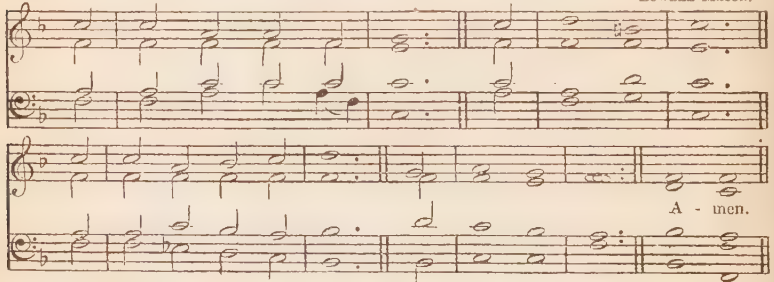
mf 4 Till in the snow-white dress
Of Thy redeemed I stand,
Faultless and stainless,
Faultless and stainless,

cr Safe in that happy land. Amen.

M. A. S. Deck

588 NAIN. 6.4.6.4.

Lowell Mason.



Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee the crown of life.

mf A CROWN of glory bright
By faith I see
In yonder realms of light
Prepared for me.

mp 2 O may I faithful prove,
Keep it in view,
And through the storms of life
My way pursue.

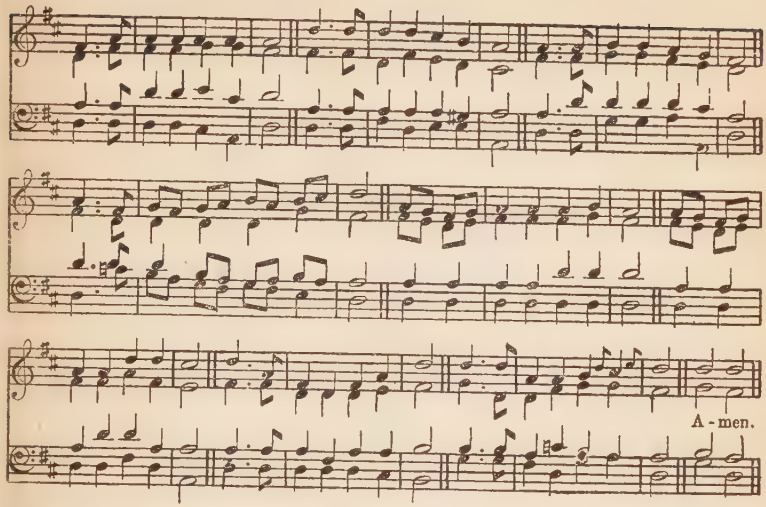
cr 3 Jesus, be Thou my guide,
My steps attend;
O keep me near Thy side,
Be Thou my friend.

4 Be Thou my shield and sun,
My constant guard,

mf And, when my work is done,
My great reward. Amen.

Phœbe Cary.

589 ZIONWARD. 7.7.7.7. D.



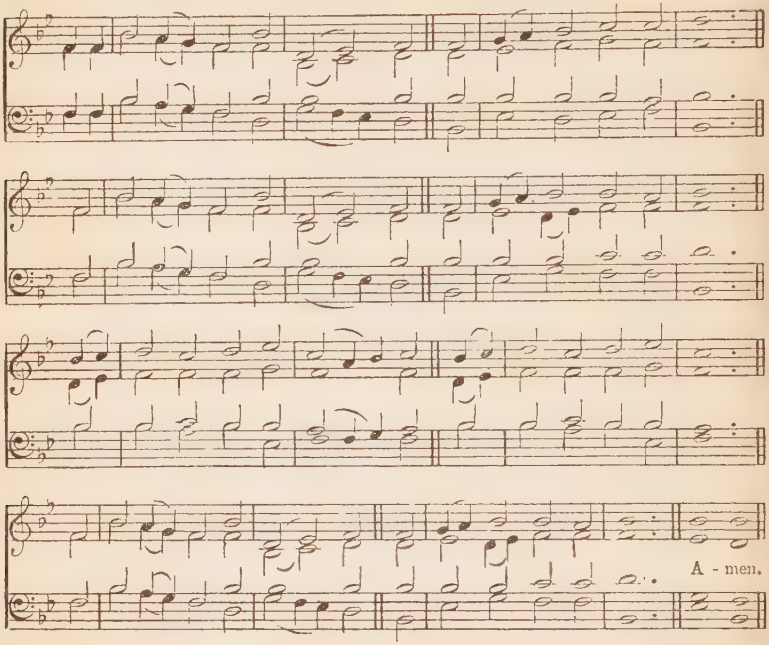
They shall come from the east, and from the west, and from the north, and from the south, and shall sit down in the kingdom of God.

mf LITTLE travellers Zionward,
Each one entering into rest
In the kingdom of your Lord,
In the mansions of the blest.
cr There to welcome Jesus waits,
Gives the crowns His followers win:
Lift your heads, ye golden gates,
Let the little travellers in.

mp 2 Who are they whose little feet,
Pacing life's dark journey through,
cr Now have reached the heavenly seat
They had ever kept in view?
'I from Greenland's frozen land,'
'I from India's sultry plain,'
'I from Afric's barren sand,'
'I from islands of the main.'

mf 3 'All our earthly journey past,
Every tear and pain gone by,
We're together met at last
At the portal of the sky.'
Each the welcome 'Come' awaits,
Conquerors over death and sin:
f Lift your heads, ye golden gates,
Let the little travellers in. Amen. JAMES EDMESTON.

590 ELLACOMBE 7.6.7.6. D.

CONRAD KOCHER'S 'ZIONSHARFE,' 1855.

The things which God hath prepared for them that love Him.

mf THERE'S a Friend for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
A Friend who never changeth,
Whose love can never die.
Unlike our friends by nature,
Who change with changing years,
This Friend is always worthy
The precious name He bears.

mp 2 There's a rest for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
Who love the blessed Saviour
And 'Abba, Father' cry—
A rest from every trouble,
From sin and danger free,
Where every little pilgrim
Shall rest eternally.

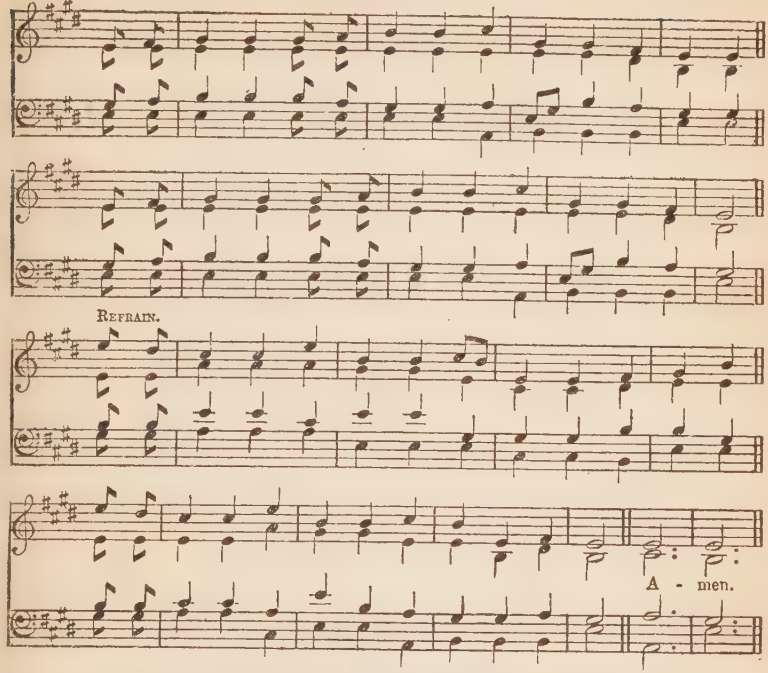
mf 3 There's a home for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
Where Jesus reigns in glory,
A home of peace and joy:
No home on earth is like it,
Or can with it compare,
For every one is happy,
Nor could be happier, there.

f 4 There's a crown for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
And all who look for Jesus
Shall wear it by and by—
A crown of brightest glory,
Which He will then bestow
On all who've found His favor,
And loved His name below. Amen.

ALBERT MIDLANE.

591 JEWELS. 8.6.8.5. (*with refrain*).

G. F. Root.



They shall be Mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up My jewels.

mf WHEN He cometh, when He cometh,
To make up His jewels,
All His jewels, precious jewels,
His loved and His own.

cr *Like the stars of the morning,*
His bright crown adorning,
They shall shine in their beauty,
Bright gems for His crown.

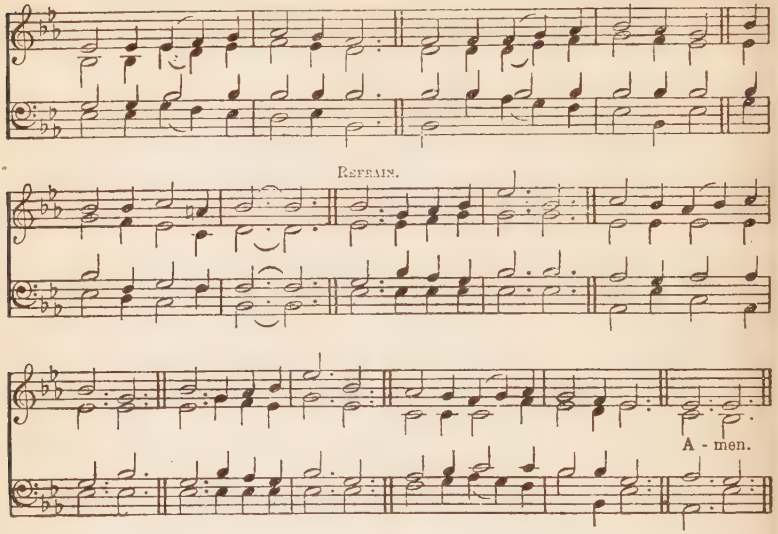
mf 2 He will gather, He will gather,
The gems for His kingdom;
All the pure ones, all the bright ones,
His loved and His own.

mf 3 Little children, little children,
Who love their Redeemer,
Are the jewels, precious jewels,
His loved and His own. **Amen.**

W. O. Cushing.

592 JOYFUL. 7.7.6. (*with refrain.*)

THOMAS BILBY.



And so shall we ever be with the Lord.

p HERE we suffer grief and pain;
Here we meet to part again;
cr In heaven we part no more.

f *O that will be joyful,*
Joyful, joyful, joyful,
O that will be joyful,
When we meet to part no more.

mp 2 All who love the Lord below,
When they die to heaven will go,
cr And sing with saints above.

mp 3 Little children will be there,
Who have sought the Lord by prayer,
From every Sabbath school.

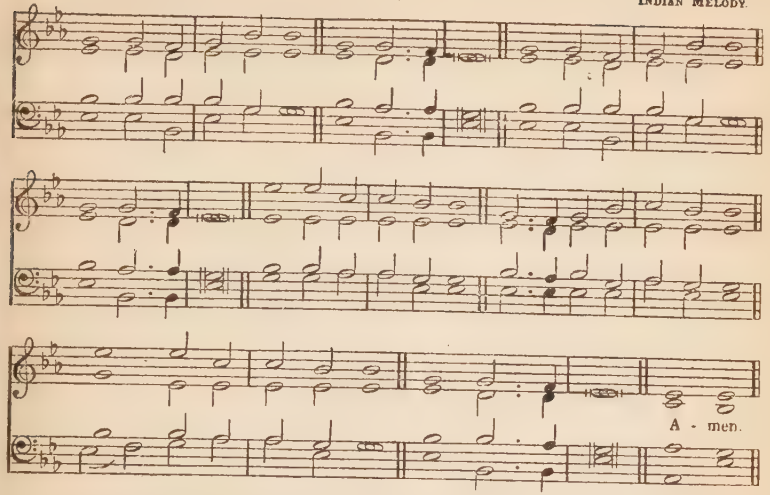
mf 4 O how happy we shall be,
For our Saviour we shall see
Exalted on His throne.

mf 5 There we all shall sing with joy,
And eternity employ
cr In praising Christ the Lord. Amen.

THOMAS BILBY.

593 HAPPY LAND. 6.4.6.4.6.7.6.4.

INDIAN MELODY.



We are journeying unto the place of which the Lord said, I will give it you: come thou with us.

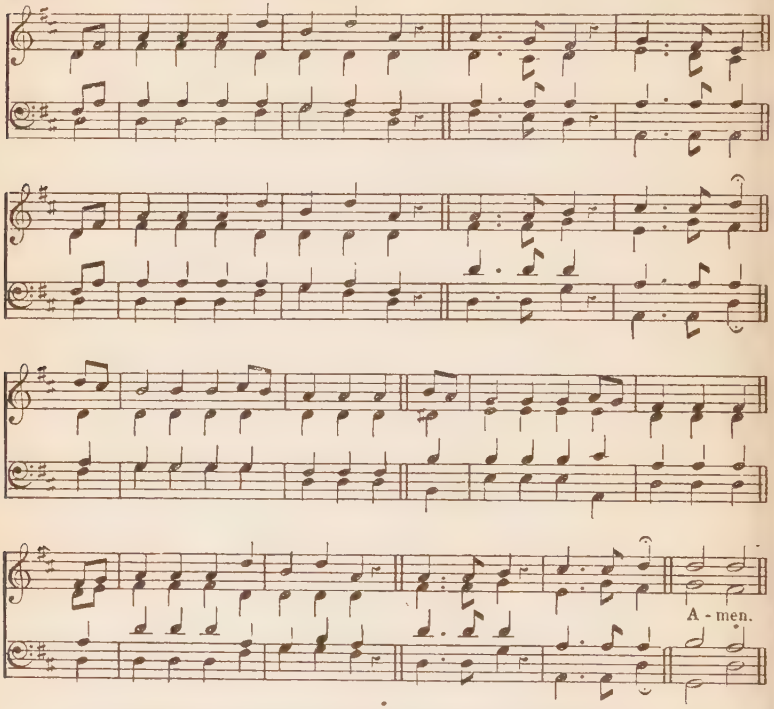
mf THERE is a happy land,
Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day:
O how they sweetly sing,
'Worthy is our Saviour King!'
f Loud let His praises ring,
Praise, praise for aye.

mf 2 Come to this happy land,
Come, come away;
Why will ye doubting stand?
Why still delay?
f O we shall happy be,
When, from sin and sorrow free,
Lord, we shall live with Thee,
Blest, blest for aye.

mf 3 Bright in that happy land
Beams every eye;
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die:
f On then to glory run;
Be a crown and kingdom won;
And bright above the sun
ff Reign, reign for aye. Amen.

ANDREW YOUNG.

594 O, SO BRIGHT. 8.3 8.3.8.8.8.3.

ADAPTED BY HUBERT P MAIN

They desire a better country, that is, a heavenly: wherefore God is not ashamed of them.

mf THERE is a better world, they say,
O, so bright!
Where sin and woe are done away,
O, so bright!
cr And music fills the balmy air,
And angels bright and pure are there,
And harps of gold and mansions fair,
f O, so bright!

2 No clouds e'er pass along its sky,
cr Happy land!
No tear-drop glistens in the eye,
Happy land!

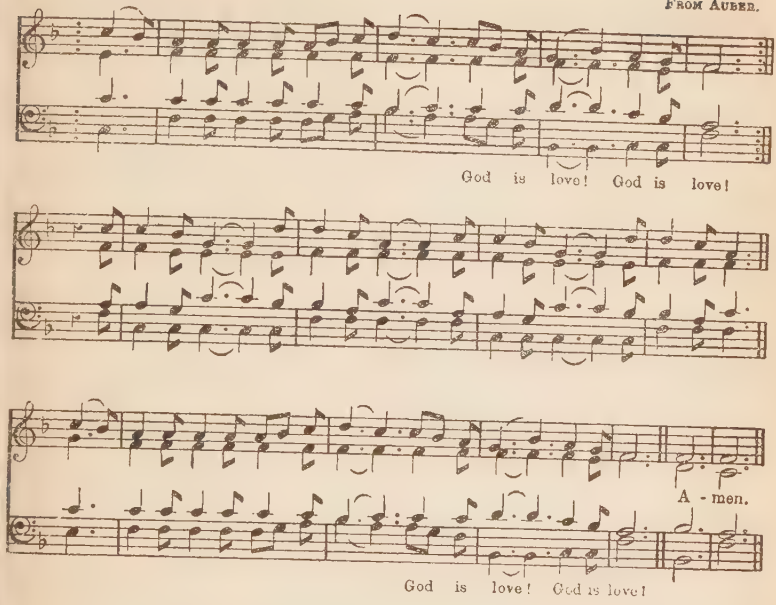
mf They drink the living streams of grace,
And gaze upon the Saviour's face,
Whose brightness fills the holy place,
f Happy land!

p 3 Though we are sinners every one,
cr Jesus died!
And though our crown of peace is gone,
Jesus died!
mf We may be cleansed from every stain,
We may be crowned with peace again,
cr And in that land of bliss may reign,
f Jesus died! Amen.

JOHN LYTH.

595 EPHESUS. 8.3.8.3.8.8.3.

FROM AUBER.



God is love.

mf COME, let us all unite to sing,
God is love!
While heaven and earth their praises bring,
God is love!
Let every soul from sin awake,
Their harps now from the willows take,
And sing with us, for Jesus' sake,
God is love!

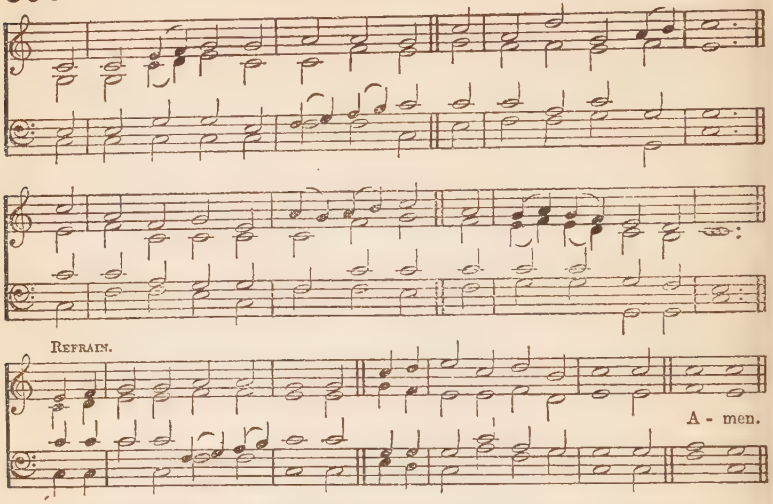
2 How happy is our portion here!
God is love!
His promises our spirits cheer;
God is love!
He is our sun and shield by day,
By night He near our tents will stay,
He will be with us all the way—
God is love!

mp 3 What though my heart and flesh shall fail!
or God is love!
mf Through Christ I shall o'er death prevail,
God is love!
Though Jordan swell I will not fear;
My Saviour will be with me there,
My head above the waves to bear—
God is love!

f 4 In Zion we shall sing again,
God is love!
Yes, this shall be our highest strain,
God is love!
Whilst endless ages roll along,
In concert with the heavenly throng,
This shall be still our sweetest song,
God is love! Amen.

596 AROUND THE THRONE. C.M. (*with refrain*).

'SACRED MELODIES,' 1843.



They washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb: therefore are they before the throne of God.

mf AROUND the throne of God in heaven
Thousands of children stand,
Children whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band,
Singing, Glory, glory, glory!
Singing, Glory, glory, glory!

mp 2 What brought them to that world above,
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace and joy and love—
How came those children there,
Singing, Glory, glory, glory!
Singing, Glory, glory, glory!

cr 3 Because the Saviour shed His blood
To wash away their sin,
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
mf Behold them white and clean,
Singing, Glory, glory, glory!
Singing, Glory, glory, glory!

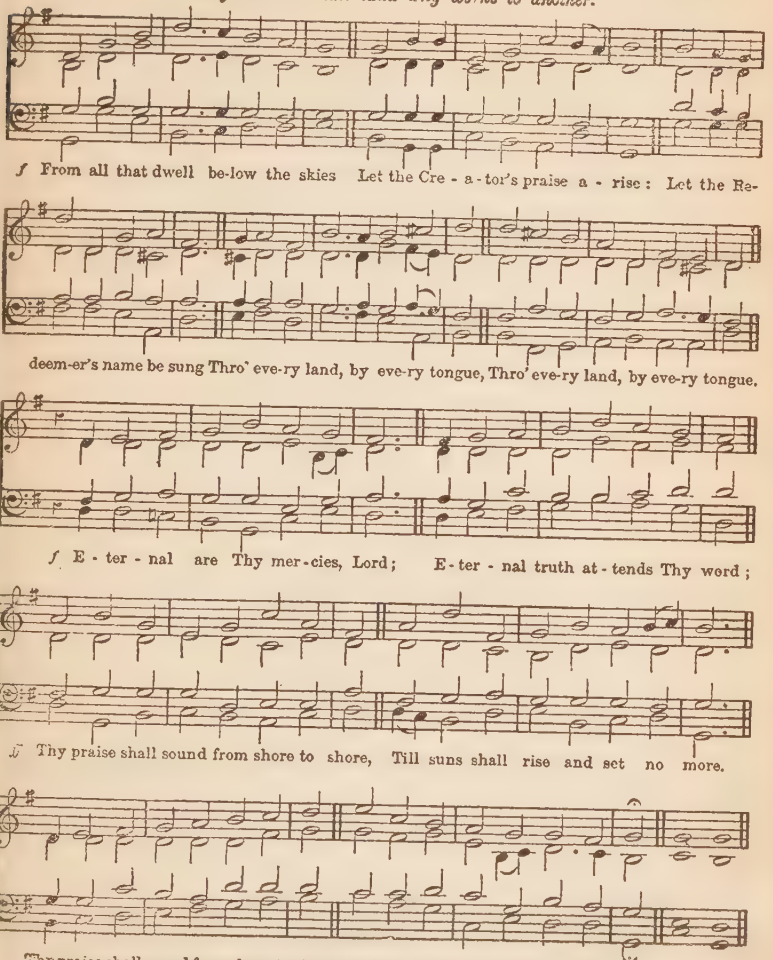
4 On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved His name;
f So now they see His blessèd face,
And stand before the Lamb,
Singing, Glory, glory, glory!
Singing, Glory, glory, glory! Amen.

ANNE SHEPHERD.

597 DOXOLOGY.

HENRY SMART.

One generation shall laud Thy works to another.

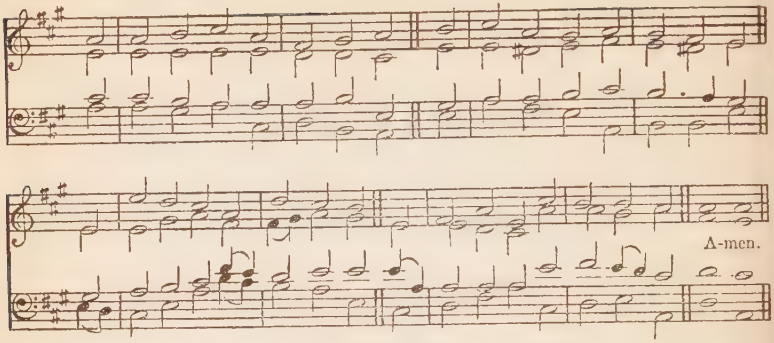

f From all that dwell be-low the skies Let the Cre - a - tor's praise a - rise: Let the Re-
deem-er's name be sung Thro' eve-ry land, by eve-ry tongue, Thro' eve-ry land, by eve-ry tongue.
f E - ter - nal are Thy mer-cies, Lord; E - ter - nal truth at - tends Thy word;
ff Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore, Till suns shall rise and set no more.
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore, Till suns shall rise and set no more. A - men.

See also WARRINGTON, No. 484.

ISAAC WATTS.

598 ELY. L. M.

THOMAS TURTON.



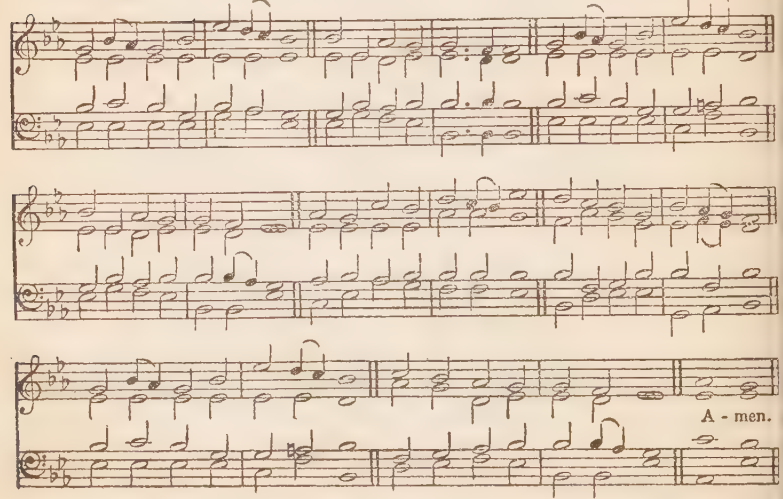
Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly.

mp DISMISS us with Thy blessing, Lord;
Help us to feed upon Thy word;
All that has been amiss forgive,
And let Thy truth within us live.
p Though we are guilty, Thou art good;
Sprinkle our works with Jesus' blood;
cr Give every fettered soul release,
dim And bid us all depart in peace. Amen.

JOSEPH HART.

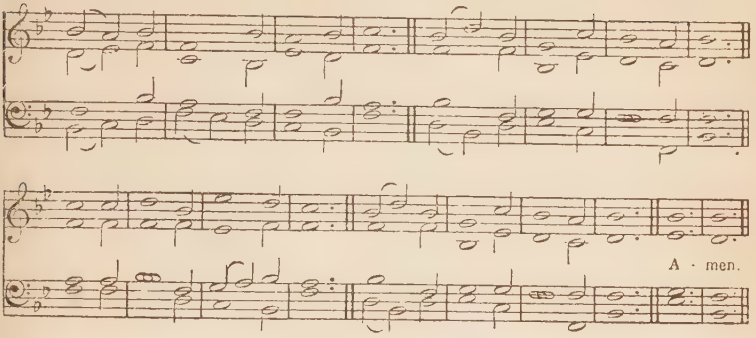
TICHFIELD. 7.7.7.7. D.

JOHN RICHARDSON.



599 BRANDENBURG. 7.7.7.7.

GERMAN.



The very God of peace sanctify you wholly.

mp NOW may He who from the dead
Brought the Shepherd of the sheep,
Jesus Christ, our King and Head,
All our souls in safety keep.

cr 2 May He teach us to fulfil
What is pleasing in His sight,
Perfect us in all His will,
And preserve us day and night.

f 3 To that great Redeemer's praise,
Who the covenant sealed with blood,
Let our hearts and voices raise
cr Loud thanksgivings to our God. Amen.

JOHN NEWTON

600 TICHFIELD. 7.7.7.7 D.

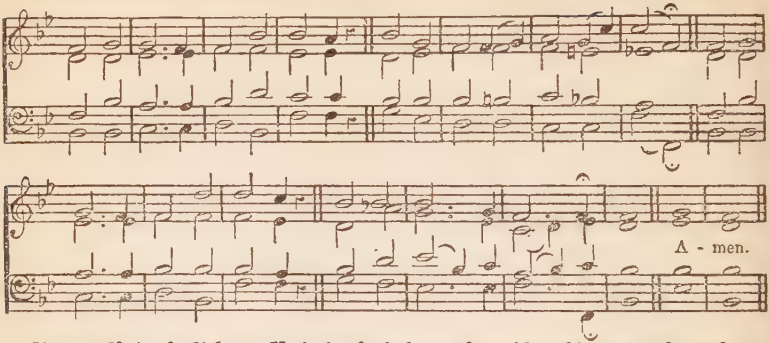
Peace be unto you all that are in Christ.

mp PART in peace! Christ's life was peace,
Let us live our life in Him;
p Part in peace! Christ's death was peace,
Let us die our death in Him:
mp Part in peace! Christ promise gave
Of a life beyond the grave,
cr Where all mortal partings cease;
dim Brethren, sisters, part in peace. Amen.

SARAH F. ADAMS.

601 EVENING PRAYER. 8.7.8.7.

GEORGE C. STEBBINS.



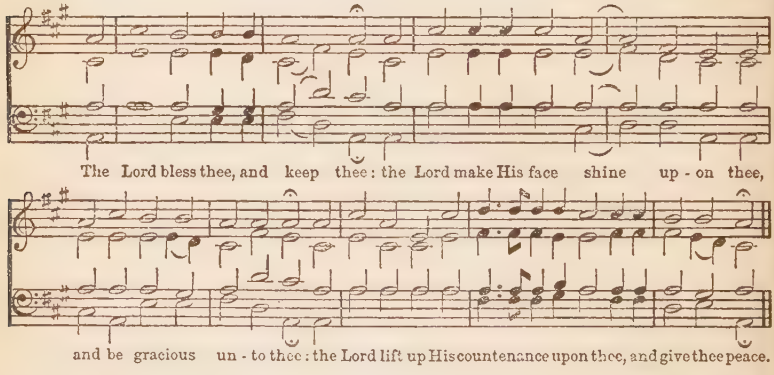
If we walk in the light as He is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus His Son cleanseth us from all sin.

mp MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above.

cr 2 Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord,
mf And possess in sweet communion
Joys which earth cannot afford. Amen.

JOHN NEWTON.

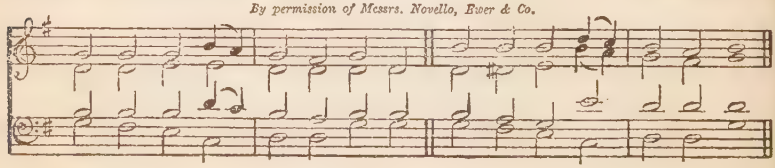
602

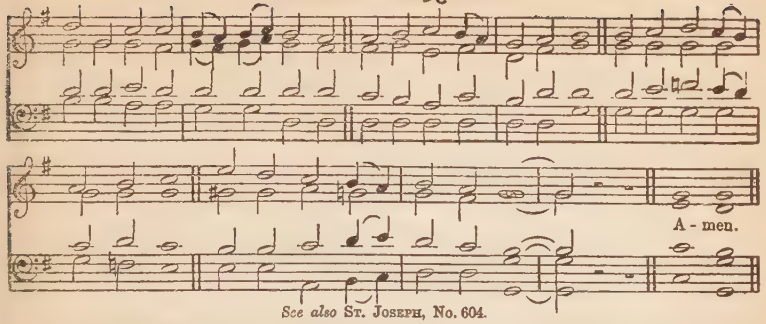
HARMONY BY LOWELL MASON.

The Lord bless thee, and keep thee: the Lord make His face shine up - on thee,
and be gracious un - to thee: the Lord lift up His countenance upon thee, and give thee peace.

603 GOUNOD. 8.7.8.7.7.7.

CHARLES GOUNOD.

By permission of Messrs. Novello, Ewer & Co.





See also St. Joseph, No. 604.

In peace will I both lay me down and sleep; for it is Thou, Lord, who makest me dwell apart in safety.

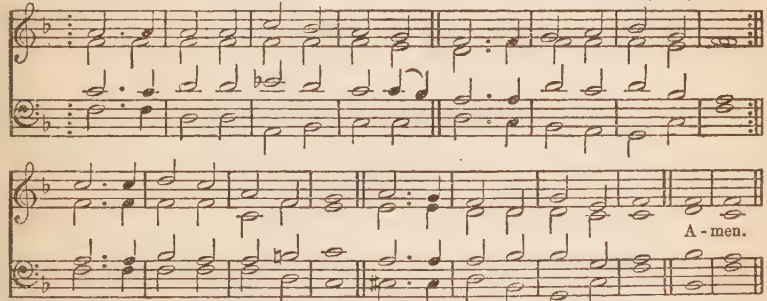
mp THROUGH the day Thy love has spared us,
Now we lay us down to rest:
Through the silent watches guard us,
Let no foe our peace molest;
cr Jesus, Thou our guardian be;
Sweet it is to trust in Thee.

mp 2 Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes,
Us and ours preserve from dangers;
In Thine arms may we repose;
p And, when life's brief day is past,
Rest with Thee in heaven at last.
Amen.

Thomas Kelly.

604 ST. JOSEPH. 8.7.8.7.7.

H. H. Statham.



Who also sealed us, and gave us the earnest of the Spirit in our hearts.

mp SAVIOUR, now the day is ending,
And the shades of evening fall,
Let Thy Holy Dove descending
Bring Thy mercy to us all:
Set Thy seal on every heart,
Jesus, bless us ere we part!

mp 2 Bless the gospel message spoken,
In Thine own appointed way;
Give each fainting soul a token
Of Thy tender love to-day:
Set Thy seal on every heart,
Jesus, bless us ere we part!

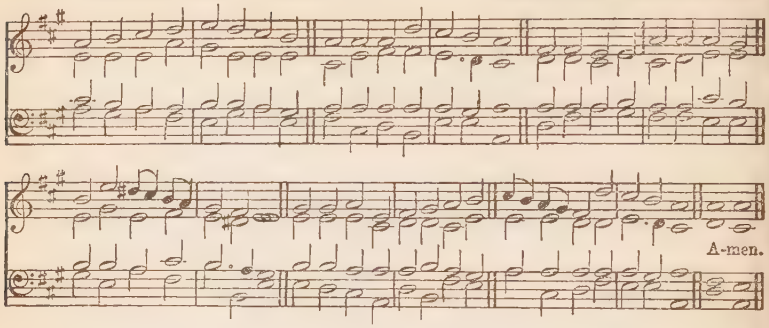
mp 3 Comfort those in pain or sorrow,
Watch each sleeping child of Thine;
cr Let us all arise to-morrow
Strengthened by Thy grace divine;
Set Thy seal on every heart,
Jesus, bless us ere we part!

mp 4 Pardon Thou each deed unholy;
Lord, forgive each sinful thought;
Make us contrite, pure and lowly,
By Thy great example taught:
Set Thy seal on every heart,
Jesus, bless us ere we part! Amen.

Sarah Doudney.

605 BENEDICTION. 8.7.8.7.8.7.

SAMUEL WEBB'S 'ANTIPHONS,' 1792.



I commend you to God, and to the word of His grace.

mf LORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace:
Let us each, Thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace;
cr O refresh us,
Travelling through life's wilderness!

f 2 Thanks we give and adoration
For Thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May Thy presence
With us evermore be found! Amen.

ASCRIBED TO JOHN FAWCETT (*altd.*).

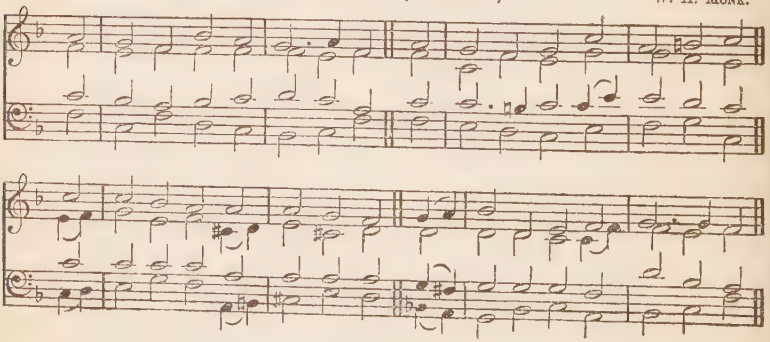
606 BENEDICTION. 8.7.8.7.8.7.

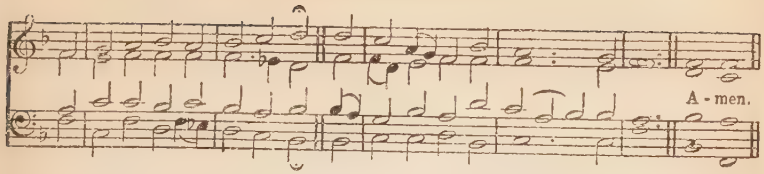
Let Thy mercy, O Lord, be upon us, according as we hope in Thee.

mf LORD, let mercy now attend us,
As we leave Thy holy place;
And from evil still defend us,
While we run our heavenward race,—
f Hallelujah!—
Till in bliss we see Thy face. Amen. ANON.

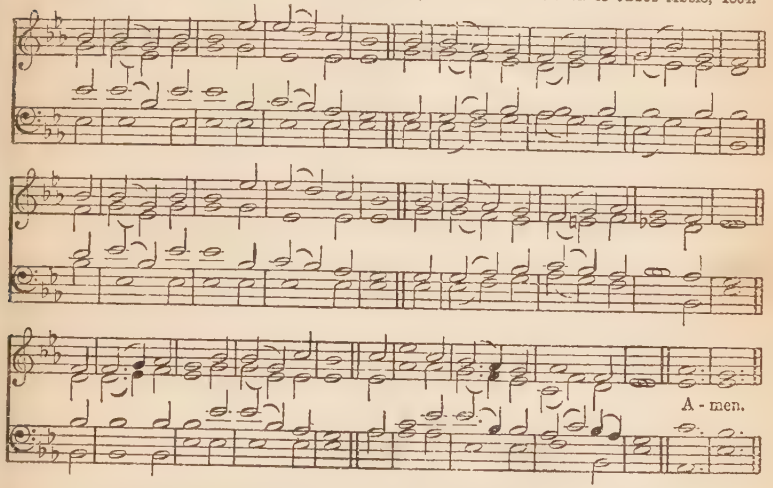
607 ST. MATTHIAS. 8.8.8.8.8.8. (FIRST TUNE.)

W. H. MONK.





STELLA. 8.8.8.8.8.8. (Second Tune.) Hemy's 'Crown of Jesus Music,' 1864.



I am the light of the world: he that followeth Me shall not walk in the darkness, but shall have the light of life.

mf O SAVIOUR, bless us ere we go;
Thy words into our minds instil;
cr And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
With lowly love and fervent will.
dim *Through life's long day and death's dark night,*
cr *O gentle Jesus, be our light!*

mp 2 The day is gone, its hours have run,
And Thou hast taken count of all—
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.

cr 3 Grant us, O Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release;
And bless us, more than in past days,
With purity and inward peace.

mp 4 Labor is sweet, for Thou hast toiled;
And care is light, for Thou hast cared;
Let not our works with self be soiled,
Nor in unsimple ways ensnared.

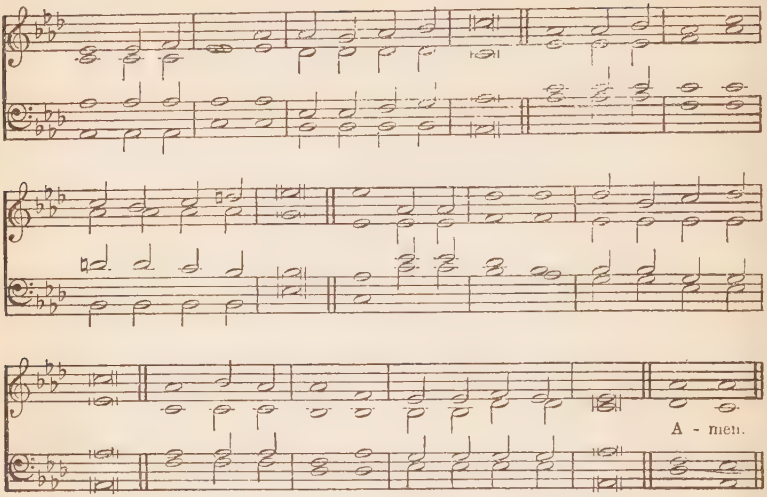
mf 5 Do more than pardon; give us joy,
Sweet fear, and sober liberty,
And loving hearts without alloy,
That only long to be like Thee.

mf 6 For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto Thee we call;
cr O let Thy mercy make us glad!
Thou art our Jesus and our all. Amen.

F. W. Faber.

608 ELLERS. 10.10.10.10.

E. J. Hopkins.



My peace I give unto you.

mf SAVIOUR, again to Thy dear name we raise,
With one accord our parting hymn of praise;
We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease,
dim Then, lowly kneeling, wait Thy word of peace.

mp 2 Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way;
With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day;
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon Thy name.

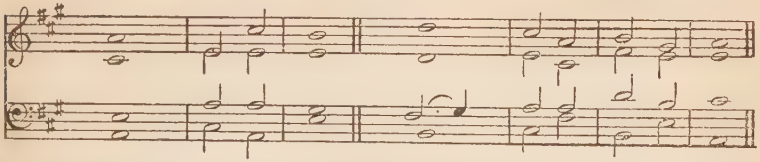
mp 3 Grant us Thy peace through this approaching night;
Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep Thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

mp 4 Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
cr Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
dim Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace. Amen.

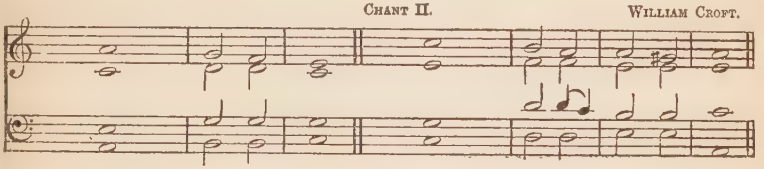
John Ellerton.

609 TE DEUM (*Chant Music*).

CHANT I. JONATHAN BATTISHILL.



f We praise	Thee, O	God,	We acknowledge	Thee to	be the	Lord.
All the earth doth	wor - ship	Thee,	The Father	ev - er	last -	ing.
To Thee all Angels	cry a -	loud,	The Heavens, and all the	powers.	there -	in.
To Thee cherubim and	ser - a -	phim	Con - - - - -	tin - ual -	ly do	cry,
dim Holy,	ho - ly,	holy,	Lord	God of	Sab - a -	oth;
f Heaven and earth are full of the	ma - jes-	ty	Of	. Thy	glo -	ry.
The glorious company	of the a-	postles	Praise	. .	. .	Thee.
The goodly fellowship	of the	prophets	Praise	. .	. .	Thee.
The noble	army of	martyrs	Praise	.	. .	Thee.
The holy Church throughout	all the	world	Doth	. ac -	knowledge	Thee;
The	Fa -	ther,	Of an	in - finite	ma - jes -	ty;
mf Thine honorable, true, and	on - ly	Son;	Also the Holy	Ghost, the	Com - fort -	er.
Thou art the	King of	Glory,	O	. .	. .	Christ.
Thou art the ever-	last - ing	Son	Of	. the	Fa	ther.

CHANT II. WILLIAM CROFT.

mp When Thou tookest upon Thee to de-	liv - er	man,	Thou didst not ab-	hor the	Vir - gin's	womb.
cr When Thou had overcome the	sharpness of	death,	Thou didst open the Kingdom of	Heaven to	all be -	lievers.
f Thou sittest at the right	hand of	God,	In the	glo - ry	of the	Father.
mp We believe that	Thou shalt	come	To	be .	our .	Judge.
We therefore pray Thee,	help Thy	servants,	Whom Thou hast redeemed	with Thy	pre - cious	blood.
cr Make them to be numbered	with Thy	saints	In	glo - ry	ev - er -	lasting.
p O Lord,	save Thy	people,	And	bless Thine	her - i -	tage.
cr Go - - - - - -	- - vern	them,	And	lift them	up for-	ever.

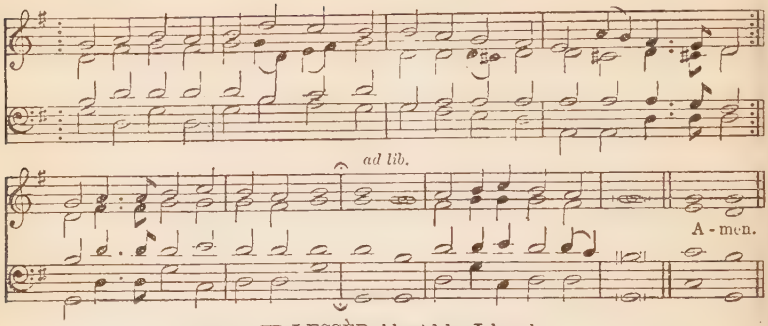
To be sung to Chant I.

f Day	by	day	We	mag - ni -	fy .	Thee;
And we	worship Thy	Name	Ever	world with-	out .	end.
mp Vouch - - - - -	safe, O	Lord,	To keep us	this day	with - out	sin.
dim O Lord, have	mercy up -	on us,	Have	mercy up -	on .	us.
cr O Lord, let Thy mercy	lighten up-	on us,	As our	trust .	is in	Thee.
f O Lord, in	Thee have I	trusted,	Let me	nev - er	be con -	founded.

From the Latin.

610 MILAN.

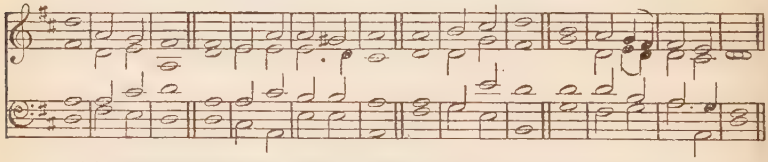
WEBBE'S 'ANTIPHONS,' 1792.



mp BLESSÈD, blessèd be Jehovah,
Israel's God to all eternity:
cr Blessèd, blessèd be Jehovah,
Israel's God to all eternity:
mf Let all the people say, Amen,
ff Amen. Praise to the Lord give ye. PSALM 106.

611 CHANT.

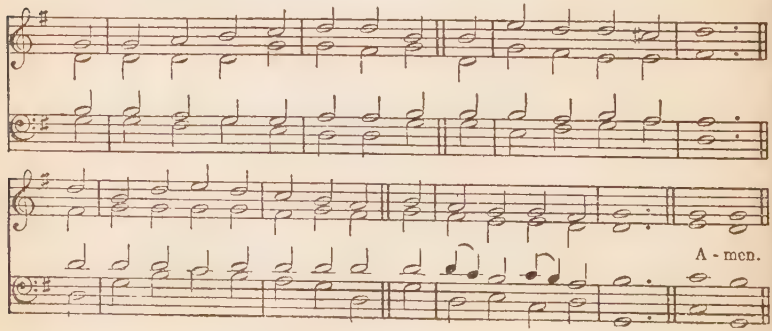
WILLIAM BOYCE.



f GLORY be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be; world without end. Amen.
FROM THE LATIN.

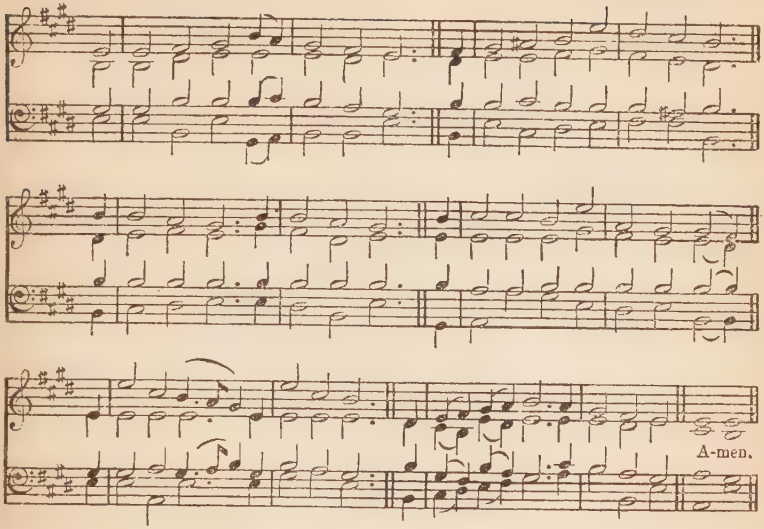
DUNFERMLINE. C. M.

'SCOTTISH PSALTER,' 1615.



612 EATON. 8.8.8.8.8.8.

ZERUBBABEL WYVILL.



f IMMORTAL honor, endless fame
Attend the Almighty Father's name!
Let God the Son be glorified,
dim Who for lost man's redemption died!
f And equal adoration be,
Eternal Paraclete, to Thee! Amen.

JOHN DRYDEN (from the Latin).

613 DUNFERMLINE. C. M.

mf HIS name forever shall endure;
Last like the sun it shall:
Men shall be blessed in Him, and blessed
All nations shall Him call.

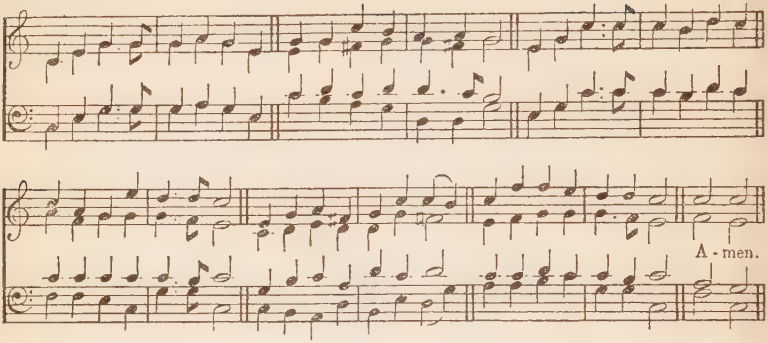
2 Now blessèd be the Lord our God,
The God of Israel,
cr For He alone doth wondrous works,
In glory that excel.

f 3 And blessèd be His glorious name
To all eternity:
The whole earth let His glory fill.
Amen, so let it be.

PSALM 72.

614 TRIUMPH. 8.7.8.7.8.7.

H. J. Gauntlett.

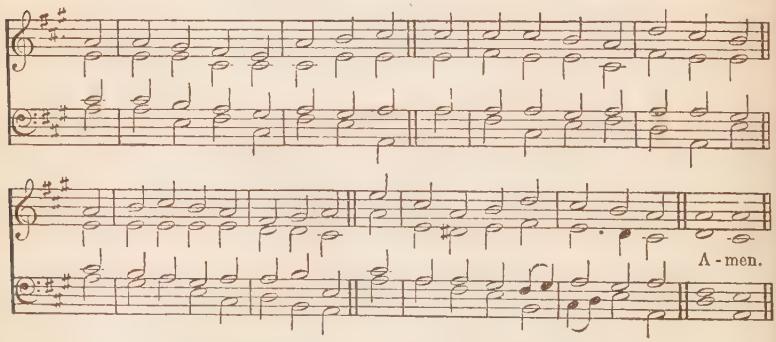


mf NOW to Him who loved us, gave us
Every pledge that love could give,
Freely shed His blood to save us,
Gave His life that we might live:
ff Be the kingdom
And dominion,
And the glory, evermore. Amen.

S. M. Waring (*altd.*).

615 OLD HUNDREDTH. L. M.

'Genevan Psalter,' 1551.

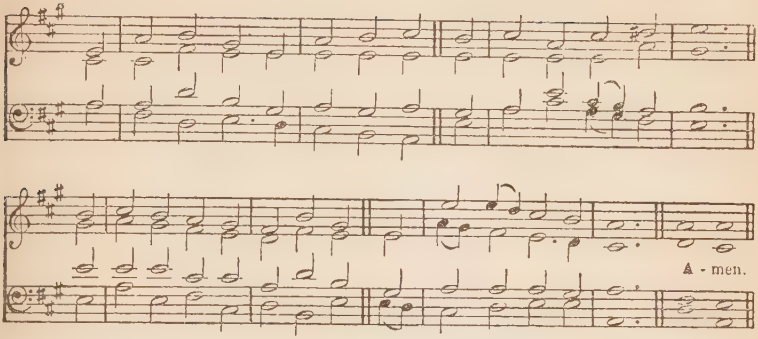


PRAISE God from whom all blessings flow:
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

Thomas Ken.

616 ST. MAGNUS. C. M

JEREMIAH CLARK.



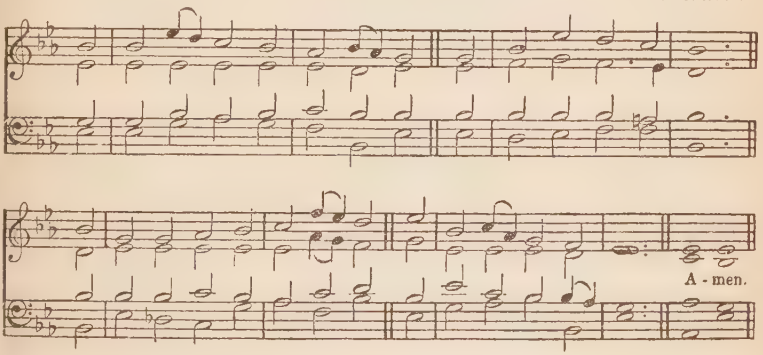
f SALVATION and immortal praise
To our victorious King!
Let heaven and earth, and rocks and seas,
With glad hosannas ring.

2 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, and is,
And shall be evermore. Amen.

v. 1, ISAAC WATTS; *v.* 2, TATE and BRADY.

617 JACKSON. C.M.

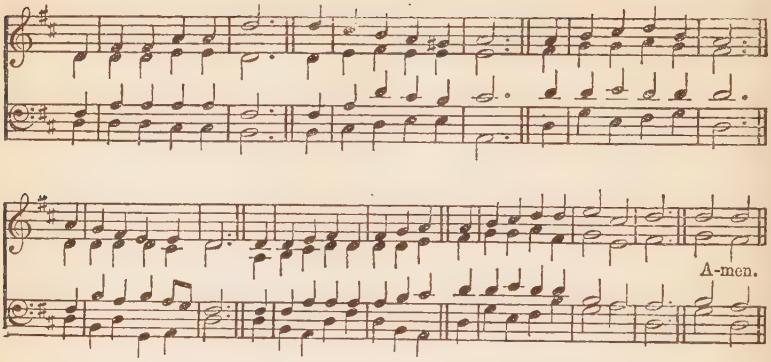
THOMAS JACKSON.



mf TO Him that loved the souls of men,
And washed us in His blood,
To royal honors raised our head,
And made us priests to God,
f To Him let every tongue be praise,
And every heart be love!
All grateful honors paid on earth,
And nobler songs above! Amen.

ISAAC WATTS (*alt.*).

618 ST. JOHN. 6.6.6.6.8.8. Old English Melody.

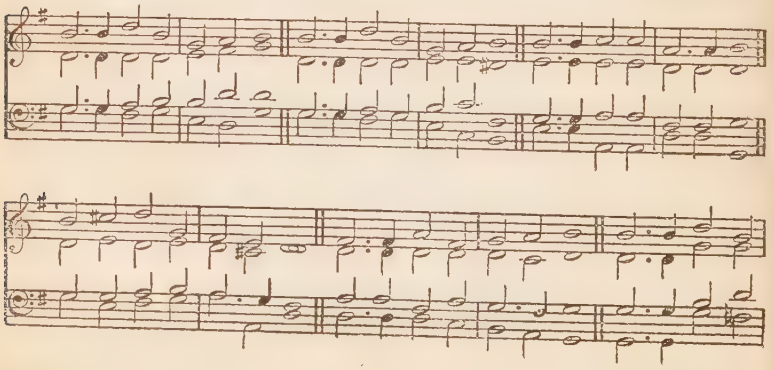


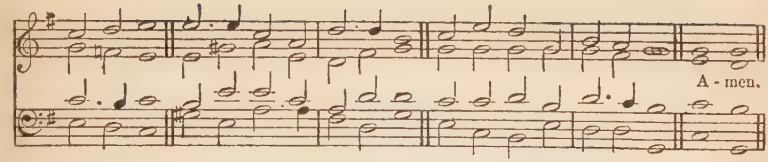
See also Laus Deo, No. 352.

f NOW to the King of heaven
Your cheerful voices raise;
To Him be glory given,
Power, majesty and praise;
ff Wide as He reigns,
His name be sung
By every tongue,
In endless strains. Amen.

Philip Doddridge (*altd.*).

619 ST. GEORGE'S, WINDSOR. 7.7.7.7. D. Sir G. J. Elvey.



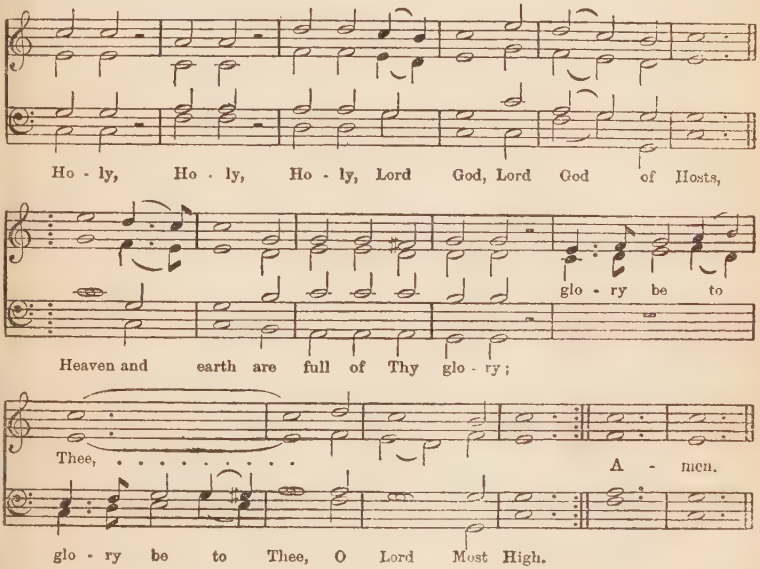


f PRAISE the Lord: His glories show,
Saints within His courts below,
Angels round His throne above;
Praise Him, all that share His love.

Earth to heaven exalt the strain;
Send it, heaven, to earth again,
Age to age, and shore to shore,
Praise Him, praise Him evermore! Amen.

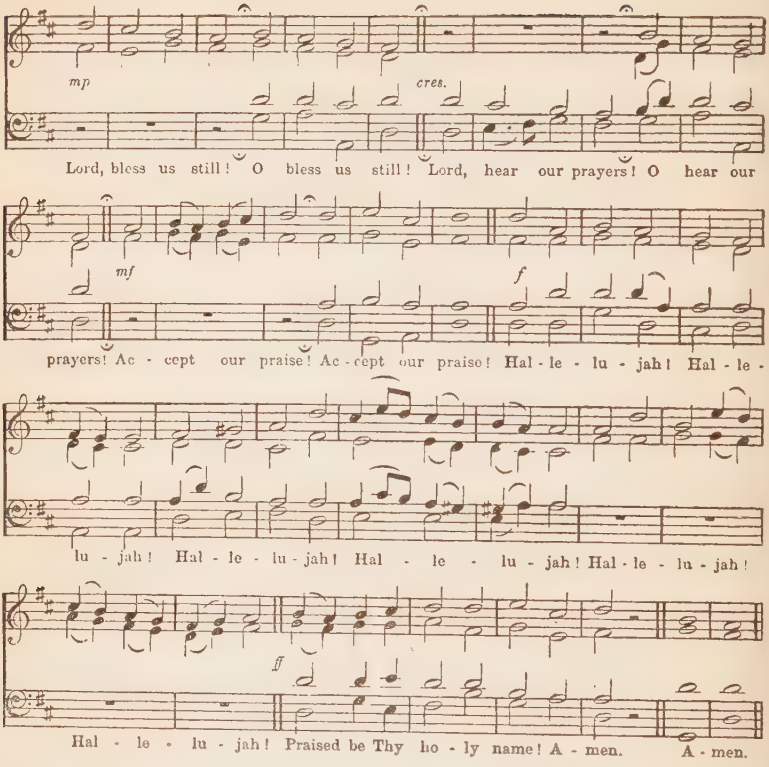
H. F. LYTE (*altd.*).

620 SANCTUS.

THOMAS EBDON.

Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God, Lord God of Hosts,
glo - ry be to
Heaven and earth are full of Thy glo - ry;
Thee,
A - men.
glo - ry be to Thee, O Lord Most High.

p cr HOLY, holy, holy: Lord God of Hosts,
mf Heaven and earth are full of Thy glory;
f Glory be to Thee, O Lord Most High. Amen.

621 DOXOLOGY.

R. A. SMITH.

mp
cres.
Lord, bless us still! O bless us still! Lord, hear our prayers! O hear our
mf
f
prayers! Ac - cept our praise! Ac - cept our praise! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le -
lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!
ff
Hal - le - lu - jah! Praised be Thy ho - ly name! A - men. A - men.

And I heard as it were the voice of a great multitude, and as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of mighty thunderings, saying:

'Hallelujah!
For the Lord God omnipotent reigneth.
The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord, and of His Christ;
And He shall reign for ever and ever;
King of kings, and Lord of lords:
Hallelujah!'

ALPHABETICAL INDEX OF TUNES

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Advent . . .	25, 87 .	William Henry Monk, Mus. Doc., 1823 1889	8.7.8.7.4.7.
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Aldersgate . .	323 . .	Rev. G. P. Merrick, M.A., Mus. Bac. .	S.M.
All Saints (New)	250 . .	Henry Stephen Cutler, Mus. Doc., 1824 .	C.M. D.
All Saints . .	354 . .	Darmstädter Gesangbuch, 1698, & Störl's Würtemberger Gesangbuch, 1711	8.7.8.7.7.7.
All the way . .	320 . .	Rev. Robert Lowry, D.D., 1826- . . .	8.7.8.7. D.
Allthings bright	512 . .	John Pyke Hullah, LL.D., 1812–1884 .	Special setting.
Almsgiving . .	427 . .	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc., 1823–1876 .	8.8.8.4.
Angels. . . .	491 . .	Orlando Gibbons, Mus. Doc., 1583–1625	L.M.
Angelus . . .	366, 411	Adapted from Georg Josephi, 1657 . .	L.M.
Angel Voices .	391 . .	Edwin George Monk, Mus. Doc., 1819–.	8.5.8.5.8.4.3.
Antioch . . .	26 . .	From Georg Friedrich Handel, 1685-1759	C.M., with repeat.
Arnsberg . . .	360 . .	Rev. Joachim Neander, 1640–1680 . .	6.6.8.D.3.3.6.6.
Around the Throne.	596 . .	Bateman's Sacred Melodies, 1843 . . .	C.M., with refrain.
Art thou weary .	132 . .	Rev. Ethelbert William Bullinger, D.D.	8.5.8.3.
Artaxerxes . .	126 . .	From Thomas Augustine Arne, 1710-1778	C.M.
Aspiration . .	525 . .	Albert Lister Peace, Mus. Doc., 1844– .	7.6.8.6.
Aspurg . . .	39 . .	Johann Georg Frech, 1790–1864 . . .	C.M.
Auchincairn .	20 . .	James Kim Scott, 1839–1883	11.10.11.10.
Audite audientes me	138 . .	Sir Arthur S. Sullivan, Mus. Doc., 1842–	C.M. D.
Augustine . .	246 . .	J. S. Bach's Vierstimmige Choralgesänge, 1769	S.M.

NAME OF TUNE.	NO. OF HYMN.	COMPOSER OR SOURCE OF TUNE.	METRE OF TUNE.
Aurelia . . .	225 226, 464	Samuel Sebastian Wesley, Mus. Doc., 1810–1876	7.6.7.6. D.
Austria . . .	449, 463	Franz Josef Haydn, Mus. Doc., 1732–1809	8.7.8.7. D.
Autumn . . .	447, 448	Melody of the Eighteenth Century. F. H. Barthélémon (?)	8.7.8.7. D.
Baden	296 . .	Nürnberg Gesangbuch, 1690. Severus Gastorius, or Johann Pachelbel	8.7.8.7.4.4.8.8.
Balerma . . .	201 . .	Melody of the Eighteenth Century. Arranged by Robert Simpson, –1832	C.M.
Barber . . .	264, 357	Arranged from Mozart, 1756–1791 . .	S.M.
Barkworth . .	181 . .	Rev. Shadwell Morley Barkworth, D.D.	6.6.6.6.
Barrow . . .	127 . .	Lowell Mason, Mus. Doc., 1792–1872 .	C.M.
Bath	329 . .	W. H. Cooke. From the Bristol Tune Book	6.6.8.6.8.8.
Battishill . .	182, 513	Adapted from Jonathan Battishill, 1738–1801	7.7.7.7.
Batty	310, 311	Johann Thommen's Choralbuch, 1745 .	8.7.8.7.
Be at Rest . .	154, 495	J. Downing Farrer, 1829–	8.5.8.3.
Bedford . . .	120 . .	William Wheall, Mus. Bac., –1745 . .	C.M.
Beebe	456 . .	Walter Olivant Wilkinson, 1852– . . .	11.10.11.10.
Beecher . . .	213 . .	John Zundel, 1815–1882.	8.7.8.7. D.
Beechwood . .	509 . .	Josiah Booth, 1852–	5.6.6.4.
Belmont . . .	149 189, 337	William Gardiner's Sacred Melodies, 1812	C.M.
Bemerton . .	358, 511, 571, 581	Friedrich Filitz, Ph.D., 1804–1876 . .	6.5.6.5. and 6.7.6.5.
Benediction . .	605, 606	Samuel Webbe's Antiphons, 1792 . .	8.7.8.7.8.7.
Benevento . .	345, 478	Samuel Webbe, 1740–1816. Arranged by A. Croil Falconer	7.7.7.7. D.
Bentley . . .	194 . .	John Pyke Hullah, LL.D., 1812–1884 .	7.6.7.6. D.
Bera	140 . .	John Edgar Gould, 1822–1875. . . .	L.M.
Berlin	110, 417	Johann Crüger, 1598–1662	7.7.7.
Bethany . . .	241 404, 481	Henry Smart, 1813–1879	8.7.8.7. D.
Bethlehem . .	30 . .	Arranged from Mendelssohn's Festgesang by W. H. Cummings	7.7.7.7. D.
Bidborough . .	135 . .	Arranged from Handel by W. H. Callcott	S.M.
Bird	169 . .	G. W. Bird	8.7.8.7.
Birds are singing	515 . .	From Hymns for Children	8.7.8.7., with refrain.
Blumenthal . .	166 . .	Arranged from Jacques Blumenthal, 1829–	7.7.7.7. D.
Bohemia . . .	79 . .	Johann Thommen's Choralbuch, 1745 .	8.7.8.7.7.7.
Boniface . . .	170 . .	Adapted from tune in Darmstadt Gesangbuch, 1698	8.8.8.5. (trochaic.)
Bonn	414 . .	Hundert Geistliche Arien, 1691 . . .	7.6.7.6.3.3.6.6.
Borlan. . . .	314, 315	Arranged from Kocher's Zionsharfe, 1855	8.7.8.7.

NAME OF TUNE.	NO. OF HYMN.	COMPOSER OR SOURCE OF TUNE.	METRE OF TUNE.
Boylston . . .	219 . .	Lowell Mason, Mus. Doc., 1792–1872 .	S.M.
Brandenburg .	599 . .	German Melody	7.7.7.7.
Bringing in the Sheaves	455 . .	Arranged from George A. Miner . . .	12.11.12.11., with refrain.
Broadlands . .	288 . .	Cantiques Sacrez, &c., 1740	6.6.6.6. D.
Broomsgrove .	83 . .	Frederick C. Maker, 1844-	6.6.6.4.6.7.6.4.
Broughton . .	287, 461	Thomas Hastings, Mus. Doc., 1784–1872	6.6.6.6. D.
Bucer	265 . .	Mason and Webbe's Cantica Laudis, 1850. From Robert Schumann (?)	S.M.
Burton Agnes .	179 . .	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc., 1823–1876	C.M.
Canon	367 . .	Thomas Tallis, -1585	L.M.
Canonbury . .	233 . .	Arranged from Robert Schumann, 1810-1856	L.M.
Cantus	146 . .	Uzziah C. Burnap, Mus. Doc., 1834- .	10.10.10.
Capetown . .	558 . .	Friedrich Filitz, Ph.D., 1804--1876 . .	7.7.7.5.
Carol	28 . .	Richard Storrs Willis, 1819-	C.M. D.
Chamouni . .	131 . .	George Lomas, Mus. Bac., 1834–1884 .	8.7.8.7. D.
Chant (Battishill)	609 (i) .	Jonathan Battishill, 1738–1801 . . .	Te Deum.
,, (Boyce) .	611 . .	William Boyce, Mus. Doc., 1710–1779 .	Gloria Patri.
,, (Croft) .	609 (ii)	William Croft, Mus. Doc., 1678–1727 .	Te Deum.
,, (Jacobs) .	305 . .	Rev. William Jacobs, M.A., -1872 . .	Irregular.
,, (Wesley)	305 . .	Samuel Wesley, 1766–1837	Irregular.
Chenies . . .	119, 540	Rev. T. Richard Matthews, B.A., 1826-.	7.6.7.6. D.
Children's Voices	517 . .	Edward John Hopkins, Mus. Doc., 1818-	6.6.6.6.8.8.
City Bright . .	587 . .	J. S. Tyler	6.6.5.5.6.
Cleethorpes . .	364 . .	Rev. T. Richard Matthews, B.A., 1826-	7.6.7.6. D., with refrain.
Coblentz . . .	112 . .	French Melody of the Fifteenth Century	8 7.8.7.7.7.8.8.
Come unto Me .	142 . .	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc., 1823–1876 .	7.6.7.6. D.
Comfort . . .	147 . .	C. A. Garratt	11.10.11.10.
Commandments	49 . .	Genevan Psalter, 1543	L.M.
Communion . .	50, 419, 420	Adapted by Edw. Miller, Mus. Doc., 1731-1807	L.M.
Consecration .	205 . .	Rev. Robert Lowry, D.D., 1826- . . .	6.4.6.4.6.6 6.4.
Consolation . .	147 . .	Arranged from Samuel Webbe, 1740-1816	11.10.11.10.
Consolator . .	114,229, 408	A. Croil Falconer, 1850-	7.7.7.5.
Constance . .	80 . .	Sir Arthur S. Sullivan, Mus. Doc., 1842-	8.7.8.7. D.
Cooling . . .	71 . .	A. J. Abbey	C.M.
Coronation . .	90 . .	Oliver Holden, 1765–1844	C.M., with repeat.
Covenant . . .	309 . .	Sir John Stainer, M.A., Mus. Doc., 1840-	6.6.8.4. D.
Creation . . .	13 . .	Arranged from Franz Josef Haydn, Mus. Doc., 1732–1809	L.M.
Crediton . . .	432 . .	Thomas Clark, 1775–1859	C.M.
Culbach . . .	98 . .	Scheffler's Geistliche Hirtenlieder, 1668	7.7.7.7.

NAME OF TUNE.	NO. OF HYMN.	COMPOSER OR SOURCE OF TUNE.	METRE OF TUNE.
Cyprus	93	Lowell Mason, Mus. Doc., 1792–1872	L.M.
Dalehurst	221	Arthur Cottman, c. 1842–1879	C.M.
Dalkeith	173	Thomas Hewlett, Mus. Bac., 1845–1874	10.10.10.10.
Damascus	411		L.M.
Daniel	533	Philip Paul Bliss, 1838–1876	7.5.7.6., with refrain.
Darwall	69, 387	Rev. John Darwall, 1731–1789	6.6.6.6.8.8.
Day of Praise	246.365. 381	Charles Steggall, Mus. Doc., 1826–	S.M.
Day of Rest	193,255. 350,383	James William Elliott, 1816–	7.6.7.6. D.
Deerhurst	428	James Langran, Mus. Bac., 1835–	8.7.8.7. D.
Denfield	569	Adapted from Carl Gotthelf Gläser, 1784–1829	C.M.
Dennis	218	Johann Georg Nageli, 1768–1836. Adapted by Lowell Mason	S.M.
Desire	180	Henry Smart, 1813–1879	6.4.6.4.6.6.4.
Devotion	52	John Henry Gower, Mus. Doc., 1855–	6.6.6.6.6.6.
Dijon	524, 572	German Melody	7.7.7.7., and 8.7.8.7.
Diligence	239	Lowell Mason, Mus. Doc., 1792–1872	7.6.7.5. D.
Dismissal	451, 586	William Litton Viner, 1790–1867	8.7.8.7.8.7.
Dix	24, 31, 441	Abridged from Conrad Kocher, Ph.D., 1786–1872	7.7.7.7.7.7.
Dominus regit me	19	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc., 1823–1876	8.7.8.7.
Dorrnance	228	Isaac Baker Woodbury, 1819–1858	8.7.8.7.
Doxology	597	Henry Smart, 1813–1879	Specialsetting.
Doxology	621	Robert Archibald Smith, 1780–1829	Specialsetting.
Draw me nearer	216	William Howard Doane, Mus. Doc., 1832–	10.7.10.7., with refrain.
Dresden	488	Johann Abraham Peter Schulz, 1747–1800	7.6.7.6. D., with refrain.
Dunfermline	8,27,613	Scottish Psalter, 1615	C.M.
Eagley	430	James Walch, 1837–	C.M.
Easter Hymn	61	Lyra Davidica, 1708. Henry Carey, –1743 (?)	7.7.7.7., with Hallelujah.
Eaton	612	Zerubbabel Wyvill, 1763–1837	8.8.8.8.8.8.
Eden	50, 140	Timothy Battle Mason, 1801–1861	L.M.
Eden	388	Rev. Oswald Mosley Feilden, M.A., 1837–	6.6.6.6.
Edina	210	Sir Herbert S. Oakeley, LL.D., Mus. Doc., 1830–	6.5.6.5. D.
Ein' feste Burg	259	Martin Luther, D.D., 1483–1546	8.7.8.7.6.6.6.6.7.
Eirene	243	Frances Ridley Havergal, 1836–1879	11.10.11.10.
Ellacombe	539, 590	Conrad Kocher's Zionsharfe, 1855	7.6.7.6. D.
Ellers	608	Edward John Hopkins, Mus. Doc., 1818–	10.10.10.10.
Ellon	535, 556	George Frederick Root, Mus. Doc., 1820–1895	7.6.7.6. D.

NAME OF TUNE.	NO. OF HYMN.	COMPOSER OR SOURCE OF TUNE.	METRE OF TUNE.
Elsick	563 . .	Freylinghausen's Geistreiches Gesangbuch, 1704	7.7.7.7.
Ely.	598 . .	Rev. Thomas Turton, D.D., 1780–1864 .	L.M.
Emmanuel . .	336 . .	Adapted from Beethoven, 1770–1827 .	C.M.
Endsleigh . .	383 . .	S. Salvatori	7.6.7.6. D.
Enon	551 . .	Rev. Oswald Mosley Feilden, M.A., 1837–	6.5.6.5.
Epenetus. . .	566 . .	Frances Ridley Havergal, 1836–1879 .	Special setting.
Ephesus . . .	595 . .	From Daniel François Esprit Auber, 1782–1871	8.3.8.3.8.8.8.3.
Ernan	232 . .	Lowell Mason, Mus. Doc., 1792–1872	L.M.
Eucharist . .	422 . .	A. Croil Falconer, 1850–.	8.8.8.4.
Eureka . . .	134 . .	A. Croil Falconer, 1850–.	Irregular.
Euroclydon . .	492 . .	Rev. G. W. Torrance, M.A., Mus. Doc., 1835–	Special setting.
Evan	415, 570	Rev. W. H. Havergal, M.A., 1793–1870	C.M.
Evangel . . .	555 . .	William Howard Doane, Mus. Doc., 1832	7.6.7.6. D., with refrain.
Even me . . .	403 . .	William Batchelder Bradbury, 1816-68	8.7.8.7., with refrain.
Evening Prayer	375,405, 601	George Coles Stebbins, 1846-	8.7.8.7.
Eventide . . .	377 . .	William Henry Monk, Mus. Doc., 1823-89	10.10.10.10.
Every Day . .	211 . .	William Howard Doane, Mus. Doc., 1832-	7.7.7.7., with refrain.
Ewing. . . .	351 . .	Lieut.-Col. Alexander Ewing, 1830–1895	7.6.7.6. D.
Excelsior . . .	223 . .	Lowell Mason, Mus. Doc., 1792–1872 .	6.4.6.4.6.6.4.
Faith	151 . .	C. A. Garratt	8.8.8.6.
Faith	177 . .	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc., 1823–1876	C.M.
Falfield . . .	213 . .	Sir Arthur S. Sullivan, Mus. Doc., 1842–	8.7.8.7. D.
Far away. . .	458 . .	James McGranahan	11.10.11.10., with refrain.
Farrant . . .	200 . .	Richard Farrant, *c.* 1530–1580, or John Hilton, Mus. Bac., –1657	C.M.
Federal Street .	527 . .	Henry Kemble Oliver, 1800–1885 . .	L.M.
Felix	7. . .	From Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, 1809–1847. Adapted by Lowell Mason	C.M.
Feniton Court .	316 . .	Edward John Hopkins, Mus. Doc., 1818–	8.7.8.7.8.7.
Ferrier . . .	578 . .	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc., 1823–1876	7.7.7.7.
Fiducia . . .	78 . .	Samuel Sebastian Wesley, Mus. Doc., 1810–1876	7.7.7.7.
Fingal	40 . .	James Smith Anderson, Mus. Bac., 1853–	C.M.
Flemming . .	333, 378	Frederick Ferdinand Flemming, 1778–1813	11.10.11.6., & 11.11.11.5.
Follow Me . .	534 . .	German Melody	7.6.7.6.7.7.7.6.
Franconia . .	63, 381	J. D. Müller's Choralbuch, 1754 . . .	S.M.
Fulda	466 . .	From Johann Sebastian Bach, 1685-1750	8.8.8.4.
Fulstow . . .	528 . .	Rev. T. Richard Matthews, B.A., 1826–	6.5.6.5.
Galilee . . .	498 . .	Venetian Melody	7.3.7.3.6.8.7.4.

NAME OF TUNE.	NO. OF HYMN.	COMPOSER OR SOURCE OF TUNE.	METRE OF TUNE.
Gentle Jesus	523	Adapted from Mozart, 1756–1791	7.7.7.7.
Gethsemane	161	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc., 1823–1876	7.7.7.7.7.7.
Glad Day	563	William Wallace Gilchrist, Mus. Doc., 1846–	7.7.7.7.
Gladness	548	Philip Paul Bliss, 1838–1876	10.10.10.10., with refrain.
God be with you	501	W. G. Tomer	9.8.8.9., with refrain.
God is near thee	277	German Melody	8.2.8.3.7.
God Save the King	508	Henry Carey, 1743. Harmony by E. J. Hopkins	6.6.4.6.6.6.4.
Gotha	21	H.R.H. the late Prince Consort, 1819–1861	8.7.8.7.
Gounod	79, 353, 429, 603	Charles François Gounod, 1818–1893	8.7.8.7.7.7.
Gower's Litany	116	John Henry Gower, Mus. Doc., 1855–	7.7.7.6.
Gräfenberg	117	Johann Crüger, 1598–1662	C.M.
Gratitude	485	Johann Crüger, 1598–1662	6.7.6.7.6.6.6.6.
Green Hill	46	Albert Lister Peace, Mus. Doc., 1844–	C.M.
Greenland	100	Arranged from Johann Michael Haydn, 1737 1806	7.6.7.6. D.
Grey	407	The Hon. and Rev. F. R. Grey	7.7.7.5.
Guide	292, 380	M. M. Wells	7.7.7.7.7.7.
Haddo	160	Edward John Hopkins, Mus. Doc., 1818-	6.4.6.4.6.6.4.
Hamburg	295	Gregorian Chant. Adapted by Lowell Mason	8.8.8.6.
Hampton	431	Aaron Williams' Psalmody in Miniature, c. 1770	S.M.
Hanover	16	Playford's Supplement to the New Version of Psalms, 1708. William Croft, Mus. Doc., 1677–1727 (?)	5.5.5.5.6.5.6.5.
Happy Day	150	Melody in Philip Phillips' Hallowed Songs, 1873	L.M., with refrain.
Happy Home	453, 473	Edward Bunnett, Mus. Doc., 1834-	11.10.11.10.
Happy Land	593	Indian Melody	6.4.6.4.6.7.6.4.
Harts	17	Benjamin Milgrove, c. 1731–1810	7.7.7.7.
Harvest Home	454	George Frederick Root, Mus. Doc., 1820–1895	10.10.10.10., with refrain.
Harvest-tide	487	A. Croil Falconer, 1850-	9.8.9.8.
Harvey	300	William Fisk Sherwin, –1888	8.3.8.3.8.8.7.3.
Haydn	101	Franz Josef Haydn, 1732–1809	S.M.
He leadeth me	297	William Batchelder Bradbury, 1816-68	L.M., with refrain.
Heathlands	240 (Pt. ii)	Henry Smart, 1813 1879	7.7.7.7.7.7.
Hebron	460	Lowell Mason, Mus. Doc., 1792–1872	L.M.
Heidelberg	442, 568	Melchior Vulpius, 1560–1616 or 1621	7.6.7.6.
Hermas	210, 537	Frances Ridley Havergal, 1836–1879	6.5.6.5. D., also with refrain.

NAME OF TUNE.	NO. OF HYMN.	COMPOSER OR SOURCE OF TUNE.	METRE OF TUNE.
Hesperus . . .	76, 235, 504	Henry Baker (graduated Mus. Bac., 1867)	L.M.
Hiding in Thee	263 . .	Ira D. Sankey	11.11.11.11., with refrain.
Hold Thou my hand	175 . .	Hubert Platt Main, 1839-	11.10.11.10.
Hollingside . .	162 . .	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc., 1823–1876 .	7.7.7.7. D.
Holly	108,290, 291	George Hews, 1806–1873	L.M.
Holy Cross . .	521 . .	Adapted by James Clifft Wade. Source uncertain	C.M.
Holyrood . . .	462, 526	James Watson, 1816–1880	S.M.
Hora Novissima	541 . .	Arranged from Rossini, 1792–1868 . .	7.6.7.6. D., with refrain.
Horbury . . .	223 . .	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc., 1823-1876	6.4.6.4.6.6.4.
Horton . . .	229, 408	Edward Minshall, 1845–.	7.7.7.5.
Houghton . .	22, 489	Henry John Gauntlett, Mus. Doc., 1805–1876	10.10.11.11., & 11.11.11.11.
Howard . . .	58 . .	John Wilson's Selection of Psalm Tunes, 1825	C.M.
Hull	465 . .	From American Musical Miscellany, 1798. S. Chandler (?)	8.8.6.8.8.6.
Hursley . . .	368 . .	Ascribed to Peter Ritter, 1760–1846 . .	L.M.
I love to tell the story	557 . .	William Gustavus Fischer, 1835–. . .	7.6.7.6. D., with refrain.
I need Thee . .	122 . .	Rev. Robert Lowry, D.D., 1826- . . .	6.4.6.4., with refrain.
If I come to Jesus	553 . .	William Howard Doane, Mus. Doc., 1832-	6.5.6.5., with refrain.
Infant Praises .	510 . .	Friedrich Silcher, Ph.D., 1789-1860. .	6.5.6.5., with repeat.
Infant's Prayer	531 . .	German	6.5.6.5.
Innocents . .	99, 272, 574	Origin uncertain. Appeared in The Parish Choir, 1851	7.7.7.7.
Intercession . .	406 . .	William Hutchins Callcott, 1807-1882	7.5 7.5. D. 8 8
Invitation . .	144 . .	Thomas Hastings, Mus. Doc., 1784-1872	8.6.8.6.4.
Invitation . .	560 . .	George Frederick Root, Mus. Doc., 1820-1895	9.9.9.6., with refrain.
Irby	519 . .	Henry John Gauntlett, Mus. Doc., 1805-1876	8.7.8.7.7.7.
Irene	114, 379	Rev. C. C. Scholefield, 1839–. Arranged by Sir Arthur Sullivan	7.7.7.5.
Irish	38, 267, 268	Dublin Hymn Book, 1749	C.M.
Italian Chorale	375 . .	Italian Chorale, arranged by W. H. Monk	8.7.8.7. D.
Jackson . . .	617 . .	Thomas Jackson, *c.* 1715–1781	C.M.
Jam Lucis . .	362 . .	Ancient Plain-Song	L.M.

NAME OF TUNE.	NO. OF HYMN.	COMPOSER OR SOURCE OF TUNE.	METRE OF TUNE.
Jerusalem . .	337 . .	C. F. Roper. Robinson's Laudes Domini, 1884	C.M.
Jerusalem . .	121, 479	Jacques Arcadelt, 1540	7.6.7.6. D.
Jesus, I am resting.	313 . .	J. Mountain. From Hymns of Consecration and Faith	8.7.8.5. D., with refrain.
Jesus loves me .	554 . .	William Batchelder Bradbury, 1816-1868	7.7.7.7., with refrain.
Jesus saves . .	562 . .	William J. Kirkpatrick	7.6.7.6.7.7.7.6.
Jesus, Saviour .	579 . .	Sacred Melodies, 1872	7.7.7.5.
Jewels . . .	591 . .	George Frederick Root, Mus. Doc., 1820–1895	8.6.8.5., with refrain.
Joyful. . . .	592 . .	Thomas Bilby, 1794-1872	7.7.6., with refrain.
Kedron . . .	160 . .	English; ascribed to A. B. Spratt . .	6.4.6.4.6.6.4.
Kilmarnock. .	222 . .	Neil Dougall, 1776–1862	C.M.
King's College .	183 . .	— Walker	8.8.6.8.8.6.
Laban. . . .	247 . .	Lowell Mason, Mus. Doc., 1792–1872 . .	S.M.
Lambeth . . .	46 . .	Anonymous	C.M.
Lancashire . .	347 . .	Henry Smart, 1813-1879.	7.6.7.6. D.
Landskron . .	294 . .	Bohemian Hymnal, 1531.	8.8.8.4.
Last Hope . .	18, 552	From Louis Moreau Gottschalk, 1829-69	7.7.7.7.
Laudes Domini	97 . .	Sir Joseph Barnby, 1838–1896	6.6.6.6.6.6.
Lauds	361 . .	Arranged by Richard Redhead, from an old Latin Melody	L.M.
Laus Deo. . .	352 . .	John Henry Gower. Mus. Doc., 1855– .	6.6.6.6.8.8.
Lavington . .	212 . .	From Congregational Church Music, 1871	8.6.8.6.8.6.
Lebanon . . .	5, 96 .	Johann Georg Braun, of Bohemia. . .	6.6.4.6.6.6.4.
Lebbaeus. . .	57, 171, 580	Anonymous, arranged by Sir Arthur Sullivan	7.7.7.6.
Leipsic . . .	84, 227	Gotha Cantional, 1715	8.7.8.7.
Lenox. . . .	437 . .	Lewis Edson, 1748–1820	6.6.6.6.8.8.
Leominster . .	321 . .	George William Martin, 1828–1881 . .	S.M. D.
Leoni	309 . .	Said by some to be a Hebrew Melody. Source uncertain	6.6.8.4. D.
Leuchars. . .	287 . .	Thomas Legerwood Hately, 1815–1867	6.6.6.6.
Life for a look .	148 . .	E. G. Taylor	11.9.11.9., with refrain.
Light of life. .	494, 576	Lowell Mason, Mus. Doc., 1792–1872 .	8.7.8.4., with repeat.
Liguria . . .	43 . .	Ancient Melody	7.7.7.7.
Linton . . .	111, 384	H. J. E. Holmes, 1852-	8.6.8.4.
Litany. . . .	6 . .	Anonymous	7.7.7.6.
Little Hands .	532 . .	Rev. John Thomson, M. A.	7.6.8.8.6.
London New .	124, 269	Scottish Psalter, 1635, and Playford's Psalter, 1677	C.M.
Look, ye Saints	67 . .	Arranged by George Coles Stebbins, 1846-	8.7.8.7. D.
Loretto . . .	400 . .	Henri Frederick Hemy, 1818-	7.6.7.6. D.
Luther's Hymn	332 . .	Joseph Klug's Gesangbuch, 1535. Luther?	8.7.8.7.8.8.7.
Lux Beata . .	318 . .	Albert Lister Peace, Mus. Doc., 1844– .	10.4.10.4.10.10.

NAME OF TUNE.	NO. OF HYMN.	COMPOSER OR SOURCE OF TUNE.	METRE OF TUNE.
Lux Benigna	318	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc., 1823–1876	10.4.10.4.10.10.
Lyra	503	George Frederick Root, Mus. Doc., 1820–1895	C.M.
Madrid	536, 573	Adapted by Benjamin Carr	6.6.6.6. D.
Maidstone	389	Walter Bond Gilbert, Mus. Doc., 1829–	7.7.7.7. D.
Mainzer	231	Joseph Mainzer, Ph.D., 1801–1851	L.M.
Mannheim	316	Friedrich Filitz, Ph.D., 1804–1876	8.7.8.7.8.7.
Margaret	45	Rev. T. Richard Matthews, B A., 1826–	Irregular.
Mariners	197, 584	Sicilian Melody	8.7.8.7.
Martyn	162	Simeon Butler Marsh, 1798–1875	7.7.7.7. D.
Meinhold	65, 330	J. S. Bach's Vierstimmige Choralgesänge, 1769. Arranged by Margaret J. MacMillan	7.8.7.8.7.7.
Meiringen	446	German Melody	8.6.8.6.8.8.
Melcombe	107,362, 504	Samuel Webbe, 1740–1816	L.M.
Melita	499	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc., 1823–1876	8.8.8.8.8.8.
Metrical Chant (No. 1)	294,377, 466	Arthur Henry Dyke Troyte, 1811–1857	8.8.8.4. and 10.10.10.10.
Metrical Chant (No. 2)	261, 520	William Hayes, Mus. Doc., 1706–1777. Abridged by A. H. D. Troyte	10.10.10.4. and Irregular.
Milan	610	Samuel Webbe's Antiphons, 1792. Arranged by R. A. Smith	Special setting.
Miles Lane	90	William Shrubsole, 1760–1806	C.M., with repeat.
Milton	105	Lowell Mason's Hallelujah, 1854. Harmonized by James Foote	C.M.
Minster	398	Arthur Henry Brown, 1830–	7.7.7.7.
Missionary Hymn	443	Howell Mason, Mus. Doc., 1792–1872	7.6.7.6. D.
Missionary Song	564	Silas J. Vail	8.7.8.7. D., with refrain.
Mizpah	496	James McGranahan	7.6.7.6., with refrain.
Moments of Prayer	208	William Howard Doane, Mus. Doc., 1832–	6.4.6.4.6.6.6.4.
Monica	95	From Samuel P. Warren as arranged in the United Presbyterian Hymnal, 1877	5.4.5.4. D.
Montgomery	334	Isaac Baker Woodbury, 1819–1858	S.M. D.
Moravia	395	German Melody of the Sixteenth Century	C.M.
More Love to Thee	180	William Howard Doane, Mus. Doc., 1832–	6.4.6.4.6.6.4.
Morecambe	174	American Presbyterian Hymnal, 1896	10.10.10.10.
Moredun	390	Henry Smart, 1813–1879	12.10.12.10.
Morlaix	273,307, 445,471, 582	Justin Heinrich Knecht, 1752–1817	7.6.7.6.
Morning	270	Arranged from Melody in J. G. Werner's Choralbuch, 1815	8.6.8.4.

NAME OF TUNE.	NO. OF HYMN.	COMPOSER OR SOURCE OF TUNE.	METRE OF TUNE.
Morning	382	William Henry Monk, Mus. Doc., 1823–1889	7.7.7.7.7.7.
Morning Hymn	361	François Hippolite Barthélémon, 1741–1808	L.M.
Morning Light	256.445, 506	George James Webb, 1803–1887	7.6.7.6. D.
Moscow	438, 439	Felice de Giardini, 1716–1796	6.6.4.6.6.6.4.
Mozart	237	Adapted from Mozart, 1756–1791	7.7.7.7.
Munich	231	J. G. C. Störl's Würtemberg Gesangbuch, 1711	7.6.7.6. D.
Naaman	70	Adapted from Sir Michael Costa, 1810–1884	10 10.10.10.
Nain	137.230, 588	Lowell Mason, Mus. Doc., 1792–1872	6.4.6.4.
Naomi	36, 103	Johann Georg Nageli, 1768–1836. Adapted by Lowell Mason	C.M.
Narenza	248, 424	Old German Chorale	S.M.
Nativity	26, 92, 433	Henry Lahee, 1826	C.M.
Near the Cross	54	William Howard Doane, Mus. Doc., 1832–	7.6.7.6., with refrain.
Nettleton	197	Rev. Asahel Nettleton, D.D., 1783–1844	8.7.8.7. D.
New Calabar	398	J. Downing Farrer, 1829	7.7.7.7.
Newcastle	56, 196	Henry L. Morley	8.6.8.8.6.
Newington	128, 203	Rev. William Jones, 1726 1800	C M.
Newton Ferns	21	Samuel Smith (Windsor), 1821–	8.7.8.7.
Nicaea	1	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc., 1823–1876	11.12.12.10.
Nicolai	88	Philipp Nicolai, 1556–1608. or Jacob Praetorius	8.9.8. D. 6.6.4.8.8.
Noel	28	Traditional Air. Arranged by Sir A. Sullivan	C.M. D.
Northrepps	37, 266	Josiah Booth, 1852–	C.M.
Nutfield	373	William Henry Monk, Mus. Doc., 1823 1889	8.4.8.4.8.8.8.4.
O come, let us sing	546	Old Melody. Arranged by Rev. James Gall	5.7.5.7.6.6.5.6., with refrain.
O, so bright!	594	Adapted from an Old Melody by Hubert P. Main	8. 3.8.3.8.8.8.3.
Oberlin	131, 275	J. G. Werner's Choralbuch, 1815	8.7.8.7.
Old Hundredth	14, 615	Genevan Psalter, 1551	L.M.
Old 124th	156	Genevan Psalter, 1551	10.10.10.10., with repeat.
Old Saxony	81, 82.	Ancient German Chorale. Harmonized by W. H. Havergal	L.M.
Olivet	207	Lowell Mason, Mus. Doc., 1792–1872	6.6.4.6.6.6.4.
Olmutz	282	Arranged from Gregorian Chant by Lowell Mason	S.M.
Ontario	232, 418	American Melody	L.M.
Oriel	470	Caspar Ett's Cantica Sacra, 1843	8.7.8.7.8.7.

NAME OF TUNE.	NO. OF HYMN.	COMPOSER OR SOURCE OF TUNE.	METRE OF TUNE.
Palestrina	118	Arranged from Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina, c. 1524–1594	C.M.
Palgrave	399	H. de la Haye Blackith	7.7.7.7.7.7.
Paradise	339	Henry Smart, 1813–1879	8.6.8.6.6.6.6.6.
Paradise	339	Sir Joseph Barnby, 1838–1896	8.6.8.6.6.6.6.6.
Paradise	339	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc., 1823–1876	8.6.8.6.6.6.6.6.
Pass me not	168	William Howard Doane, Mus. Doc., 1832–	8.5.8.5., with refrain.
Passion Chorale	53	Hans Leo Hassler, 1564–1612. Harmonized by J. S. Bach. 1729	7.6.7.6. D.
Pastor Bonus	522	Composer unknown	6.5.6.5. D.
Pater Omnium	172	H. J. E. Holmes, 1852–	8.8.8.8.8.8.
Pax Tecum	199	G. T. Caldbeck	10.10.
Pearsall	348	St. Gall Katholisches Gesangbuch, 1863	7.6.7.6. D.
Penitence	75	Spencer Lane (?)	6.5.6.5. D.
Pentecost	251, 436	William Boyd, 1840–	L.M.
Perfect Rest	95	J. Downing Farrer, 1829–	5.4.5.4. D.
Petersham	502	Clement William Poole, 1828–	C.M. D.
Petra	161, 344	Richard Redhead, 1820–	7.7.7.7.7.7.
Pilgrim	317	Albert Lister Peace, Mus. Doc., 1844–	8.7.8.7.8.7.
Pilgrim Song	206, 342	From Rev. Henri Abraham Caesar Malan, D.D., 1787–1864, as arranged in Hymn Music, 1862	6.4.6.4.6.6.6.4.
Pilgrims	319	Henry Smart, 1813–1879	11.10.11.10.9.11.
Pilgrims	319	Sir Joseph Barnby, 1838–1896	11.10.11.10.9.11.
Pilot	493	John Edgar Gould, 1822–1875	7.7.7.7.7.7.
Pleasant Pastures	585	William Batchelder Bradbury, 1816–68	8.7.8.7.8.7., with repeat.
Pleyel	412, 477	Arranged from Ignaz Pleyel, 1757–1831	7.7.7.7.
Prague	89	Rev. Lewis Renatus West, 1753–1826	S.M.
Providence	514		C.M., with refrain.
Queen's College	416	F. S. Davenport. Arranged by Arthur Beall	C.M.
Radford	376	Samuel Sebastian Wesley, Mus. Doc., 1810–1876	9.8.9.8.
Rathbun	198	Ithamar Conkey, 1815–1867	8.7.8.7.
Ratisbon	363	J. G. Werner's Choralbuch, 1815	7.7.7.7.7.7.
Raynolds	244	Adapted from Mendelssohn, 1809–1847	11.10.11.10.
Realms of the Blest	355	Old Melody in the Hymnal Companion	8.8.8.8.
Redemption	86, 143, 145, 258	Charles François Gounod, 1818–1893	8.7.8.7.8.7.
Refuge	162	Joseph Perry Holbrook, 1822–1888	7.7.7.7. D.
Regent Square	4, 450	Henry Smart, 1813–1879	8.7.8.7.8.7.
Requiem	327	Sir Joseph Barnby, 1838–1896	4.6.4.6. D.
Requiescat	328	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc., 1823–1876	7.7.7.7.8.8.
Rescue	456	William Howard Doane, Mus. Doc., 1832–	11.10.11.10., with refrain.

NAME OF TUNE.	NO. OF HYMN.	COMPOSER OR SOURCE OF TUNE.	METRE OF TUNE.
Resignation	236	Rev. W. F. Hurndall, M.A., Ph.D., 1830–188–.	8.8.8.4.
Resignation	294	Anonymous	8.8.8.4.
Rest	190	William Hutchins Callcott, 1807–1882	C.M. D.
Rest	196	Frederick C. Maker, 1844–	8.6.8.8 6.
Retreat	326, 397	Thomas Hastings, Mus. Doc., 1784–1872	L.M.
Reynoldstone	421	Rev. T. Richard Matthews, 1826–	7.7.7.7.7.7.
Riseholme	153	Henry John Gauntlett, Mus. Doc., 1805–1876.	8.8.8.4.
Rivaulx	3	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc., 1823–1876	L.M.
Roslyn	413	Margaret J. MacMillan	8.7.8.7.
Rosmore	209, 252	Henry Gough Trembath, Mus. Bac., 1844–	6.5.6.5.6.5. D.
Rousseau	317	From Jean Jacques Rousseau, 1712–1778	8.7.8.7.8.7.
Rousseau	543	From Jean Jacques Rousseau, 1712–1778	8.7.8.7. D.
Russian Hymn	507	The Russian Hymn: Alexis Lwoff, 1799–1870	11.10.11.9.
Ruth	483	Samuel Smith (Windsor), 1821–	6.5.6.5. D.
Rutherford	346	Adapted from Chrétien Urhan, 1790–1845	7.6.7.6.7.6.7.5.
St. Aëlred	497	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc., 1823–1876	8.8.8.3.
St. Agnes	423	James Langran, Mus. Bac., 1835–	10.10.10.10.
St. Agnes, Durham	176	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc., 1823–1876	C.M.
St. Aidan	276	Hon. and Rev. F. R. Grey. Arranged by Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc.	8.8.8.
St. Alban	436		L.M.
St. Alban's	476	Arranged from Franz Josef Haydn, 1732–1809	6.5.6.5.D., with refrain.
St. Albinus	65	Henry John Gauntlett, Mus. Doc., 1805–1876	7.8.7.8.7.7.4.
St. Alkmund	418, 475	Easy Music for Church Choirs, 1853	L.M.
St. Alphege	349, 472	Henry John Gauntlett, Mus. Doc., 1805–1876	7.6.7.6.
St. Ambrose	306, 407	Ancient Church Melody	7.7.7.5.
St. Anatolius	374	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc., 1823–1876	7.6.7.6.8.8.
St. Anatolius	374	Arthur Henry Brown, 1830–	7.6.7.6.8.8.
St. Andrew	303	William Tansur's New Harmony of Sion, 1764	C.M.
St. Andrew's	68, 84	Sir Joseph Barnby, 1838–1896	8.7.8.7. D.
St. Ann	468, 474	William Croft, Mus. Doc., 1678–1727 (?)	C.M.
St. Anselm	234	Ancient Melody as arranged in the Scottish Book of Psalms and Paraphrases, 1886	L.M.
St. Asaph	224, 340	Arranged from Giovanni Maria Giornovichj, 1745–1804	C.M. D.
St. Asaph	274, 356	William Samuel Bambridge, Mus. Bac., 1842–	8.7.8.7. D.
St. Austin	258	Arranged from Gregorian Chant for the Bristol Tune Book, 1876	8.7.8.7.4.7.
St. Bees	77	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc., 1823–1876	7.7.7.7.

NAME OF TUNE.	NO. OF HYMN.	COMPOSER OR SOURCE OF TUNE.	METRE OF TUNE.
St. Bernard	41, 42, 139	Tochter Sion, 1741. Adapted by John Richardson, 1816–1879	C.M.
St. Botolf	115	John Henry Gower, Mus. Doc., 1855–	8.8.6.
St. Catharine	341	John Montgomerie Bell, W. S., 1837–	7.6.8.6. D.
St. Catherine	133, 155, 187	Henri F. Hemy: adapted by J. G. Walton, 1821–	8.8.8.8.8.8.
St. Catherine	141	Rev. Reginald F. Dale, Mus. Bac., 1845–	7.6.7.6. D.
St. Cecilia	461	Rev. L. G. Hayne, Mus. Doc., 1836-83	6.6.6.6.
St. Chrysostom	188, 500	Sir Joseph Barnby, 1838–1896	8.8.8.8.8.8.
St. Clement	376	Rev. C. C. Scholefield, M.A., 1839–	9.8.9.8.
St. Columba	369	Herbert Stephen Irons, 1834–	6.4.6.6.
St. Crispin	151	Sir George J. Elvey, Mus. Doc., 1816–93	8.8.8.6.
St. Cross	51	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc., 1823–1876	L.M.
St. Cuthbert	111	Rev J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc., 1823–1876	8.6.8.4.
St. David	149	Thomas Ravenscroft's Psalter, 1621, and John Playford's Psalter, 1677	C.M.
St. Drostane	48	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc., 1823–1876	L.M.
St. Flavian	221, 503	Abridged from John Day's Psalter, 1562	C.M.
St. Frances	249, 285, 286, 396, 425	George Augustus Löhr, 1821–	C.M.
St. George's, Windsor	59, 440, 486, 619	Sir George J. Elvey, Mus. Doc., 1816–93	7.7.7.7. D.
St. Gertrude	262	Sir Arthur S. Sullivan, Mus. Doc., 1842–	6.5.6.5.6.5. D.
St. Helen	299	Walter Hately, 1843–	10.10.10.10.10.10.
St. Helen's	132, 154	Sir Robert P. Stewart, Mus. Doc., 1825–1894	8.5.8.3.
St. James	289	Raphael Courteville, –1772	C.M.
St. John	359, 505, 618	Old English Melody. Congregational Church Music, 1853	6.6.6.6.8.8.
St. John Damascene	253	Elizabeth Raymond Barker, 1829–	6.5.6.5. D.
St. Joseph	604	H. H. Statham	8.7.8.7.7.7.
St. Jude	214	Charles Vincent, Mus. Doc., 1852–	8.7.8.8.7.
St Lawrence	72	Robert Archibald Smith, 1780–1829	C.M.
St. Leonard	159	Henry Smart, 1813–1879	C.M.
St. Louis	29	Lewis Henry Redner, 1831–	8.6.8.6.7.6.8.6.
St. Mabyn	68, 169	Arthur Henry Brown, 1830–	8.7.8.7.
St. Magnus	64, 616	Jeremiah Clark, 1670–1707	C.M.
St. Margaret	185	Albert Lister Peace, Mus. Doc., 1844–	8.8.8.8.6.
St. Mary Magdalene	74	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc., 1823–1876	6.5.6.5. D.
St. Matthew	38	William Croft, Mus. Doc., 1678–1727	C.M. D.
St. Matthias	607	William Henry Monk, Mus. Doc., 1823–1889	8.8.8.8.8.8.
St. Michael	102, 280, 392	Genevan Psalter, 1543, and John Day's Psalter, 1563	S.M.
St. Ninian	33	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc., 1823–1876	11.10.11.10.
St. Olave	281, 284	Henry John Gauntlett, Mus. Doc., 1805–1876	S.M.

NAME OF TUNE.	NO. OF HYMN.	COMPOSER OR SOURCE OF TUNE.	METRE OF TUNE.
St. Oswald	274	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc., 1823–1876	8.7.8.7.
St. Paul	106, 202, 490	James Chalmers' Collection, 1748 or 1749	C.M.
St. Peter	178, 409, 410	Alexander Robert Reinagle, 1799–1877	C.M.
St. Philip	163	William Henry Monk, Mus. Doc., 1823–1889	7.7.7.
St. Philip	261	Sir Joseph Barnby, 1838–1896	10.10.10.4.
St. Saviour	35	Frederick George Baker, 1840–	C.M.
St. Stephen	125, 338	Isaac Smith. Died about 1800	C.M.
St. Sylvester	331	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc., 1823–1876	8.7.8.7. and Coda.
St. Theresa	304	Sir Arthur S. Sullivan, Mus. Doc., 1842–	6.5.6.5. D., with refrain.
Salamis	567	Greek Melody	Irregular.
Salem	561	German Melody	13.13.8.8.11.
Salzburg	301	From Johann Michael Haydn, 1737–1806	C.M.
Samuel	577	Sir Arthur S. Sullivan. Mus. Doc., 1842–	6.6.6.6.8.8.
Sanctuary	356	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc., 1823–1876	8.7.8.7. D.
Sanctus	620	Thomas Ebdon, 1738–1811	Special setting.
Sandon	318	Charles Henry Purday, 1799–1885	10.4.10.4.10.10.
Sarum	153, 401	Hymnarium Sarisburiense. John Hullah, LL.D.	8.8.8.4.
Savoy Chapel	192	John Baptiste Calkin, 1827–	7.6.7.6. D.
Sawley	12, 302	James Walch, 1837–	C.M.
Scott	157, 158	From Johann Georg Nageli, 1768–1836	S.M.
Selma	220	R. A. Smith's Sacred Harmony of the Church of Scotland, 1825	S.M.
Serenity	283	Cornelius Bryan, –1840	S.M.
Shining Shore	312	George Frederick Root, Mus. Doc., 1820–1895	8.7.8.7., with refrain.
Showers of Blessing	402	Ira D. Sankey	8.7.8.7., with refrain.
Soldau	130	From a Chorale in Luther's Psalter, 1524. Adapted by H. E. Dibdin	L.M.
Solomon	266	Adapted from G. F. Handel, 1685–1759	C.M.
Sonning	322	Henry John Gauntlett, Mus. Doc., 1805–1876	S.M.
Sorrento	166	J. H. Deane	7.7.7.7. D.
Southwell	324	Henrie Denham's Psalter, 1588	S.M.
Southwick	85	Charles Vincent, Mus. Doc., 1852	8.7.8.8.7.7.7.7.7.
Spohr	47	Adapted from Ludwig Spohr, 1784–1859	8.6.8.6.8.6.
Spohr	136, 393, 394	Adapted from Ludwig Spohr, 1784–1859	C.M.
Stabat Mater	55	French Melody	8.8.7.
Stand up for Jesus	260	Asa Hull, from the S. S. Casket	L.M., with refrain.
Stanley	279	John Stanley, Mus. Bac., 1713–1786	11.11.11.11.
Stella	113, 215, 607	H. F. Hemy's Crown of Jesus Music, c. 1864	8.8.8.8.8.8.

NAME OF TUNE.	NO. OF HYMN.	COMPOSER OR SOURCE OF TUNE.	METRE OF TUNE.
Stephanos	132	Sir Henry Williams Baker, 1821-1877	8.5.8.3.
Sterling	516	R. Harrison	L.M.
Stiastny	135	Arranged from Johann Stiastny, c. 1770-	L.M.
Stowe	469	Lowell Mason, Mus. Doc., 1792 1872	6 6.6.6.8.8.
Stroudwater	325	Matthew Wilkins' Book of Psalmody, c. 1730	C.M.
Submission (No. 1)	298	George Lomas, Mus. Bac, 1834-1884	10.4.10.4.
Submission (No. 2)	298	Albert Lister Peace, Mus. Doc., 1844-	10.4.10.4.
Substitution	47	Ira D. Sankey	8.6.8.6.8 6.
Swanton	377	H. Swanton	10.10.10.10.
Sweetest Name	545	William Batchelder Bradbury, 1816-1868	8.7.8.7., with refrain.
Swiss Melody	190	Adapted from a Swiss Melody	C M. D.
Sympathy	544	J. H. Stockton	8.7.8.7., with refrain.
Tallis	104	Thomas Tallis, -1585	C.M.
Te Deum	609	Jonathan Battishill and William Croft	Chant setting.
Temple	373	Edward John Hopkins, Mus. Doc., 1818-	8.4.8.4.8.8.8.4.
Tenderness	542	Richard William Beaty, c. 1799-1883	8.4.8.4.8.8.8.4.
Thanksgiving	518		7.7.7.7.7.7., with refrain.
The Blessed Home	343	Sir John Stainer, M.A., Mus. Doc., 1840-	6.6.6.6. D.
The Heart's Refuge.	191	William Howard Doane, Mus. Doc., 1832-	7.6.7.6. D., with refrain.
The Homeward Journey	480	James Smith Anderson, Mus. Bac., 1853-	7 6.7.6. D.
The Lord bless thee	602	Harmony by Dr. Lowell Mason; air said by some to be Hebrew	Special setting.
The Ninety and Nine	134	Ira D. Sankey	Irregular.
Theodora	575	From Georg Friedrich Handel, 1685-1759	7.7.7.7.
Tiberias	498	R. A. B.	7.3.7.3.6.8.7.4.
Tichfield	2, 600	John Richardson, 1816-1879	7.7.7.7. D.
Tolcarne	242	Henry Gough Trembath, Mus. Bac., 1844-	8.7.8.7.
Toplady	161	Thomas Hastings, Mus. Doc., 1784-1872	7.7.7.7.7.7.
Toronto	380	Edward John Hopkins, Mus. Doc., 1818-	7.7.7.7.7.7.
Tranquility	73	William Matthews, 1760-1831	L.M., with repeat.
Trinity	1	Samuel Sebastian Wesley, Mus. Doc., 1810-1876	11.12.12.10.
Triumph	66, 614	Henry John Gauntlett, Mus. Doc, 1805 1876	8.7.8.7.7.7.and 8.7.8.7.8 7.
True-hearted	245	Josiah Booth, 1852-	11.10.11.10., with refrain.
Trust	44, 151, 184, 295. 452	Rev. G. W. Torrance, M.A., Mus. Doc., 1835-	8.8.8.6.

NAME OF TUNE.	NO. OF HYMN.	COMPOSER OR SOURCE OF TUNE.	METRE OF TUNE.
Trust	565	Adapted from Mendelssohn, 1809–1847	8.7.8.7.
Trusting Jesus	293	Ira D. Sankey	7.7.7.7., with refrain.
University College	271	Henry John Gauntlett, Mus. Doc., 1805 1876	7.7.7.7.
Urswicke	167	Sir George J. Elvey, Mus. Doc., 1816–1893	6.5.6.5. D.
Veni Creator	109	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc., 1823–1876	L.M., with Coda.
Vespers	369	Sir Robert Prescott Stewart, Mus. Doc., 1825–1894	6.4.6.6.
Victory	62	Arranged from Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina, *c.* 1524–1594	8.8.8., with Hallelujah.
Vienna	32, 238	Justin Heinrich Knecht, 1752–1817	7.7.7.7.
Vigilate	254	William Henry Monk, Mus. Doc., 1823–1889	7.7.7.3.
Vincent	372	Horatio Richmond Palmer, 1834–	8.4.8.4. D.
Vox Dilecti	138	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc., 1823–1876	C.M. D.
Walton	23	Thomas Cotterill's Christian Psalmody, 1831. From Beethoven (?)	L.M.
Wareham	15, 73, 130, 204	William Knapp, *c.* 1699–1768	L.M.
Warfare	529	Laura Josephine Hutton, 1852–	6.5.6.5.
Warrington	385, 386 434	Rev. Ralph Harrison, 1748–1810	L.M.
Waterstock	94	Sir John Goss, Mus. Doc., 1800–1880	6.6.6.6.8.8.
Wayland	459	R. A. B.	L.M.
We praise Thee, O God	549, 550	John Jenkins Husband	11.11., with refrain.
Weber	165, 370	Carl Maria von Weber, 1786–1826	7.7.7.7.
Welcome Voice	152	Rev. Lewis Hartsough	S.M., with refrain
Wells	240 (Pt. i), 426	Dimitri Bortnianski, 1751–1825	7.7.7.7.7.7.
Wentworth	195	Frederick C. Maker, 1844–	8.4.8.4.8.4.
Wesley's Chant	305	Samuel Wesley, 1766–1837	Irregular.
What a Friend	404	Charles Crozat Converse, 1834–	8.7.8.7. D.
Whiter than Snow	217	William Gustavus Fischer, 1835–	11.11.11.11., with refrain.
Whither, pilgrims?	583	William Batchelder Bradbury, 1816–1868	8.7.8.7.8.8.7.
Who hath believed	547	Rev. James Gall, 1808–1895	10.8.7.7.10., with refrain.
Whosoever heareth	457	Philip Paul Bliss, 1838–1876	10.11.11.7., with refrain.
Wiltshire (New St Ann)	10, 11	Sir George Smart, 1776–1867	C.M.
Wimbledon	257, 371, 422	Samuel Sebastian Wesley, Mus. Doc., 1810–1876	8.8.8.4.

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Winchester . .	150 . .	Hamburger Musikalisches Handbuch, 1690	L.M.
Winchester Old	9, 91 .	As adapted from Christopher Tye, Mus. Doc., –1572, in Este's Psalter, 1592	C.M.
Wirtemburg .	60 . .	From Hundert Geistliche Arien, Dresden, 1694	7.7.7.7.4.
Wondrous Love	129 . .	William Gustavus Fischer, 1835– . .	C.M., with refrain.
Woodman . .	164, 484	Raymond Huntington Woodman, 1861–	7.7.7.7.
Woodworth . .	151 . .	William Batchelder Bradbury, 1816–68	8.8.8.6.
Woolwich . .	335 . .	Charles Edward Kettle, 1833– . . .	S.M.
Words of Life .	559 . .	Philip Paul Bliss, 1838–1876	8.6.8.6.6.6., with refrain.
Yield not to Temptation	530 . .	Horatio Richmond Palmer, 1834– . .	11.11.11.12., with refrain.
Zaanaim . . .	186 . .	Rev. William Henry Havergal, M.A., 1793–1870	8.7.8.7.8.7.
Zinzendorf . .	308 . .	Adam Drese, 1620–1701	5.5.8.8.5.5.
Zionward . .	589 . .	. . . . .	7.7.7.7. D.
Zoan	444 . .	Rev. William Henry Havergal, M.A., 1793–1870	7.6.7.6. D.

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ALPHABETICAL INDEX OF FIRST LINES

PART II.—THE HYMNAL

[*First lines of Hymns for the Young are printed in Italics.*]

FIRST LINES.	NOS.	AUTHOR.	TUNE OR TUNES.
A crown of glory bright	588	PHŒBE CARY, 1824-1871	Nain.
A few more years shall roll	321	HORATIUS BONAR, D.D., 1808-1889	Leominster.
A little child the Saviour came	411	WILLIAM ROBERTSON, 1820-1864	(1) Damascus, (2) Angelus.
A safe stronghold our God is still	259	MARTIN LUTHER, D.D., 1483-1546 (a combination of translations)	Ein' feste Burg.
Abide with me! fast falls the eventide	377	HENRY FRANCIS LYTE, 1793-1847	(1) Eventide, (2) Swanton, (3) Chant (Troyte).
Above the clear blue sky	517	JOHN CHANDLER, 1806-1876	Children's Voices.
According to Thy gracious word	415	JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1771-1854	Evan.
Again the morn of gladness	364	JOHN ELLERTON, 1826-1893	Cleethorpes.
All glory, laud, and honor	541	THEODULPH, 9th cent., *tr.* J. M. NEALE	Hora Novissima.
All hail the power of Jesus' name	90	EDWARD PERRONET, 1726-1792	(1) Miles Lane, (2) Coronation.
All praise to Thee, my God, this night	367	THOMAS KEN, D.D., 1637-1711	Canon.
All the way my Saviour leads me	320	F. J. CROSBY (MRS. VAN ALSTYNE), 1823-	All the way.
All things bright and beautiful	512	MRS. C. F. ALEXANDER, 1823-1895	All things bright.
All unseen the Master walketh	311	THOMAS MACKELLAR, 1812-	Batty.
Angel voices ever singing	391	FRANCIS POTT, 1832-	Angel Voices.
Approach, my soul, the mercy-seat	393	JOHN NEWTON, 1725-1807	Spohr.
Arm of the Lord, awake, awake	435	WILLIAM SHRUBSOLE, 1759-1829	Stiastny.
Around the throne of God in heaven	596	ANNE SHEPHERD, 1809-1857	Around the throne.
Art thou weary, art thou languid	132	JOHN MASON NEALE, D.D. (*alt.*), 1818-1866	(1) Stephanos, (2) St. Helen's, (3) Art thou weary.

FIRST LINES.	NOS.	AUTHOR.	TUNE OR TUNES.
As when the Hebrew prophet raised	125	Isaac Watts, D.D. (*alt.*), 1674–1748. Scottish Paraphrase	St. Stephen.
As with gladness men of old ...	31	William Chatterton Dix, 1837–	Dix.
Asleep in Jesus! blessèd sleep .	326	Mrs. Margaret Mackay, 1802–1887	Retreat.
At even, ere the sun was set ...	366	Henry Twells, 1823–	Angelus.
At Thy feet, our God and Father	481	James Drummond Burns, 1823–1864	Bethany.
Awake, and sing the song	89	William Hammond (*alt.*), 1719–1783	Prague.
Awake, my soul, and with the sun	361	Thomas Ken, D.D., 1637–1711 ...	(1) Lauds, (2) Morning Hymn.
Awake, my soul, in joyful lays	93	Samuel Medley, 1738–1799	Cyprus.
Awake, ye saints, awake	359	Elizabeth Scott, 1708–1776, and Thomas Cotterill, 1779–1823	St. John.
Be still, my soul, the Lord is on thy side	299	C. A. D. Schlegel, 18th cent., *tr.* Jane Borthwick	St. Helen.
Before Jehovah's awful throne	14	I. Watts, D.D., 1674–1748, *alt.* J. Wesley	Old Hundredth.
Behold, a Stranger at the door	140	Joseph Grigg (*alt.*), *c.* 1720–1768	(1) Eden, (2) Bera.
Behold the amazing gift of love	203	Isaac Watts, D.D. (*alt.*), 1674–1748. Scottish Paraphrase	Newington.
Behold! the mountain of the Lord	432	Anon., Michael Bruce and J. Logan. Scottish Paraphrase	Crediton.
Behold us, Lord, a little space	396	John Ellerton, 1826–1893	St. Frances.
Behold what witnesses unseen	303	Anon., *alt.* William Cameron. Scottish Paraphrase	St. Andrew.
Belovèd, let us love; love is of God	230	Horatius Bonar, D.D., 1808–1889	Nain.
Birds are singing, woods are ringing	515	L. F. Cole	Birds are singing.
Blessed be the everlasting God	338	Isaac Watts, D.D. (*alt.*), 1647–1748. Scottish Paraphrase	St. Stephen.
Blessèd, blessèd be Jehovah ...	610	Ps. cvi. 48.	Milan.
Blessing and honor and glory and power	70	Horatius Bonar, D.D., 1808–1889	Naaman.
Blest are the pure in heart	219	John Keble, 1792–1866, and William John Hall, 1793–1861	Boylston
Blest be the tie that binds	218	John Fawcett, D.D. (*alt.*), 1740–1817	Dennis.
Blest morning! whose first dawning rays	58	Isaac Watts, D.D. (*alt.*), 1674–1748. Scottish Paraphrase	Howard.
Blow ye the trumpet, blow	437	Charles Wesley, 1707–1788	Lenox.
Brief life is here our portion ...	349	Bernard of Cluny, 12th cent., *tr.* J. M. Neale	St. Alphege.
Brightest and best of the sons of the morning	33	Reginald Heber, D.D., 1783–1826	St. Ninian.
Brightly gleams our banner ..	304	T. J. Potter (*alt.*), 1827–1873, and others	St. Theresa.
By Christ redeemed, in Christ restored	422	George Rawson, 1807–1889	(1) Eucharist, (2) Wimbledon.
By cool Siloam's shady rill . . .	521	Reginald Heber, D.D., 1783–1826	Holy Cross.

FIRST LINES.	NOS.	AUTHOR.	TUNE OR TUNES.
Call Jehovah thy salvation	314	James Montgomery, 1771-1854...	Borlan.
Can a little child like me	518	.....	Thanksgiving.
Childhood's years are passing o'er us	584	William Dickson, 1817-1889	Mariners.
Children of the heavenly King	272	John Cennick, 1718-1755	Innocents.
'Christ for the world' we sing .	439	Samuel Wolcott, D.D., 1813-1886	Moscow.
Christ is coming! let creation .	87	John Ross Macduff, D.D., 1818-1895	Advent.
Christ is made the sure foundation	470	Latin of 7th cent., *tr.* J. M. Neale	Oriel.
Christ is our corner stone	469	Latin of 7th cent., *tr.* John Chandler	Stowe.
Christ, of all my hopes the ground	237	Ralph Wardlaw, D.D., 1779-1853	Mozart.
Christ the Lord is risen again .	60	M. Weisse, *c.* 1480-1534, *tr.* C. Winkworth	Wirtemburg.
Christ the Lord is risen to-day	59	Charles Wesley, 1707-1788	St. George's, Windsor.
Christ, whose glory fills the skies	363	Charles Wesley, 1707-1788.....	Ratisbon.
Christian! seek not yet repose .	254	Charlotte Elliott, 1789-1871...	Vigilate.
Come, children, join to sing	536	Christian Henry Bateman, 1831-1889	Madrid.
Come, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire	104	Charles Wesley, 1707-1788.....	Tallis.
Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire	109	Latin of 9th cent., *tr.* John Cosin	Veni Creator.
Come, Holy Spirit, come....	101	Joseph Hart (*alt.*), 1712-1768 ...	Haydn.
Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove, My sinful	108	Simon Browne (*alt.*), *c.* 1680-1732	Holly.
Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove, With all	103	Isaac Watts, D.D., 1674-1748 ...	Naomi.
Come, let us all unite to sing.....	595	.....	Ephesus.
Come, let us join our friends above	224	Charles Wesley, 1707-1788.....	St. Asaph.
Come, let us to the Lord our God	189	John Morison, D.D., 1749-1798. Scottish Paraphrase	Belmont.
Come, my soul, thy suit prepare	398	John Newton, 1725-1807	(1) NewCalabar. (2) Minster.
Come, Thou fount of every blessing	197	Robert Robinson, 1735-1790.....	(1) Mariners, (2) Nettleton.
Come, Thou Holy Paraclete ...	110	Latin of 13th cent., *tr.* J. M. Neale	Berlin.
Come, Thou long-expected Jesus	84	Charles Wesley, 1707-1788.....	(1) St. Andrew's, (2) Leipsic.
Come to our poor nature's night	114	George Rawson, 1807-1889	(1) Irene, (2) Consolator.
Come to the Saviour, make no delay	560	G. F. Root, Mus. Doc., 1820-1895	Invitation.
Come unto Me, all ye who groan	139	Blair (Hugh Blair, D.D., or Robert Blair). Scottish Paraphrase	St. Bernard.
Come unto Me, ye weary	142	William Chatterton Dix, 1837-	Come unto Me.
Come, ye disconsolate	147	Thomas Moore, 1779-1852, and Thomas Hastings, Mus. Doc., 1784-1872	(1) Comfort, (2) Consolation.

FIRST LINES.	NOS.	AUTHOR.	TUNE OR TUNES
Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched	143	Joseph Hart (*alt.*), 1712-1768 ...	Redemption.
Come, ye souls by sin afflicted .	145	Joseph Swain, 1761–1796	Redemption.
Come, ye thankful people, come	486	Henry Alford, D.D., 1810-1871 .	St. George's, Windsor.
Come, ye that love the Lord ...	264	Isaac Watts, D.D., 1674-1748 ...	Barber.
Commit thou all thy griefs	281	P. Gerhardt, 1607-1676, *tr.* J. Wesley	St. Olave.
Courage, brother! do not stumble	275	Norman Macleod, D.D., 1812-1872	Oberlin.
Creator Spirit! by whose aid ..	113	Latin of 9th cent., *tr.* John Dryden	Stella.
Day by day the manna fell	18	Josiah Conder, 1789 1855	Last Hope.
Days and moments quickly flying	331	Edward Caswall, 1814-1878, and others	St. Sylvester.
Dear Lord and Father of mankind	196	John Greenleaf Whittier, 1807-1892	(1) Rest, (2) Newcastle.
Dear refuge of my weary soul ..	222	Anne Steele, 1716 1778	Kilmarnock.
Depth of mercy! can there be .	165	Charles Wesley, 1707-1788	Weber.
Dismiss us with Thy blessing, Lord	598	Joseph Hart, 1712-1768	Ely.
Do no sinful action	529	Mrs. C. F. Alexander, 1823-1895	Warfare.
Eternal Father, strong to save .	499	William Whiting, 1825 1878 ...	Melita.
Fair waved the golden corn	526	John Hampden Gurney, 1802 62	Holyrood.
Far, far away, in heathen darkness dwelling	458	James McGranahan	Far away.
Father, hear Thy children's call	6	Thomas Benson Pollock, 1836–	Litany.
Father, I know that all my life	212	Anna Lætitia Waring, 1820-	Lavington.
Father of all, from land and sea	466	Christopher Wordsworth, D.D., 1807-1885	(1) Fulda, (2) Chant (Troyte).
Father of all! we bow to Thee .	395	Blair (Hugh Blair, D.D., or Robert Blair). Scottish Paraphrase	Moravia.
Father of heaven, whose love profound	3	Edward Cooper, 1770 1833	Rivaulx.
Father of mercies, in Thy Word	118	Anne Steele, 1716 1778	Palestrina.
Father of peace, and God of love	202	Philip Doddridge, D.D., 1702-1751. Scottish Paraphrase	St. Paul
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost ..	414	Carl August Doering, 1783 1844, *tr.* J. S. Stallybrass	Bonn.
Fear not, O little flock, the foe .	465	Johann Michael Altenburg, 1584-1640, *tr.* Catherine Winkworth	Hull.
Fierce raged the tempest o'er the deep	497	Godfrey Thring, 1823-	St. Aëlred.
Fierce was the wild billow	492	Anatolius, *tr.* J. M. Neale	Euroclydon.
Fight the good fight with all thy might	251	J. S. B. Monsell, LL.D., 1811 1875	Pentecost.
'*Follow Me*,' *the Master said* ..	534	.....	Follow Me
For all the saints who from their labors rest	261	William Walsham How, D.D., 1823–	(1) St. Philip, (2) Chant (Troyte).

FIRST LINES.	NOS.	AUTHOR.	TUNE OR TUNES.
Forever with the Lord.....	334	JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1771 1854...	Montgomery.
For the beauty of the earth ...	24	FOLLIOTT SANDFORD PIERPOINT, 1835-	Dix.
For thee, O dear, dear country.	350	BERNARD of Cluny, 12th cent., *tr.* J. M. NEALE	Day of Rest.
For Thy mercy and Thy grace .	477	HENRY DOWNTON, 1818–1885	Pleyel.
Forth in Thy name, O Lord, I go	233	CHARLES WESLEY, 1707–1788.....	Canonbury.
'Forward!' be our watchword .	209	HENRY ALFORD, D.D., 1810 1871 .	Rosmore.
Fountain of good, to own Thy love	425	PHILIP DODDRIDGE, D.D., 1702–1751	St. Frances.
Fountain of mercy, God of love	482	ALICE FLOWERDEW, 1759–1830 ...	Albano.
Friend after friend departs.....	329	JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1771–1854...	Bath.
From all that dwell below the skies	597	ISAAC WATTS, D.D., 1674 1748 ...	Doxology (Smart).
From every stormy wind that blows	397	HUGH STOWELL, 1799–1865.....	Retreat.
From Greenland's icy mountains	443	REGINALD HEBER, D.D.,1783–1826	Missionary Hymn.
From ocean unto ocean	506	ROBERT MURRAY	Morning Light.
Gentle Jesus, meek and mild.....	523	CHARLES WESLEY, 1707–1788	Gentle Jesus.
Give me the wings of faith to rise	302	ISAAC WATTS, D.D., 1674–1748 ...	Sawley.
Give to the winds thy fears ...	282	PAUL GERHARDT, 1607–1676, *tr.* JOHN WESLEY	Olmutz.
Glorious things of thee are spoken	463	JOHN NEWTON, 1725–1807	Austria.
Glory be to God the Father.....	4	HORATIUS BONAR, D.D., 1808-89 .	RegentSquare.
Glory be to the Father, and to the Son	611	From the Latin	Chant (Boyce).
Glory to God on high	96	JAMES ALLEN (*alt.*), 1734–1804 ...	Lebanon.
Go, labor on; spend and be spent	234	HORATIUS BONAR, D.D., 1808-89.	St. Anselm.
God be with you till we meet again	501	JEREMIAH EAMES RANKIN, D.D., 1828–	God be with you.
God is always near me	511	PHILIP PAUL BLISS, 1838-1876 ...	Bemerton.
God is my strong salvation.....	273	JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1771-1854...	Morlaix.
God is near thee, therefore cheer thee	277	CURWEN'S 'Standard Course' ...	God is near thee.
God loved the world of sinners lost	129	MRS. MARTHA M. STOCKTON, 1821–1885	Wondrous Love.
God moves in a mysterious way	8	WILLIAM COWPER, 1731–1800.....	Dunfermline
God of heaven, hear our singing	565	FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL, 1836-1879	Trust.
God of mercy, God of grace.....	441	HENRY FRANCIS LYTE, 1793-1847	Dix.
God of my life, to Thee I call...	291	WILLIAM COWPER, 1731 1800.....	Holly.
God of pity, God of grace	408	MRS. ELIZA FANNY MORRIS, 1821–	(1) Horton, (2) Consolator.
God reveals His presence	360	GERHARD TERSTEEGEN, 1697-1769, *tr.* FOSTER and MILLER, *alt.* MERCER	Arnsberg.
God save our gracious King ...	508	.....	God save the King.
God sees the little sparrow fall...	514	MARIA STRAUB.....	Providence.
God, that madest earth and heaven	373	REGINALD HEBER, D.D., 1783-1826, and RICHARD WHATELY, D.D., 1787–1863	(1) Nutfield, (2) Temple.

NAME OF TUNE.	NO. OF HYMN.	COMPOSER OR SOURCE OF TUNE.	METRE OF TUNE.
Aurelia . . .	225 226, 464	Samuel Sebastian Wesley, Mus. Doc., 1810–1876	7.6.7.6. D.
Austria . . .	449, 463	Franz Josef Haydn, Mus. Doc., 1732–1809	8.7.8.7. D.
Autumn . . .	447, 448	Melody of the Eighteenth Century. F. H. Barthélémon (?)	8.7.8.7. D.
Baden	296 . .	Nürnberg Gesangbuch, 1690. Severus Gastorius, or Johann Pachelbel	8.7.8.7.4.4.8.8.
Balerma . . .	201 . .	Melody of the Eighteenth Century. Arranged by Robert Simpson, –1832	C.M.
Barber . . .	264, 357	Arranged from Mozart, 1756–1791 . .	S.M.
Barkworth . .	181 . .	Rev. Shadwell Morley Barkworth, D.D.	6.6.6.6.
Barrow . . .	127 . .	Lowell Mason, Mus. Doc., 1792–1872 .	C.M.
Bath	329 . .	W. H. Cooke. From the Bristol Tune Book	6.6.8.6.8.8.
Battishill . .	182, 513	Adapted from Jonathan Battishill, 1738–1801	7.7.7.7.
Batty	310, 311	Johann Thommen's Choralbuch, 1745 .	8.7.8.7.
Be at Rest . .	154, 495	J. Downing Farrer, 1829–	8.5.8.3.
Bedford . . .	120 . .	William Wheall, Mus. Bac., –1745 . .	C.M.
Beebe	456 . .	Walter Olivant Wilkinson, 1852– . . .	11.10.11.10.
Beecher . . .	213 . .	John Zundel, 1815–1882	8.7.8.7. D.
Beechwood . .	509 . .	Josiah Booth, 1852–	5.6.6.4.
Belmont . . .	149.189, 337	William Gardiner's Sacred Melodies, 1812	C.M.
Bemerton . .	358,511, 571,581	Friedrich Filitz, Ph.D., 1804–1876 . .	6.5.6.5. and 6.7.6.5.
Benediction . .	605, 606	Samuel Webbe's Antiphons, 1792 . .	8.7.8.7.8.7.
Benevento . .	345, 478	Samuel Webbe, 1740–1816. Arranged by A. Croil Falconer	7.7.7.7. D.
Bentley . . .	194 . .	John Pyke Hullah, LL.D., 1812–1884 .	7.6.7.6. D.
Bera	140 . .	John Edgar Gould, 1822–1875. . . .	L.M.
Berlin	110, 417	Johann Crüger, 1598–1662	7.7.7.
Bethany . . .	241.404, 481	Henry Smart, 1813–1879	8.7.8.7. D.
Bethlehem . .	30 . .	Arranged from Mendelssohn's Festgesang by W. H. Cummings	7.7.7.7. D.
Bidborough . .	135 . .	Arranged from Handel by W. H. Callcott	S.M.
Bird	169 . .	G. W. Bird	8.7.8.7.
Birds are singing	515 . .	From Hymns for Children	8.7.8.7., with refrain.
Blumenthal . .	166 . .	Arranged from Jacques Blumenthal, 1829–	7.7.7.7. D.
Bohemia . . .	79 . .	Johann Thommen's Choralbuch, 1745 .	8.7.8.7.7.7.
Boniface . . .	170 . .	Adapted from tune in Darmstadt Gesangbuch, 1698	8.8.8.5. (trochaic.)
Bonn	414 . .	Hundert Geistliche Arien, 1694 . . .	7.6.7.6.3.3.6.6.
Borlan. . . .	314, 315	Arranged from Kocher's Zionsharfe, 1855	8.7.8.7.

NAME OF TUNE.	NO. OF HYMN.	COMPOSER OR SOURCE OF TUNE.	METRE OF TUNE.
Boylston	219	Lowell Mason, Mus. Doc., 1792–1872	S.M.
Brandenburg	599	German Melody	7.7.7.7.
Bringing in the Sheaves	455	Arranged from George A. Miner	12.11.12.11., with refrain.
Broadlands	288	Cantiques Sacrez, &c., 1740	6.6.6.6. D.
Broomsgrove	83	Frederick C. Maker, 1844–	6.6.6.4.6.7.6.4.
Broughton	287, 461	Thomas Hastings, Mus. Doc., 1784–1872	6.6.6.6. D.
Bucer	265	Mason and Webbe's Cantica Laudis, 1850. From Robert Schumann (?)	S.M.
Burton Agnes	179	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc., 1823–1876	C.M.
Canon	367	Thomas Tallis, –1585	L.M.
Canonbury	233	Arranged from Robert Schumann, 1810–1856	L.M.
Cantus	146	Uzziah C. Burnap, Mus. Doc., 1834–	10.10.10.
Capetown	558	Friedrich Filitz, Ph.D., 1804–1876	7.7.7.5.
Carol	28	Richard Storrs Willis, 1819–	C.M.D.
Chamouni	131	George Lomas, Mus. Bac., 1834–1884	8.7.8.7. D.
Chant (Battishill)	609 (i)	Jonathan Battishill, 1738–1801	Te Deum.
„ (Boyce)	611	William Boyce, Mus. Doc., 1710–1779	Gloria Patri.
„ (Croft)	609 (ii)	William Croft, Mus. Doc., 1678–1727	Te Deum.
„ (Jacobs)	305	Rev. William Jacobs, M.A., –1872	Irregular.
„ (Wesley)	305	Samuel Wesley, 1766–1837	Irregular.
Chenies	119, 540	Rev. T. Richard Matthews, B.A., 1826–	7.6.7.6. D.
Children's Voices	517	Edward John Hopkins, Mus. Doc., 1818–	6.6.6.6.8.8.
City Bright	587	J. S. Tyler	6.6.5.5.6.
Cleethorpes	364	Rev. T. Richard Matthews, B.A., 1826–	7.6.7.6.D., with refrain.
Coblentz	112	French Melody of the Fifteenth Century	8 7.8.7.7.7.8.8.
Come unto Me	142	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc., 1823–1876	7.6.7.6. D.
Comfort	147	C. A. Garratt	11.10.11.10.
Commandments	49	Genevan Psalter, 1543	L.M.
Communion	50, 419, 420	Adapted by Edw. Miller, Mus. Doc., 1731–1807	L.M.
Consecration	205	Rev. Robert Lowry, D.D., 1826–	6.4.6.4.6.6 6.4.
Consolation	147	Arranged from Samuel Webbe, 1740–1816	11.10.11.10.
Consolator	114, 229, 408	A. Croil Falconer, 1850–	7.7.7.5.
Constance	80	Sir Arthur S. Sullivan, Mus. Doc., 1842–	8.7.8.7. D.
Cooling	71	A. J. Abbey	C.M.
Coronation	90	Oliver Holden, 1765–1844	C.M., with repeat.
Covenant	309	Sir John Stainer, M.A., Mus. Doc., 1840–	6.6.8.4. D.
Creation	13	Arranged from Franz Josef Haydn, Mus. Doc., 1732–1809	L.M.
Crediton	432	Thomas Clark, 1775–1859	C.M.
Culbach	92	Scheffler's Geistliche Hirtenlieder, 1668	7.7.7.7.

FIRST LINES.	NOS.	AUTHOR.	TUNE OR TUNES.
I think when I read that sweet story of old	567	Mrs. Jemima Luke, 1813–.....	Salamis.
I want to be like Jesus	525	William Meynell Whittemore	Aspiration.
If I come to Jesus	553	F. J. Crosby (Mrs. Van Alstyne), 1823–	If I come to Jesus.
Immortal honor, endless fame	612	From the Latin, *tr.* John Dryden	Eaton.
In heavenly love abiding	193	Anna Lætitia Waring, 1820– ...	Day of Rest.
In the cross of Christ I glory ..	198	Sir John Bowring, LL.D., 1792–1872	Rathbun.
In the hour of trial	74	James Montgomery, 1771–1854, *alt.* Mrs. Hutton	St. Mary Magdalene.
It came upon the midnight clear	28	Edmund H. Sears, D.D., 1810–76	(1) Noel, (2) Carol.
It is not death to die	322	Henri Abraham César Malan, 1787–1864, *tr.* G. W. Bethune	Sorning.
I've found a Friend; O, such a Friend.	80	James Grindly Small, 1817–1888	Constance.
Jerusalem, my happy home ...	337	'Eckington Collection,' 1801. Ascribed to James Montgomery	(1) Belmont, (2) Jerusalem.
Jerusalem on high	352	Samuel Crossman, 1624–1683 ...	Laus Deo.
Jerusalem the golden	351	Bernard of Cluny, 12th cent., *tr.* J. M. Neale.	Ewing.
Jesus! and shall it ever be.....	231	Joseph Grigg, *c.* 1720 1768, and Benjamin Francis, 1734–1799	Mainzer.
Jesus calls us: o'er the tumult	242	Mrs. C. F. Alexander, 1823 1895	Tolcarne.
Jesus Christ is risen to-day.....	61	Anon., *tr.* from Latin of 14th cent.	Easter Hymn.
Jesus, from Thy throne on high .	580	Thomas Benson Pollock, 1836-	Lebbaeus.
Jesus, heed me, lost and dying	170	Robert M. Offord, 1846–	Boniface.
Jesus, high in glory	528	'S. S. Harmonist,' 1847.....	Fulstow.
Jesus, holy, undefiled.....	578	Mrs. E. G. Shepcote.....	Ferrier.
Jesus, I am resting, resting.....	313	Jean Sophia Pigott	Jesus, I am resting.
Jesus, I live to Thee.....	284	Henry Harbaugh, D.D., 1817-67	St. Olave.
Jesus, I my cross have taken...	241	Henry Francis Lyte, 1793–1847	Bethany.
Jesus, I will trust Thee	167	Mrs. Mary Jane Walker	Urswicke.
Jesus, in Thy dying woes	57	Thomas Benson Pollock, 1836-	(1) Lebbaeus, (2) Agnes.
Jesus is our Shepherd	522	Hugh Stowell, 1799–1865.....	Pastor Bonus.
Jesus, keep me near the cross .	54	Fanny Jane Crosby (Mrs. Van Alstyne), 1823–	Near the Cross.
Jesus lives! thy terrors now ...	65	Christian Fürchtegott Gellert, 1715–1769, *tr.* F. E. Cox	(1) Meinhold, (2) St. Albinus.
Jesus, Lord of life and glory ...	258	John James Cummins, 1795 1867	(1) Redemption, (2) St. Austin.
Jesus, Lord, we humbly pray...	426	Robert Murray.....	Wells.
Jesus, Lover of my soul	162	Charles Wesley, 1707–1788.....	(1) Hollingside, (2) Refuge, (3) Martyn.
Jesus loves me, this I know	554	Anna Warner, *c.* 1822-	Jesus loves me.
Jesus, Master, whose I am	240	Frances Ridley Havergal, 1836–1879	(1) Wells, (2) Heathlands.
Jesus, my Lord, my God, my All	188	Henry Augustine Collins	St. Chrysostom
Jesus, my Saviour, look on me .	257	Charlotte Elliott, 1789 1871...	Wimbledon.
Jesus! name of wondrous love .	32	William Walsham How, D.D., 1823–	Vienna.

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Jesus, Saviour, hear me call.....	579	.....	Jesus, Saviour.
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me	493	EDWARD HOPPER, D.D., 1818-88.	Pilot.
Jesus shall reign where'er the sun	434	ISAAC WATTS, D.D., 1674–1748...	Warrington.
Jesus, Shepherd of the sheep...	306	HENRY COOKE, D.D., 1788-1868...	St. Ambrose.
Jesus, stand among us.....	358	WILLIAM PENNEFATHER, 1816-73	Bemerton.
Jesus, still lead on.....	308	N. L. VON ZINZENDORF, 1700–1760, *tr.* JANE BORTHWICK	Zinzendorf.
Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me	572	MARY LUNDIE DUNCAN, 1814-40.	Dijon.
Jesus, the very thought of Thee	176	BERNARD of Clairvaux, 1091–1153, *tr.* EDWARD CASWALL	St. Agnes, Durham.
Jesus, Thou Joy of loving hearts	418	BERNARD of Clairvaux, 1091–1153, *tr.* RAY PALMER	(1)St. Alkmund, (2) Ontario.
Jesus, Thou Son of David, hear my cry	156	JOHN JENKINS	Old 124th.
Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness	130	N. L. VON ZINZENDORF, 1700–60, *tr.* JOHN WESLEY	(1) Warcham, (2) Soldau.
Jesus, Thy boundless love to me	87	PAUL GERHARDT, 1607–1676, *tr.* JOHN WESLEY (*alt.*)	St. Catherine.
Jesus, to Thy table led.....	417	ROBERT HALL BAYNES, 1831–.....	Berlin.
Jesus, we are far away.....	171	THOMAS BENSON POLLOCK, 1836–	Lebbaeus.
Jesus, we love to meet	573	ELIZABETH PARSON, 1812–1873 ...	Madrid.
Jesus, when He left the sky	558	.....	Capetown.
Jesus, where'er Thy people meet	386	WILLIAM COWPER, 1731–1800.....	Warrington.
Jesus, with Thy Church abide...	467	T. B. POLLOCK, 1836–, and others	Agnes.
Join all the glorious names ...	94	ISAAC WATTS, D.D. (*alt.*), 1674–1748	Waterstock.
Joy to the world! the Lord is come	26	ISAAC WATTS, D.D., 1674–1748 ...	(1) Nativity, (2) Antioch.
Just as I am—without one plea	151	CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1789–1871 ...	(1) Trust, (2) St. Crispin, (3) Faith, (4) Woodworth
Lead, Holy Shepherd, lead us ...	582	CLEMENT of Alexandria, *tr.* H. M. MCGILL	Morlaix.
Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom	318	JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, D.D., 1801–1890	(1) Lux Benigna. (2) Lux Beata, (3) Sandon.
Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us	316	JAMES EDMESTON, 1791–1867	(1) Mannheim, (2) Feniton Court.
Let Christian faith and hope dispel	269	ANON. and JOHN LOGAN. Scottish Paraphrase	London New.
Let not your hearts with anxious thoughts	266	WILLIAM ROBERTSON, -1745. Scottish Paraphrase	(1) Northrepps, (2) Solomon.
Let us, with a gladsome mind	17	JOHN MILTON (*alt.*), 1608-1674 ...	Harts.
Light of life, so softly shining ...	576	HORATIUS BONAR, D.D., 1808–1889	Light of Life.
Light of the lonely pilgrim's heart	430	SIR EDWARD DENNY, 1796-1889 .	Eagley.
Little drops of water	531	E. C. BREWER, LL.D., 1810–1897, and 'American Juv. Miss. Magazine'	Infant's Prayer.
Little travellers Zionward.....	589	JAMES EDMESTON, 1791–1867	Zionward.
Lo! He comes with clouds descending	86	CHARLES WESLEY, JOHN CENNICK, and MARTIN MADAN	Redemption.

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Look from Thy sphere of endless day	436	William Cullen Bryant, 1794–1878	(1) Pentecost, (2) St. Alban.
Look, ye saints! the sight is glorious	67	Thomas Kelly, 1769–1854	Look, ye saints.
Lord, a little band and lowly	543	Mrs. Martha Evans Shelly	Rousseau.
Lord, as to Thy dear cross we flee	285	John Hampden Gurney, 1802–1862	St. Frances.
Lord, at Thy mercy seat	206	F. J. Crosby (Mrs. Van Alstyne), 1823–	Pilgrim Song.
Lord, bless us still	621	R. A. Smith's 'Sacred Harmony,' 1825	Doxology (Smith).
Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing	605	Ascribed to John Fawcett (*alt.*)	Benediction.
Lord God, the Holy Ghost	102	James Montgomery, 1771–1854	St. Michael.
Lord, I hear of showers of blessing	403	Mrs. Elizabeth Codner	Even me.
Lord, in this Thy mercy's day	163	Isaac Williams, 1802–1865	St. Philip.
Lord, it belongs not to my care	286	Richard Baxter, 1615–1691	St. Frances.
Lord Jesus, I long to be perfectly whole	217	James Nicholson	Whiter than snow.
Lord, let mercy now attend us	606	R. A. Smith's 'Sacred Harmony,' 1825	Benediction.
Lord of the worlds above	387	Isaac Watts, D.D., 1674–1748	Darwall.
Lord, speak to me, that I may speak	459	Frances Ridley Havergal, 1836–1879	Wayland.
Lord, this day Thy children meet	574	William Walsham How, D.D., 1823–	Innocents.
Lord, Thou lov'st the cheerful giver	428	Robert Murray	Deerhurst.
Lord, Thy mercy now entreating	405	A. N. (1877)	Evening Prayer.
Lord, while for all mankind we pray	503	John Reynell Wreford, D.D., 1800–1881	(1) St. Flavian, (2) Lyra.
Love Divine, all loves excelling	213	Charles Wesley, 1707–1788	(1) Falfield, (2) Beecher.
May the grace of Christ our Saviour	601	John Newton, 1725–1807	Evening Prayer.
More like Jesus would I be	524	F. J. Crosby (Mrs. Van Alstyne), 1823–	Dijon.
More love to Thee, O Christ	180	Mrs. Elizabeth Prentiss, 1818–1878	(1) More love to Thee, (2) Desire.
Much in sorrow, oft in woe	271	Henry Kirke White, 1785–1806, and others	University College.
My days are gliding swiftly by	312	David Nelson, M.D., 1793–1844	Shining Shore
My faith looks up to Thee	207	Ray Palmer, D.D., 1808–1887	Olivet.
My God and Father, while I stray	294	Charlotte Elliott, 1789–1871	(1) Resignation, (2) Landskron, (3) Chant (Troyte).
My God, and is Thy table spread	420	Philip Doddridge, D.D., 1702–51	Communion.
My God, how wonderful Thou art	7	F. W. Faber, D.D., 1814–1863	Felix.
My God, is any hour so sweet	401	Charlotte Elliott, 1789–1871	Sarum.
My God, I thank Thee, who hast made	195	Adelaide Anne Procter, 1825–1864	Wentworth.

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My God, permit me not to be...	204	Isaac Watts, D.D., 1674–1748 ...	Wareham.
MyGod, the covenant of Thylove	289	Philip Doddridge, D.D., 1702–51	St. James.
My heart is resting, O my God	190	Anna Lætitia Waring, 1820- ...	(1) Rest, (2) Swiss Melody.
My hope is built on nothing less	155	Edward Mote (*alt.*), 1797–1874 .	St. Catherine.
My Saviour, as Thou wilt	288	Benjamin Schmolck, 1672–1737, *tr.* Jane Borthwick	Broadlands.
My Saviour, be Thou near me .	400	Thomas Alfred Stowell, 1831-	Loretto.
My soul, be on thy guard.....	247	George Heath, –1822	Laban.
My times are in Thy hand	283	William Freeman Lloyd, 1791–1853	Serenity.
Near the cross was Mary weeping	55	James Waddell Alexander, D.D., 1804–1859, *v.* 1 from the Latin	Stabat Mater.
Nearer, my God, to Thee.....	223	Mrs. Sarah Flower Adams, 1805–1848	(1) Horbury, (2) Excelsior.
No; not despairingly	160	Horatius Bonar, D.D., 1808-1889	(1) Haddo, (2) Kedron.
Not all the blood of beasts	158	Isaac Watts, D.D., 1674–1748 ...	Scott.
Not what these hands have done	157	Horatius Bonar, D.D., 1808–89 .	Scott.
Not worthy, Lord, to gather up the crumbs	174	Edward Henry Bickersteth, D.D., 1825–	Morecambe.
Now, God be with us, for the night is closing	378	Petrus Herbert, –1571, *tr.* Catherine Winkworth	Flemming.
Now is the accepted time	135	John Dobell, 1757–1840	Bidborough.
Now may He who from the dead	599	John Newton, 1725–1807	Brandenburg.
Now sing we a song for the harvest	487	W. C. Gannett and J. W. Chadwick	Harvest-tide.
Now thank we all our God.....	485	Martin Rinckart, 1586–1649, *tr.* Catherine Winkworth	Gratitude.
Now the day is over	571	Sabine Baring-Gould, 1834- .	Bemerton.
Now the laborer's task is o'er...	328	John Ellerton, 1826-1893	Requiescat.
Now the sowing and the weeping	310	Frances Ridley Havergal, 1836–1879	Batty.
Now to Him who loved us	614	Samuel Miller Waring (*alt.*), 1792–1827	Triumph.
Now to the King of Heaven ...	618	Philip Doddridge, D.D. (*alt.*), 1702–1751	St. John.
O Christ, what burdens bowed Thy head	47	Mrs. Anne Ross Cousin	(1) Spohr, (2)Substitution
O come, all ye faithful.....	34	Latin, 18th cent., *tr.* William Mercer	Adeste Fideles.
O come, let us sing	546	James Gall, 1808-1895	O come, let us sing.
O day of rest and gladness	383	Christopher Wordsworth, D.D., 1807–1885	(1) Day of Rest, (2) Endsleigh.
O Father all creating	472	John Ellerton, 1826–1893	St. Alphege.
O for a closer walk with God...	221	William Cowper, 1731–1800.....	(1) St. Flavian, (2) Dalehurst.
O for a faith that will not shrink	159	William Hiley Bathurst, 1796–1877	St. Leonard.
O for a heart to praise my God	200	Charles Wesley, 1707–1788.....	Farrant.
O for a thousand tongues to sing	91	Charles Wesley, 1707–1788.....	Winchester Old.

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O God, not only in distress.....	236	F. Smith	Resignation.
O God of Bethel! by whose hand	301	Philip Doddridge, D.D., 1702–1751. Scottish Paraphrase	Salzburg.
O God of love, O King of peace	504	Sir Henry Williams Baker, 1821–1877	(1) Hesperus, (2) Melcombe.
O God, our help in ages past ...	474	Isaac Watts, D.D., 1674–1748 ...	St. Ann.
O God, the Rock of Ages.....	479	E. H. Bickersteth, D.D., 1825–	Jerusalem.
O God, who metest in Thy hand	491	R. F. Littledale, LL.D., 1833–	Angels.
O happy band of pilgrims	307	John Mason Neale, D.D., 1818–66	Morlaix.
O happy day that fixed my choice	150	Philip Doddridge, D.D., 1702–1751	(1) Happy Day, (2) Winchester New.
O happy home! where Thou art loved the dearest	473	Karl Johann Philipp Spitta, D.D., 1801–1859, *tr.* S. L. Findlater	Happy Home.
O happy is the man who hears	127	Michael Bruce (*alt.*), 1746–1762. Scottish Paraphrase	Barrow.
O help us, Lord! each hour of need	394	Henry Hart Milman, D.D., 1791–1868	Spohr.
O Holy Saviour, Friend unseen	295	Charlotte Elliott, 1789–1871...	(1) Hamburg, (2) Trust.
O, how joyous is the music.....	564	Emily Elizabeth Steele Elliott	Missionary Song.
O Jesus Christ, the Holy One...	416	Mrs. Jane Euphemia Saxby, 1811–	Queen's College.
O Jesus, I have promised	255	John Ernest Bode, 1816–1874 ...	Day of Rest.
O Jesus, King most wonderful .	177	Bernard of Clairvaux, 1091–1153, *tr.* Edward Caswall	Faith.
O Jesus, Thou art standing.....	141	William Walsham How, D.D., 1823–	St. Catherine.
O Lamb of God! still keep me .	225	James George Deck, 1802–*c.*1884	Aurelia.
O little town of Bethlehem.....	29	Phillips Brooks, D.D., 1835–1893	St. Louis.
O Lord and Master of us all ...	41	John Greenleaf Whittier, 1807–1892	St. Bernard.
O Lord, be with us when we sail	490	Edward Arthur Dayman, 1807–1890	St. Paul.
O Lord of heaven, and earth, and sea	427	Chris. Wordsworth, D.D., 1807–1885	Almsgiving.
O Lord our God, arise	431	Ralph Wardlaw, D.D., 1779–1853	Hampton.
O love Divine, how sweet Thou art	183	Charles Wesley, 1707–1788.....	King's College.
O love Divine! that stooped to share	76	O. W. Holmes, LL.D., 1809–94...	Hesperus.
O love that casts out fear	181	Horatius Bonar, D.D., 1808–89 .	Barkworth.
O love that will not let me go .	185	George Matheson, D.D., 1842–	St. Margaret.
O mean may seem this house of clay	37	Thomas Hornblower Gill, 1819–	Northrepps.
O North, with all thy vales of green	446	William Cullen Bryant, 1792–1878	Meiringen.
O Paradise! O Paradise	339	F. W. Faber, D.D. (*alt.*), 1814–1863	(1) Paradise (Smart), (2) Paradise (Barnby), (3) Paradise (Dykes).

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O sacred head now wounded ...	53	From St. Bernard and P. Gerhardt, *tr.* J. W. Alexander (*alt.*)	Passion Chorale.
O Saviour, bless us ere we go...	607	F. W. Faber, D.D., 1814–1863...	(1) St. Matthias, (2) Stella.
O Saviour, I have nought to plead	184	Jane Crewdson	Trust.
O Saviour, precious Saviour ...	100	Frances Ridley Havergal, 1836–1879	Greenland.
O Saviour, where shall guilty man	56	C. E. May (*alt.*)	Newcastle.
O Son of God, our Captain of Salvation	453	John Ellerton, 1826–1893	Happy Home.
O Spirit of the living God	107	James Montgomery, 1771–1854...	Melcombe.
O that the Lord's salvation ...	442	Henry Francis Lyte, 1793–1847.	Heidelberg.
O the bitter shame and sorrow.	214	Theodore Monod	St. Jude.
O Thou, by long experience tried	290	William Cowper (from Mme. Guyon)	Holly.
O Thou, from whom all goodness flows	249	Thomas Haweis and Thos. Cotterill	St. Frances.
O Thou that on the billow	498	Mrs. Anne Ross Cousin	(1) Galilee, (2) Tiberias.
O Thou who camest from above	232	Charles Wesley, 1707–1788.....	(1) Ernan, (2) Ontario.
O timely happy, timely wise ...	362	John Keble, 1792–1866.....	(1) Melcombe, (2) Jam Lucis.
O, what can little hands do ...	532	Farin, in 'Happy Voices,' 1865.	Little Hands.
O where are the reapers that garner in	454	Eben. Eugene Rexford, 1848– .	Harvest Home.
O where shall rest be found ...	323	James Montgomery, 1771–1854...	Aldersgate.
O Word of God incarnate	119	William Walsham How, D.D., 1823–	Chenies.
O worship the King, all-glorious above	22	Sir Robert Grant, 1785–1838 ...	Houghton.
Object of my first desire	182	Augustus Montague Toplady, 1740–1778	Battishill.
O'er those gloomy hills of darkness	450	William Williams, 1717–1791 ...	Regent Square.
Oh come and mourn with me awhile	51	F. W. Faber, D.D., 1814–1863 ...	St. Cross.
Oh, fair the gleams of glory ...	347	Charles Innis Cameron	Lancashire.
Oh, for the peace that floweth as a river	244	Mrs. Jane Crewdson, 1809–1863	Raynolds.
Oh, let him whose sorrow	75	Heinrich Siegmund Oswald, 1751–1834, *tr.* F. E. Cox	Penitence.
Oh, safe to the Rock that is higher than I	263	William Orcutt Cushing, 1823–	Hiding in Thee.
Oh! what, if we are Christ's ...	280	Sir Henry Williams Baker, 1821–1877	St. Michael
On the shore of Galilee	43	F. G. Morris	Liguria.
Once in royal David's city.....	519	Mrs. C. F. Alexander, 1823–1895	Irby.
One is kind above all others	542	Marianne Nunn, 1778–1847	Tenderness.
One sweetly solemn thought ...	305	Phœbe Cary, 1824–1871 (text of 1869)	(1) Chant (Wesley), (2) Chant (Jacobs).

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One there is, above all others...	79	John Newton, 1725–1807	(1) Gounod, (2) Bohemia.
Onward, Christian soldiers, marching as to war	262	Sabine Baring-Gould, 1834– ...	St. Gertrude.
Our blessèd bond of union	226	Robert Murray.....	Aurelia.
Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed	111	Harriett Auber, 1773–1862	(1) Linton, (2) St. Cuthbert.
Our children, Lord, in faith and prayer	410	Thomas Haweis, M.D., 1732–1820	St. Peter.
Our day of praise is done	365	John Ellerton, 1826–1893	Day of Praise.
Part in peace! Christ's life was peace	600	Mrs. Sarah Flower Adams, 1805–1848	Tichfield.
Pass me not, O gentle Saviour.	168	Fanny Jane Crosby (Mrs. Van Alstyne), 1823–	Pass me not.
Peace, perfect peace, in this dark world	199	E. H. Bickersteth, D.D., 1825–	Pax Tecum.
Pleasant are Thy courts above.	389	Henry Francis Lyte, 1793–1847.	Maidstone.
Poor and needy though I be	513	Dorothy Ann Thrupp, 1779–1847	Battishill.
Pour out Thy Spirit from on high	460	James Montgomery, 1771–1854...	Hebron.
Praise God from whom all blessings flow	615	Thomas Ken, D.D., 1637–1711 ...	Old 100th.
Praise, my soul, the King of heaven	25	Henry Francis Lyte, 1793–1847.	Advent.
Praise the Lord. His glories show	619	Henry Francis Lyte, 1793–1847.	St. George's, Windsor.
Praise the Lord! ye heavens, adore Him	21	Anon.	(1) Gotha, (2) Newton Ferns.
Praise ye Jehovah! praise the Lord most holy	20	Lady Margaret Cockburn-Campbell, 1827–1841	Auchincairn.
Quiet, Lord, my froward heart.	292	John Newton, 1725–1807	Guide.
Rejoice and be glad! The Redeemer has come	550	Horatius Bonar, D.D., 1808–1889	We praise Thee, O God.
Rejoice, the Lord is King	69	Charles Wesley, 1707–1788.....	Darwall.
Rescue the perishing	456	Fanny Jane Crosby (Mrs. Van Alstyne), 1823–	(1) Beebe, (2) Rescue.
Rest of the weary.....	95	John Samuel Bewley Monsell, LL.D., 1811–1875	(1) Perfect Rest, (2) Monica.
Return, O wanderer, to thy home	144	Thomas Hastings, Mus. Doc., 1784–1872	Invitation.
Revive Thy work, O Lord	392	Albert Midlane, 1825-	St. Michael.
Ride on, ride on in majesty ...	48	Henry Hart Milman, D.D., 1791–1868	St. Drostane.
Rise, my soul, thy God directs thee	315	John Nelson Darby, 1800–1882.	Borlan.
Rock of Ages, cleft for me	161	Augustus Montague Toplady, 1740–1778	(1) Petra, (2) Toplady, (3) Gethsemane.
Safe in the arms of Jesus	191	F. J. Crosby (Mrs. Van Alstyne), 1823–	The Heart's Refuge.
Safely, safely gathered in	345	Mrs. H. O. Dobree, 1831–.....	Benevento.

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Safely through another week...	380	JOHN NEWTON, 1725–1807	(1) Toronto, (2) Guide.
Salvation and immortal praise	616	*v.* 1, ISAAC WATTS; *v.* 2, TATE and BRADY	St. Magnus.
Saviour, again to Thy dear name we raise	608	JOHN ELLERTON, 1826–1893	Ellers.
Saviour, blessèd Saviour.....	210	GODFREY THRING, 1823–.....	(1) Edina, (2) Hermas.
Saviour, breathe an evening blessing	375	JAMES EDMESTON, 1791–1867	(1) Italian Chorale, (2) Evening Prayer.
Saviour, like a shepherd lead us.	585	ADELAIDE THRUPP	Pleasant Pastures.
Saviour, more than life to me .	211	F. J. CROSBY (MRS. VAN ALSTYNE), 1823–	Every Day.
Saviour, now the day is ending	604	SARAH DOUDNEY	St. Joseph.
Saviour, teach me day by day ...	575	JANE ELIZABETH LEESON	Theodora.
Saviour, Thy dying love	205	SYLVANUS DRYDEN PHELPS, D.D., 1816–	Consecration.
Saviour, when in dust to Thee...	166	SIR ROBERT GRANT, 1785–1838 ...	(1)Blumenthal, (2) Sorrento.
Saviour, who Thy flock art feeding	413	W. A. MUHLENBERG, D.D., 1796–1877	Roslyn.
See, Israel's gentle Shepherd stands	409	PHILIP DODDRIDGE, D.D., 1702–1751	St. Peter.
See the shining dewdrops	510	MAJOR'S 'Book of Praise'.....	Infant Praises.
Send Thou, O Lord, to every place	452	MRS. MERRILL E. GATES	Trust.
Shall we grow weary in our watch	44	JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER, 1807–1892	Trust.
Shine Thou upon us, Lord	461	JOHN ELLERTON, 1826–1893	(1) St. Cecilia, (2) Broughton.
Simply trusting every day	293	EDGAR PAGE	Trusting Jesus.
Since thy Father's arm sustains thee	300	C. R. HAGENBACH, D.D., 1801–1874, *tr.* H. A. P.	Harvey.
Sinful, sighing to be blest	164	J. S. B. MONSELL, LL.D., 1811–75.	Woodman.
Sing them over again to me	559	PHILIP PAUL BLISS, 1838–1876 ...	Words of Life.
Sing to the Lord in joyful strains	433	ANON. and MICHAEL BRUCE. Scottish Paraphrase	Nativity.
Sleep thy last sleep	327	EDWARD ARTHUR DAYMAN, 1807–1890	Requiem.
Softly now the light of day.....	370	G. W. DOANE, D.D., 1799–1859...	Weber.
Soldiers of Christ! arise	246	CHARLES WESLEY (*alt.*), 1707 -1788	(1) Augustine, (2) Day of Praise.
Sometimes a light surprises ...	194	WILLIAM COWPER, 1731 -1800 ...	Bentley.
Son of Man, to Thee I cry	399	RICHARD MANT, D.D., 1776–1848.	Palgrave.
Songs of praise the angels sang	98	JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1771–1854...	Culbach.
Sovereign grace! o'er sin abounding	186	JOHN KENT, 1766–1843	Zaanaim.
Sow the seed beside all waters.	448	ROBERT MURRAY.....	Autumn.
Sowing in the morning	455	KNOWLES SHAW	Bringing in the Sheaves.
Speed Thy servants, Saviour, speed them	451	THOMAS KELLY, 1769–1854	Dismissal.

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Spirit Divine! attend our prayers	105	ANDREW REED, D.D., 1787–1862.	Milton.
Spirit, strength of all the weak	116	T. B. POLLOCK	Gower's Litany.
Spread, O spread, thou mighty word	563	J. F. BAHNMAIER, *tr.* C. WINKWORTH	(1) Glad Day, (2) Elsick.
Stand up and bless the Lord ...	357	JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1771–1854...	Barber.
Stand up for Jesus, Christian, stand	260	ASA HULL.....	Stand up for Jesus.
Stand up! stand up for Jesus...	256	GEORGE DUFFIELD, D.D., 1818–1888	Morning Light.
Standing at the portal.....	476	FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL, 1836–1879	St. Alban's.
Standing by a purpose true	533	PHILIP PAUL BLISS, 1838–1876 ...	Daniel.
Star of peace to wanderers weary	494	MRS. JANE CROSS SIMPSON, 1811–1886	Light of Life.
Still on the homeward journey	480	JANE BORTHWICK, 1813	The Homeward Journey
Still with Thee, O my God ...	220	JAMES DRUMMOND BURNS, 1823–1864	Selma.
Summer suns are glowing	483	WILLIAM WALSHAM HOW, D.D., 1823–	Ruth.
Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear	368	JOHN KEBLE, 1792–1866.....	(1) Abends, (2) Hursley.
Supreme in wisdom as in power	267	ISAAC WATTS, D.D. (*alt.*), 1674–1748. Scottish Paraphrase	Irish.
Sweet is the solemn voice that calls	385	HENRY FRANCIS LYTE, 1793–1847	Warrington.
Sweet the moments, rich in blessing	227	JAMES ALLEN, 1734–1804, and WALTER SHIRLEY, 1725–1786	Leipsic.
Sweet was the hour, O Lord, to Thee	36	SIR EDWARD DENNY, 1796–1889...	Naomi.
Sweeter sounds than music knows	99	JOHN NEWTON, 1725–1807	Innocents.
Take comfort, Christians, when your friends	325	MICHAEL BRUCE, 1746–1767. Scottish Paraphrase	Stroudwater.
Take me, O my Father! take me	169	RAY PALMER, D.D., 1808–1887 ...	(1) St. Mabyn, (2) Bird.
Take my life, and let it be	238	FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL, 1836–1879	Vienna.
Take the name of Jesus with you	228	MRS. LYDIA BAXTER, 1809–1874...	Dormance
'Take up thy cross,' the Saviour said	235	CHARLES WILLIAM EVEREST, 1814–1877	Hesperus.
Tell it out among the heathen that the Lord is King	566	FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL, 1836–1879	Epenetus.
Tell me the old, old story	555	KATHERINE HANKEY	Evangel.
Ten thousand times ten thousand	341	HENRY ALFORD, D.D., 1810–1871.	St. Catharine.
Tender Shepherd, Thou hast stilled	330	JOHANN W. MEINHOLD, D.D., 1797–1851, *tr.* CATHERINE WINKWORTH	Meinhold.
That day of wrath, that dreadful day	82	SIR WALTER SCOTT, 1771–1832, based on THOMAS of Celano.	Old Saxony.
The Church's one foundation...	464	SAMUEL JOHN STONE, 1839–	Aurelia.

FIRST LINES.	NOS.	AUTHOR.	TUNE OR TUNES.
The darkness now is over	568	.....	Heidelberg.
The day is past and over.....	374	Anatolius, *tr.* J. M. Neale	(1)St.Anatolius (Dykes), (2)St.Anatolius (Brown).
The day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended	376	John Ellerton, 1826–1893	(1) St. Clement, (2) Radford.
The daylight fades	570	Thomas Osmond Summers, D.D., 1812–1882	Evan.
The gloomy night will soon be past	270	S. P. Tregelles, LL.D., 1813–1875	Morning.
The God of Abraham praise ...	309	Thomas Olivers, 1725–1799	(1) Leoni, (2) Covenant.
The God of glory down to men	201	Isaac Watts, D.D., 1674–1748. Scottish Paraphrase	Balerma.
The great Physician now is near.	544	William Hunter, D.D., 1811–77	Sympathy.
The Head that once was crowned with thorns	64	Thomas Kelly, 1769–1854.....	St. Magnus.
The King of love my Shepherd is	19	Sir Henry Williams Baker, 1821–1877	Dominus regit me.
The Lord bless thee, and keep thee	602	Num. vi. 24–26	Harmony by Lowell Mason.
The Lord is King! lift up thy voice	23	Josiah Conder, 1789–1855	Walton.
The Lord keep watch between us	496	J. H. Johnston	Mizpah.
The Lord will come, the earth shall quake	81	Reginald Heber, D.D. (*alt.*), 1783–1826	Old Saxony.
The morning bright with rosy light	569	Thomas Osmond Summers, D.D., 1812–1882	Denfield.
The morning light is breaking	445	Samuel Francis Smith, D.D., 1808–1895	(1) Morning Light, (2) Morlaix.
The race that long in darkness pined	27	John Morison, D.D., 1749–1798. Scottish Paraphrase	Dunfermline.
The radiant morn hath passed away	371	Godfrey Thring, 1833	Wimbledon.
The sands of time are sinking .	346	Mrs. Anne Ross Cousin	Rutherford.
The Son of God goes forth to war	250	Reginald Heber, D.D., 1783–1826	All Saints (New).
The spacious firmament on high	13	Joseph Addison, 1672–1719	Creation.
The Spirit breathes upon the Word	117	William Cowper, 1731–1800.....	Gräfenberg.
The strife is o'er, the battle done	62	Latin, 14th cent., *tr.* Francis Pott	Victory
The sun declines; o'er land and sea	372	R. Walmsley	Vincent.
The sun is sinking fast	369	Latin, 18th cent., *tr.* Ed. Caswall	(1) St.Columba, (2) Vespers.
The voice that breathed o'er Eden	471	John Keble (*alt.*), 1792–1866.....	Morlaix.
The wise may bring their learning	535	.....	Ellon.
The world is very evil	348	Bernard of Cluny, 12th cent., *tr.* J. M. Neale	Pearsall.
There came a little Child to earth	520	Emily Elizabeth Steele Elliott	Chant(Troyte).

FIRST LINES.	NOS.	AUTHOR.	TUNE OR TUNES.
There is a better world, they say.	594	John Lyth, D.D., 1821–1886	O, so bright.
There is a blessèd home	343	Sir Henry Williams Baker, 1821–1877	The Blessed Home.
There is a city bright	587	Mary Anne S. Deck	City bright.
There is a fountain filled with blood	126	William Cowper, 1731–1800	Artaxerxes.
There is a green hill far away.	46	Mrs. C. F. Alexander, 1823–1895	(1) Green Hill, (2) Lambeth.
There is a happy land	593	Andrew Young, 1807–1889	Happy Land.
There is a holy sacrifice	153	James Montgomery, 1771–1854	(1) Sarum, (2) Riseholme.
There is a land of pure delight	336	Isaac Watts, D.D., 1674–1748	Emmanuel.
There is a name I love to hear.	179	Frederick Whitfield, 1829–	Burton Agnes.
There is life for a look	148	Amelia Matilda Hull, *c.* 1825–	Life for a Look.
There is no name so sweet on earth	545	G. W. Bethune, D.D., 1805–1862	Sweetest Name.
There is no night in heaven	335	Francis Minden Knollis, D.D., 1816–1863	Woolwich.
There is no sorrow, Lord, too light	71	Jane Crewdson and B. H. Kennedy	Cooling.
There's a Friend for little children	590	Albert Midlane, 1825–	Ellacombe.
There's a wideness in God's mercy	131	F. W. Faber, D.D., 1814–1863	(1) Oberlin, (2) Chamouni.
There were ninety and nine that safely lay	134	Elizabeth Cecilia Clephane, 1830–1869	(1) The Ninety and Nine, (2) Eureka.
Thine arm, O Lord, in days of old	38	E. H. Plumptre, D.D., 1821–1891	(1) St. Matthew, (2) Irish.
Thine forever! God of love	412	Mrs. Mary Fawler Maude	Pleyel.
This is the day of light	381	John Ellerton, 1826–1893	(1) Franconia, (2) Day of Praise.
Those eternal bowers	253	John Damascene, *tr.* J. M. Neale	St. John Damascene.
Thou art coming, O my Saviour	85	Frances Ridley Havergal, 1836–1879	Southwick.
Thou art gone up on high	63	Mrs. Emma Leslie Toke, 1812–1872	Franconia.
Thou art the Way: to Thee alone	39	G. W. Doane, D.D., 1799–1859	Aspurg.
Thou didst leave Thy throne	45	Emily Elizabeth Steele Elliott	Margaret.
Thou gracious God, whose mercy lends	475	Oliver Wendell Holmes, LL.D., 1809–1894	St. Alkmund.
Thou hidden love of God, whose height	215	Gerhard Tersteegen, 1697–1769, *tr.* John Wesley	Stella.
Thou Judge of quick and dead.	324	Charles Wesley, 1707–1788	Southwell.
Thou, Lord, art God alone	5	Ed. A. Collier	Lebanon.
Thou, Lord, art our life and the length of our days	489	Robert Murray	Houghton.
Thou to whom the sick and dying	429	Godfrey Thring, 1823–	Gounod.
Thou who didst on Calvary bleed	407	James Drummond Burns, 1823–1864	(1) St. Ambrose, (2) Grey.
Thou, whose Almighty word	438	John Marriott, 1780–1825	Moscow.
Thou, whose unmeasured temple stands	468	William Cullen Bryant, 1794–1878	St. Ann.

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Though troubles assail	16	JOHN NEWTON, 1725–1807	Hanover.
Through all the changing scenes of life	11	TATE and BRADY	Wiltshire(New St. Ann).
Through the day Thy love has spared us	603	THOMAS KELLY, 1769–1854	Gounod.
Through the night of doubt and sorrow	274	BERNHARDT SEVERIN INGEMANN, 1789–1862, *tr.* S. BARING-GOULD	(1) St. Asaph, (2) St. Oswald.
Thy life was given for me	52	FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL, 1836–1879	Devotion.
Thy way, not mine, O Lord ...	287	HORATIUS BONAR, D.D., 1808-1889	(1) Leuchars, (2) Broughton.
Till He come'—O let the words	421	E. H. BICKERSTETH, D.D., 1825–.	Reynoldstone.
'Tis from the mercy of our God	124	ISAAC WATTS, D.D. (*alt.*), 1674–1748. Scottish Paraphrase	London New.
To Him that loved the souls of men	617	ISAAC WATTS, D.D. (*alt.*), 1674–1748	Jackson.
To Thee, O Comforter Divine...	115	FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL, 1836–1879	St. Botolf.
To Thee, O dear, dear Saviour .	192	J. S. B. MONSELL, LL.D., 1811–1875	Savoy Chapel.
To Thee our God we fly	505	WILLIAM WALSHAM HOW, D.D., 1823–	St. John.
To-day the Saviour calls	137	SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH, 1808–1895, and THOMAS HASTINGS, MUS.D., 1784–1872	Nain.
True-hearted, whole-hearted, faithful, and loyal	245	FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL, 1836–1879	True-hearted.
'Twas on that night, when doomed to know	419	JOHN MORISON, D.D., 1749–1798..	Communion.
Vain are the hopes the sons of men	120	ISAAC WATTS, D.D. (*alt.*), 1674–1748. Scottish Paraphrase	Bedford.
Wake, awake, for night is flying	88	PHILIPP NICOLAI, D.D., 1556–1608, *tr.* CATHERINE WINKWORTH	Nicolai.
We are but little children weak .	527	MRS. C. F. ALEXANDER, 1823–1895	Federal Street.
We are the Lord's: His all-sufficient merit	243	KARL JOHANN PHILIPP SPITTA, D.D., 1801–1859, *tr.* C. T. ASTLEY	Eirene.
We give Thee but Thine own...	424	WILLIAM WALSHAM HOW, D.D., 1823–	Narenza.
We have heard a joyful sound ...	562	PRICILLA JANE OWENS	Jesus saves.
We love the place, O God.....	388	WM. BULLOCK and SIR H. W. BAKER	Eden.
We may not climb the heavenly steeps	40	JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER, 1807–1892	Fingal.
We plough the fields and scatter	488	M. CLAUDIUS, 1740–1815, *tr.* J. M. CAMPBELL	Dresden.
We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love	549	W. P. MACKAY	We praise Thee, O God.
We praise Thee, O God, we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord	609	Te Deum Laudamus.....	Chant I (Battishill), Chant II (Croft).
We sing the praise of Him who died	49	THOMAS KELLY, 1769–1854	Commandments.

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We speak of the realms of the blest	355	Mrs. Elizabeth Mills, 1805–1829	Realms of th Blest.
Weary of earth and laden with my sin	173	Samuel John Stone, 1839-	Dalkeith
Weary of wandering from my God	172	Charles Wesley, 1707–1788.....	Pater Omnium.
What a Friend we have in Jesus	404	Joseph Scriven	(1) Bethany, (2) What a Friend.
What grace, O Lord, and beauty shone	42	Sir Edward Denny, 1796-1889...	St. Bernard.
What though no flowers the fig-tree clothe	12	John Logan, 1748-1788. Scottish Paraphrase	Sawley.
Whate'er my God ordains is right	296	Samuel Rodigast, 1649–1708, *tr.* Catherine Winkworth	Baden.
When all Thy mercies, O my God	9	Joseph Addison, 1672-1719	Winchester Old.
When He cometh, when He cometh	591	William Orcutt Cushing, 1823–	Jewels.
When, His salvation bringing ...	540	John King, 1789–1858.....	Chenies.
When I survey life's varied scene	10	Anne Steele, 1716-1778.....	Wiltshire (New St. Ann)
When I survey the wondrous cross	50	Isaac Watts, D.D., 1674–1748 ...	(1) Eden, (2) Communion
When morning gilds the skies .	97	German, 18th cent., *tr.* Ed. Caswall	Laudes Domini.
When mothers of Salem their children brought to Jesus	561	William Medlen Hutchings, 1827–1876	Salem.
When on my day of life the night is falling	333	John Greenleaf Whittier, 1807–1892	Flemming.
When the dark waves round us roll	78	William Walsham How, D.D., 1823–	Fiducia.
When the day of toil is done...	379	John Ellerton, 1826–1893	Irene.
When the weary, seeking rest .	406	Horatius Bonar, D.D., 1008–1889	Intercession.
When this passing world is done	344	Robert Murray McCheyne, 1813–1843	Petra.
Where high the heavenly temple stands	73	Michael Bruce, 1746-67. Scottish Paraphrase	(1) Wareham, (2) Tranquility
While with ceaseless course the sun	478	John Newton, 1725–1807	Benevento.
Whither, pilgrims, are you going	583	F. J. Crosby (Mrs. Van Alstyne), 1823–	Whither, pilgrims.
Who are these like stars appearing	354	H. T. Schenck, 1656-1727, *tr.* F. E. Cox	All Saints.
Who hath believèd? Who hath believèd	547	James Gall, 1808–1895	Who hath believed?
Who is He in yonder stall.....	538	Benjamin Russell Hanby, 1833–1867	Adoration.
Who is on the Lord's side	252	Frances Ridley Havergal, 1836–1879	Rosmore.
Who is this that comes from Edom	66	Thomas Kelly, 1769-1854.....	Triumph.
Whosoever heareth, shout, shout the sound	457	Philip Paul Bliss, 1838–1876 ...	Whosoever heareth.
Why should I fear the darkest hour	276	John Newton, 1725–1807	St. Aidan.

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Winter reigneth o'er the land .	484	William Walsham How, D.D., 1823–	Woodman.
Work, for the night is coming .	239	Anna L. Coghill	Diligence.
Worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness	390	John Samuel Bewley Monsell, LL.D., 1811–1875	Moredun.
Ye heavens, send forth your song of praise	72	Isaac Watts, D.D. (*alt.*), 1674–1748. Scottish Paraphrase	St. Lawrence.
Ye servants of the Lord	248	Philip Doddridge, D.D., 1702–51	Narenza.
Ye who the name of Jesus bear	128	Anon. Scottish Paraphrase	Newington.
'Yet there is room!'	146	Horatius Bonar, D.D., 1808-1889	Cantus.
Yield not to temptation, for yielding is sin	530	Horatio Richmond Palmer, Mus.Doc., 1834–	Yield not to Temptation.
You now must hear My voice no more	106	William Robertson (*alt.*), –1745. Scottish Paraphrase	St. Paul.
Your harps, ye trembling saints	265	Augustus Montague Toplady, 1740–1778	Bucer.
Zion's King shall reign victorious	449	Thomas Kelly, 1769–1854	Austria.

DOXOLOGIES.

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Blessèd, blessèd be Jehovah ...	610	Ps. cvi. 48	Milan.
Glory be to the Father, and to the Son	611	From the Latin	Chant (Boyce).
His name for ever shall endure .	613	Ps. lxxii. 17–19	Dunfermline.
Holy, holy, holy: Lord God of Hosts	620	.....	Sanctus (Ebdon).
Immortal honor, endless fame .	612	From the Latin, *tr.* John Dryden	Eaton.
Lord, bless us still.....	621	R. A. Smith's 'Sacred Harmony,' 1825	Doxology (Smith).
Now to Him who loved us	614	Samuel Miller Waring (*alt.*), 1792–1827	Triumph.
Now to the King of Heaven ...	618	Philip Doddridge, D.D. (*alt.*), 1702–1751	St. John.
Praise God from whom all blessings flow	615	Thomas Ken, D.D., 1637-1711 ...	Old 100th.
Praise the Lord, His glories show	619	Henry Francis Lyte, 1793-1847.	St. George's, Windsor.
Salvation and immortal praise.	616	*v.* 1, Isaac Watts; *v.* 2, Tate and Brady	St. Magnus.
To Him that loved the souls of men	617	Isaac Watts, D.D. (*alt.*), 1674–1748	Jackson.

OXFORD: HORACE HART
PRINTER TO THE UNIVERSITY